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THE

Philadelphia Repository,

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WEEKLY REGISTER,

For 1801—2:

CONTAINING

*Original Essays,
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VOLUME II.

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HE GAINS ALL OBJECTS, IN WHOSE WORKS UNITE
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AMYNTOR.

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PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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PROSPECTUS

OF THE
PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,
VOLUME II.

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"To hold the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image; and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

SHAKESPEARE.

Upon the whole, we can venture to hazard an assertion, that those who have been delighted with the facetiousness of Tristram Shandy, the brilliancy of the Feet of Quality, the fascination of the Vicar of Wakefield, or the delicate and tender touches of Tom Jones, cannot fail to be in a great degree pleased with OLD NICK—in which are united many of the charming characteristics of those justly

celebrated productions, notwithstanding he appears under so ludicrous, unimpeaching and unpromising a name.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

A PIECE OF FAMILY BIOGRAPHY, &c.

The sense of ridicule is given us, and may be lawfully used.

DR. JOHNSON.

PREFACE.

Necessary to be read—Lying—its virtues—Wonderful effect of anger—Truth—its faults and unprofitable—How to puff one's self, as if accidentally—Efficient lying explained—How any girl may write a novel with very little trouble—Novel writers vindicated against the charge of not being natural—Sickness and health, which best for an author—Poverty and wealth treated in the same manner—The title to a book—Its importance—A visit to the bookseller's—Stalls—Hamlet—Butter—The Author fixes on the title to his work—Why he calls it *Old Nick*, the reader will never know, if he does not read the preface.

THE preface to a book, like grace before meat, is often, either cut very short, or wholly neglected by those who feel an avidity to feast on what the author, or host, may have provided for their literary or carnal appetites. A preface cannot, however, in the present instance, be dispensed with, as it is absolutely necessary for the information of the reader, in some very important matters relating to the following pages.

PETER CUNÆUS, a very learned and sensible writer, who lived in the fifteenth century, began a pleasant little work, in this manner. "I will act honestly with you. Know, therefore, that not one thing I am going to write about, is true. It is my pleasure to laugh, and to jest, and to narrate things that never happened."

Bound up in the same volume is a satire, written in Greek, by the emperor JULIAN, on the twelve CÆSARS †; which his majesty prefaces by saying—"If it be true, or a mixture of both truth and falsehood, the work itself will shew."

Now this is a sort of candour I admire, and, admitting, shall scrupulously follow. The history I lately published, was all matter of fact, but this, my friends, is all fictitious matter, or such matter as it is a matter of little importance to me whether you believe, or not. My former production succeeded to the utmost of my hopes. But it must be confessed, that it made some

people exceedingly angry*, which, I can confidently affirm, would not have been the case had it been false.

We should grow wiser as we grow older. Indeed, I think nature (if possible) to blame, for letting any one increase in years, without increasing in wisdom; for what can disgrace her more than a foolish old man? For my part, I am wiser than I was, inasmuch as I am, now, an inoffensive, good-natured creature, who never shock the delicate nerves of my friends by telling them the truth.

M. DE FONTENELLE said, that "S'il tenoit toutes les vérités dans sa main, il se garderoit bien de l'ouvrir, pour les montrer aux hommes;" if he held all the truths in the world in his hand, he would take care not to open it, to shew them to mankind. And who shall call his prudence into question? When we know that to undeceive a man, in the veriest trifles, often makes him our enemy, whilst strengthening and supporting him in his errors, seldom fails to induce him to make us his bosom friends. In other words,—prevent his falling into a quagmire, and he'll beat you: help him into it and he'll reward you. Such a fool is man! He would rather sail in the bark, that should glide over halcyon seas, to be wrecked at last on the rocks of Sylla, or lost in the whirlpool of Charybdis, than in that which, for a short period, should buffet the winds, upon a troublous ocean, finally to cast anchor at "the blessed islands."

Even I, now, wise and good as I am! I am not wholly free from this weakness. Suppose, for example, I were to ask any one's opinions of the present work, and he should tell me that it was the worst he ever

* Great grief has been often known to change the colour of the hair: but the pathological student will be surprised to hear, that excessive anger and vexation, have produced the same effect, in a much greater degree, on a wile: not only changed Mr. Le Duce's from white to brown (a change entirely opposite to the usual one), but also, totally altering its form, turning a long-tailed peruke into a brown bob.

† To this effect, also, SENECA, who father declares "that truth is very harmful to mankind, but that falsehood is of the utmost service to them!"

‡ I own I have here given myself something in the shape of the "puff direct": but every one is not blessed, like Mr. CHALMERS, with the art of praising himself, without seeming to intend it. This "germinous, touchy, old gentleman," in his supplemental apology, thus addresses the late Mr. Stevens:

"You insisted, indeed, that the object of your obituary was a good sort of a man; but you constantly asked, what he knew of Shakespeare? He has written very able tracts upon trade, but what can he know about Shakespeare? He has written an elaborate book of political annals; but what, &c. He has written several lives with KNOWLEDGE AND ALACRITY; but what, &c. In all his writings, he certainly gives us something new; new facts, and new principles; but what, &c."

I call this the perfection of self-eulogy!

read, do you imagine that his having spoken the truth (for that I must admit) would satisfy me, and make me praise the soundness of his judgment? No, indeed! For, believe me, we never ask men's opinion of our personal beauty, conduct, or works, with any desire to hear the simple truth.

As vice possesses the key to the door, which virtue shuts against every thing the world terms pleasure; so has falsehood the clue that leads though the maze to preferment, in which truth is bewildered, and, though strong, is often worn out, and exhausted, by vain and fruitless endeavours. The speech of MINOTOGOS should therefore be written in letters of gold. "In the second book of Pseudology, cap. iii. v. 50," says he, "are these words," "Oh! that men were wise, and would consider what pleasure and profit there is in lying, and they would never speak the truth again!"

Truth, then, will not do; at least, it has never been found to answer the purposes of the world. Historians, says my friend PETER, who profess to write nothing but serious facts, fill their pages with impudent falsehoods. Of poets*, CAMPANUS has declared, that lies are wealth and power to them. They feign whatever they please, and deem it a right glorious palm to lie well!

After all his good argument (an authority which I, I trust, have due weight in propagating the wholesome doctrine of lying!) who shall dispute my right, in a work of description, to lie as much as I like? I think I have proved that I have excellent ground to go upon, and am well supported by ancient reverend precedent.

I shall find it more troublesome, I apprehend, to make it appear that my task is arduous, and difficult of execution.

Mrs. MORE ‡, in her strictures on education, says that "by the time a girl has read three novels, she generally feels herself able to write a fourth." If this be really the case, it must be, according to SHAKESPEARE, "as easy as lying;" and, as I promise to do nothing else, I cannot with much propriety wish the reader (as some authors have) to imagine the labour

* The works of poets and historians are, on this account, permitted to live and the unlicensed. Most of those which are burnt, or prohibited, are so used, because they contain abominable, seditious, blasphemous truths, which being universally known, would tend to the subversion of some religious or political system.

‡ Though many little misses, and full-grown ladies, may be very much incensed against Mrs. MORE, for treating their favourite employment with such contempt, I must own, that the numerous excellent things she has, in a masculine and convincing tone, advanced, in her strictures, for the good of society, fully make me to forgive her, with all my heart.

* P. CUNÆUS, *Satyra Menippeæ incestrata*, p. 23.

† JULIAN IMP. CÆSARES, p. 154.

‡ A Piece of FAMILY BIOGRAPHY.

almost insurmountably great. This*, too, affords me an advantage over novel writers in general, who notwithstanding all the pother, made about a lack of nature, write considerably more in conformity to nature than rigid critics are ready to allow. And here, once for all, I beg leave to say, in their defence, that a novel, the persons of which are all marked by character and sense, or wit or humour, is by no means so *natural*, as those we see every day, without any one of these qualities to distinguish them. Want of character, sense, wit, and humour (unless it be ill humour,) is consummately natural; whilst bringing together ten or twenty people, belonging, perhaps to two or three families, all of whom are noted for either character or sense, wit or humour, is positively (granting its existence) a most preposterous phenomenon in nature.

Though I have this advantage over them, that I shall not adhere so very closely to truth and nature, yet have I a counterbalancing disadvantage, which I will not conceal. It is common with them, and, indeed, with all kinds of authors, to inform the reader, in a preface, that they have long laboured under bad health, that their works are the fruits of those hours, and that they consequently entreat the favour, and deprecate the severity of criticism. I, on the contrary request permission to intimate, that I expect much greater indulgence than any person of the above denomination, and for a cause of a very opposite nature, namely—too much vigour, and rude health. Than which, I think, it must be allowed, that nothing can be more inimical to literary pursuits. Whatever blonishes there may be in my work, I wholly ascribe to them. The vigorous, healthy man, rises to his studies, and, before he has been long engaged in them, the sun, perchance, shines into his room, or a thousand pleasures recur to his imagination, all of which he is able to enjoy; he therefore, either continues his labours with an absent mind, and does what he is about in a slovenly manner, or quits it, and does not do it at all. But the sick man goes to his work, and bestows on it all the toil and attention necessary. He can immerse himself, for the sun shines into his

room in vain,—he must not leave it. His pain (if his illness be painful) renders him doubly attentive, that he may forget it. He employs his nights in polishing his works, for he cannot sleep, which I can, Heaven knows! like any dormouse. All these are benefits unknown to the healthy man; and it is he, and not the sick man, that has a claim on lenient criticism.

There is also another thing, which they put in the form of an excuse for their imperfections, viz. that they are in want! But this too idle to deserve notice. Is wealth necessary to make good writers? Does it make them? No, never! But poverty, as THEOCRITUS says, and we know the observation to be true, poverty alone gives birth to arts. She is the mistress of toil, and the cause of every thing that is praiseworthy †.

And now I am come to the last piece of information I have to communicate. It regards my title, which is, I assure you, no very easy thing to fix, for on that, and not on what follows, often depends the temporary popularity of a work.

After having left my manuscript with a bookseller, for about a week, I waited on him, to know his sentiments of it, and to consult about the title. On entering the shop, I was told, by a spruce young fellow behind the counter, that his master was then engaged, but that if I would stay ten minutes, I might see him. This I readily agreed to, and, being convinced that the young man knew my business, I leaned across the counter, and in a tone of voice so soft, and agreeable, that NESTOR's, though sweeter than honey, was nothing to it, asked him whether he had heard any thing of my work, and whether he thought his master would purchase it?

"Purchase it, sir!" he exclaimed, "you are certainly not aware of the price of paper and printing, or you would not ask such an unreasonable question! Do you imagine he will venture to publish it?"

"Bless me," said I, not knowing that he had his cue to prepare me for his master, "you give me very disheartening intelligence!"

"No, not all," he replied; "do you see those two large bales at the farther end of the shop? They are the poems, sonnets,

* Jypl. xxi.

† Nameless are the excellent literary works that have been produced in sickness and in want, that never otherwise have seen the light. Dr. HENRY wrote his History of England when confined to his bed. Dr. JOHNSON, in indigent circumstances, and oppressed by bodily and mental affliction, accomplished his dictionary. Does any one think he would have done better if he had been rich, and in a erect state of health and vapours? In my opinion he would not have done it at all!

novels, &c. of a female now dead,—her works died with her. Whilst she was living, by constant advertising, and perpetual puffing, they were in some request, but since these have ceased, we, having no demand for them, mean to dispose of them to the stalls, for what they will fetch. I cannot contemplate them," continued my loquacious young gentleman, "without exclaiming with HAMLET, that is, varying him a little, "To what base uses we may return, HORATIO! Why may not imagination trace the works of this fair author, till he find them employed to line a trunk, or wrap up butter?"

For the honour of the profession, I could not help answering him in the words of HORATIO, "Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so."

He immediately went on with HAMLET, "No, faith, not a jot: but to follow her thither with modesty enough, and likeli-hood to lead it: as thus—the author died: the author was buried: the author being no longer able to advertise, and puff her works, they came to the stalls. But still hanging on hand, they were sold for waste paper: and why, being thereto converted, might they not line a trunk, or wrap up butter?"

"The sing-song author dead and turn'd to clay,
Might sweepstake roused butter, kee the grease away.
Oh, that our works, woe'st thou, were our critics grin,
Should line a trunk to put your linen in!
But left, but left, here comes the king!"

Saying this, he fell to packing up a parcel, and I turning round, saw his master approaching. After wishing the other gentleman a good morning, he came smiling up to me, and begged I would retire with him to his office. I found him the very reverse of his shopman. It seems, indeed, that it is the business of the latter to rub up an author's bristles, and of the former, to smooth them down. After the infernal preparation I had received, added to my usual modesty, I could not be very exorbitant in my demands; we therefore presently made our agreements, and nothing remained to be done, but to determine on the title of the work.

Booksellers, as well as the poet* know that a name often pleases, and mine desiring me by all means to give my history a catching title, I still thinking of HAMLET, instantly proposed to call it after him, the *Monse-trap*.

"I like it well in good faith," said the bookseller, who seemed as well versed in *Shakespeare* as I am, and that would be a catching title indeed, and I should much approve of it, but that I recollect a publication of travels called the *Monse-trap*, many years ago, which did not take at all."

* THEOCRITUS, Id. xxvii. v. 40.

* When I wrote this passage, I thought the promise of uttering no truth with SHAKESPEARE's word for the casiness of lying, insured me some advantage over those who imitate the dull, uninterested truth. But I have since read a book, written by ROBERT FEAR-SHAW, who is, by the bye, one of the cleverest fellows I have met with for some time, which contains this sentence: "It is more natural, and easy, for the influence of the principle of association, to speak truth than falsehood."—A Picture of Christian Philosophy, second edit. p. 22.

This assertion clearly demonstrates, and I define that my labours may be esteemed accordingly!

"Ay!" cried I, "well, then, let us think of something else. What say you to "OLD NICK?"

"Why, he is, indeed," replied he, "an object of general concern, and one about whom every body is interested."

"But, added I, "the title will not relate to the work."

"Pooh," he exclaimed, "is not that the case with most works? But this title suits you in a double sense. Have not you declared that you will tell nothing but lies? Well; your work, and your title do not agree; it is a lie therefore, and of course you are consistent. On the other hand, "OLD NICK" is the acknowledged father of lies.—Your book is full of them, and you have consequently called the child after its father's name."

"Then OLD NICK be its name!" I ejaculated; "and if any one should ask me further reasons than you have given, I shall say,

"Marry, how? tropically. This story is——. You shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what of that? You and I, that have free souls, it touches us not. "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXTRAORDINARY HISTORY

OF

Frances Mariette,

OF ROCHEBEAUCOUR, BORN IN 1752.

Translated from the French of Fieville.

NATURE, which has granted to man the gifts of genius, depth of penetration, the faculty of invention, and the power of execution, has likewise conferred on him the no less precious advantages of amenity of manners, patience, forbearance, courage, sensibility, wisdom, activity, and propriety of conduct. This last quality in particular, we cannot deny belongs to a sex, so worthy of respect and love in every light in which it can be viewed.

Especially with what aptitude are women endowed in their tender years! Do we not daily see young females manage a family, regulate domestic concerns, and superintend their infant brothers and sisters? In a word, do they not supply the loss of parents, at an age when boys are not capable of any service, and think of nothing but amusement?

FRANCES MARIETTE fully confirms the truth of these remarks. This little girl was the daughter of the collector of the taxes of Rochebeaucourt, in Angoulesme. In

fortune he was low, but he was nevertheless an honest man, a good husband, and a good father. Though his own education was only a common one, he was not deficient in good sense, and brought up his children better than those of many rich citizens: He early observed that his daughter Frances was sensible, but of a firm character, and averse to the harshness of remonstrance; he therefore made use of mildness, caresses, and insinuations; and soon became no less the object of her respect than her love.

His wife had little of the prudence and tender solicitude of her husband. She pretended a mighty affection for her child, but it was unsteady and void of principle. Fantastic, capricious, immoderately gay, difficult to please, passionate, and addicted to scolding, she chided her daughter for trifles. When correction would have been proper, she showed a tenderness of which a child could not guess the motive; when she ought to have encouraged her, she threatened and abused her, which wounded the good father, and soured the disposition of the daughter.

Thus discordant in their dispositions, and acting on contrary principles in regard to the management of their children, the good man, anxious to preserve domestic peace, brooded over his chagrin in silence. He fell ill, and died in the arms of his weeping daughter. The widow, tho' still young, did not long survive him, and left a little boy, 18 months old, to the care of Frances, who was only eleven years herself.

The father of the orphans was only rich in virtue; he left no inheritance to his daughter, save some old furniture, and a small cottage in the skirts of a wood. Frances retired to this savage asylum with her little brother. The unfortunate, alas! have neither guardians nor friends. She found herself absolutely abandoned, and in a short time became the victim of the most deplorable indigence. Meanwhile, some peasants in the vicinity, asked her to look after their geese and their sheep; but her tender attachment to her brother, forced her to decline this offer, and she resolved to submit to the worst rather than forsake him.

In this urgent necessity she sold her linen and goods, and with the produce purchased some flax and cotton. When only seven years old, she had knitted a pair of men's stockings in two days. Habituated to labour, she found it a great resource in her misery; she immediately set about spinning, sewing, and knitting. As she was no less active than handy, she thus

provided for her subsistence, and preserved her independence.

Activity, industry, and prudence, naturally engage the esteem of the world; and when we can do without it, then its voluntary assistance is offered. A young girl of twelve, the solitary tenant of a poor cot, supporting herself, and nursing her infant brother as if she had been his mother, was an affecting and unfrequent sight. Thus her reputation speedily increased. Each hastened from the neighbouring districts to visit her, and was eager to carry her work. Mothers in particular made it equally their duty and their pleasure to take their children to her retreat. "Observe," said they, "a young girl of twelve years old, who conducts herself like a woman of thirty, and who spends the hours of rest in supporting her little brother."

Comfort, the usual fruit of industry and toil, insensibly pervaded the cottage of Mariette. She was soon enabled to receive a good old woman, who attended to the domestic economy and the little boy, while she carried her work to the neighbouring hamlets. Passing her days in innocence and peace, nothing was wanting to complete the happiness of this prudent damsel but the company of her father.

Incessantly the most afflicting recollections preyed on her spirits, and gloomed her thoughts. Both by day and night she felt a frightful blank around her. "O dear friends of my infancy," would she often exclaim, "why have ye left your beloved daughter? With what rapture would I consecrate to you the produce of my toils! Oh, how would it delight me to be able to return the cares you lavished on my tender age! Alas! alas! I shall never be able to console myself for so cruel a loss—nothing can ever recompense me for this privation."

Divided between her cares for her little brother and her tender regret for her dear father, the prudent Frances had already spent three years in her solitude. She was no less accomplished in person, than mature in judgment; her strength and height were much beyond her years, and her beauty equalled the virtues of her heart. The most respectable peasants wished to pay their addresses to her, and would have esteemed themselves very happy to obtain her without a dowry; but though still very young, with an uncommon degree of prudence, she thanked them for their good opinion, but accepted the offer of a tradesman of a middle age, with a moderate fortune; "because," said she, "he will be able to supply the place of a father both to

my brother and myself, and will assist me to gain that experience which I want."

This was in the midst of a long, and severe winter. The sensible Mariette was waiting till the arrival of spring to be united to the happy man to whom she had devoted her heart and her lovely person. But alas! this virtuous maid had all her hopes frustrated by the most melancholy catastrophe. For five weeks the earth had been covered with frozen snow. The wolves prowled in troops over the country; they grew bold enough to enter the towns; and even men, unless protected by arms, became the victims of those ferocious animals.

One morning, as Mariette was drawing her bread from the oven, a she-wolf, followed by five of her cubs, burst into her apartment. She instantly seized a knot of cloth, and defended herself with as much courage as intrepidity. Her own life might have been saved, had she thought only of herself. While she was redoubling her blows on the savage beast, she perceived a second enemy advancing against her brother. Raising then the shriek of terror, she caught him by the waist, and opening a bin, placed him there in security.

At last, while the undaunted Mariette was resting on one hand, and with the other trying to repulse the devouring animals, the raging she-wolf made a spring at her throat, and instantly strangled her. Meanwhile the poor old woman, her companion, as she ran with faltering steps to implore help, was in like manner torn in pieces.

Thus died, in the fifteenth year of her age, a young maid, worthy of the warmest regard. Who can refuse such a lovely character the tribute of their tears? A finished model of filial piety, of resolution and sisterly love, full of wisdom, sentiment, and grace, she deserved to live, to become a wife and a mother. Full well did she perform their most sacred duties, without having yet reached the state or title.

The brother of this unhappy girl was alive in 1796; and from him the above affecting particulars were obtained.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A Due regard to the characters and abilities of the performers, at present composing the Theatrical Corps in this city, ought to actuate a critic, or a pretender to criticism, to temper his remarks with truth, feeling and discrimination. His praises ought never to be lavished too profusely

on an individual, nor his censures on inability in a performer marked with intemperate virulence, or unfeeling invective. But I find either blind partiality, or warmth of friendship, are apt to warp the judgment, and disarm the will; and this unfortunate failing has never appeared to a greater degree than in the fulsome and ill-timed eulogy, published in your paper of October 31st, on the character and abilities of Mrs. Whitlock, by *Mercutio*.

This writer appears to be so fascinated with Mrs. Whitlock's "uncommon energy and vivacity, tempered with the *nicest* discrimination, that he is positive, in the tragic walk, she stands unrivalled." It is somewhat unfortunate for this *acute censor*, that his knowledge of the requisites attached to the "Tragic Walk," should consist exclusively of "uncommon energy and vivacity, tempered with the *nicest* discrimination." It is not here intended to detract from the well-known and acknowledged talents of Mrs. Whitlock. All are happy to avow, that her conception is just, and her execution of characters, in general, splendid and natural; but as truth and justice are of greater importance than the calls of friendship, while we admit the merit attached to her abilities, a legal tribute of praise is due to that lady, whose line of acting, and delicacy of frame, differs from and prevents her portraying the fiercer and more boisterous parts of Tragedy.—Mrs. Whitlock excels in all scenes of heightened madness, jealousy and rage of an infuriated woman. But are these the sole requisites necessary for primal eminence in the "Tragic Walk?" And does the execution of those fierce passions, claim to her a palm unrivalled? No—The characters of Cordelia, Julia, Monimia, Calista, Ophelia, and various others, as played by Mrs. Merry, award her trophies of admiration, by which she stands unrivalled in the "Tragic Walk," either in this, or any other country. Her "silver tones" of harmony, her countenance of pleasing expression, her conception so just, and her attitude so natural, awaken applause, and shackle the soul with admiration.—The listening ear is never grated upon, the gazing eye is never tired, the judgment is never opposed to her conception; nor is action ever displeased with her deportment.—Yet, with all these charms, I would not, like *Mercutio*, withhold justice to Mrs. Whitlock, merely for the sake of paying, in his coin, a *clumsy compliment* to any actress.

However, *Mercutio* says—"Talents so conspicuous certainly receive an addition-

al lustre, when accompanied with unsullied reputation, a demeanor, amiable, virtuous, and polite. In this respect Mrs. Whitlock is entitled to more than common praise."

What is to be inferred from this paragraph, except a wanton and unfeeling attack on the private characters of the rest of the female performers? A mean, base, and unmanly insinuation against the virtuous deportment of the other actresses?—"And that accordingly she is entitled to more than common praise." Mrs. Whitlock's private or public character will not receive one jot more elevation by *Mercutio's* partial puff, and this lady will not thank him for his pointed and wire-drawn compliment. No doubt is held of the "virtuous deportment" of Mrs. Whitlock's private character; but this readily granted, her private character, as an actress, is not the only one, which truth, good sense, and sensibility entitle to praise.

On the whole, *Mercutio's* panegyric must have originated in a moment when the voice of liberality, was stunned by the calls of near sighted prejudice; and when he thought he could not pay Mrs. Whitlock just praise, without neglecting, nay flinging from other performers their undeniable merit.—And finally, to keep up to the spirit of my first position, I have shewn that his remarks are opposite to truth, feeling and discrimination.

HENRY.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I wish your correspondent Q. had given us a lecture upon Old Maids or Bachelors, instead of Widows; for in my opinion, all and every kind of Widows, even the Whining and Whimsical Widow, is a much more rational creature than either an Old Maid or an Old Bachelor.—To lecture a little upon them would not appear with the same impropriety as to lecture on the poor Widows, as it is not their own faults generally that they are left in that situation; whereas, on the other hand, Old Maids and Old Bachelors have nobody to blame but themselves for their forlorn situation.—They are both characters so inimical to the well-being of society, that to lecture them smartly would be no more than they deserve. But as Q. is only a copyist, we cannot lay any thing more to his charge, than that of copying; however, I am in hopes he will yet touch up the Old Bachelors. A Bachelor is a poor creature, that has not the spirit to get a wife; a poor creature that cannot

boast of adding one single legitimate individual to the great family of mankind; a poor creature that drags out a spiritless, insipid, lonesome life; and, perhaps, if fortune should happen to favour him, turns miser at last, and refuses himself the bare necessities of life. You will then probably find him lodging in a garret, in some obscure alley, and eating a three-penny dinner, which he washes down with a pint of small beer. Almost all misers are Bachelors; and a more detestable character than a miser I need not name; therefore I request Mr. Q. to leave the Widows alone for the future, or if he still persists in his folly, he shall have his own weapons pointed against himself, by

ADOLPHUS.

PAIRS OF SPECTACLES.

[From *Mercier's New Picture of Paris.*]

OLD toothless women, whose chins almost touched their aquiline noses, reading with their spectacles, word by word, in their psalters, the litanies of the Holy Virgin, often excited a wicked laugh. These same old women, now that the world is turned upside down, may liegh in their turn at our beardless boys making love in spectacles.

Clerks in the public offices, true letter-grinders, have made this fashion general. Some of their noses, on which spectacles remain in permanence, give them an air of judicial gravity. A head clerk doubles his eyes to enable him to read his piles of papers, wishing, by the aid of this distinctive sign, to appear as indefatigable as the laborious Hercules, while he is little more in general than a sort of diplomatic parrot.

I do not mean to censure the clerks of public offices, but only to point out the origin of a custom, the exaggeration of a fashion, and the vanity of its followers. Of twenty persons who pass along the streets, ten have spectacles.

The use of spectacles leads to chicanery—Look at that old paver of annuities, with a contract grown yellow with age in his hand; his spectacles magnify the letters almost as much as Herschell's telescope magnifies the planets; notwithstanding which, he pauses over every word in a levity phrase; counts the points and commas; the clearest term appears to him obscure; he handles the paper with a sort of inquietude; he weighs it, if I may use the expression, as if he was afraid of the weight of a cypher too much;—in a word, he visits it, touches it, interrogates it with the mental application of a blind man, who feels.

studies, and verifies between his fingers a piece of smooth money.

How much I suspect the judgment of that profound connoisseur, who with his spectacles on his nose, examines a picture of Rubens or Vandyke! He sees every thing quite near, while he sees nothing; notwithstanding which, he is decisive. All the illusion, all the magic of those sublime paintings, is in the distance which the pencil of the artist has fixed for the intelligent spectator to examine it.

But the wearers of spectacles find an inestimable advantage in using them; across that enchanting prism they view every pretty woman, more pretty than miniatures! What a delightful delusion! spectacles soften features which are too large; they give an air of youth to superannuated coquettes, who grow old in spite of their endeavours to prevent it;—in a word, they bestow on the features of youth that sweetness, that virginal grace, which give us the idea of the celestial beauty of angels; nevertheless, whatever delightful enjoyment these blessed spectacles afford to amateurs, I agree with honest La Fontaine, "that there is nothing so good to see with as the eye of a lover."

HILARITY.

Why sit lonely, thus moping in grief and in sorrow?

If unhappy to-day, you'll be happy to-morrow.

Rouse up—this proceeding is absolutely treason.

Against Heaven, Friendship, Love, Good Sense and Reason.

See cheering Hilarity on us his treasure,

And calls you to taste of his innocent pleasures;

Come then to his banquet with ready complacence,

And bid all this world's plagues and cares a defiance.

ANYTOR.

LICINIUS CRASSUS loved a lamprey he kept in a pond so well, that when it died he wept. Domitius, his colleague, being one day disputing with him, asked him, spitefully, "Are you not ashamed to shed so many tears for the loss of a lamprey?"—"And are not you," said Licinius, "who have buried three wives without one tear."

ZENO detected his slave in a theft, and ordered him to be flogged. The slave having in mind the dogmas of his master, and thinking to compliment him, in order to save himself from punishment, exclaimed—"It was fated that I should commit this theft."—"And also that you should be flogged for it," replied Zeno.

WHEN Dr. Jeggon, afterwards bishop of Norwich, was master of Bennet College, Cambridge, he punished all the under graduates for some general offence; and because he disclaimed to convert the penalty-money into private use, it was expended on new whitening the hall of the college. A scholar hung the following verses on the screen:

"Dr. Jeggon, Bennet College master,

"Broke the scholar's heads and gave the walls a plaster."

The Dr. perusing the paper, wrote underneath, extempore,

"Knew I but the wag that writ these verses in brave-ry."

"I'd commend him for his wit, but whip him for his knavery."

KING ANTIGONUS came to visit Antagorus, a learned man, whom he found in his tent, busied cooking of congers [eels] "Do you think," said Antigonous, "that Homer, when he wrote the glorious actions of Agamemnon, was boiling congers?"—"And do you think," sarcastically replied the scholar, "that Agamemnon, when he did those actions, concerned himself whether any man in his camp boiled congers or not?"

A FARMER overhearing a conversation of two of his neighbours, in which they expressed much faith in dreams, took occasion to tell them with great secrecy, and strict injunctions not to mention it, that he had dreamed there was a large sum of money buried in a dunghill in his field, and promised them a share in the booty, if they would help him to search for it. It was agreed to carry the dung out upon the land for the better certainty of examination, and the expected prize, one of them expressed a persuasion that it must be under the ground where the dunghill lay, and was proceeding to dig for it, when the farmer told them his dream went no further than the removal of the dunghill, which he was much obliged to them for doing, as he could not himself have effected it before the snow came on.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

FRIENDSHIP.

HOW sweet is dear Friendship's soft balm,
To a breast that is tortured by care!

How soon will the ruffled mind calm,
When a friend's kind consolation is near!

Thou softening easer of woes,
When affliction calls loud for thy aid,
What benevolence grants thou hast chosen;
To sorrow thy sympathy's paid. T. W.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET V.

TO COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is an emotion of which young people ought never to be a-banded; grateful in youth is the tear of Sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe.

BLAIR.

DAUGHTER of Sensibility divine,
Pure emanation from the source of love,
Behold me from thy star-gemm'd throne
above,
Devoutly bending at thy hallow'd shrine.
On thee attendant, all the Virtues wait;
Love and Humanity adorn thy train:
Thy kind approach to gladness turns our
pain;
And gifts with cheerfulness the gloom of
Fate.

What godlike stamp is on thy heart im-
prest,
That makes thine own another's bliss or
woe!
Fav'rite of Heav'n, from three life's com-
Thou! "ever blessing, art for ever blest."

DAUGHTER of Sensibility divine,
Fill with thy sympathies this soul of mine.
AMYNTOR.

QUESTION,

Selected for the P. R. by T. W. de la Tienda.

IN town lives a cobbler, call'd comical
John,
An excellent artist at crackling a pun;
It happened one day at the sign of the
Trunk,
He met with a jovial young farmer half
drunk,
Who was ranting so much of Arithmetic
rules,
Making people around look like ninnies or
fools.—
I have, says the cobbler, a coat you may see,
Perhaps as old fashion'd as any there be,
On which are five dozen plate-buttons all
fair, (know are
That I gladly would sell; as the times you
So tight, that a poor man can scarce earn
his bread, (his head.
Though he toil 'till his teeth all drop out of
The farmer he listen'd to hear the man's
tale, (ale;
And gave him to drink a full bumper of
Then ask'd him the price of the buttons
he'd sell? (not now tell;
What they're worth, says the cobbler, I can-

But if ev'ry button you'll treble for me,
With one barley corn*, then the buttons
shall be
Your own—To this bargain the farmer a-
greed, (with speed;
And began to count up the whole number
But alas! poor Hodge found he was
bilked indeed:
For the barley corns growing upon all his
land,
Were nothing to what was the cobbler's de-
mand.

Quere—The number of barley-corns,
and number of bushels, and also what will
it amount to at 8s 8d per bushel, allowing
681 grains of barley to an ounce, 16 oz. to
the pound, and 50 pounds to the bushel?

* One barley-corn for the first button, 3 for the se-
cond, and so on trebling each time to the last.

CURE FOR THE EPILEPSY.

ANY thing which has a tendency to
cure, or even to relieve persons afflicted
with that dreadful distemper, epilepsy, is
entitled to the attention of the public;—
the following lines on the subject are quoted
from Lalande:—"There was lately
brought to Citizen Portal, a young lady,
who was every day attacked by violent e-
pileptic fits. They began in one of her
toes; which circumstance suggested to that
able anatomist the idea of cutting the
nerve, for the purpose of interrupting the
communication: but he began by the ap-
plication of opium to the nerve; and that
alone proved sufficient to effect a complete
cure." *Far. Mus.*

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 14, 1801.

One eighth of a dollar will be given for
any of the following numbers of the first
volume of the Philadelphia Repository,
viz. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, and 12.—
These numbers are wanted immediately
—their being torn or soiled will be no
objection, provided they are legible.

EARTHQUAKE!

ON Thursday night last, a few minutes
before 12 o'clock, a considerable shock of
an Earthquake was felt in this city, attend-
ed by a loud explosion, and followed by a
rumbling sound, which continued for a-
bout a quarter of a minute.

Marriages.

*Bless'd is the pair whom love invites,
And HYMEN in his hands unites,
Conjugal sweets to prove:
They taste all blessings earth can give;
And when they die, ascend to live,
In happier climes above.* AMYNTOR.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 5th
inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. Samu-
el Jordan, of York County, to Miss Mar-
garet Jordan, of this city....On the 10th,
by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. William
Vande-grift, to Miss Christiana Moning-
ton, both of Bensalem, Bucks County....
On the 12th, by the Rev. William Mar-
shall, Mr. Mark Fulton, house carpenter,
to the amiable Miss Sarah Ware.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev.
Joseph Clarkson, Mr. Stephen Pleasonton,
late of Delaware State, to Miss Molly Hop-
kins, daughter of John Hopkins, esq. of
Lancaster County.

Deaths.

*Since DEATH extends his empire over all,
And Nature and her works alike must die;
Since we like those before us soon must fall,
And from this scene of things for ever fly;
Great God of all! prepare us for that fate,
Which must decide our everlasting state.* AMYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 4th inst.
Miss Susan Wirts.

At Georgetown, (S. C.) on the
22d ult. after a severe illness, Mr. John
Burd, Editor and Proprietor of the George-
town Gazette.

At Charlestown, (S. C.) on the
23d ult. the Right Reverend Robert Smith,
D. D. Bishop of the Episcopal Churches
in South Carolina, in the 73d year of his
age, 45 of which he has performed the du-
ties of Minister of St. Philip's Church.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"T. D." explanation is satisfactory—His
"Address to Matilda," shall appear next
week.
The piece signed "Fool," is in some parts
too obscure and confused.
"Enigmatical List of Philadelphia Young La-
dies" from an ingenious correspondent,
who signs himself *A Subscriber*, came too
late for the present number, but will be
attended to in due time.
"The Gazer, No. 3" is received—The edi-
tor wishes to see the sequel of the story
he has commenced, before it is published.

A Discovery founded in fact.

In cases of persons drowned, let a small
loaf be filled with some quicksilver, throw
it into the water, and it will soon become
stationary over where the body lies.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Extract from an original Poem in manuscript,
entitled,

"MAN AS HE OUGHT TO BE,"

BY AMYNTOR.

Reason is represented as pointing out to Youth the path
which will conduct them successfully, honorably, ami-
ably and happily thro' life. Her dictates in the fol-
lowing lines are employed on a certain species of

GALLANTRY.

WHILE thou, to these dost prompt at-
tention give,
One other lesson let thy heart receive ;
From which all future good in life proceeds,
As honest fame from meritorious deed—
Despise that worldly gallantry which draws
The vanity of youth to seek applause,
By paying court to every fair they meet,
Parading pompous thro' the crowded streets;
And sighing, how their captive bosoms
move,

With admiration, with esteem and love :
They swear, that they have a heav'nly face ;
This person is possess'd of Venus' grace ;
You female's angel-look to rapture warms ;
And, here, her sister spreads superior charms.
With more than man's contempt, such conduct smite ;

For, by such conduct, worth has been undone.
Oft many a Fair has fondly all believ'd ;
Oft many a Fair been cruelly deceiv'd :
Mothers and Sires have mourn'd their daugh-
ters dear,
Sister and brothers shed th' incessant tear ;
Whose families mix'd anguish, grief and
shame,—
For misery and disgrace still haunt th' un-
happy name.

O ! if a sense of justice touch thy breast,
If virtue, honour, truth, are there impress'd ;
Never, in conduct, be equivocal ;
Feign not soft sensibility, or zeal ;
Nor speak of tender passion, with a view
To catch the female heart, and wound it
too :

Give not the fair a pang thou wilt not cure ;
In acts be generous—in intentions pure—
Be candid, true, sincere—and bliss will
e'er endure.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE YOUNG LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

AH ! what alarms invade my anxious
breast !

What new sensations robs my soul of rest !
Why flows life's stream so quickly through
my veins ? (reigns)

Why in my breast this thrilling transport
Why is my mind by causeless fears oppress'd ?
And why in turn, by hope and fear possess'd ?
Why do I love the gloom of solitude,
And seek the lonely, melancholy wood ?
Why do my hours hang heavy on my hand ?
Why do I shun the joy inspiring band ?

Why am I careless of the voice of fame ?
Why do my thoughts dwell on Amanda's
name ?

Why does my fancy view her lovely bloom ;
Depict the charms her smiling form illumine ;
Dwell on her beauties, call her graces forth
And paint in glowing tints, her matchless
worth ?

When o'er the world, night her dark mantle
throws,

And nature rests in undisturb'd repose,
I seek to lull my anxious soul to rest,
And calm the tumult of my troubled breast.
But all in vain—my couch sweet slumber
flies,

Sooths not my cares, nor seals my weary
eyes :

Ev'n if at last a short repose I find,
Fancy still pictures to my anxious mind
The gentle fair, in all her charms array'd :
Ev'n in my dreams I see the matchless maid.
From love alone can spring the pleasing
pain,

And I must be a captive in his train.

PHILADELPHIA, }
NOVEMBER 9, 1801. }

CARLOS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

The following, may perhaps amuse some of your readers,
as well as those few who are acquainted with the cir-
cumstances which caused its composition.

TO THE LADIES.

WHEN living creatures ripen'd into
birth,
And Adam liv'd, fair offspring of the earth,
He scarce had breath'd ere this great truth
was known,

"It is not good for man to be alone ;"
And his successors, 'midst the ills of life,
Have found great bliss in Heaven's best gift
a wife.

Time and experience prove the kind design,
And shew the maxim was, and is divine.

Why flies the blessing from my wish'd
embrace ?

Why does my table no kind female grace ?
Alone, why do I daintily drink my wine ?

Why on my couch do I alone recline ?
Why no kind partner of my downy bed ?

Why two soft pillows, for one lonely head ?
Alas ! because a stranger here I came,

And full six years remain almost the same.
Through crowded streets I take my lonely
walk :

I silent keep, or to myself I talk.
'Tis monstrous, thus in crowds to live a-
lone !

What shall I do ? what must, what can be
done ?

For shame ! I cannot enter strangers' hou-
ses,

And chatter to their daughters, and their
spouses ;

And say, my pretty dear, my dearest life,
I'm come to court you, for I want a wife ;

Give me your daughter, and I'll be your son ;
No this can never, never must be done.

Nor, when the fair ones in their walks I
meet,

Must I presume to stop them in the street :

They'd think me crazy, or with liquor mel-
low ;

And call me impudent, vile, dirty fellow.
What must I do ? Why, faith I'll adver-
tise—

Come, some dear girl, with kindness in
your eyes ;

Come to my arms ; partake, increase my
joys :

I've house and home already for you waiting ;
I've books want reading, dainties that want
eating ;

I've food for body, and I've food for mind ;
All is your own, are you but good and kind ;

Your person comely, and your temper mild.
Daughter of prudence, and fair virtue's
child.

As for myself, I'm neither old, nor ugly ;
Nor rich, nor poor, yet I live very snugly.

But I'm not happy—no ; from Heaven's high
throne,

It was decreed, man should not live alone :
Or, if he does he loses all the joys,

And all the comfort, which from love a-
rise.

His life's a desert, and his years a waste ;
And from creation's page shall be eras'd
his name, when once his mortal breath
has cess'd.

Without dear woman, what alas ! is man ?
Whose life at best is but a span.

Oh ! some kind girl, come bid my span with
joy :

With you, dear girl's objections only lie :
I'm ready, willing, and impatient wait.

To join you in what's call'd the holy state.
A BACHELOR.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO MR. LAW.

IN thee the "powers of harmony" reside,
The "concord of sweet sounds," the notes
reun'd ;

The god of music is thy willing guide,
And breathes a holy rapture o'er thy mind.

Ah ! still instruct and elevate the soul,
And still supernatural ecstasy impart,
Direct the swelling music how to roll,
And form to noblest aims the captive
heart !

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY

TO T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

"O feel the treble jar."

SHAKESPEARE.

Dear Tienda give o'er your harmonious
notes,

So melodiously sung at the end of disputes ;
Or at least, if you cannot, pray make a long
pause.

For their tenor's more flat, more insipid than
LAW's :

And we're tempted to cry, as we read the
dull verse,

Tho' discordant the piece was—the symphony's
whole.

L'ALLEGRO.

NOVEMBER 9, 1801.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, November 21, 1801.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. I.

Zirib, parentage, and education.—What is absolutely required in a gentleman.—Observation on making Latin verses.—A tutor—His attachments.—Hero described.—His friend.—A music meeting.—A singular party—Beauty surpassing the Grecian Venus.—Love.—A conversation without either side uttering a word.—Disappointment.—Men who see what nobody else can see.

THAT which puts an end to all the undertakings of other men shall be the beginning of mine—death.

Before I enter, however, upon a scene of such awful interest to every human being, I shall dwell for a few moments on the history of one whom it more nearly concerned.

Barclay Temple was the only son of a gentleman of the same name, who had inherited three thousand pounds a year from his father. His mother dying in his childhood, young Barclay became the soul hope and comfort of his remaining parent. Having no one else to provide for, his father resolved not to withhold from him any accomplishment that money could enable him to acquire; and, as no man deserves the name, or can support the perfect character of a gentleman, without the education of a scholar, our hero was sent at an early age, under the care of a private tutor, to Eton school.

At this seminary of learning young Barclay distinguished himself as much by his promptitude and acuteness, when urged by necessity, as by his love of play and idleness,

whenever he was able to indulge in them. Before he left Eton, no boy could expound a classic better than himself. I might say the same of the number of lines he could learn by heart, and the comparative goodness of the verses he made; but these are things of barren merit, being of much trouble and little use. On this subject our hero has since often expressed himself to this effect: "What we committed to memory we committed like parrots; and were only cleverer than parrots, inasmuch as we could remember more words. Our best verses were composed of hemistichs of one ancient author tacked to those of another, which we found ready cut and dried in the *Gradus*. Those we invented were in respect to poetry, and would have sounded to the ear of an old Roman like this line, which Dr. Johnson made to ridicule heroic blank verse, with proper quantity, but no other pretensions to poetry:

"Here, lay your knife and fork across my plate."

"An hexameter verse may be made of the beginning of Tacitus; and such is the verse of school-boys in general. Much time is lost in such fruitless employ."

Another observation of his is not undeserving of notice: "Boys at school are made to read authors for the sake of their words, when, like men, they should read them for the sake of their sense. The one will quote you an author for the authority of a word, the other for an opinion. The difference between them is as the difference between two persons who should value a house—*this* for its brick and mortar; *that* for its beauty and convenience."

After going through Eton school with considerable eclat, he was sent to Oxford, and became a gentleman commoner of—college. His tutor, at Eton, not having received any promise of future provision from the elder Mr. Temple, and being, I

cannot say remarkably, because he was like many others of his profession, much attached to an Eton life, CRICKET, &c. declined accompanying him to the academic bowers. His loss was soon repaired.

Our young hero was at this period about nineteen years of age; his person, above the middling size, manly, but not Herculean; his features were finely marked, animated, and capable of expressing every passion of a soul, which his eyes of a light blue pronounced not more full of fire than of tenderness and philanthropy. His dark-brown hair, without powder, curling in his neck and over his forehead, added an unaffected grace to that sensibility which beamed in his countenance and shone forth in all his actions. In a word, Nature had endowed him with those evidences of body and mind which "give assurance of a noble and ingenuous youth."

With such desirable and engaging qualities it will not be surprising that he should be the object of universal esteem. He was so to the greatest degree; but with a capability of perception and discrimination above the common race of men, he could not think all those who excelled in drunkenness, or other feats of a like exalted kind, worthy of being made his bosom friend. Not that he always resisted the attacks of petty vices. His blood ran merrily thro' his veins, and he indulged in them to a greater extent than his cooler judgment could approve; but, however agreeable his companions might be at the time, he could not in his serious moments view them with that respect, without which no friendship can exist.

One, however, of his associates, formed an easy passage to his heart, and could have usurped the whole, but for another, a fairer claimant, to whom the heart of man more properly belongs. Except a small

corner, in which he lodged his father, they were its entire possessors. Cruel possessors, that robbed it of its happiness!

Two events now occur to be related before we take our leave of Oxford, which, though apparently trifling in their beginning, teemed with the future joy and misery of four hero.

Of the first, as we shall speedily have an opportunity of entering more fully into it, we shall merely add, that the friendship he formed was with a fellow collegian, whom he had known at Eton. He left Eton before young Barclay, but they had loved each other there, and now renewed and confirmed that affection which had taken place in their boyish days. So inseparable were they whilst at college, that they were named the Orestes and Pylades of Oxford. Inseparable as were their persons, their minds and manners were widely unconnected; their looks and figures wholly dissimilar. The one, as I have already described him, was all openness and candour, good humour and kindness; the other was all mystery and reserve, misanthropy and forbiddance, to every one but this his only confidential friend. We shall shortly be trier into his character; at present it is sufficient to say, that he had completed his studies, and quitted the university to pursue the law, for which purpose he had repaired to Lincoln's Inn, some time previous to the occurrence of the second circumstance, which I shall now repeat in our hero's words:

"Being fond of all public amusements, especially of such as partook of any science, I was a constant attendant at our great music meetings. The last I visited did not long precede the grievous calamity that befel me: a calamity which could alone for a moment drive from my mind the sweet delirium it had enjoyed. Oh! happy moments! fleeting joys, gone never to return.

"The meeting was so crowded that I could procure no seat, or was, through common politeness, obliged to relinquish that which I had obtained, to the first lady who needed it, I therefore stood with my side against the wall, and my face towards the performers.

"Every thing for some time went on admirably well, and the most profound silence was observed, when suddenly, during an exquisite sonata on the violin, a voice was heard accompanying it with *Fa, la, la, la, sol, la, mi, fa!* I, as well as many others, turned round to see from whence this interruption proceeded, and saw not far from me a very whimsical looking little

thin lady, painted to the eyes, and dressed in the most curious and gaudy manner, sitting by the side of an overgrown, clumsy youth, with a broad, vacant, ridiculous face, clothed precisely after the style of his neighbour. She had fixed her eyes on the ceiling, and in an apparent ecstacy, with her hands beat time to the vocal part, furnished by the young gentleman her neighbour. A general hiss quickly taught them to understand that their addition would be readily dispensed with, and they desisted; but not without giving several proofs, by look and gesture, of their ineffable contempt for the want of taste in every one present. In doing this I perceived that a young lady, who sat with them, was of their party. She was at first covered with blushes, which gradually vanished, and left me to gaze on the most lovely face I ever beheld. The roses of happiness bloomed on her cheeks, and the lilies of modesty were sweetly blended with them in her heavenly countenance. What wondrous beauty, ignorance, and love were there! "Who, (cries Hogarth*, "but a bigot to the antiques, will say, that he has not yet seen faces and necks, hands and arms, in living women, that even the Grecian Venus doth but coarsely imitate?"—I am no such bigot; for I have seen them all, fairer, and more perfect far!

"I now no longer bent towards the performers, or heard their music; all my senses, my whole soul, dwelt in my eyes, and them I could not move from the fairy-form that fascinated them. Being above the croud, and fixing my sight continually on her, she soon observed me, and, oh! may I not flatter and deceive myself! seemed pleased with my attention. The more I looked, the more she appeared to regard me; and when, for a moment, thro' fear of offence, I turned my eyes away, I ever, on recurring, found her's rivetted on mine.

"To hear with eyes belongs to Love's fine wit,"†

And we long conversed together, and plainly heard the sentiments of each other's soul.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy ‡

But how immaculate, how different from all other sensations of love were mine!—Though wild, and somewhat too dissipated,

* Cap. on Compositions with the Serpentine Line.

† Shakespeare, Son. xxiii.

‡ Waller.

no improper, no unbecoming thought entered my mind as I beheld her. We looked at each other with a tenderness of affection which seemed to beget no fear in the breast of either, but a placid, tranquil regard, that inspired the most unlimited confidence.

"These delicious minutes appeared of short duration, but the remembrance of them will last long:—they have kindled a fire in my bosom, pure as Vestal virgins, and everlasting as their flame!

"With two more interruptions from the young gentleman, who could I never be silent when a quick movement was playing, our concert concluded. The assembly rose, and hurried to the door. The crowd being excessive, I could scarcely keep my eye on the fair one, who was pulled along by her grotesque companions, without much ceremony. By the time I got out, I saw them at a little distance, the night being fine, walking towards the inn. Before I was able to reach them, they entered. I made all possible enquiry about them, but the house was so thronged, and the people so busy, that I did it without effect. I waited till every body was gone to bed, and then retired to my abode, disappointed, but not unhappy. My feelings were pleasing, though strange.—I felt as if I had changed hearts with her; and her's, as yet unused to its new residence, was turbulent and restless.

"I went to bed, resolved to resume my post early in the morning. For some hours after I lay down, I could not sleep; but towards the morning, tired of watching, I sunk to rest, and did not wake till the day was far advanced. My dreams were delightful, it is true, but of what comfort were delightful dreams to me, when I arrived, and found that those I enquired for were unknown, and, that the music meeting being at an end, they had departed in their travelling chaise, above two hours previous to my coming? Of what comfort indeed! Comfort I had none. I strove to believe that all I had seen was but a dream, but my heart refused to connive at the deceit."

I am not acquainted with the opinion of the reader with respect to my hero; but, if I may judge of him myself, from the specimen he has given us, I think, without any violation of my system, (see the preface) he may now and then be safely trusted to speak for himself. I don't believe that I could have put more lies into so small a compass. But perhaps the reader will imagine with Rousseau, that the lover sees the beauties in his mistress which he

extols; and though he tells lies, he does not lie."*

CHAP. II.

What people are too apt to forget.—Gregory arrives.—Irish consolation.—The two common ways of giving energy to an assertion repeated.—Gregory's news.—Where to apply the spur when you are in haste.—A death bed.—Seduction.—A child.—Horror.—Death drops the curtain, and it naturally follows that there should be an end of the chapter.

It is not impossible that many of my good friends, who are themselves but too forgetful on that subject, may think the death I talked of at the beginning of the last chapter, has escaped my memory. However, they are mistaken, for I shall proceed towards it with all the alacrity they would exert to get out of its way.

Some days subsequent to the event we have related, our collegian was suddenly visited by an old favourite domestic, who had lived with his father even before Barclay's birth. He made his appearance one morning at breakfast. Barclay received him with his usual affability and kindness.

"Well, Gregory," said he, "what brings you here? Some good news I hope. I dare say now you have brought me some cash. Well, not the less welcome on that account. Come, sit down, and let me hear all about it."

To unfold the object of his mission Gregory had no objection, but to sit down in the presence of his young master, was a thing his great respect would never suffer him to do. Honest Gregory had, besides, several peculiarities in his character, of which the reader will know more when he has known him longer. We must now confine ourselves to the important conversation that passed on this occasion.

When our hero said "Come sit down," he had pushed a chair to him on the other side of the breakfast table. Gregory, bowing, took the chair, and turning its seat towards his master, placed his hands, (things, which he, like many men of much better breeding, often found very troublesome appendages) on the back of it.

"I am right glad, my good young master," replied he, "to find you in such rare health and spirits. You will need both to

* J. J. Rousseau a Julie, p. 141.

Ariosto has a thought not very dissimilar in these verses:—

Quel che l'uom vede, amor gli fa invisibile;

E l'invisibil fa veder a morte.

Orlando Furioso, cant. i. st. 56.

The meaning of which is this:—Love makes that which every man sees, invisible to a lover; and that visible to him which is invisible to every one else.

support you under the sad, sad misfortune that has befallen us all."

"Misfortune!" iterated Barclay, "what misfortune?"—"But don't," continued Gregory, "don't let it sink your noble heart;—bear up,—bear it like yourself."—"Bear what?" cried our hero, with impatience.

Gregory, without positively replying, still went on, with the best intention in the world, striving to calm and mitigate the grief which he conceived a disclosure of the fact might produce. This Hibernian mode of cure, though not uncommon, only served to excite the curiosity, and inflame the mind of the hearer. The more impatient and alarmed Barclay appeared to be, the more fearful was Gregory of removing the veil. At length in one of his misconsolatory addresses, he said, "But heaven is merciful; the doctors have given him over, it is true, but if heaven has not given him over, don't the doctors, he may still live!"

Every man has his way of still lending force and weight to what he wishes should make an impression.—Some fancy they do it by offering a bet, others, too many others, like Gregory, by uttering an oath. They are equally bad, gentle reader! and are seldom called into action but to support what does not deserve credit, and would not otherwise be believed. If the bet therefore were often taken, both the wager and the oath would be extremely expensive, the first in this world, the latter in the next.

Gregory had scarcely finished this speech when Barclay started from his chair, and seizing hold of his arm, cried, with a commanding, but yet a fearful voice—"Do you talk of my father? Gregory, Gregory, I will be kept no longer kept in suspense."

Gregory would have obeyed, but his feelings overpowered him, and he burst into a flood of tears. Barclay was affected—he took him kindly by the hand, and conjured him in softer terms to tell the worst. But this tenderness only served to make bad worse; for, though it inclined him to do it, it deprived him for some time of the power. Barclay stood, during this interval, in a state of dreadful anxiety. Finally, for there is an end to tears as well as to smiles, Gregory recovered sufficiently to relate, in broken accents, the purport of his visit. With a word of consolation every moment as he proceeded, he told him, that his father had been in very low spirits, and though previously much attached to society, had kept no company since the last vacation;—That his appetite failed, and a

fever coming on, the physician pronounced him in a rapid consumption.—"Why, why," interrupted our hero, in a tone of anguish, "why was I not informed of this before?"

"Your father," replied Gregory, "would not permit it; but cheer up, my young master. Well, within this day or two he began to spit blood; but cheer up: and his feet swelling, the doctors gave him over. But come, cheer up, now, cheer up. The moment this was made known him, he called me to his bedside, and told me to fetch you to him without loss of time."

Gregory now continued his consolatory theme unheard by Barclay, who throwing himself into his chair, and concealing his face with his hands, remained in silent abstraction for some seconds. Presently starting up, he ordered Gregory to go instantly and order a chaise. But the next moment recollecting himself, he said, "No, no; stay you here; you do not know the way so well as I do; besides, my good fellow, you need refreshment. See that you get it immediately. In ten minutes we depart." Saying this, he hastened out of the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Commentator, No. 23.

*Woman's the noblest work in Nature's plan,
Without whom life would be a dreary scene,
Form'd to erase her blemishes in man,
And make him ever happy and serene.* J.

HUMAN nature is susceptible of so many prejudices, and we so frequently see men warped by peculiar sentiments, imbibed in their infancy, or acquired in their journey through life, that it no longer appears extraordinary when we observe a man of sense and erudition with a mind contracted and ideas erroneous. My correspondent *Misan Riden*, writes as an enthusiast, whose mind by the concurrence of events, in their nature rather peculiar, has imbibed a prejudice against mankind, to which he allows unbounded prevalence. Through the apostasy of an individual, to every sentiment of rectitude and virtue, he has admitted into his breast the idea of the fallibility and vicious principles of the whole sex. Viewing mankind through the contracted and microscopic medium of misanthropy, their vices appear enlarged to his intellectual perception, dim'd by mortification and disappointment, and clouded by prejudice; and their virtues diminished to a point, or totally annihilated. 'Tis thus with the generality of mankind. Trifles

viewed through the magnifying medium of imaginary perfection, appear to the eye of man, injured in his individual capacity, as injurious or destructive to the happiness of society. Admitting, for a moment, that the sex who appear to be the material object of his malevolence, were not necessary to the existence of mankind, where would we find a companion who would participate in our sorrows, and in our pleasures. In our fellow men, interested for themselves, influenced by the same passions, animated by the same desires, and impelled by the same prejudices, we could not look for a friend who would consider our prosperity, or mortifications as his own. who would welcome the smiles of fortune with delight, or weep with us over our disappointments. For though the same peculiar inclinations, are not equally strong in every individual, yet they are not so accommodating as to strongly interest us for the misfortunes of others. But in the other sex, you find a refined sensibility, which, though sometimes carried to extremes, is always highly agreeable. I have no doubt that when the impetuous passions, which are the inseparable companions of youth, have given place to calmness and indifference in the breast of the misanthropic *Misan Riden*, he will see the absurdity of his prejudices; and reflecting, that his severe disappointment was only a small part of that bitter potion which is infused into the cup of mortality, by the Supreme Being, to lessen our attachment to this sphere of action, will re-anite himself with society. His philanthropy was not genuine: It did not originate in those causes from whence a disinterested love of mankind proceeds. He loved his fellow-creatures, not from any real affection, but because he expected that they would materially conduce to his pleasure and happiness. His attachment to an individual was the link that connected him with society; and not being susceptible of the operation of its powers of attraction, when the tie, the simple tie, which bound him to his species, was severed, he was thrown off by the violent re-action of those very passions which attached him to his fellow creatures. That mankind are in a great degree involved in the delusions of error, and immersed in the tempestuous ocean of vice, no one will, I believe, deny; but still it is the duty of man to pity the errors, and compassionate the folly of his brethren, and not despise them for their weakness and inconsistency. It is however unnecessary to treat the observations of *Misan Riden*, originating in prejudice, in as serious a manner as if they were founded on justice, and a

knowledge of the human character, acquired by experience. When age has calmed those passions, which now reign uncontrolled in his breast, and occasion that unnatural repugnance to his species by which he is actuated, he will allow, that mankind are not totally destitute of every sentiment of virtue, and that the softer sex are as necessary to the real happiness of man, as they are to his existence. We have seen many authors who have wielded the pen, to diminish the just estimation of female excellence; and we may also have observed some who, impressed with accurate ideas of those causes which form our felicity, acknowledge the value of the female character. Among the latter, may be numbered the lively and amusing *Burns*, who, in his simple and unpolished, but highly interesting lays, pays a due tribute to the pre-eminence of women. The following stanza, in a few words, expresses *his* idea of their superiority over man—

All nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work surpasses Ours;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And thence she made the ladies Ours.

Let the dispassionate man, if such a one exists, carefully examine into the female character;—let him investigate the subject without prejudice, and he will find, that however its real excellence may be momentarily obscured by levity and folly, it will eventually prove to his understating, that it is the only resource from *spleen* and *ennui*. With respect to the murder of two of his fellow-creatures, by *Misan Riden*, the circumstance appears too romantic and apocryphal; but admitting it entitled to belief, it conveys to the understanding of his readers no very extraordinary idea of his humanity or good principles. Had their lives been sacrificed in a moment of passionate indiscretion, the crime would have appeared of less magnitude; but after enjoying full time for reflection, to still persevere in his ideas of a sanguinary revenge for the frailty of an individual, indicates a mind over which the passions tyrannize, and from which the bloody demon of revenge has banished every noble sentiment, every dignified sensation of the soul. Notwithstanding all that I have hitherto said relative to the history of *Misan Riden*, and the degree of credibility I have attached to it, I cannot exclude the hope, that for the honour of human nature, the stor is imaginary, and the pictures ideal. If this is not the case, I shall hope that he may see his error, that the clouds of delusion in which he is involved, may be dispersed, and that he may become useful to so-

ciety, a friend to mankind, and an admirer of the fair sex. J.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Risum teneatis?

I PROFESS, HENRY, in *sober sadness*, you appear to *wax wroth*. And can I—unfortunate wight that I am! can I be the cruel cause of so direful a conflict in your placid bosom?

Tantari ira celestibus animis?

VIRGIL.

I had no design upon you, Henry, indeed; no, by all that's pretty! I would not wittingly have discomposed one of your *legal curls*, upon any consideration. I fondly hope (and I am sure Mr. Hogan's patrons will say "amen," to it,) that your "noble seat of thought," has suffered no derangement. Yet "so no," says the immortal bard, "have died of love, and some run mad, and some with desperate hands themselves have slain!" to which I may add, that some have veritably made their unceremonious exit in a paroxysm of rage. The wise and virtuous Addison, (whom Pope, Steele, Gay, and other literary heroes, used to call "the parson in the tie wig,") observes very pertinently, that the excessive indulgence of violent passions, "gives imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed." And bishop Burnet says, that "love above all passions, implants the most effectual seeds of madness." Now, brother Henry, (this is an affectionate appellation which I learned from Voltaire's Charles XIIth. Peter the Great always used it, when, according to the said historian, he spoke of his hair-brained, iron-sided antagonist, and, with deference be it said, I am of opinion scribblers should possess the same urbanity.) Now, brother Henry, should you, which heaven forfend! like Dido,* feel both passions contending in your breast, viz. *love* and *wrath*, you will see the expediency of labouring to effect a cure. Alas! I fear not *all the drossy potions* in the apothecaries' shops can *medicate thee* to that blessed sleep which you enjoyed before poor repentant Mercutio wrote.

.....What sin to me unknown,
Dipp'd me in ink, my father's or my own?

POPE.

You certainly accuse me rashly, (and I generously impute it to the two-fold passion,) when you talk about my "intemperate virulence," and "unfeeling invective."

* *Valens alit venis exco carpitur igni.*

five." I mentioned no other performer but Mrs. Whitlock, and neither directly nor indirectly attempted to depreciate Mrs. Merry's powers; it would have been disingenuous, false and futile to have attempted it. Brother Henry, you have certainly a very inventive fancy, and in the true chivalric spirit, because I praise one lady, you suffer yourself to believe I traduce another, and with all the enthusiasm of a Don Quixote, you *straight* espouse the peerless Dulcinea's cause. By what species of logic you can torture my innocent *jeu d'esprit* into a "wanton and unfeeling attack on the rest of the female performers," is to me inscrutable. I criminated no one. I squatted at no living creature, reproachfully. I threw out no allusions, nor dark insidious hints; I merely said, that Mrs. Whitlock's reputation was *unswilled*. How, brother Henry, is it, I beseech you, that you can metamorphose a merited tribute, and which you yourself allow to be just, into a "wanton unmanly attack, &c.?" You certainly have the surprising faculty, in common with your brother Don, of illustrious memory, of converting a flock of innocent sheep, into a huge army. Could you not with your magical wand, conjure up a host of "whiskered pandours and fierce hussars," for the entertainment of your inquisitive friends? Mr. Wignell, I dare say, would thank you to introduce a battalion or so, of those horrid gentry upon the stage. They would be handsomer than the elephant.—Now do try, that's a good soul!

Any person who should read your very *polite* and unimpassioned communication, without having perused the cause of it, would naturally imagine, that like Macklin in his ruffian-like attack upon Garrick, I had wantonly thrown every species of obloquy and contumely upon the character of Mrs. Merry, and Zolus-like, denied her even a particle of merit. But, lo! gentle reader, would you think it? this truly estimable actress is never once mentioned, nor even obliquely hinted at! "O da: and night, but this is wondrous strange!" What think you of the state of brother Henry's intellects now?

MERCUTIO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

THE principal of the young ladies Academy, Mr. James A. Neal, shewed me a letter from a Miss A——I——d, of about 15 years of age, (who has been under his

tuition for 2 years) written without study, by way of a valedictory address on leaving him; and asked me what I thought of it, as a specimen of juvenile composition. I read it over carefully, and was so pleased with the manner and style, that I told him he should have my sentiments through the medium of the Philadelphia Repository, provided he would permit me to take a copy of it to accompany them. He replied that he had no great objections; but alleged that, in the eyes of some people, it would look too much like vanity or ostentation in him—and he would not designedly give any cause for illiberal reflections. However, after representing how grateful it must be to the friends of education, and particularly to parents, to see such instances of improvement in the rising generation, as well as how useful to the pupils themselves, by stimulating their laudable ambition for honourable praise, my solicitations at length prevailed: I therefore enclose, for a place in your Repository, a copy of that amiable young lady's letter, taken word for word from the original, now in my possession. If speaking ill of even a bad neighbour be tolerated among mankind, I hope, for the honour of human nature, it will never be thought a crime to speak well of those who are deserving, and even in the strain of eulogium of those whose merits are conspicuously eminent. Of the latter number, is the fair subject of this humble tribute, tho' but just entering upon life. It is proper here to observe, that according to a part of Mr. Neal's plan of tuition, a portion of original composition, on some familiar subject, is indispensably required from every pupil in the first class, every Saturday, by way of an exercise; and the letter alluded to, from Miss A——I——, tho' only intended as a farewell, and composed on the spur of the occasion, was accepted as her task on Saturday last. The consideration, judgment, accuracy, and delicacy, that run through the whole, give it so much the air of a production of maturer years, as to have rendered some introduction necessary, in order to gain it credibility, and its author that encomium which she so justly merits.

Copy of the letter:

Philadelphia, November 14th, 1801.

SIR,

HAVING already, verbally, announced to you, my intention of leaving your Academy, this day will be the last, perhaps, that I shall be under your direction. I shall leave you with reluctance, having experienced much attention

from you; and if I have not improved as much as might have been expected, the delinquency rests entirely with myself. I am sensible, that my education is far from being complete; and I shall still need your able instruction: but, as circumstances have rendered my return to Maryland absolutely necessary, I must not oppose it. On a former occasion, I tendered you my grateful thanks, for the singular pains you took, in promoting my learning; and, having received a continuation, and if possible, an increase, during my second stay, you will allow me the privilege of again thanking you.

Although my improvement has not been commensurate with your endeavours to promote it; yet, it will be very pleasing to you to observe it in many of my associates; which I hope will measureably reward you. Wishing you a series of uninterrupted happiness, I bid you adieu!

Your obliged pupil,

A——A I——D.

After this, (and I know of numerous similar instances of female improvement) let not the haughty foreigner boast of Europe as the exclusive *alma mater* of science, and assert that the American soil is inhospitable to the seeds, or inauspicious to the scions of genius, either with respect to the pupil or the tutor. How pleasing, how grateful to every intelligent and benevolent mind, to every lover of literature, to every parent who has the feelings of a parent, thus to behold a foundation laying for placing the fairest portion of creation in that rank of importance and eminence, to which by their nature and their own intrinsic excellence, they are so justly entitled. When such are the fruits of a well-timed and well-conducted education, is it any wonder that a parent should almost idolize a child, who promises to be an ornament to society, a blessing to mankind, and the solace of his life? For my part, I do not know any thing which so nearly approaches the *acme* of human excellence, as a young female of an enlightened understanding, a well-informed mind, and a pure and virtuous heart, united in a fair-proportioned and beautiful form: and I am happy to find that my opinion coincides with that of so great and good a man, and poet, as Dr. Young—

Virtue is beauty: but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form is join'd;
When youth makes such bright objects still more
Bright,
And fortune sets them in the stronger light;—
'Tis all of heav'n, that we below may view,
And all, but adoration is their due.

How many of these charming traits are possessed by this amiable pupil, I dare not offend her modesty by enumerating—I will,

therefore, only obscure, that they have endeared her to her relations and friends, have gained her the esteem of all who know her, and cannot fail to affect a stranger with surprise and delight.

I am,
with respect,
Yours,
G. B.—H.

Monday, Nov. 16, 1801.

Singular Advertisement.

The following, copied from a late London Publication, is perhaps justly severe satire upon the vain merits of the metropolis of England. We do not, however, presume to say, that it is the most applicable to those of our own city; but only give it to our readers as a matter of amusement.

PROPOSALS FOR OPENING A REGISTER OFFICE FOR BEAUTY;

OR,

REPOSITORY FOR FEMALE CHARMS.

MR. EDITOR,

I BEG leave to state, that I have procured, with infinite labour and expence, the choicest collection of all the several articles requisite for mending, patching, restoring, improving, and supplying every female perfection. I have also engaged the most ingenious artist in the different branches of this useful profession, and mean shortly to open an office at the Court end of the town.

I have provided all the different assortments of lilies and roses, to suit every complexion. I have laid in a considerable stock of arguant, cosmetics, and beautifying pastes. I have the finest tinctures to colour the hair, the brightest red salve for foul lips, and the sweetest perfumes for stinking breaths.—I shall sell Mr. ———'s fine compound, to take off all superfluous hair, without the least prejudice to the tenderest complexion; as likewise the grand anti-maculating tincture, to remove pimples, sun-burns, or freckles.

I have various shapes ready fitted up, of all sizes; with all sorts of cushions, plumpers, and bolsters, to hide any defects. I have a curiously-contrived engine for pulling out wry necks, for strengthening bandy legs, and for stretching or cramping them, with the feet, arms, hands, &c. if too short, or too long. I have also a machine for reducing crooked backs, or flattening round shoulders.

I have artificial brilliants of all waters, whether for the bright eye, the dead eye, the piercing eye, the sleepy eye, the bold eye, the swimming eye, &c. I have hired a French oculist to put them into any lady's sockets, from whence he will take out, with very little pain, the squinty eye, the wall eye, the goggle eye, and all others. Hairs are plucked out of the forehead by pincers, and the smoothest mouse eye-brows, of all colours, put on by him in their room, with the nicest exactness.

Mr. ———, the dentist, has engaged to draw teeth at my office, and to put in a new set of the best polished ivory.—A noted chin-turner will attend every day, to shave, plane, and mount chins, to any cock desired: he will also neatly piece, joint and glue on artificial ones, if wanted.

I have imported a great grand laughter of professor *Luliacollus*, who pares, scrapes, grinds, and new-moulds overgrown noses; cuts off crooked or flat ones to the stamps, and engrafs new ones on the roots of them.

I apply a particular sticking plaster to the face, which takes off the whole skin; and then I rub it over with a beautifying liquor, which adds a new gloss to it; and afterwards I paint it, as natural as the life, to any pattern of complexion. I peel off the finger-nails, and lay the entire hand in the same manner, which, in a month's time, makes them as white as hanging them in a sling, or the wearing of dog's skin gloves can render them in a twelve-month. As for those who are hindered from dancing, by corns of any sort, or toe-nails grown into the flesh, a most famous corn-doctor has promised to cure them; as a great many persons of the highest distinction have experienced.

I cut dimples into the grain, which never wear out. I slit the lips open on each side, if too narrow, and sew them up when they are too wide, with such niceness, that the seams are imperceptible. I no less dextrously fine-draw, or darn wrinkles of any standing; and fill up all dents, chaps, or holes made by the small-pox, with a new invented powder. I have a thin diet-drink to bring down the over-plump to a proper gentility of slimness, and a nourishing kind of jelly for the improvement of the scraggy. In short, I am possessed of many other equally valuable secrets, on which I shall enlarge more particularly hereafter, in my printed bills.

Ladies are waited upon at their own houses, by their very humble servant,

ELIZABETH MENDALL.

ANECDOTES.

A Portuguese, who, from obscurity, had raised himself by the most distinguished merit to a peerage of that kingdom, being in company with several of the most ancient families in Lisbon, became the object of their wit and raillery, on account of his infant nobility.—With a design therefore to pique him in the tenderest point, they turned their discourse alone on the honours derived from nobility of birth, each extolling the great achievements of his distinguished ancestors in the warmest terms of paegyric. At last it came to this nobleman, as is the custom of the country, to give his sentiments; when the rest of the company were scarce able to contain themselves from open laughter, expecting that he must leave the room in extreme disorder. But how great was their astonishment, and even their shame, when this truly illustrious personage, with the greatest composure and good humour, addressed them thus: “My lords, I acknowledge that all of you have given a very flattering account of your ancestors' immortal deeds; but from this I can only gather, that the honours you enjoy, were thus simply delivered by hereditary succession into your hands; but, my lords, my plea, thank heaven! is widely different: I have the virtuous satisfaction of saying more than you all; that I obtained all my honours by my own immediate actions and shall therefore have the superior pleasure of transmitting them, unsullied, to my successors, for them to boast of.”

A Lady, who loved gaming very much, and who, at the same time was very covetous, falling sick in the country, in a village where her estate lay, sent for the curate, and proposed play to him. The curate, being also fond of gaming, accepted the proposition with joy. They played, and the curate lost. After having won all his money, she proposed to play for the parson's fees at her burial, in case she died. They played; and he lost. She obliged him to give a note for the sum at which interments then stood; and dying in eight or ten days after, the curate withdrew his note by the interment.

EPITAPH FOR A CARD-MAKER.

His card is cut—long days he shuffled thro'
The game of life—he dealt as others do.
Tho' he by honours tells not its amount,
When the last trump is play'd his tricks will count.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET VI.

TO POVERTY.

*How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty!*—

THOM.

To THEE, the sport of Fortune, hapless
Pow'r,

Not hiring-like, I tune the feeling lay;
With sudden'd heart, the sorrowing tribute pay;
And view, with tears, thy melancholy bow'r.

Ah! what avail the riches earth affords,
For all, the common children of one Sire!
Millions, for want of life's poor boon expire,
While wealth o'erwhelms crown'd villains
and their lords.

Yet, be resigned—HEAV'N marks thee for
its own;
The bosom of thy GOD shall be thy home:
For where dwells Virtue, misery cannot con-
e;
And, where she dwells not, bliss is never
known:—

Bear up—Life's storms and ills will soon be
o'er;
And sorrows and afflictions pain no more.
AMYNTOB.

THE FEMALE SEX DESCRIBED

BY ST. PIERRE.

HOW little are they acquainted with the laws of Nature, who, in their opinion of the two sexes, look for nothing farther than the pleasures of sense? They are only culling the flowers of life, without once tasting its fruits. The FAIR SEX, that is the phrase of our men of pleasure, women are known to them under no other idea...but, besides this, it is the creative sex, which gives birth to man; and the cherishing sex, which suckles and cherishes him in infancy...It is the pious sex, which conducts him to the altar, while he was yet a child, and teaches him to draw in with the milk of the breast, the love of religion. It is the pacific sex, which sheds not the blood of a fellow creature; and the sympathising sex, which ministers to the sick, and handles without hurting them.

ERRATUM—In the 21st No. in the 4th column from VIRGIL, first word, for *Tantani*, read *Tantene*.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF YOUNG LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY A SUBSCRIBER.

Our ingenious correspondent's List includes no fewer than the names of 28 REIGNING BEAUTIES—Not willing, however, to rack the imagination of our fair read-ers to too high a degree, we have only given a fourth part of the list, reserving the remainder for subsequent publications.

1. Two fourths of a water fowl, the fourth consonant, and an enclosed piece of ground.
2. An enclosure for a fleet animal, and two thirds of what we are all liable to.
3. A sweet flower, one third of a message, and a hard substance, omitting the first and last letters.
4. The name of an unfortunate Queen (for the lady's Christian name) and a work-er in metals.
5. The heroine of a celebrated sentimental author (for the lady's Christian name) two fourths of an agreeable entertainment, and one half of the substance within a shell.
6. Two fourths of the messenger of Juno, and an exhalating liquor, omitting the last letter.
7. The manager of an estate, omitting the last letter, and adding in place thereof the twentieth letter of the alphabet.

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 21, 1801.

On account of the very great variety of the matter embraced by the Philadelphia Repository, and the care, time and attention necessary to examine and collate so great a number of articles, many of them very minute, it has been found impracticable to complete the Index to the first volume during the present week. It will, however, if possible, be delivered to our subscribers on Saturday next.

Marriages.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Frederick Smith, Mr. John M. Shepherd, to Miss Freshmuth, daughter of Mr. Daniel Freshmuth...On the 12th, by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, Mr. Andrew Hammer, to Miss Catharine Ritzencollar...Same day, at Friends' meeting,

Mr. Israel Cope, merchant, of Baltimore, to Miss Margaret Cooper, daughter of the late Mr. Marmaduke Cooper, of N. Jersey...Same day, Mr. Wm. Leedom, jun. of this city, to Miss Vanleer, daughter of Mr. Samuel Vanleer, of Chester county...On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helmuth, Mr. George Lentner, to Miss Rebecca Weisinger...Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Blackwell, Mr. Baltis Emrick, to Miss Hannah Summers, daughter of Mr. Andrew Summers, of Southwark...On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. James Abercrombie, Mr. Thomas Clarke, merchant, to Miss Eliza Myers, daughter of Mr. John Myers...On the 17th, at Friends' Meeting, Mr. Joseph Paul, jun. of Whissahickon, to Miss Elizabeth F. Wheeler, daughter of Samuel Wheeler, Esquire, of the Northern Liberties.

.....At Darb-, on the 12th inst. at Friends' Meeting, Mr. Samuel Rhoads, to the amiable Miss Sarah Garret, both of Blockly Township, Philadelphia county.

Deaths.

DIED...In this City...On the 17th inst. of a pleurisy, Capt. Roger Kean...Same day Mrs. Ann Davis, wife of Mr. George Davis, merchant and Law-Bookseller.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Cross Old Maid," and "A Maid," in reply to "A Bachelor," are received, and will have all due consideration paid them
"Ingenious Toasts," savours some of them of party politics—they however lie on the table
"Answer to Expectation," and lines "To Eliza," lie under the table
"Address to Matilda," has been accidentally mislaid—it found, it will a year next week.

NATHAN CHAPIN,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a SINGING SCHOOL, at his School-room, No. 134, South Fifth Street, between Pine and Lombard Street, on Saturday Evenings, from 6 till 9 o'clock; where Ladies and Gentlemen may be carefully instructed into every thing necessary for the accomplishment of that art.

Philadelphia, Nov. 14th 1801.

A few Copies of the Song, set to Music, entitled "CITIZEN SOLDIERS" printed on fine Writing Paper, for Sale at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository, price 1/4th of a dollar.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following lines, which I extract from the Lady's Museum, for January, 1800, are the juvenile effusion of one of our fair countrywomen, the daughter of Mr. Leslie, of this city, who resided in London with his family at that period. It would be in vain for me to attempt a panegyric on the fair Author of this interesting Poem—Her taste for literature; her elegant and instructive conversation; and her modest graceful, and elegant manners, borne, at her present early age, rendered her an ornament to human nature, and an honour to her sex.

Your giving this elegant production a place in the Philadelphia Repository, will oblige

Yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

WINTER.

By Miss LESLIE, a young lady of 12 years old.

(TUNE—"POOR JACK.")

THE north wind has scatter'd the leaves
O'er the grave,

The valley is cover'd with snow:
Come, Caroline, to the wild scene let us
rove,

Where, last summer, the streamlet did
flow:

Now, see the dear riv'let, no more does it
glide

Along the green meadows, so clear;
And see yonder willow, that grew by its side,

Which once did so verdant appear;
The streamlet is frozen, and wither'd the
tree,

And barren the once grassy field:
No more the bright flow'rs so blooming we
see,—

All nature to winter must yield.

Then turn to the garden, last summer so gay;
See every thing drooping around;

Not a flow'r appears to enliven the day,
Since Winter has froz in the ground:

Each bush, and each shrub, hangs so droop-
ing its head,

In summer so cheerful and green;
The tulips, the roses, the pinks are all dead,

Not a leaf or a blossom is seen:
Alas! what awaits it how bright they once
were,

What charms they in summer reveal'd,
Since each flow'r, tho' ever so charming
and fair,

To the rigour of Winter must yield.

Yet in yonder green-house the flowers still
bloom,

The garden's choice beauties are there,
And, bidding defiance to frost and to snow,

Still bloom — not in summer more fair:
See tulips, and roses, and lilies, unfold

Their charms in this happy retreat;
There pinks, yellow daffodils, jonquils be-
hold,

Each flower so blooming and sweet:

They always are lovely, they always are
green,

While snow heightens the mountain and
field:

These flowers are always so beautiful seen,
Tho' others to Winter must yield.

Young Flavia, at present so lovely and fair,
Whose beauty each bosom alarms,

Her days must devote to sad sorrow and
care,

When age comes to rattle her charms;
For Flavia's devoid of those charms of the
mind,

That please when no others are left;
She'll resemble the flow'rs, by Winter, un-
kind,

Of all their sweet graces bereft;
Decaying, and wither'd, and cover'd with
snow,

No charms to the eye are reveal'd;
So will Flavia appear, when old age, wo-
man's foe,

Will force her her beauties to yield.

Yet you, like the green-house, dear Caro-
line, are,

Where the flow'rs are still in their prime;
Your charms are so lasting, so lovely, so fair,

They ne'er can be riddled by time:
Your beauty external, dear maiden, may
fade,

And sink under age's bold blast;
Your virtue throughout the dull season,
sweet maid,

Like the flow'rs in the green-house, will
last:

Thus lovely when young, and still lovely
when old,

In all seasons some beauties reveal'd,
Then time, who'd destroy them, with grief
shall behold

They ne'er to his wishes will yield.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

VERSES

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY,

On the Death of G. P. BUSHE.

COME, melancholy muse, of pen-ive thought,
With sable wings, in mournful garb ar-
ray'd.

Guide my ideas to the sacred dead,
To hover round the tomb where BUSHE
is laid.

There let me weep to see fair virtue's friend,
And wisdom's favorite son in mould'ring
clay;

But hark, so ne heav'nly inspiration says;
"Oh! I weep no more—he lives in endless
day."

But lo! I hear another voice divine!
'Tis Gratitude—she bids my muse to
mourn;

Then let me be a votary at her shrine,
And drop a tear on BUSHE's hallow'd urn.

For he was all that fancy can express,
His heart was generous, and his soul sin-
cere;

The mem'ry then of one so good, so great,
Demands at least the tribute of a tear.

Around his tomb sweet Friendship oft will
weep,

And Truth and Gratitude will there at-
tend;

Wisdom for him will her sad vigils keep,
And Virtue there will mourn her trust-
ed friend.

Oh! could his stay on earth have been pro-
long'd,

His piety and worth had then prevail'd;
His virtues would have made ev'n death re-
lent,

Nor would th' invading tyrant's hand as-
sail'd.

But tho' he lies in yonder dreary tomb,
Remember 'tis his body only dies;

Th' immortal soul has wing'd its heav'nly
flight,

And soar'd on high to join his kindred skies.

Not time itself his virtues shall obscure;
And tho' proud columns fall, and melt a-
way,

Still shall he live,—in endless fame endure,
And bloom in heav'n in everlasting day!!

M. G.

GOOD COPY

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO L'ALLEGRO.

..... There may be blame,
But where's the merit in a borrow'd name. IF.

L'ALLEGRO, what ails thee? what trou-
bles thy brain?

The trifle I wrote, pray does that give thee
pain?

Thou never hearest *trating* or *singing* of mine,
Yet thy *tympannus*'s touch'd, thy ear is so
fine.

Has *Urania* such lugs as thou'st fix'd at thy
head?—

Tir'd out with thy music, long since she has
fled,

She never lov'd singing, nor yet those who
sing—

'Tis a folly to thrust thy head under her wing;
Or by force to thy pipe, as a patron, to draw
The *Muse* of the spheres; whilst thou'rt
wrangling with Law.

Yet could'st thou engage her thy patron to be,
It would do very well, a mere idiot might
see;

As she was ne'er faul'd for a musical ear,
She is better prepar'd thy coarse discords to
bear

But wanting thy *pauzes*, thy *symphony's* *speak-*
ing, (wailing)

The groans of thy *tenor*, thy *treble* be-
Requies all Job's patience, and that would
be failing.

T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

* * Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, November 28, 1801.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

GREGORY had no appetite; he therefore employed himself until the chaise arrived, in preparing a few articles for young Barclay, which would otherwise have certainly been neglected.

The roads from Oxford to London are so good, and the post horses so ready to go when their drivers are properly spurred, which was the case in this instance, that I shall make but a step from the one place to the other.

There is nothing more awful in nature than the bed of death. Nothing more affectingly interesting than to see a beloved son kneeling there and receiving the last blessing of an expiring father; a blessing far better and more valuable than that bestowed by healthful parents; a blessing pronounced with the departing breath of one, who, standing as it were on the very perch of immortality, may more confidently hope to be heard by him from whom all blessings flow. Such, however, was not here the case. He who wants the forgiveness of his children, and dreads the just anger of God, can have no blessing to give that can be expected to avail them ought.

Our hero found his father attended by a nurse and two physicians. As he entered the room with Gregory, his emaciated countenance, which his son could with difficulty recognize, was for a moment illumined with a ray of pleasure and satisfaction, that seemed also to warm his heart and afford his whole frame a short-lived vigour.

Seizing Barclay's hand with a convulsive grasp of inexpressible feeling, he requested those who were present to retire and leave him with his son.

Barclay having seated himself on the bed, held his father's right hand tenderly in his. — The old gentleman, leaning his head upon the other remained in that posture a few moments, as if to recollect his scattered thoughts. At last, raising himself on his pillow, he began:

"See, my son, to what a state I am reduced: it is deplorable; however, it will soon be at an end; but you my son, where will you be?"

Here his repeated sobs prevented his utterance, and he fell backward. Again, summoning all his resolution, he renewed his speech.

"My time is short, I will therefore be brief and open. Do what you will, say what you can, you cannot add to my affliction: I am ruined: you are a beggar. You, my son, (too good for such a father!) whom I have brought up as a gentleman, thinking I could amply provide for you, (and Heaven knows how well I could have done so, but for my accursed avarice) are now abandoned, and left to seek a subsistence, without being instructed in the means to gain one. I lent my fortune, by degrees, on speculations that have gradually involved and consumed the whole to nothing. You may upbraid me, my son, but you come too late to break my heart!" "What?" cried Barclay with an affected smile, "and shall this rot me of my father? No! I am able and will work; I can get a livelihood, for us both, I warrant you. — Be comforted — let not a circumstance you could not avoid, and in which you endeavoured to act for the best (for that I know you did), prey upon the spirits and destroy the rest of my father!"

The old man rising and exclaiming, "My son, my son!" threw his arms about his neck, and wept bitterly.

Barclay, thinking he had succeeded, continued—"Nay, my father; let not the fickleness of chance cast us down. The accidents of fortune form the misery of fools; wise men laugh at them. Do not imagine the generous education you have bestowed on me, will suffer any such low and grovelling sentiments to occupy my mind. No, dear sir! he that has nothing to complain of but fortune, is, believe me, of all mankind, the least in need of pity. Our consciences are clear, and we may still be happy; indeed we may!"

As he spoke the concluding words and hoped to see their good effect, his father uttered a deep groan, and precipitately hid his face beneath the cloathes. Barclay was agitated to the greatest degree, but durst not speak. At length the father once more gave vent to his sorrows:

"Hear, then," cried he, "hear, young man, the villainy of your father; and, oh! let it live for ever in your memory. While I yet have time I will unburden that conscience, which you (judging, I hope, from your own) think so clear and blameless; but which in these my last moments (for I feel they are so), is my greatest torment and reproach. A little time before I married your mother, I, by chance, met with a lovely, virtuous girl in humble life, whom I plied with presents and flattery, until, won by my arts, she trusted to my honour, and was ruined. She proved with child, I, at this period, a thoughtless young man, only contrived how to get out of the difficulty and rid myself of the burden. She, poor girl! could not afford to keep the child; I therefore, as the shortest way, paid a sum of money to the parish-officers, thought no more of it, and, being tired of

my conquest (for there is soon a satiety of unlawful love), I abandoned her. With your mother, though the best of women, I was justly never happy. Dying while you were young, the loss of her made me think seriously of the girl I had so basely wronged; but I was ashamed to inquire after her for some years. About three twelve-months ago, however, my conscience oppressed me so severely that I wished to make some search, but knew not where. The only place I could think of was the work-house, where, perhaps, they might give me some information, as she might have been a more affectionate parent than myself. Seventeen years had elapsed, and I was at first deterred by the dread of finding my child, who was most likely illiterate, low-bred, and a disgrace to me. However, my compunction prevailed, and caused me to esteem no disgrace equal to that of leaving my child, and a woman I had ruined, probably in misery and wretchedness. I did as I resolved, but they knew nothing of her."

"Well, well! ejaculated Barclay, with eager expectation," "but the child—; you—."

"With trembling I questioned them about my child. At first they denied ever having had such a one; at last they recollected merely that, within a few years after it had been left there, somebody had come and taken it away, which, they told me, they were always very glad to allow of, if the person promised they should never return to trouble them more."

"From that moment I could learn nothing. Am I then a man," continued he, "to wish for life? What greater misery can I sustain? Have I not ruined a woman I loved,—once dearly loved! and brought perhaps her infant, my child, to infamy and want? You, even you, my son, I have not spared! No, I have spared none, but, like a foul, wide-spread pestilence, destroyed the peace and comfort of every thing within my influence. To live, then, were dreadful! To die!—"

Here he suddenly fell back, and, as if some despairing thought had followed his last words, he groaned inwardly, and presently ejaculated, with a cry that pierced the heart of his son,—“O God! my brain, my brain!” and instantly went into the most alarming convulsion.

Gregory, who was ever on the watch, hearing an uncommon noise, rushed into the chamber, and assisted by administering a draught the doctor had prescribed in those cases, to recover him. He, then, unseen by the old man, withdrew to the farther end of the room.

Now turning to his son, with a countenance marked with horror and dismay, he exclaimed, “Pray by me! let me hear some comfort!”

Barclay immediately took the prayer book, and kneeling by the bed-side, read some prayer which promises forgiveness to every sinner that repenteth. In this, fervently, but silently, he was accompanied by Gregory, on his knees, at the other end of the chamber.

When he had done, he found his father in tears, and over his features were spread the soft serenity of pious resignation, and heart-cheering hope.

Shortly after, feeling the sand of the last glass of life nearly exhausted, he begged his son's forgiveness for his past conduct. “Your conduct,” cried Barclay, “has done me no wrong, only as it conpires to shorten your days. Live! oh! live, my father!”

The old man folded him in his arms;—’twas their last embrace! Breaking abruptly from him, he said, “I go! Tell your friend Keppel I did not forget him in my expiring moments, and do all that is in your power (for I have none) to reward the faithful Gregory.” Then clasping his hands together, as if in ardent but humble prayer to Heaven, he breathed his last.

CHAP. III.

A good reason for a wife's grief at the death of her husband.—An Epigram.—Who may be safe without.—What the author takes.—A soliloquy.—Keppel von Hein.—An ingenious simile respecting friendship.

WE may so far succeed in deceiving others by words and actions, as to make them long believe our feelings to be the very reverse of what they really are. We may, and indeed we often do, for a time, even cajole ourselves with the idea of being actuated by much nobler and purer motives than any to which we have a right to ascribe our conduct.

In Malabar, a stranger might easily form a false notion of the cause of so much grief as the wives constantly exhibit there, on the death of their husbands, if he were not previously told that it is customary to burn both parties, the living and the dead, on the same pile. An epigram, written by a friend of mine, will put this instance in a clearer light.

EPICRAM.

On a woman of Malabar weeping excessively at the loss of her husband.

STRANGER.

Sure ne'er with affliction more sincere,
Did widow heave a sigh, or shed a tear.

MAN OF MALABAR.

'Tis true! but think not parting grieves her so.
They must not part; and hence but sorrows flow.

This Asiatic custom has one great merit. It ensures the wife's tenderest care of her husband's health while he lives, and the most unfeigned grief at his death.

But to bring this reasoning more home to life subject we are upon, I shall inform the reader, that after old Temple had ceased to live, Barclay, leaving Gregory below at the bedside, withdrew to a parlour below stairs, there to indulge the sorrows with which he was oppressed. Recollecting the fine sentiments he uttered to his father, it will naturally strike us that he must be wholly, and to the neglect of all baser considerations, taken up in bewailing his loss. But if I have no doubt that he himself thought so at the moment, I have also no doubt that his grief was mixed, and in a great measure occasioned by the forlorn and penniless situation to which he found himself suddenly reduced. It is far from my intention to insinuate any thing by this, that may detract from the generosity and nobleness of character which my hero possessed. With all his good qualities, he was still a man; and I contend, that the feelings I have described are perfectly in conformity to those of human nature. The hero of romance may be faultless, but the hero who treads the path of life must have his frailties. He that has no failings I disown. He is not one of us, and I care nothing about him. Give me the man who is not free from the little amiable frailties of his nature, and I will acknowledge him as my brother! He may with truth be said to be a wise man who never does any thing without knowing why he does it, and that it is right to do it. He is not, however, in my eyes, more to be admired than envied; for most of our little pleasure arise from doing things for which we have no reason, or at any rate but a bad one. Now it is my opinion (and I heed not how many dissent from it), that he who is always wise is a fool. I will not affirm with ANACREON, that I wished to be mad, but I will say that I like to be foolish sometimes. Perhaps the reader will think before I leave him, that I like to be so too often.—But I don't care what he thinks; I shall go on with my story.

This is a good situation for a soliloquy. Scene, a parlour. Barclay lying on a sofa before the fire.—After ruminating for some minutes on the death of his father, and on the circumstances which had so much embittered his last moments, he exclaimed, “Oh, my father can I ever forget thy end? Peace be unto thy spirit! May the anguish thou hast suffered, added to the sincerity of thy repentance, atone for the crime thou

† Od. xliii. on himself.

hast committed, and render thee fit to be numbered with the happy! Would to heaven that the rash and thoughtless youth, who, with cruel levity, curse through the town in search of innocence, and count it glory to destroy it, had been present at thy death, and received the awful lesson it inculcated! I shall never cease to think of it! I, who takes from an amiable girl her virtue,

"Rols'er of that which not enriches him,
But makes her poor indeed!"

Would that this reflection, just as it is, were more generally made!

Grief is apt to make us all moralists. Then think not the worse of Barclay, ye belles; do not hate him for it, ye beaux! Knock, knock, knock!

"Come in," cried Barclay.

"But I can't," replied a voice, "for you have locked the door. Come open it; open it, my friend; I must and will see you."

Barclay rose to let in the visitor: 'twas Keppel Von Hein, the friend whose character I have so briefly touched upon, that it may be well to add something more of it, before we proceed with the purport and end of the present visit.

Of his family I can say nothing. Though often pressed on that head by our hero, he constantly avoided all communication; and the mention of it evidently gave him so much pain and uneasiness, that Barclay had long since studiously abstained from introducing it in the remotest way. I have said that he was the reverse of his friend, which will be manifested by the following short description:

He was considerably above the middle size, so much so as to be denominated a tall man; his features were bold and manly, but his brows were heavy and forbidding. In company he was agreeable, but often thoughtful and abstracted. His temper was irascible, and he rarely forgave an injury; being, from some unknown event, displeased with the world, he was generally very severe in his reflections. His acquaintances were few: friends he had but one; the former respected him as a being cast in no common mould; the latter, who was Barclay, loved him in his heart, admired his virtues, and sighed over his faults, which, like his virtues, were great. He, indeed, was incapable of any thing little or trifling; there was no medium in his actions; wherever he felt an attachment, he left no means untried to make it mutual. Barclay had been his associate at school and at college; he knew that he would willingly sacrifice any thing for Keppel, but still he knew not how his affection for him had

arisen to such a degree. "We cannot tell," says a certain author, "the precise moment when friendship is formed. As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop which makes it run over; so in a series of kindnesses, there is at last one which makes the heart run over."

This delicious drop, the sweetest in the cup of life, had Barclay experienced. This happy moment, worth whole years of common existence, he had enjoyed; but like all other excessive pleasure, it came big with succeeding sorrow and affliction.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON THE VIRTUES OF THE BILLIARD TABLE. AN EXTRACT.

Communicated by a Sub-editor.

"Nothing but the virtue of the people is wanting to secure and perfect that glorious system of jurisprudence, which the wisdom of our senators has prescribed, and our arms have secured. Without virtue, freedom is a curse—liberty a loose fortification—and independence breaks down the political moulds, which from necessity might have withstood the terror of vice."

"The natural disposition of mankind is originally much the same in all nations—external circumstances influencing that disposition, must be the sources of national characteristics. This influence first is acquired from our passion for novelty, but continued from habit. The passion for novelty is constitutional—Adam and Eve had it in paradise. No man can be to blame, therefore, for possessing it—he is only answerable for his conduct under the influence of it. Let virtue direct it, and the end is very laudable: it will be attended with glorious effects."

"This caused the great improvements in arts during the war, and the refinements in manners which are visible in and characterise this country. Few nations ever made such rapid strides. The many instances wherein we have refined upon our former manners in this city, it would be tedious to repeat. I will confine myself to one improvement, whose happy effects, from its novelty, are not universally known. For the benefit of the friends to mental improvement, to the refinement of human nature, and to the happiness of society, the theme of this shall be "the virtues of a billiard table."

"The art of playing dexterously on this table, is one of the most elegant accomplishments of gentlemen of spirit and spirit in every quarter of the refined world."

"There is something in it peculiarly adapted to the happy political constitution of the state. It reduces all to a perfect level; the sot, merchant, cobbler, captain, blacksmith, spruce gal-

lant, pick-pocket, and jockey, are all hale fellows well met, and merit is the only true criterion of eminence."

"Such a general and promiscuous collection must certainly have a most happy influence over the gay and thoughtless youth of this city. 'It was ever a virtue in the young to revere and imitate the aged. Happy for them it is, that here they may follow the example even of those whose gray hairs stimulated them to a redemption of their time, by the constant repetition of memento mori."

"Idleness is attended with most unhappy consequences in all societies. One essential virtue of the billiard table, is to open a genteel employment for those who would otherwise have nothing to do; and so happy is the effect, that when once engaged, the risk of health and interest are scarce sufficient to call aside their passionate attention."

"By the pleasures of society, and the genial warmth of merry Bacchus, and the flowing bowl, we imbibe the feelings of the patriot and philanthropist."

"Are you a moralist? Here you may draw a lesson of improvement—A philosopher? Here you may apply the principles of your profession—A mathematician? Here you may put in practice the rules of your art—the art of levelling—the use of diagonals—the momentum of impinging bodies—the compound direction of oblique forces—the perfect equality of the angles of incidence and reflection, with almost the whole science of trigonometry, so useful for seamen."

"In short, this excellence of employment inspires us with reverence for religion, by frequently addressing, invoking, and calling upon the name of that sacred Majesty, who disposes the fortune of our game. To close all, it opens a useful school for the knowledge of human nature;—it displays in the most lively colours, the whole catalogue of passions which torture the soul, from the beginning of fear and anxiety, the anguish of grief and black despair, which ends the wretch in horror."

HISTORICAL MEMORANDUMS.

Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, being one day asked, what was the surest method of remaining happy in this world? replied—"Only do always in health, what you have often promised to do when you were sick."

Charles the XII. of Sweden, after completely defeating Augustus, king of Poland, was eagerly pressed by his favourite, Count Piper, to take possession of that kingdom for himself. He sternly refused, and gave it to Stanislaus; repeating, "It is much more noble to give away kingdoms than to acquire them."

ORIGINAL TALE.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Ruins.

COLD and dreary was the path pursued by the wretched MARIA, as she slowly wandered through the thick underwood in the forest of Darwood, which impeded her progress, and presented almost insurmountable obstacles to the prosecution of her journey. Persecuted by fortune, tortured by the remembrance of past scenes, and upbraided by conscience, she scarcely endeavoured to trace the path which would extricate her from the dreary wilds, and which had now become almost imperceptible. At every step her arms were torn by the intermixing branches, and she had almost attained a state of enviable insensibility to her misfortunes, when a sudden glare of light flashed upon the path. Reanimated with its appearance, the unfortunate Maria anxiously turned towards the light, and found it to proceed from a building scarcely visible through the closely-woven foliage. In vain she attempted to reach the object which presented itself; for so intensely was she engaged in keeping it in view, that she heeded not the path she was pursuing, obstructed by fallen trees and withered branches, till her foot caught in the root of a tree, and she fell senseless on the ground. No human being was nigh to protect the unfortunate girl, unless the structure, which had been for a moment visible, contained some one who could feel for the distresses of another. No supernatural appearance was necessary to heighten the horrors of the scene. The moon was totally obscured by the clouds, and the humid state of the atmosphere seemed to prelude a storm. The wind howled through the trees, while the rustling of their tops, high-waving to the breeze, rendered it a scene suited to the melancholy disposition of the pensive occupant of the neighbouring mansion, who loved to wander amid the "embowering woods," when all the world was enveloped in the sable mantle of night. The dampness which prevailed, together with the total darkness, confined him to his lonely dwelling;—but had he been conscious of the existence of a person in distress so near him, the genuine goodness of his heart would have instantly prompted him to hasten to the assistance of the deserted Maria. Deserted in

deed by the cheering influence of the fond deceiver, hope;—lost to the world, to virtue, and to fame. Manston, the secluded inmate of the structure which had caught the eye of the unfortunate Maria, possessed a heart susceptible to the warm emotions of compassion, and alive to every feeling of sensibility. He remained upon his seat at the door of his dwelling, wrapt in reflection upon scenes of past delight and regretted pleasure, when a groan from the recovering Maria, struck on his ear.—He started from his reverie, and was involuntarily hastening into the wood, when he paused with the reflection that the sound might have been ideal, but a repetition of the groan undeceived him. He returned to the house, and placing the light in a lantern, sallied into the forest in search of the unfortunate sufferer. After some time elapsed in the intricate search, he discovered her prostrate on the damp earth, while a repetition of heart-rending groans announced the return of suspended animation. Manston gently raised her from the ground, and bore her in his arms to his cottage. He laid her on his lonely couch, and administering a restorative cordial, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her recover from her insensibility. With a sigh she opened her large blue eyes, and fixing them with an expression of gratitude on the venerable countenance of her preserver, she poured forth the language of grateful sensibility, for his providential interference, and requested to know to whom she was indebted for the preservation of a life, which, though it had been embittered by misfortune, the impulse of nature forced her to wish for its continuance. With a smile of blended pity and tenderness, he requested her not to seek to know what he himself wished to forget. "I have long since," said the hospitable Manston, "bid adieu to the world, and in this sequestered retirement, whose solitude is seldom profaned by the foot of interested mortals; I strive to forget that I have ever existed but in it. Misfortunes, fair stranger, have been my constant attendants for many years, till I entered this secluded retreat, whose gloomy horrors are perfectly congenial with the melancholy of my disposition, and could I bury in oblivion the remembrance of my past life, I might attain a state of tranquillity enviable to many of the inhabitants of the busy world." "The frowns of fortune," replied Maria, "have been my mutual experience; but I fear that in this world I shall never be sensible of her smiles." The considerate Manston then interposed, to prevent the continu-

ance of a conversation which he justly conceived would only occasion vain regrets, for scenes which could not be remembered with pleasure, and which, in the present situation of his guest, might prove prejudicial to her health.

Maria had received no material injury from her fall in the forest; but the poignancy of recollected sorrow, and the remembrance of her forlorn condition, co-operated with the pain of her bruises, to deprive her of that repose which she so much needed. Left to her own reflections by the retreat of Manston, she poured out her adorations to the Supreme Being, who views with a pitying eye the failings of humanity, and who can pardon a lapse from virtue when attended by sincere contrition. The first faint rays of light aroused the unfortunate wanderer from the melancholy reverie, and hailed the exhilarating beams of the sun with a faint sensation of pleasure.

Left at an early age a friendless orphan, without the slightest knowledge of her parents, and uncertain whether they existed, or were translated to the regions of happiness, Maria seemed devoted from her birth to be the sport of capricious fortune. She had, it is true, found a kind protector of her infancy in the Countess of Davenport, but death had deprived her of her only support when at the critical age of seventeen. Maria possessed a too susceptible heart, and an extraordinary portion of sensibility. These virtues, instead of being confined to their proper limits by the dictates of prudence, or the admonitions of wisdom, were left to their natural exuberance by the decrease of her kind mistress, who had vainly endeavoured to instil into the mind of the volatile Maria, that fortitude which would support her against the frowns of fortune, and that firmness of mind which would make her insensible to the seducing blandishments of adulation. Left thus without a mistress to aid her with the fruit of experience, she listened to the soft voice of love and flattery, and fell from the commanding dignity of virtue into the abyss of ruin and despair, which opened to receive her. All before her was a melancholy prospect, unillumined with the cheering radiance of hope, and presenting the grave as the only refuge from the corroding sorrows of reflection, and the sneers of a proud world.

Manston found his guest still indisposed, but not so much so as to prevent her attending at his lonely breakfast. Only one servant was retained by the secluded tenant of this sequestered spot, as perfectly com-

potent to administer to his necessities. Several days elapsed ere he had the satisfaction of witnessing the perfect recovery of Maria, whose beautiful countenance, tinged with the dark hue of melancholy, deeply interested him, and the similitude of their fates at once attached them to each other. Rationally concluding, that the subject of her misfortunes would be a disagreeable topic, he kindly forbore to enquire to what occurrences he had the pleasure of her company, and affectionately requested her to reside with him till a more agreeable home invited her departure.—“Here,” said the considerate Manston, “you will be secure from insult and injury—this retirement will afford you a residence which will never be disturbed by the intrusion of men, and to all the humble comforts it affords you will ever be heartily welcome.”

With a melancholy smile of gratitude, Maria gracefully thanked him for his hospitality; and although in days that were past, she would have disdained to be under obligations to a stranger, yet her pride was subdued by misfortune, and she gladly accepted the proffered friendship of Manston. His venerable countenance commanded her esteem and reverence, and his open manners obtained her confidence.

Attended by the hospitable recluse, she would often wander through the forest, to the ruins of an ancient monastery, which had once reared its majestic head amid the entangled mazes of the wood, and was, except the humble cottage of Manston, the sole structure for a considerable distance. The borders of the forest were not more than three miles distant from the ruins; but the intricacy of the path was a sufficient security against the intrusion of any inlander of the noisy world. This favourite spot was the scene of many an agreeable concert, as Manston had taken with him into his solitude, a lute and clarinet, from whose harmonious notes he had derived a pleasing alleviation of the poignancy of his regret for past scenes. A long seclusion from the world had soothed his wounded mind into a pensive tranquillity, and the remembrance of events long past occasioned no passionate murmurs against the dispensations of Providence, but with pious resignation, he bowed submissive to the decrees of the Being, whom his understanding, free from the false illumination of modern philosophy, acknowledged as all-wise and omnipotent.

JULIUS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Solomon the wise detected in an error.—Bucks of the present day,—their preposterous fashions.—Old fashioned women.—A strange figure.—New and cheap mode of replenishing a wardrobe.

SOLOMON said, there was nothing new under the sun; but if he lived in these days, he would be convinced that his former opinion was erroneous: for, certainly, the changes, which (in obedience to the command of the fickle goddess of fashion,) take place in dress, present almost daily to the view, something new, unsightly and ridiculous.

The bucks of the present day, however, seem determined to out-do their simple ancestors in the invention or adoption of the most preposterous fashions;—the coats and waistcoats, which but lately were worn full and long, are now most miserably curtailed, while the pantaloons, formerly short, are made to extend from the feet to the arm-pits. Walking through the streets the other day, in company with two honest, but simple old-fashioned scamen, we met one of these votaries of fashion, one of these long-legged nobodies; my companions could not forbear laughing at the strange figure, and one of them told me he knew the fellow to be a coward, for he carried his heart in his b——s.

But to leave off trifling: I must confess, this fashion has really some advantages, of which the following circumstance is an instance: My friend Frederick Flashy's wardrobe, was, before the present fashion was adopted, but scantily furnished; he had out-grown most of his coats and waistcoats, and being as scantily supplied with cash as clothing, and desirous of adopting the present fashion, he applied to me for advice. I advised him to send his coats and waistcoats, (which, though they were too small for convenience, were nevertheless large enough to admit of their being altered to the common form) to citizen Stich, the tailor, for this purpose; which he did, and with the assistance of a pair of long pantaloons, and modern fire-buckets*, he now makes a fashionable appearance, at a small expense.

CARLOS.

* Fashionable booties.

ANECDOTE.

THE Steward of the Duke of Guise representing to him the necessity there was of more economy in his household, gave him a list of many persons whose attendance was superfluous. The Duke, after reading it, said, “It is true, I can do without all these people, but have you asked them if they can do without me?”

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Suprite materiam vestris qui scribitis equam Viribus; et veritate dicit, quid forte recuset, Quid voluit inveniri. HOR. ARS. POET.

Authors, choose a subject equal to your strength and tender long on what your genius shrinks from, and what it is able to bear. DAVID.

MR. HOGAN,

YOUR poetical correspondent has recently asserted, that “Urania never loved singing.” Many of your readers have had their curiosities raised to a considerable degree, and I have heard these questions often asked—Who was Urania? What was her employment? Why was her name chosen for the title of a Society, whose principal aim was improvement in sacred harmony? That their curiosity may be in some degree gratified, and that young poets may at least know something of their favourites, the Muses, I hope the following essay *may not* be altogether deemed useless.

Pausanias, in *Boat. C. 29*, says, that there were but three Muses, viz. Melete, Mneme, and Aoede; that is, Meditation, Memory, and Song; but Hesiod, who has given the generation of all the gods, informs us that the Muses are nine in number, the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, that all their delight was in banquets and singing; and hence gives them the title of “*Ednepeiai Mousai*,” which cannot be done justice to by any word in our language—Fancy you hear nine ladies, eminent for their sweetness of voice, reciting, or singing a piece of their own composition, which possesses all the graces of poetry, and you will have a just idea of the title *ednepeiai*.

The Muses were esteemed by the ancients the patronesses of poets; from them they ever sought inspiration, and their addresses were made to them all, unless on particular occasions. They considered them as endowed with all wisdom, consequently presiding over arts and sciences; but still in this presidence, Song was never forgotten: Accordingly Hesiod tells us, that the Muses, in their celestial habitations, sung of the origin of all things, the birth of the gods, heroes and nymphs, and invokes them, in their united capacity, to give him a lovely little song, that so he might be able to accomplish his great design.

Marcius says, eight of them sung, the ninth, Calliope, who was their chief, never sung; her business was to preside over Rhetoric and Eloquence.

In giving her this superiority, he is supported by Hesiod, who ascribes to her all the advantages which man has enjoyed from

the eloquence of the orator and the beauty of composition. Homer in one particular only differs from Macrobius: in his hymn to Apollo he says, by "turns the nine delight to sing."—And it is by no means improbable; for a lady blessed with a sweet voice, a most refined taste for poetical composition, and famed for eloquence, I am apt to think would, *à la st.*, try to sing.—With Homer also Callimachus agrees in his epigram, in which he has given us the attributes of the muses—"Calliope sings the deeds of heroes." Some of the names of the muses are of uncertain derivation—but poets have ever considered them as including an allegorical meaning; as for example—

Clio, was so named because those men who are celebrated by the poets gain in mortality.

Euterpe, because of the pleasure those feel who hear learned poetry.

Thalia, means ever flourishing.

Melpomene, her melody steals into the soul.

Terpsichore marks the pleasure that flows from a knowledge of arts.

Erato, is supposed to mean, that the learned receive the approbation of all mankind.

Polhymnia, that many poets, from the excellence of their productions, are immortal.

Urania, that those, whom she instructs, elevate their contemplations to the heavens, and hence receive their fame.

Calliope has received her name, because she is said to be the inventress of eloquence and rhetoric.

From what has been quoted from the ancients, it must appear evident, that your correspondent, who asserts "that Urania never loved singing or singers," is, be it his talents what they may in other respects, but superficially acquainted with the ancient poets, and knows little of Pagan mythology; indeed, for being ignorant of these things he never would have been censured, had he not come forward with bold assertions, which cannot be proved. When the poet sings of great men he invokes Calliope; when the tragic strain delights him, his address is made to Melpomene; but when he sings of Gods, of heaven, of the angelic glories and of the sun moon and stars, then Urania is his patroness.—Do you still ask my authority? If what I have said be not sufficient, take the following, from our own Milton, Book 7, first line, &c.

Descend from heaven, *Urania*, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Fell'wing above the Olympian hills, I soar
Above the flight of jaggan wing

The meaning, not the name, I call; for thou,
Not of the muses' nine, nor on the top
Of old Cithra's dwelling; but heaven-born,
Be one the hills approach, or fountains flow'd,
I too with a ternæ Wisdom's distill'd essence,
Whence the sister, and with her dust fly
In presence of th' almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song.—

From this view of the subject, I hope your correspondent will in future, learn to weigh and examine before he judges; for if we pronounce rashly, on any subject, generally speaking, our judgment will be found erroneous.

Had the members of the Society chosen any other of the Muses, and after her named their institution, they would have committed an egregious blunder. None but Urania can accord with sacred harmony; which, with Urania, mounts above the heavens, and sings the praise of God.

J. C.

ORIGIN OF SEVERAL VALUABLE DISCOVERIES.

GLASS.

IT is certain, says Pliny, that the most valuable discoveries have found their origin in the most trivial accidents. "As some merchants were carrying nitre, they stopt near a river, which issues from Mount Carmel, and not happening to find stores for the purpose of resting their kettles upon, they substituted in their place some pieces of the nitre, which the fire gradually dissolving, mixed with the sand, and occasioned a transparent matter to flow, which, in fact, was nothing else but glass."

BARK.

AN Indian, in a delirious fever, having been left by his companions by the side of a river, for the purpose of quenching his thirst, conceiving him incurable, drank large and copious draughts of the stream, which, having inhibited the virtues of the bark from the trees which grew upon its margin, soon vanquished the fever, and he returned to his astonished friends perfectly restored.

The singularity of the circumstance excited their surprise, and awakened their superstition; the indisposed crowded round the holy stream, as they termed it, and experienced its healing effects without being able to discover the cause from which it was derived. The sages of the tribes, however, found out, at length, in what it consisted, and disclosed the important secret. In the year 1610, the Americans became acquainted with the use of this excellent medicine; and in 1619, its fame

had extended into Spain, Italy and Rome, through the representation of cardinal Lugo, and other Jesuits, who had beheld its surprising and wonderful effects.

TELESCOPES.

IT is said, the use of telescopes was first discovered by one Hansen, a spectacle-maker, whose children, playing in the shop, casually placed a convex and concave glass in such a manner, that, by looking through them at the weather-cock, they observed it appeared much larger and nearer than usual, and, by their expressions of surprise, excited the attention of their father, who soon obtained great credit for this useful discovery.

COFFEE.

A Prior belonging to a monastery in that part of Arabia where this berry grows in the greatest abundance, having observed that the goats which ate it, became extremely brisk and alert, resolved to try the experiment upon his monks, of whom he continually complained for their lethargic propensities. The experiment proved successful; and it is said, that it is owing to this circumstance, that the use of this Arabian berry became universal.

STEERING SHIPS.

HEYLIN, in his cosmography, tells us, that the art of steering was discovered by a man of the name of Typhis, who took his hints for making both the rudder and helm, from seeing a kite, in flying, guide her whole body by her tail.

THE PURPLE-DYE.

THE purple-dye was found out at Tyre, by the simple circumstance of a dog seizing the fish conchilis or purpura, by which his lips were observed to be tinged with that beautiful colour.

THE PENDULUM.

IT is said, that Galileo accidentally fixing his eyes on the waving of a lamp suspended from the roof of a lofty building, had the first idea of a pendulum suggested to his mind.

☞ A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN, with a fresh breast of milk, wishes to take in a child to nurse: the most satisfactory recommendations can be given. Enquire at No. 212, South Third-street.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 14th payment of 25 cents, will be collected on Saturday next by the Carriers.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET VII.

INNOCENCE.

Without innocence beauty is unlovely, and good breeding degenerates into wantonness. SPECTATOR.

Behold bright INNOCENCE! Imperial queen
Of all the Female virtues here below;
So shines, 'mid twinkling stars that round
her glow,

Night's empress rob'd in majesty serene.

At her effulgence, *Fæ's* train takes flight:
Where'er she turns her beauty-beaming
eyes,

New flow'rs spring up, and freshen'd o-
dours rise;

And gay Elysiums burst upon the sight.

Parent of all that's glorious, good and
great,

She smiles upon the genius of our land:
Love, friendship, joy and bliss wait her
command;

Her rainbow-radiance gilds our varied fate.

Oh, brightest jewel of Columbia's Fair,
Be ever thou their ornament and care.

AMYNTOR.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMATICAL LIST
IN OUR LAST.

From several correspondents.

1. Miss Duffield. 2. Miss Parker.
3. Miss Pinkerton. 4. Mary Smith.
5. Maria Baker. 6. Miss Irwin.
7. Miss Stewart.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF YOUNG LA-
DIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

Continued.

8. One third of the metropolis of England, the sixth consonant, and two ninths of a small delicious fruit.
9. Three sevenths of an aromatic bean, one half of the name of a female relation, and the second vowel.
10. A quick thriving tree, beginning with the first vowel.
11. Two thirds of an house of entertainment, a serpentine letter, and the lowest timber of a ship, changing the last letter.
12. The first shoot of a plant, and the habitation of the king of beasts.
13. The name of a stop in writing, altering the third letter, and adding a French measure.
14. Three sevenths of the season for reaping, two thirds of the most industrious insect, and half a small poorn.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ENIGMATICAL LIST

OF YOUNG LADIES OF GERMANTOWN.

1. A preposition, and quietness.
2. To govern, changing the third letter; and two thirds of what we are all liable to do.
3. An account; the oblique case of I; a vowel; and two thirds of to mistake.
4. Away; half a wild fruit; and half a language.
5. Three fifths of a colour; and half a metal.
6. A vessel; and an enclosure for fowls.
7. A season, changing a letter.
8. To fetch; and to fly open, changing the first letter.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

To TWICE-EIGHT.

SIR,

I have seen your groundless objection to my solution to the cube numbers.

You say the difference of the two cube numbers which I found is $=28$; in order to prove your assertion erroneous, the roots found in the Repository No. 51, are $\frac{2}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{3}$, an affirmative and a negative, which cubed gives $\frac{8}{27}$ and $-\frac{1}{27}$, two cube numbers; an affirmative and a negative, which will answer the conditions of the question, whose sum is $\frac{7}{27} = 28$, and difference $\frac{9}{27} = 1$, which is more than 28, hence it is evident, you can neither add nor subtract.

But in order to find two affirmative cube numbers, that will answer the conditions of the question, let the roots found $\frac{2}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{3}$ be substituted for a , and b , in the equation $x = \frac{a^3b^3}{b^3 - a^3}$. Repository, No. 51, gives the value of $x = \frac{1086452925}{21440625}$, from which the roots are found to be $\frac{21440625}{21440625}$ & $\frac{21440625}{21440625}$, the sum of whose cubes is $=28$. Thus, Mr. sixteen, I have found two answers to the question,—can you find the third!

N. MAJOR.

SOLUTION TO T. W. DE LA TIENDA'S

Question, which appeared in the 53d number of the Repository.

2195579137608101757147216600 bar. cor.
 $= 3890524804991449627656 \frac{1}{10}$ bushels.
which, at \$s. 84. per bushel, amount to

L.168589482164129483651 : 2 : 1 $\frac{1}{x}$

A Student of the Philadelphia Academy.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET.

TO T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

"Then comes the retort courteous."

SHAKESPEARE.

Sweet prince of poesy, source of silly songs!
How shall mine muse attempt the votive lay?
Or with uncultured skill the tribute pay,
Which to thy nonsense-breathing pen be-
longs?

Whether love-nothings trickle from thy quill,
Or pointless satire, let it out of its theme;
In both, of dullness flows the very cream;
In both thou shin'st unrival'd, peerless still.

Ah! if thou art a foe to gloomy care,
And lovest to see *alouders* smile around;
If of Fame's trump thou lovest the golden
sound,

Spouting thy name thro' circumambient air:
In short, if nonsense still dwells in thy brain,
Again thou'lt write—and we will laugh a-
gain. L'ALLEGRO.

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 28, 1801.

Marriages.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Schmidt, Mr. Jeremiah Piersol, merchant; to Miss Ann Maria Kucher, daughter of the late Col. Christopher Kucher, deceased.

—At the house of Joseph Davis, in Haverford Township, (D. C.) on the 15th inst. by Edward Hunter, Esq. Mr. Thomas Rhendolph, to Miss Deborah Hayworth, both of that place.

DIED....At New-York, on the morning of the 24th inst. Mr. Philip Hamilton, eldest son of General Hamilton, in the 20th year of his age, of a wound received in a duel with Captain George I. Eacker.—On Monday the fatal duel took place. Young Hamilton was shot through the body, on the first discharge, and fell without firing. He languished until the next morning, and then expired.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"4 Maid" in reply to *A Bachelor*, will appear next week, as a counterpart to the *acted* effusions of *A Good Old Maid*, in the present number.

"N's Riddle" is not accompanied with the answer.

"L. Allegro" must needs, as I said soars above mediocrity, but its quill is too deeply dipped in gall. We hint to the parties the propriety of dropping their present correspondence.

The conversation of "An Enigmatical list of young Gentlemen" appears itself to be an *enigma*, of which the writer alone can give us the solution.

"Consolatory Reflections on the loss of a dear Infant," will appear next week.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA DEPOSITORY.

TO MISS LESLIE,

ON HER POEM, CALLED "WINTER,"
INSERTED IN THE LAST NUMBER
OF THE DEPOSITORY.

*Her, with the purest flames the muse endow'd,
Flames never to be ill but thought ally'd.
... Now bright her ears were morn!
What lasting joys her smiling fate portends!*

MICKLE.

SWEETLY, in spring, the lark salutes
the day;
Sweet is the mock-bird's ever-varying lay;
Sweet pour the grove o'er their melodies along;
Yet sweeter is MELLINIA's artless song!

When rosy-finger'd FLORA spreads her
stores,
How glows the landscape with unnumber'd
flowers:
How lovely every meadow, hill and lawn—
Yet lovelier is MELLINIA's picture drawn.

For there, we see, in magic tints pour-
tray'd,
A lively image of the beauteous maid;
Where elegance of form and fancy join,
While her bright soul beams out in every
line.

And more her harmonies of sound inspire
Than tinsel warblings of the plump choir;
For there, good sense, and poetry combin'd,
Breathe in each note, and speak the embodi'd
mind.

Lo! her ideal garden fills the view,
With variegated decorations new;
See there unfading spring for ever bloom,
When nature round is wrapt in winter's
gloom.

Behold her finely-pictur'd green-house
there,
Enclosing flowers most excellent and rare;
Whose gay luxuriance, and whose bright-
cudd forms
Heighten, contrasted with surrounding
storms.

These, tho' faint emblems of herself and
art,
Enchant the eye, and captivate the heart;
Her charms, her loveliness, her worth dis-
play,
Whose soul is symmetry, whose life is May.

MILLENNIA! well thy pencil has design'd
Th' exhaustless treasures of the cultur'd
mind;
Whose fruits, matur'd, give rapture to the
eye,
When all its youthful, roseate beauties die.
Accomplish'd Fair One! all that mind is
thine;
In thee, each excellence and beauty shine:

no longer may'st thou employ thy tuneful
power,
To sing of Flora COLUMBIA's blissful
bowers.

Thou! *A hero's Village* and Britannias Ilac,
Have patroniz'd thy numbers with a smile,
Thy native country and her people claim
Some "incentive kindled at the Muses
flame."

Here, too, the sun of genius warms the
climate;
Here, themes unfold, gay, copious and sub-
lime; (shore,
Here, taste and science bless our *western*
And nature in all forms you may explore

Come, then, MELLINIA, strike again thy
lute;
Awake those melodies which all admire;
O cheer us with thy soul-enlivening lay,
And charm our winter and his glooms away.
AMYNTOR.

* The writer understands that Miss Leslie is a native
of America; that she was in London when her Winter
poem was printed; and that she has since returned, is
now in Jersey, and will shortly reside in Philadelphia.
† Gray's Elegy.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA DEPOSITORY.

TO THE BACHELOR.

WELL, Mr. Bachelor,—you've spoke at
last,
Too late I doubt, when life's meridian's past;
When you're grey perhaps, and tired of life,
You seek the comfort of a nursing wife.
Think you to tempt us with your dainty
dishes?

Or think you wives are to be had for wishes?
What man by wishing e'er obtain'd a wife?
And who would such a dotard chuse for life?
A man reclus,—afraid to walk the streets,
Aha! h'd, ashamed of every girl he meets,
So sheepish and demure;—alas! poor fellow,
I know not who'd possess your vacant pillow.
Your youth and beauty I am apt to doubt,
And think you want good nursing in the
gout; (books,

Your house, your dainties, and your muty
Bestow up in your scullion maids or cooks:
We maids want far better things, than these,
Something more lively, and more sure to
please.

Women prefer a man of youth and merit,
Not one who hides himself for want of spirit.
You'd have the ladies pay their devoirs first,
And visit Bachelors—eat up with rust.
Call on them to eat dainties, and read books,
And take a surfeit at their squalid looks.
Alas you ask, "What can, what must be
done?"

I answer, when you see a lady,—run;
Run from her, lest she see your manly face,
And mark your bashful blushes with disgrace.
"You must not, dare not, stop them in the
street?"

Yes, could you like a man, the ladies greet;
And then you need not, "enter strangers'
houses."

To pay your "adoration to their spouses!"
And when your suit to daughters you prefer,
With vulgar accents, such as "pretty dear,"
No marvel you cannot obtain a wife.
"Thou' you embellish it with "dearest life."

Women are not such fools as you may think,
But at your coxcomb follies often wink;
Oft's more applause, and oft the frown forbear,
Suppress the laugh, and oft the retort spare.

Now, sir, I pause,—and then resume the
task.

To solve the doubtful questions which you
ask— (grace?"

"Why does your table no kind female
Because you never sought to fill the place;
"Alone why do you daily drink your wine?"
Because to wedlock you did ne'er incline.
"Why no kind partner of your downy bed?"
Because old bachelors a partner dread.
Of women there are plenty, at ways willing
The great and first command to be ful-
filling;

But bachelor's, the blot on God's creation,
Like cowards, quit their post—desert their
station.

And you sir, notwithstanding your pretence,
Have studied less to please, and give offence;
Your quizzical address is so blunt,
It's only calculated to affront.

"Come some dear girl with kindness to
your eyes!"

Come make my puddings and help eat my
No wonder girls of sense your suit despise.
Is this the way to win a fair one's heart?
To bid her come eat apple-pies and tart:
No Mr. Bachelor, your *piet* may moulder,
Your *wife* grow stale, and your dear *self*
much older.

E're cupid will assist you with his dart,
To pierce a lovely maiden thro' the heart.
A CROSS OLD MAID.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA DEPOSITORY.

AN ACROSTIC

ON MATILDA.

Most lovely of the lovely kind,
A do and with every charm to bind,—
Triumphant love in every glance;
I in every look what pleasures dance!
Lucid beauties round thee shine,
Ispand'ng rapt'rous joys divine;
And adoration's task be mine. T. D.

SONNET TO A POOR MAN.

SWEET Mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor man! and thy grey hairs,
Hoar with the snowy blast; while no one
cares
To clothe thy shrivell'd limbs and palsied
head!

My father! throw away this tatter'd vest,
That mocks thy shivering: Take my gar-
ment, use

A young man arm:—I'll melt these fro-
zen dews
That hang from thy white beard, and numb
thy breast

My Sarah, too, shall tend thee, like a child;
And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's
recess,

Of purple pride, which scowls on wretch-
edness.

He did not scowl, the CALLEMAN mild,
Who met the Lazar turn'd from rich
men's doors,

And call'd him friend, and wept upon his
sores!

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. IV.

The author appeals to the stars.—An offer —Barclay's confusion.—Debtors, how treated in Athens, Turkey, and Rome.—Barclay's agitation—What all Eve's children have in them.—The great sagacity of creditors.—They are well compared to the inhabitants of Cornwall.—A fair presumption that there must be a devil.—Gregory's plan to clear a house of bailiffs.

DEATH is a serious sort of a thing; it may produce a strange kind of grin on a man's face, but I don't see how it can in any way be bought to make him laugh. I say this that the reader may remember how we commenced our story, and consequently not expect any thing risible for at least fifty pages to come. However, if he is resolved to laugh, prithee let him; but mind, I call the stars and the critics to witness that I am not to blame!

"Well, my friend," said Keppel, taking a chair, and seating himself opposite to Barclay, "I have just been informed of the calamitous circumstance that has befallen us. Excuse my using the word *us*; my feelings tell me that I do not use it improperly. To you he was a good father; to me an affectionate friend; and I doubt not but that he is gone to a better place."

"He was good, he was kind!" cried Barclay, "therefore how great the loss!"

"To lose any father, good or bad, is a great loss," said Keppel, drawing his handkerchief across his eyes; "but to lose one whose mild—"

"Do not my friend," interrupted Bar-

clay, "do not aggravate my grief by telling me of the value of what I have lost."

"Far from it," said he, "I could have no such meaning. To recount his good qualities, now that he is gone to receive the reward of all his works, should not aggravate, but calm your grief. Come, Barclay; come, my friend; let us not waste our lives in fruitless sorrow. Were we to weep ourselves into the grave, we could not save him from it: then let us behave like men. Appearances, if not real sorrow, which I know yours to be, require that the management of your affairs should for the present be entrusted to another person. Let that person be me. I will discharge the office faithfully, and like a good steward."

Keppel here broke off, waiting for our hero's reply. Poor Barclay! what were thy sensations at this moment! He was determined not to destroy the good opinion his friend entertained of his father, by disclosing the horrors of his death-bed, and willingly would he also have concealed the state of fortune in which he was left. The first was possible, the last was not; sooner or later it must reach his ears. He believed that his father had died insolvent; how could he tell this even to his best friend? The instant he pronounced the words "I am a beggar," perhaps his friend (as too many friends have done before) might turn his back upon him, and ever after shun his presence. This thought almost tore his heart in twain. To have become suddenly penniless was a cruel blow of fortune—however, it might be borne; but to think that it might probably lose the kindness and affection of one he held dear, not on account of his own misconduct, but because chance had deprived him of his pecuniary advantages, was scarcely supportable, even in imagination. He at length resolved to deal candidly with his

friend, but not to break it to him immediately.

Keppel, ascribing his silence during these reflections to a different cause, waited patiently till he should recover and think proper to answer him. Barclay, presently, with a forced smile, said,

"Why I suppose now, Keppel, by your offer, that you imagine me loaded with riches? But what should you say if I were to tell you that my father died over head and ears in debt?" "Poh! poh! interrupted Keppel, "nonsense." "Well, but tell me," added Barclay, "tell me now, as you are a lawyer, what would be the consequence to the deceased?"

"Why," replied Keppel, thinking to entertain and keep him in his apparent good humour, "I am but little acquainted with law, although I am in the profession, and a gainer by it. However, I will tell you what I have read of laws concerning debtors in other countries and in former times. In Athens, the creditor has a right to sell his debtor, and if he did not produce enough, his children. It is also in the law of Moses."

Barclay became very uneasy in his seat, and hid his face with his handkerchief.

"In Turkey," continued the other, "the creditor is allowed according to the debt to bastinado the insolvent debtor. Si non in ere, saltem in cute*. Now I like this custom, and wish it was in use in England."

"In Rome, the laws of the twelve tables permitted if a debtor had many creditors, that they should divide his body among them."

As he pronounced these last words Barclay started from his seat, and walked up and down the room in the greatest agitation.

Keppel, who thought he had all this

* If not out of his pause out of his bones.

time been diverting him, was astonished at his conduct; and, still mistaking the cause of his emotion, rose and entreated him not to give such unbounded loose to his sorrows. After some moments delay, Barclay ejaculated—

"Why have you do this! Did you say what you have said to punish me for my want of candour to you?"

Keppel looked at him in silent amazement. "Tell me," continued he, "tell me, have you heard the worst?"

"By heavens," he replied, "I know not what you mean!"

"No, no!" cried Barclay, taking him by the hand, "you could not, my friend, and say what you did. 'Tis not in your nature to distress the afflicted. My poor father too! had you heard how affectionately he desired, with his parting breath, to be remembered to you, you would have died rather than have uttered a word likely to disturb his departed spirit."

During his speech, and especially toward the latter end, Keppel pressed his friend's hand to his heart; but remained still confused and in the dark as to the offence he had committed.

Mercy on us, that ever such a tender scene as this should be elucidated by three bailiffs! but so it is. *Le Diable se mêle de tout!* "The devil has a finger in every pie;" and, indeed, ever since his affair with mother Eve, there has been more or less of the devil in all her children.

Barclay was about to enter into an explanation with his friend, but, just at the instant, a violent noise in the hall, by a posse of creditors and the three above-mentioned bailiffs, rendered it entirely unnecessary. The death of a man is no sooner known (and nothing is sooner known) to the creditors, than they gather about his dwelling with all that rapidity and hard-heartedness which distinguish the peasants and fishermen of Cornwall, when some hapless vessel is wrecked upon their inhospitable coast.

At this crisis Gregory entered abruptly, closing the parlour-door as he came in. His eye-lids were red with weeping, and the tears still trembled in his eyes. His looks were wild, and yet tempered with respect for the company before him.

"Oh, my dear, honoured master!" said he, "pardon this intrusion! forgive my boldness! Now, even now, the house is full of villains and scoundrels, who come to plunder it of all it contains! They call themselves creditors, but I call them villains, d—! villains! for, while your poor father was alive, they lived upon him; but,

not content with that, they come now, as it were, to prey upon his bones. Oh, there must be a devil! I am convinced of it; for, if there were not, how could such d—d rascals receive their just reward?"

Barclay threw himself on the sofa, and made no reply. Keppel sat in the window-seat, leaning on his hand, without uttering a word.

Gregory proceeded:

"There is no time to be lost, sir; therefore do not be angry with your old servant for being so impertinent as to ask you whether you have the means to send them about their business!" Barclay looked at him, and shook his head. "Then I have!" exclaimed Gregory. "If I don't clear the house in three minutes I'll be d—d."

Saying this, he turned on his heel, and was going hastily out of the door, when Keppel, jumping up from his seat, hurried towards him.

"What are you going to do?" said he, in a low voice.

"Oh nothing," replied Gregory, (stooping on the outside of the door and taking up a large cut and thrust sword, and two horse pistols, he had brought there in case of need,) "only you leave them to me, that's all."

Keppel left the room, shutting the door gently after him.

CHAP. V.

Drunkenness and swearing.—Their merits discussed.—Fashions.—The praises of drunkenness.—A caution to girls.—A great evil incurred by sobriety.—A question from the reader, and half an answer.

I HAVE already animadverted on Gregory's habit of swearing, which he took to be the very perfection of eloquence, and the medulla of persuasion; but I did not do it perhaps so severely as some may think it deserves. However, let me say that if there be virtue in words, whatever simple oaths might be in the mouths of others, they were, if possible, virtue in his, for he never used them but to express just indignation; and, whenever he d—d a fellow creature, I can conscientiously affirm that, as far as human foresight can penetrate, I verily believe the object of his censure was seldom in the high road to heaven.

Still must I candidly confess that it is a vile custom. It is a custom without excuse; a vice without merit. Now drunkenness has many merits and excuses. Let us take them separately. Swearing endangers a man's future welfare, without benefiting his present. It is clear, then, that it has crept in among us, like many other

foolish fashions which bring neither pleasure nor profit. Indeed, if we look to the origin of most fashions, nothing can make us feel their absurdity more effectually. I shall mention too or three.

For no other reason but because the PRINCE found it convenient to wear a preposterous pad round his neck to conceal what might be disagreeable to see, preposterous pads became the rage. In WILLIAM's time, to lack a Roman nose was to lack every thing. In RICHARD the Third's, you were nobody if you had not a hunch back. In ALEXANDER's a wry neck was *all the go*; and in PHILIP of Macedon's, to have more than one eye was quite a *bore*. The silly, not to say wicked fashion of swearing, was probably introduced by some such ridiculous precedent.

But turn we from this blasted and barren soil, to that fruitful one which yields the luscious grape and love-inspiring vine. On the subject of drunkenness, if I know any thing of my readers, we shall dwell with rapture and delight.—To begin its panegyric. Will you have it in prose or poetry? I can write any how on this head, "Prose." Very well.

HIPPOCRATES says that it does a man good to get drunk once a month. I won't say it follows, that it must of course do him more good to get drunk daily; but I know there are many people who seem firmly persuaded of it. HORACE next tells us that poets who drink water can never make good poetry: and ARISTOTELIS assures us, that ALCEUS and ARISTOPHANES wrote poems when they were intoxicated*. SOCRATES too was a clever fellow, and he according to LUCIAN, was always drunk; for in conformity to his own confession, *he saw all things double*. Further, let us take the word *Mathe*. What does it signify? Why both *mirth* (the son of Bacchus) and *drunkenness*; so nearly are they allied. Then FLACCUS affirms that wine makes us eloquent; and this is confirmed by KOTZEBUE, in his *Bnyovski*, where we read that fish are mute for no other reason than that they drink nothing but water. Beside, when are men so full of mo-

* And, "Naso, Corallæ's mala carmina," &c.

MILTON at Car. Deodatur,

El. vi. v. 19.

The worst of OVID's poetry is that which he sent from Scythia where no vine was planted. What were ANACREON's subjects, but the grape and roses? Every race of PRINCE is redolent of wine.—It is when warmed with the mellow cask that HORACE sweetly chaunts his Ciceret, and his yellow-haired Chloë.

quality, truth, and charity, as when they are half seas over? And, let me add that HOGARTH observes, that "all the common and necessary motions for the purposes of life, are performed by men in straight or plain lines; but that all the *graceful and ornamental movements are made in curve lines.*" Such are all the movements of a drunken man; he must therefore be the most *graceful* of men.

It may be said indeed, that the vine has produced much evil; and I may be told as a proof, that Erigone was deceived by Bacchus in the shape of a bunch of grapes.—Well, I know it, and I know also that Erigone is not the girl who has been deceived by means of the *grape*. But, now, in opposition to this circumstance, which is so trifling, when compared with the advantages I have already stated, let me ask whether sobriety has not its direful evils? Was not HERMAGORAS banished Ephesus for too great sobriety? Could inebriety cause any thing more afflicting, and more to be deprecated, than banishment!

But after all that has been, and may be said, in favour of drunkenness, and the little that can be advanced in support of swearing, it is to be feared that many will still continue to swear, and, oh, most unaccountable obstinacy! many persevere in keeping sober.

Gregory! Gregory! thou art surely one of the former! Forgive him gentle reader, and believe me what I say, that he is not so vicious when he utters oaths as many who never use them. If this then were his only vice, would you not gladly change hearts with Gregory? Ay, but he had another. "What was it?" He was, my dear madam, (what I sincerely hope you are not) most excessively fond of, —I'll tell you by and by.

CHAP. VI.

An enigma, and rewards offered for a solution.—The author's sympathy to systems—How to get rid of quarter day.—Some mirth proposed.—What is easy to say, but hard to do.—The Italian's titrants.—Sermons no so dull as they are supposed to be.—Three anecdotes and ha, ha, ha!

NOW I'll give—no money, for I've got none to spare:—but I'll give the reader (if she's pretty) as many kisses as will make her lips as red as roses; or supposing the reader to be an abominable male animal, I'll give him,—I'll give him, this old, dry, stump of a pen, as a memento. All this, I say, will I bestow on them, if they be so kind as to tell me how Koppel acted in the affair just related, and what he did with

Gregory after he had shut the door. What say you? You can't guess. Well then miss, I shall keep my kisses and my pen to myself.

I hate systems. The division of time is one of the most unpardonable. Why must an eternal never-ending thing be degraded by being divided into such paltry things as years and months, and weeks? Why are we obliged, after every seven days we live, to have Monday again? How much better would it be to let time run on his glorious course without mincing him in this manner? And if we must have a name for each period between the rising and setting of the sun, let us have a new one, one we have not lived before. In a word, let us not for heaven's sake, be tacked to *Monday's* all the time of our existence! By this grand and noble way of living, so worthy of immortal beings, we shall entirely abolish quarter-day. What can be more desirable!

There is but one thing I will be bound to, and that is, to do nothing. Perhaps I shall not go on with my story in this volume, and perhaps I shall unravel the whole mystery in the next chapter. Come then, as we have got rid of the dull, heavy labour of narration, at least for this chapter, let's have some fun! Ay, but I said not long ago that you should not smile for fifty pages. It was a lie. Read my preface, I promised to tell you nothing else. Let me be consistent and chaste in my conduct, madam, I beg, though you may please to be otherwise.

It is easy to say a work wants more wit and humour; but is it, sweet critics (I call you sweet, because, as the play has it, you are sweet souls, and good natured souls, though you don't look so), is it a matter of so little difficulty to furnish them? How easy was it for me to say I would make you smile, but shall I find that facility in putting my saying in execution? Have at you however! What now, if I were to abuse the minister? Nothing is so easy: any blockhead can do it. And I know, by name, many people who would cuckold and laugh at the slander. But by Jove, madam, if I thought you could do so, my quill, worn out as it is, should no longer move in your service! Still am I as much pleased with the man who finds fault with another, as if he praised him, so that he do it honestly. But the fellows who are perpetually libelling ministers, would continue their dirty work, unless they were bought off, even though angels should descend from heaven to minister to us. They are now a days (and I grieve to say it) worse than the Italian satirist, on whom an epigram was written, to this effect:

"He satirised every body."

"No not every body,—he did not meddle w'th God's!"
"I'll tell you why,—he did not know HIM!"

Sorry am I to add, that at present, even the Almighty is not spared by men; who certainly know as little of him, as of their satirical prototype.

"Hey day! What is this the way you make us laugh?—do you think a sermon will produce such an effect?"

Faith, I don't know now any thing more likely, granting that they were written a century and a half ago. For instance, I am of opinion, that MENOT's sermons, which were in his time gravely delivered, and seriously attended to, would provoke more smiles than any book written expressly for the purpose. Who can believe it possible that men, at any period, could listen, not only with patience, but respect, to what HELVETIUS† reports of a preacher at Bourdeaux, who, to prove to his congregation how much the dead were pleased whenever any thing was given to the monks to pray for them, said, "That at the mere sound of the money, *tin, tin, tin*, as it fell into the plate, all the souls in purgatory constantly set up a responsive roar of laughter, *ha, ha, ha! hi, hi, hi!*"

Why don't you join them? Look at those *Agelast*† critics! Though I have made all the devils in hell laugh, yet cannot I move their iron muscles. I told you I'd make you smile, but I have failed. Well, what follows? I have only kept the charter contained in my preface.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

† Disc. xi, de l'Esprit.

In a note to this passage is a further proof of their monstrous ignorance in those days. A curate disputing with his parishioners about which should pay for *paying* the church, the affair was brought before a court and just as the judge was on the eve of deciding it in favour of the parishioners, the curate with a serious face, made this quotation from JEREMIAS — *PAUPERES ILLI ET EGO NON PANEM*. The judge instantly sentenced the parishioners to *pay* the church.

In the MENAGIANA is the following quoin from a sermon by CYRANO — *CHES que vous voulez a'ie votre devoir de Chrétiens, il vous reste encore deux cloches (one had been broken) qui vous le président assez. N'entendez-vous pas qu'elles sonnent tous les jours a vos oreilles. don, don, don? Elles veulent dire par la, devote assistance, que vous devez faire lucre don a votre cure.* p. lxxxix. tom. i.

The point of these two anecdotes cannot be 'restated.

† *Agelast*, though new, is a very proper word, but perhaps not intelligible to all. It came from *Agelastion* and has two meanings. The first, *one who never laughs*, and in this sense I apply it to these so-called critics. The second is, *one who never is laughed at*. For be it from me to use it with this signification when talking of critics.

ORIGINAL TALE.

The Ruins.

(CONTINUED.)

SO fond had Maria become of the lute, that in all her excursions in the forest, it was her inseparable attendant. One evening, when the full moon had attained the zenith, and illuminated with her soft beams the dark and gloomy recesses of the wood, accompanied by Manston, she strolled to the ruins. Both were wrapped in reflection, and Maria leaned upon the arm of her companion, almost unconscious of existence. Their arrival at the venerable remains of the monastery put a period to their reverie. "Here," said Manston, "once reigned, in all the pomp of monkish pride, the abbot of this monastery, possessed of despotic authority within the narrow limits of his empire. Here he wasted in degrading indolence, his days; and here he resigned that life which he had ostentatiously devoted to the service of his Creator, and mingled with the mouldering soil. But was not his life comparatively happy to that which is spent in the hurry and tumult of the world?" "No," said Maria, "unless he had tasted the cup of misfortune, or had experienced the frailty of human happiness; unless he had known that the fair visions of hope were but the frolics of an exuberant fancy; that the pleasures of this world were transitory, and while he thought the fairy form of felicity was within his grasp, it eluded his pursuit, he must have desired to enjoy those pleasures, which, to those who have never witnessed their fallacy, the imagination paints in such alluring colours." A silence ensued, till Maria touched the strings of her lute, and roared Manston from his reverie. She sung a hymn to the Deity, accompanied by the lute, in a manner that evinced her perfect knowledge of music. The melancholy recluse gazed upon her with a peculiar expression of countenance; it revived painful recollections in his bosom, and he turned his head aside to conceal the tear which forced its way down his cheek. Maria was affected by the pensive manners of Manston, and she ceased playing, to indulge the tide of sympathetic sensibility which his dejection excited.

The silence and beauty of the scene was calculated for "*melancholy musing*;" and engrossed by their own reflections, they

ceased conversing, till the mournful inhabitant of the forest addressed his companion in a manner which surprised and pleased her—"My amiable young friend, (for so I think I may already stile you; for from the moment in which I first saw you, I felt interested in your welfare, and conceived an attachment to you: not that sentiment which the youthful votaries of romance dignify with the name of love, but a regard such as I should feel for a beloved daughter) my story is rather uncommon, and to your feeling heart may prove interesting. Early in life I was introduced at court, and my young heart bounded with pleasure at the novel and brilliant scenes that presented themselves. In me, you behold the rightful possessor of the earldom of Mercia; but through the intrigues and machinations of a younger brother, who, disregarding the ties of consanguinity, and the laws of honour, hurled me by stratagem from my elevated situation, deprived me of all that rendered life estimable, and pursued me with unrelenting animosity, till I escaped his mercenary ruffians, who were ordered to assassinate me, and retired to this solitude. —My father died when I was about twenty, and my elder brother a few weeks after. In consequence of his demise, I succeeded to his rank and title. I had still a brother living, from whom I derived all my misfortunes. Arthur was eighteen months younger than myself, and early distinguished himself by his ambition, his extravagance, and his cunning. His income as a younger brother, was too limited to admit of a free indulgence of his vicious propensities, and he had frequently to recur to me to extricate him from his embarrassments. Upon such occasions I sometimes represented to him his folly, and entreated him to act more suitably to his rank. These lectures he received in sullen anger, and though, as he was my heir in case of my never marrying, he was cautious of giving utterance to his resentment, yet he secretly harboured an inveterate hatred against me, for what he considered as arrogant assumptions of authority over him. —What matured his resentment into dark revenge, and occasioned in his breast the most irreconcilable animosity, was a circumstance from which may be dated all my misfortunes. Sir Adam Darly, a knight, whose estate was considerable, had a daughter, MATILDA, whose pre-eminent beauty gained her many admirers. At a tournament given by her father, Arthur, with myself, first saw her. We were mutually smitten with her charms, and both became her professed suitors. From this

moment my brother hated me as a rival, and when success crowned my love, and gave Matilda to my arms, he was doubly stimulated to blast my fair prospects of happiness. An uncle died, and I bequeathed Arthur his castle and domains, which, though of considerable value, seemed as nothing to the earldom of Mercia, the possession of his hated brother, and the object of his ambition. To this castle he retired to form his dark schemes of revenge for the disappointment of his brother's hopes. Here he soon collected round him a number of mercenary wretches, who, lost to all sense of honour, and stimulated with the prospect of emolument, were fit instruments to accomplish his insidious and wicked designs.

A year passed over my head in all the luxury of gratified pleasure. In the possession of Matilda I found a fund of inexhaustible happiness. —But how fleeting is human felicity, —mine faded in an unpropitious moment, and left me enveloped in gloom, wretchedness and despair. My brother, who had entirely absented himself from my castle, appeared to be sensible of the errors of which he had been guilty, and claimed a renewal of fraternal intercourse. With joy I accepted his acknowledgments, and I fondly hoped he had erased from his heart every trace of those vices which had disgraced him, and I overlooked them as youthful follies. Our ages were so nearly alike, that the difference was scarcely perceptible when together; and consequently I could not claim any authority over him, nor expect any submission on his part, that was not voluntarily conceded to my superiority in society. This superiority, I knew was not the consequence of my innate qualities, or peculiar merit, but merely conferred by the hand of fortune. From this time, Arthur, by the most engaging manners, which he had learned to assume, insinuated himself into my confidence. —Alas! little did I think that in a brother I should find an enemy, who by his knowledge of my heart, could smite me where I was most vulnerable, and gratify, by my misery, his dark revenge. Matilda had presented me with a beautiful girl, and thus rendered me completely happy. Returning from London to my castle, we were delayed by the breaking of one of the wheels of our carriage, and our progress was retarded by the delay occasioned by the necessity of repairing it before we could proceed. Night was fast approaching, which, with the appearance of a coming storm, induced us to pass the night in a solitary inn which presented itself. As there were not sufficient accommodations, the servants who

attended us were ordered to proceed to the castle, whither Arthur, who had accompanied us, also continued his journey.

About midnight I was roused from a peaceful slumber by the clattering of horses' hoofs, and shortly after we heard a large party enter the house. This circumstance, which appeared to be rather extraordinary, together with the immediate admission they gained to the house, alarmed me, and I desired Matilda to rise, and dress herself, to be prepared against any intrusion. We were not suffered to remain long in suspense, for the door of our apartment was thrown open, and several ruffians entered, from whose savage countenances I found sufficient cause for the most fearful expectation of what would ensue. I demanded the reason of their insolent interruption of our repose; but was answered in a sarly tone, by one who appeared to be their leader, that they had orders for so doing, and we must prepare to accompany them immediately, without wasting time in questions which they did not choose to answer. In vain were all my demands; we were hurried into a close carriage, which was in waiting, and in defiance of the storm, which raged with almost irresistible fury, we were conveyed from the inn with astonishing rapidity.

JULIUS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Commentator, No. 24.

"When'er with baggard eyes I view
"This dingleton which I'm rotting in,
"I think of my companions true
"Who studied with me at the u-
"niversity of Göttingen."

TO THE COMMENTATOR.

AS you have been good enough to allow me to write a number for you, I don't know of any subject that will afford more instruction than some account of my own life.—My father was worth £.12,000; but this, while he lived, did me very little good, for he took care to make money confounded scarce with me. When he died, he could not help its coming to me; but, he, poor soul! I have since often thought would be wretched enough, could he see with what velocity the contents of his coffers flew about the world, when they came into my possession. My money soon introduced me to the notice of some of the greatest dashers in my neighbourhood, and I felt what I thought a laudable ambition to be upon an equality with any of them. I drank, I gamed, I was profli-

gate of my money; in short, I was soon deservedly noticed as one of the gayest sparks in the vicinity. Some of my companions had painted the metropolis as the grand theatre where I should display the great talents they told me I possessed, to advantage; and accordingly I determined to go there and lead the *ton*. My mother, good soul! did all in her power to dissuade me from my design, and told me, that ruin in morals, reputation, and fortune, would be the consequence. Morality I despised, my reputation, I was confident, instead of diminishing would be greatly increased by such a step; and as to ruin, how could twelve thousand pounds ever be exhausted? I laughed at the idea; and though, as a further inducement to lay aside my journey, she told me such a step, together with my continuing to associate with such as I had selected for my companions, would break her heart, yet my friends had inspired me with *too just* ideas of my own consequence, to suffer me to yield to her persuasion, or obey her admonitions. My journey was accomplished, and I dashed with all the splendour of a first rate buck upon the fashionable world,—knocked down the watch, and gained many black eyes and bloody noses as trophies of my heroism. It is true, at first, some disagreeable sensations would steal over me; but I washed it all away with claret, and repeated the same actions again. By degrees I became inured to scenes of riot and drunkenness, and when I received a letter from my mother, couched in the kindest terms of parental anxiety, and requesting me reflect on my conduct, I threw it away with a—
"Zounds! I've no time for reflections," and sallied forth to quench the involuntary emotions of remorse it had excited, among the gay companions with whom all my time was wasted. Intelligence of my disgraceful conduct reached my poor mother, and she sunk to the grave with a heart broken by my vicious practices. The information of my mother's decease threw me into something like a reverie, and I had almost determined to abandon my companions, when some of them disturbed the tenor of my ideas. I communicated to them the intelligence I had received; but instead of condoling with me on the loss I had sustained, they congratulated me on my being relieved from a troublesome old woman, who had been continually *boring* me with her advice. They hurried me away to the tavern, where, in a state of inebriety, I lost all consciousness of the desperate situation I was in, and drowned the energetic voice of conscience reproaching me with the mur-

der of a parent. To complete my importance, it was necessary that I should have a mistress; and I accordingly set myself about procuring one. At the window of a small house in the neighbourhood of my lodgings, I had several times seen a very pretty girl, who would I thought answer the purpose exactly. I had not supposed there could intervene any possible objections to the liberal terms I intended to offer; but it eventually proved what my gay friends called a *complete bite*. To some of them I communicated my intentions, and one of them accompanied me to the door of the house where the young lady lived, and then stepped across the way to a tavern to wait the result. I had previously learned that her name was Smithson, and although the business was new to me, yet I had received such instructions from my companions how to open the subject, and had so completely fortified myself with Madeira, that I did not entertain a doubt of success. I gave a gentle rap at the door, and enquired of an old woman who appeared, if Miss Smithson was within. She told me she was, and introducing me into a neat parlour, said she would inform her I wanted to see her. In a few minutes the young lady entered the parlour, and seemed a little surprized to behold a perfect stranger. Somewhat disconcerted, I made her my proposals, to which she was about to reply, when the door opened, and a handsome young fellow entered. He appeared no less astonished at my situation (for I had, agreeably to my instructions, put myself in the attitude of adoration) than his sister (for so she proved to be) had before him. He apologized for his intrusion; but the young lady interrupted him, by telling him that he came quite opportunely, to return the gentleman thanks for the *very honourable* proposals he had been making; and immediately recited, in a few words, the substance of what I had been saying. The young fellow bowed with the greatest respect, and then grinning rather contemptuously, he begged to have the superlative honour of showing me the door—and to conclude the serious farce, fairly kicked me out of the house. In vain I attempted to bully him into better manners; he regarded all my threats no more than he would have done a parrot, and insisted upon thus thanking me for the honour I had intended to confer upon his sister. To heighten the misfortune, my friend happened to be a spectator of the *honour* done me, and represented the necessity of challenging him. This I was very loth to do; but hoping that the young fellow would not meet

me, and seeing how absolutely requisite such a step must be to vindicate my reputation, I complied with the urgency of the case. Unfortunately it was accepted, and I had the mortification to learn that my opponent was considered an *excellent shot*. However, we met; and if he had intended to make me repent, by giving me a wound that would give me leisure to think, he could not have done it better; for his ball passed into my arm near the shoulder. The effusion of blood was excessive, and I was carried to my lodgings, more dead than alive. The noise of the duel soon spread over the town, and by it I established my reputation; but a few days after the event, I was disagreeably surprised, by having a draft on the banker with whom I had deposited all my fortune, returned protested, as he had no money in his hands. This was a blow for which I was totally unprepared, and the vexation I suffered inflamed my wound. As soon as I was well, I was under the necessity of submitting to be arrested for debt; and now, as I have full leisure upon my hands, I have set down to pen my life. But as I have never been accustomed to moralizing, I shall leave it to you; and am sir, yours with esteem,

THOMAS DASHAWAY.

TOM has been so prolix that I shall be under the necessity of being as laconic as he has been verbose—and as he has left moralizing upon his history to me, I shall leave it to the reader.

J.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"How sweetest someone trickles from thy tongue!
How sweet the perils neither said nor sang!
Beneath thy footstep Science groans in chains,
And wit awaits exile, penalties and pains."

POPE.

IN truth and sober sense, indeed, Mercutio, thy professions are *sad*; and I fear that all the drowsy potions of the apothecaries' shops will neither calm your loquacity, nor improve your understanding. It is strange, nay, it is passing strange, that your abundant reading, and scholastic severity of habit should not have rendered you a more *extensive assortment* of quotations, than those with which you have fatigued your late learned epistle. The reader, (if any are to be found possessing the patience of Job, or the powers of Hercules; for it will require strong *physical powers* to undertake the task) is presented with nearly a dozen quotations from different authors, entirely inappropriate to the subject, and

introduced merely to divert the attention from the real point in dispute. But no, in your amazing penetration, you thought a dissertation on *love* and *wrath* would be the method of adjusting our difference.—Sorry I am your logical discernment is rather shallow and purblind; but there is an excuse, "poor unfortunate wight as you are," I see "Queen Mab hath been with you," and darted the fire of love into your brains, and deranged your noble seat of thought, so that your discretion cannot conceal the tumult in your breast.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity! Pity 'tis 'tis true!"

However, it was not generous to shove the whole burthen upon me, and if I were in love, I should not be tattler enough to tell it so publicly.

Necessity has driven you to your last subterfuge, and now you deny "having directly or indirectly attempted to depreciate Mrs. Merry's powers." But I draw my inference from premises you have advanced; and that sanctions the charge you have vainly attempted to refute. Let the reader examine your words when speaking of the Theatrical Corps at the New Theatre—Do you not say, without hesitation, "that in the Tragic Walk, Mrs. Whitlock stands unvalued?" Hence does it not follow, that the talents of Mrs. Merry are inferior in the "Tragic Walk?" Then in what manner will you reconcile this to your subsequent assertion? Therein you declare, that, "to depreciate this lady's talents would be disingenuous, false and futile"—Here are contradictions, which will require more than the "fainting wit" of Mercutio, or his tortured logic to invalidate. It is the last refuge of harrassed triers, when they are closely pursued, and no escape offers, to roar out, with lusty lungs immediately, that they did not mean this and that, and the other. However, judgment and truth despise such chicanery, and even in your denial, the cloak under which you hide your unqualified assertion, one point is gained; the tribute due to neglected merit.

Again you state, "that because you praise one lady, I suffer myself to believe you traduce another, &c." Hear me, Mercutio—If you praise one lady *only*; then Mercutio, that praise having no connection with another person, does not detract from merit unlawfully. But when you speak of persons generally, as in speaking of a Theatrical Corps, it is widely different, and *deny* you cannot, that your terms were *general* and not *particular alone*. Yet to bring it home to your mental capacity,

I'll state a proposition—Suppose I were to say, that in the "Critic's Walk" Mercutio "stood unvalued, and success depended much upon his exertions." Would you conceive, gentle reader, that there was a critic whose talents were upon an equality, or even superior to those of Mercutio? Absurd.—And would it not detract from the abilities of this person by such an assertion? Undoubtedly.

On the score of reputation, you have committed the same, I hope, unintentional blunder as before, in not attending to terms *general* and *particular*—But to gain more information on this head, I refer you to Messrs. *Watts* and *Duncan*, two expert masters of their profession, and in whose hands, logic has neither been fettered by sophistry, nor gagged by perversion.

Your other *arguments* (I fear it is a libel on good sense and rhetoric to call them so) are "the children of an idle brain, begot of nothing but vain phantasy, which are as thin of substance as the air," and too puerile to merit a reply. And now, reader, "what think you of the state of Mercutio's intellects?" Why you will render Hamlet's answer, when a similar question was put to him, of Mercutio's grand-papa: "A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; who will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month."

Adieu, my dear Mercutio, I am not angry with you, and even hold out to you the olive branch of peace, and pry thee "let us embrace and be foes no more;" for conviction *set* *self* stands against the will, and numbers will sooner continue in *known* faults, than acknowledge their errors.

HENRY.

ANECDOTE.

THE wife of Bishop Cowper, being a very froward woman, she, lest her husband should injure his health by his over much study, when he was compiling his famous Dictionary, one day, in his absence, got into his study, and destroyed all the notes he had been for eight years gathering; whereof when she had acquainted him, at which it was thought he would have been exceedingly enraged, he only calmly said, "Woman, thou hast doom'd me to eight years more study."

THE HUMAN HEART.

THE heart in one hour beats 3600 times; discharges 7200 ounces of blood, and conveys through it the whole mass of blood in the body not less than 25 times. In the space of 24 hours the whole blood in the body circulates 600 times through the heart.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SUNNET VIII.

ON THE NEWS OF PEACE IN EUROPE.

*Grim visag'd War has smother'd his wrinkled front;
Answer find we a time for frightened peace to pant.*

SHAKESPEARE.

HARK! Sure ethereal symphonies I hear—
And lo! some cherub from the realms of
day, (ray,
“Glides without step” adown the solar
With some behest for our sublunary sphere.

’Tis PEACE! she comes to clam a troubled
world, (close;
And scenes of human blood and carnage
To hush the feuds of nations to repose,
And bid War’s crimson’d banners to be
furld.

All hearts are rapture, joy thrills ev’ry vein,
To hail the golden era from above,
Beneath whose influence harmony and
love, (shall reign—
With Science, and her offspring, Truth,
And long may be their reign, with Virtue
join’d;

Longsweet Benevolence embrace mankind!
AMINTOR.

ADDRESS TO FRUGALITY.

[From Part’s Letters.]

O FRUGALITY! thou mother of ten thousand
and blessings—thou cook of just beef and dainty
greens!—thou manufacturer of warm Shet-
land hose and comfortable surtouts!—thou old
housewife darning thy decayed stockings with
thy ancient spectacles on thy aged nose!—
lead me, hand me in thy clutched, palsied fist,
up those heights, and through those thickets
hitherto inaccessible and impetuous to my anxious,
weary feet!—not those Pernassian crags,
bleak and barren, where the hungry worshippers
of fame are breathless, clambering, hanging
between heaven and hell; but those glittering
cliffs of Potosi, where the all-sufficient, all-
powerful deity, wealth, holds his immediate
court of joys and pleasures; where the sunny
exposure of plenty and the hot-beds of profusion,
produce those blissful fruits of luxury, exotics
in this world and natives of paradise!—
Thou withered sylph, my sage conductress,
usher me into the refulgent and adored
presence!—the power, splendid and potent
as he rose is, was once the pulsing, nursing of
thy faithful care and tender armist—C! I lie
thy son, the cousin, thy kinsman, favourite,
and adore the god by the scenes of his infant

years, no longer to repulse me as a stranger
or a alien, but to favour me with his peculiar
emulation and protection! His daily bestows
his greatest kindnesses on the undeviating and
worthless—assure him that I bring ample docu-
ments of meritorious demerits!—pledge your-
self for me, that for the glorious cause of LU-
CRE, I will do any thing, be any thing—but
the horse leech of private oppression, or the
culture of public robbery!

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 5, 1801.

The Editor is requested to state, that the
poem published in the 54th No. of the
Repository, entitled “WINTER,” written
by Miss Leslie, was never designed for
publication; and that it first appeared in
the Ladies’ Monthly Museum, in London,
without the knowledge or consent of the
author, or her parents, by having accidently
fallen into the hands of a female acquain-
tance, who communicated it for publication:
—and that it was likewise without their
knowledge, and contrary to their wish,
(however well intended) that it should have
been republished in this city.

OLD NICK.

It was not without a considerable degree of diffi-
culty that we expressed an unqualified appro-
bation of this truly entertaining and judicious
story, at the commencement of its publica-
tion in the Repository. We are extremely
happy, however, in being able to support
and strengthen this opinion from authority
that will have full weight with the public,
by laying before them an extract from the
LONDON REVIEW, for March, 1801,
which we have just received.

The words of the Reviewers are as follow:

“This novel (though we cannot say that
we admire its title) is evidently the produc-
tion of a man of wit, a gentleman, and a
scholar. The characters are numerous, and
several of them sketched with a masterly
hand. The situations are natural, and the
incidents succeed each other with a suffi-
cient degree of probability, while such a
spirit is thrown into the narrative and dia-
logue, that scarcely a page presents itself,
which does not either excite our laughter
by wit and whim, or interest the finer sen-
sations by genuine pathos.

“The characters and manners of the pres-
ent day are well delineated; and most
readers will be inclined to make applica-
tions of different portraits to supposed ori-
ginals.”

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMATICAL LISTS
OF YOUNG LADIES IN OUR LAST.

OF PHILADELPHIA.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 8. Miss Lohra. | 9. Miss Fansie. |
| 10. Miss Ash. | 11. Miss Inskeep. |
| 12. Miss Budden. | 13. Miss Poyntell. |
| 14. Miss Harbeson. | |

OF GERMANTOWN.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Miss Forrest. | 2. Miss Seoyer. |
| 3. Miss Billmeyer. | 4. Miss Fromberger. |
| 5. Miss Blair. | 6. Miss Shippen. |
| 7. Miss Sommer. | 8. Miss Bringhurst. |

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ENIGMA.

THREE sevenths of humorous wit’s keen-
est dart, (heart;
And a word to begin an address to the
Two thirds of a gay blooming portion of
spring, (a king,
And a fond father’s pride from a clown to

* * The remainder of “A Subscriber’s
Enigmatical List” will be given in our next.

Marriages.

MARRIED... In this City...On the 9th
ult. by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. John J.
Palmer, Druggist, to Miss Mary Gregory
....On the 29th, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick,
Mr. John Wheeler, to Miss Rebecca Black-
ledge: And on the 4th inst. Mr. John E.
Biddle, to Miss Elizabeth Wright. ..On the
5d inst. by Dr. Greene, Mr. James McKean,
mercant, to Miss Anne Ramsay.

.....At Trenton, on the 24th ult.
by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Mr. John Mal-
lin, to Miss Sarah McNair, both of Phila-
delphia.

DIED, in this city, on the 24th ult. Mr.
Thomas Read, son of C. Read, esq..

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“Manners and Good-breding,” in order to prove him-
self possessed of the accomplishments, must learn
to tell his story in a handsome manner.
“My Enigma has not the answer affixed.”
“T. W. de la Vienda’s reply to L. Allegro is received—
we hinted in the parties last week, that their re-
torics courteous had become insincere.—His answer
to T. C. is also received, but cannot be inserted.
The editor has no objections to a discussion of the
question, whether Urania may be considered as a pa-
troness of sacred music? but the writer of the
answer, besides being far too prolix, has unfortu-
nately mixed his remarks with reflections on a par-
ticular society, irrelevant to the subject, which ought
to be treated only in the abstract. These reflections
are evidently calculated to revive a controversy, re-
specting which the public have already made up their
minds; and on this account the piece is inadmis-
sible.” “Ode to Innocence,” and “Juvénus’s Rebus,” will ap-
pear next week.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

OR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN.

If you think the following lines (occasioned by the loss of a dear infant) may prove consolatory to some other parents who may also have been bereft of the darling of their hearts, and the sweet pledge of mutual affection, you will please to give them a place in your amusing and instructive Repository. I can assure you, reflections of this kind, have often proved a comfortable cordial to my mind, in some of the most trying seasons of my life—to see an infant struggling in the pangs of death! to hear its piteous moans! and at that moment feel the tender ties which knit the parent to the suffering dying offspring, is not one of the least. It gives a sensation to the feeling mind, which none but those who feel can know, and which those who feel cannot express.

CONSOLATORY REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT,

AGAIN the clarion sounds the dread alarm!

And in numbers from the earth my infant son!
Again the shafts of death ominous fly!
Nor miss their destined mark; so truly aim'd.
Hail, awful messenger! sent from above,
Altho' severe thy stroke—thy errand's love;
What tho' my peace be for a moment slain;
Heav'n will in kindness heal the breach again;

Pour in its consolations to the wound,
Hence cause my present grief with joy to abound.

'Tis but to resign to God's all-wise decree,
And I shall find it right, whatever it be:
Infinite Wisdom can in nothing err
Tho' He his gift withdraw, or more confer;
Infinite Love and Goodness, can't bestow,
Aught but the greatest goodness on man below:—

'Tis finite knowledge errs;—to estimate
Things evil—destin'd by unerring fate:
'For all apparent evils by the wise
Are estimated blessings in disguise.

'Tis this thought will reconcile the greatest ill,
And with content and peace, our bosoms fill;
'Twill soften all our anguish, cares, and pain,
And check the impious thought that would complain.

R. W.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO POLLIO.

*Tu ne quaeris (scire velis) quem mihi quoniam tibi
Vincam Dedi derint.* Hor. Od. xi. B. 1.

WHY should my Pollio anxious fears possess?
(row)

Our minds enquiring, what shall be to-morrow
Such knowledge surely could not make them less;
(row)

But point their stings and antidote our sorrows
If pale mishap should hold her hated reign,
And us subject to sighs and aching pain.

Even should the laughing joys, and pleasure's band
(join)

The light-hell'd loves, and winning graces
To bring Aurora, blushing, hand in hand,

With all prosperity's bewitching line;
Yet—half their relish would be lost—quite gone—
Because we tasted just a day too soon.

Wise, truly wise, is Heav'n's divine decree,
Which kindly seal'd secure the book of fate,
Permitting, just as we enjoy, to see—
Instructing hope to paint our future state:
Thus all our moments sweeter glide along,
And sorrow's bitter draught is not so strong.

Had all the ills which we in life have met,
Been fairly laid before th' enquiring eye;
Each pain, each fear, in all its horror set,
Join'd to each tear, and ev'ry paining sigh,
Our days would yield but torment, anguish, woe,
And make life's load too great to undergo.

If pleasure, mantling o'er the cup of care,
Should meet our sense, and strive to banish toil,

Pain, ghastly, with her haggard eye, would
On infant joy, and crush the new-born smile:
Hence we adore the hand which good bestows,

Denies fore-knowledge, mitigates our woes.

Yet man, how vain! see all you gaping through

Surround old Magus, silver-bearded sage,
The sober, giddy, middle-aged and young,
Yea strange! the hoary hairs of reverend age—
(vine)

All ask, what fortune? fools! the wise divine
In dark futurity can't read a line.

Fair Clara says he must be more than human,
He wrote a D for Damon, told me more
That happen'd lately, true as I'm a woman,
And said—but hush!—I'm not yet twenty-four—

Poor, silly maiden, Damon made him wise,
I'd like to ensnare; there all his wisdom lies.

Old Crub, with trembling hand presents the fee,
Anxious to know if Dromio first shall die;

'Tis that is large from all incumbrance free;
When he departs the only heir am I—
Sage Magus whispers, Banish every fear,
He'll die, and thou'lt inherit in a year.

One asks promotion; this a hoard of wealth,
A wife chaste, good and fair, large portion too;

That, pale and wan, says, shall I yet have health?

Magus meets all; because he knows each view,

Thus, each hugs in idea many joys,
Till fate moves round, and all their hope destroys.

What fools! what should truth unfold the roll of fate,
(scold)
And read your fortunes—wanton, will, a
Thy wife—Next poverty—thy best estate
Is pain and sickness—thou shalt die ere old
Here would fore-knowledge scoundge thy
prying soul,
And pain & grief corrode without controul.

Besides, while thus we strive fate's book to scan,

We lose to-day, and act not as we ought:—
To serve our God, ourselves, our brother

man,

Should be our business, and our constant thought;
(row)
My Pollio cease—to know would add to sorrow—
Believe, obey, take no thought for to-morrow."
J. C.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO MATILDA.

SAY dear Matilda, say why hast thou charms?
Why dost thou wound my heart with love's alarms?
(love)
Safe thy own breast, untaught by pangs of
Thou canst not feel what torture others' prove.
(sorrow)

Why does that face such heavenly beauty
Why from those eyes, such sparkling lustres flow?

Why form, so beautiful, sent from Heav'n,
When only form and not a heart was giv'n?

Ah! say, dear object of my purest love,
Ah say why still thus scornfully reprove
A suppliant slave, to adoration's power,
Seeks but thy smile, to cheer his pensive hour.

When I behold thee, all my soul is flame,
My heart is transport, when I hear thy name;
Wert thou but mine, on earth, I'd think
I were heav'n.

And vows alternate, interchang'd be giv'n,
Ecstatic pleasures should around us spread,
And faithful constancy, by virtue led.

Entrancing thoughts, what joys waft through
my soul,

And raptures reason scarcely can controul;
My heart beats high, alas! my peace is fled,
No favour'd omen does its influence shed.
O cruel mind, may thine own bosom feel,
A sharpen'd arrow, pierce thy heart of steel:
Soon mayest thou sign a passion unreturn'd,
And justify thyself, how bitter 'tis when
spurn'd.
(breast)

Then, taught by dear experience, may thy
With melting pity strive to soothe my rest.
T. D.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO THE OLD BACHELOR.

With pleasure, dear Sir, I peruse your address,

I adore the Almighty's command:

My tender sensations I scarce could suppress,

And I freely now offer my hand.

Nay, be not alarm'd at my bluntness and candour,

My nature is open and fair;

The children of fashion may throw out their slander,

But invectives are nothing to me.

The gloomy reserve of the beautiful fair,

Whose eye captivates ev'ry heart,

Will disgust the fond lover she meant to ensnare,

For love is never friendly to art.

My person is comely & even may I trust say,

I've a mind that may well be improv'd;

My temper is mild, but I love my own way,

Yet doubtless he will be believ'd.

But one thing is frequently laid to my charge

By the bucks and the beaux of the town,

They say, and with much that my fortune's not large,

But I beg, my dear Sir, you'll not pardon,

Philosopher-like, you will give me your hand,

You've wealth and abundance at your command,

And the noble utility does not for self,

Then give me your heart at the altar of love,

I'll freely give none in return;

A faithful and dutiful wife I will prove,

And never will cause you to mourn.

A MAID.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. VII.

Barclay's reflections on Keppel's absence.—How Keppel and Gregory acted.—Our hero's misfortunes not disagreeable to Von Hein.—Why.—No such thing as disinterestedness.—Man always torturing himself.—Dependence taken in a new, but every just light.

"KEPPEL left the room, shutting the door gently after him."

Perhaps he has shut it for the last time! He now knows all, and I shall probably never see him more!

Such were our hero's thoughts the moment he found himself alone; and in this strain of grievous reflection he continued until he was suddenly interrupted by Gregory, who burst a second time into the parlour, exclaiming, "They are gone! they're gone!" "Gone!" said Barclay, "How? What have you done?"

"Done! I've done nothing," he replied, "but they are gone! If it had been left to me there would have been no risk of their ever coming back again; but—"

"But who has sent them away, I ask?" cried Barclay, in an authoritative tone.

Gregory recollecting himself, cast his eyes on the ground, ashamed of the boldness, into which his joy had seduced him, and was about humbly to explain the whole matter, when Keppel returned. As he entered, he beckoned to Gregory to withdraw. The heretofore fellow stood for a few seconds gazing alternately at each, then, bursting into tears, hurried out of the room

to give way to the overflowings of his heart. How I love such a heart.

Gregory, tho' armed at all points, had, as he declared, "done nothing." Many a warrior has done the same before him! However, he would have executed much had he been permitted, and I think I now see him with his horse-pistols and cut-and-thrust sword paying away among the creditors and bailiffs, who all make to the door, willingly abandoning their demands rather than be paid in any such manner; but this was prevented by the intervention of Keppel, who, on closing the door entreated Gregory to let him first try what he could do by peaceable means. This could not be refused, and Keppel descended into the hall, leaving Gregory at the head of the stairs in perfect readiness to make a sally the instant his forerunner was defeated. His aid, however, was not required; and no sooner had he learnt the success of Keppel than he threw down his arms, and hastened to his master in the way I have described.

Our hero and his friend, after Gregory had retired, remained for some time silent. At length, Keppel seating himself and drawing his chair near Barclay's, took him kindly by the hand, and thus addressed him:

"Forgive me, Barclay, the pain I have given you by using words which I really intended to have a very different effect. Come, I am sure you do forgive me, for you have known me too long and too well to think that I could say or do aught that might afflict you."

Barclay pressed his hand.

"It has been said," continued he, "that there is something in the misfortunes of our friends which is not disagreeable to us. I confess that I now believe it to be true; for amidst the sorrow I suffer for

your losses, there is a feeling of pleasure which I can only account for by ascribing it to the opportunity it affords me of doing you service. You shall share my fortune, and I will think myself amply rewarded if you will permit me to share your grief."

We blubber over trifles, but great affliction clings to the heart, and dries up all the sources, which, being supplied with tears, would much relieve us. The death of Barclay's father, and the cruel circumstances which attended it, made it a matter of no light grief. He had felt it deeply. It had violently agitated his spirits, but he had been denied until this moment the balm and comfort of a tear. The affectionate conduct of one he loved so much, and on such an occasion, thawed as it were the chilling sorrow that embraced his heart, and furnished him with abundance of tears. He wept, and his breast throbb'd with mingled joy and grief.

Keppel perceiving the situation of Barclay's mind, and his inability to speak, proceeded—"Now, indeed, shall I have to thank fortune for her favours, which ere this I never did: nor have I had cause; for, in my opinion, prosperity is only truly desirable as it gives us the means of benefiting those we love. Success, good fortune, &c. are deprived of more than half their worth, if we have no one to exult in and partake of them; but if we have, it is doubled. Then, have I not reason for what I say?"

Barclay had by this time sufficiently recovered himself to reply:

"O Keppel, my friend! for you are indeed a friend! Who but you could act so generously, so disinterestedly?"

"Don't talk to me of disinterestedness," said he, "for there is no such thing. I only fear that I am too selfish. I would gain your love. Is this the acting without

the hope of reward which deserves the name of disinterestedness?

So Barclay made no answer, but by a look equally indicative of his feelings. I, however, shall not pass it by without making my comment on it. Admitting that a man can never act disinterestedly, (and I think it must be admitted, for, supposing we receive the slightest gratification, and we generally receive a great deal in what are called our disinterested actions, we cannot be said to be perfectly disinterested) yet he may by custom, (I recommend it strongly to the reader) seem to do so; and it is an amiable trait in any character to appear to set the happiness and interest of all we converse and are connected with before our own.

Keppel now informed his friend, that he had by fair promises been permitted by the creditors to arrange his father's affairs.

"Suffer me," said Barclay, with great agitation, "suffer me to inquire one thing? If there should not be enough to discharge them all, will they have any power over the body of my father? Can they prevent his sacred remains from being deposited in a peaceful grave?"

"For the world," cried Keppel, "they should not touch a hair of his head. Be at rest on that point. Happen what may, his ashes shall not be disturbed."

Shortly after this Keppel retired, at Barclay's request, to investigate the affairs, and form the best scheme of procedure.

Man is so constituted by nature as to be perpetually teasing and worrying himself to no end. Whatever he does, he does wrong, and quickly repents of it; it might either have been done better, or it would have been better if it had not been done at all. Whatever happens to him, happens wrong; either it is not what he wanted, or it is more plague to him than if he had been without it. I verily believe, that if he was allowed all his wishes, he would never wish for any thing that he really needed, or that he would not soon be glad to get rid of.

We recollect the fear and anxiety of Barclay respecting his friend's conduct when his circumstances should be disclosed to him. Now the event had proved favourable beyond his fondest hopes, yet Keppel was no sooner gone, than, instead of rejoicing in such a friend, and being relieved by the prospect which had brightened up before him, he flung himself into a chair, and seemed to feel an accumulation of misery from what had happened.

If he consented to Keppel's doing every thing he desired, his independence was gone. He loved his friend, but indepen-

dence was to him even as the air he breathed. He believed that he could not live without it, and therefore lamented that what he had most wished for had come to pass. His sentiments on this head may by some be thought too nice, but I can never think they were. *Dependence* and *hanging* are synonymous terms. Various are the ways of hanging, but I am of opinion that that known by the word *dependance* is the worst of all. If I must be hanged, let me be hanged with as little torture as possible.

Hanging I know, is a ticklish subject. I hope, my friends, I don't offend. "Silence gives consent." We'll go on with the topic in the next chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

The force of example.—Hanging.—Hounsloew Heath.—Whether death is a punishment that should be adopted.—Justice metamorphosed.—Hanging when first enacted.—Lawyers praised and condemned.—The employment of men consuetud.—A lady.—What husband's say of their wives.—Author's hands like.—read and you'll know.—An amiable Picture of matrimony.—How a man should be treated who marries solely for beauty.

THE force of example has always been allowed to be very great, but that it should make a man envious of being hanged seems extraordinary.

One would think it very uncomfortable hanging on Hounsloew Heath, and it appears strange that any one should take a delight in it; but Haines had not promoted himself there many weeks before his friend Clarke, by his own industry and with great toil, procured his elevation to the same rank, of which nothing but the force of example could have made him desirous. Of these two gentleman we may say with the poet:

"Alike their bent, their fortune, and their fate."

Or shall we speak of them according to Samuel: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided?"

But, to be serious, on this subject, which is, by the way, by no means a laughable one, I never can believe it to be agreeable to the Almighty that man should take away the life of his fellow-creature. Punishments are designed for the good of the of-

† Perhaps I am wrong; it may be as comfortable hanging there as any where else, or even as being Lucied, according to an anecdote of Diogenes.—"He ordered himself to be thrown any where without burying."—"What," said his friends, "to the Birds and beast?"—"By no means," cried he, "place my staff near me that I may drive them away." "How can you do that," they replied, "since you will not perceive them?"—"How am I concerned then," added he, "in being torn by these animals, I feel nothing of it?" Cicero Tusc. Quest. lib. 1. § 43.

fender, and to recall him to what is right. Death should, therefore, be excluded from them. If we consider a man as having committed so great a crime as to deserve death, that should be the very reason why we should not inflict it, but some more lenient punishment (if there be any more lenient to one who has sinned enormously), which might give him the natural time of his life to repent, and gain, if not of his fellow-creatures, the pardon of his Creator. To kill him instantly because he has done what God has forbidden, and we deem worthy of death, is to kill both body and soul, and send him, with his crime fresh upon his head, hastily and unrepented into the presence of the last great Judge of all: than which nothing can less become us as men and Christians.

To punish a trifling robbery with death is so cruel, so abominable, that, when it happens, the noble image of justice†, by her sword unsheathed to defend the innocent, appears to me a hated murderer, brandishing a weapon reeking with the blood of an offending but pardonable victim.

This punishment was in the ninth century first instituted by Edmund I. who was afterwards stabbed by Leolf, whom he had banished. It is not unlikely, that the certainty of being hanged for returning, and being seen in the monarch's presence, occasioned him to murder the king. The execution, therefore, of this capital punishment was probably the cause of his losing his life. What does the reader think? He thinks perhaps, that I had better go on with my history—well, so I will.

In proper time the remains of our hero's father were deposited in the earth. Barclay and Keppel, and honest Gregory also, followed the hearse on this mournful occasion, and with great sincerity of heart did the last honours to the dead.

Keppel had by this period investigated the affairs of the deceased, which, after turning every thing, houses, horses, carriages, &c. into money, he found perfectly sufficient to satisfy all the creditors honourably, leaving a surplus of between four and five hundred pounds. This event gave Barclay the greatest pleasure, as it left no one the power to insult the memory of his father, and as it relieved his mind from the apprehension of dependence.

It was soon agreed upon that he should take chambers near those inhabited by Keppel, and at his leisure, determine on what pursuit he should like to follow.

† The symbol of justice among the Thebans was a figure, not only blind, as we describe it, but a female. That was more perfect than ours.

Conversing one day on this head, Keppel observed that he would not recommend the law to him.

"Not," said he, "that the stale and idle jests of witless wittings have made me think disrespectfully of its professors, for, on the contrary, I seriously believe there are as many honest subjects in it as in any other profession; and I am confident there are many, many more ingenious, sensible, and learned men. The odium it has incurred is owing to the much greater power of doing harm, which one has who follows the law, and is inclined to evil than any other person differently situated, whose disposition is equally bad. Such, indeed, are a piteous bane to society. There cannot be a more pitiable sight than to see a disreputable and knavish lawyer thriving and living in luxury. The poor man's captivity, the widow's anguish, and the orphan's tears, these are the ruins on which he builds his house? You, my friend," continued Keppel, "shall not be a lawyer, because, to be really such, requires a life of unwearied application, which as the great profits are confined to a few, is not always justly rewarded. No, Barclay, that will not do for you; but I'll tell you what will, for 'tis what you have been used to. I'll take a house, and you shall live with me, and do nothing or any thing you like."

"I thank you for your kindness," replied Barclay, "but, indeed, I can never agree to that. I must do something."

"So, you have the vulgar prejudice," said Keppel, "that a man should have some known employment, and you would, perhaps, deem yourself criminal to live as I propose. To avoid the imputation of being an idler, like hundreds of others, I made myself a nominal professor of law. I am, nevertheless, having merely a sinecure place, as void of business as if I had not done so, and yet I feel no qualms of conscience about it. If you will, my good friend, but consider all the employments of men—state how the most active are engaged—and sum up their merits—you will readily make this conclusion: that, take them in general, they are selfish so much, and never so nobly or innocently employed, as the man who passes his time in literary ease, and who is by the world called idle. Trade debases the mind. Its only recommendation is, that it furnishes with means of subsistence, and can therefore only be deserving the attention of those who need their daily bread. Men are always discontented; and one who has spent all his days in literature, may, through ignorance, wish,

at a late period of existence, that he had followed some business; but no man who has seen what business is, and abandons it for literature, will at any time of life desire to return to it."

"My dear friend," replied Barclay, "I hate business, believe me, as cordially as yourself; but I must get the money I spend!"

There is a way of uttering words which, though not very expressive in themselves, never leaves the hearer in the least doubt about the speaker's mind. Barclay had used this mode; and his last syllables were scarcely spoken when Keppel, knitting his brows and looking much displeased, exclaimed, "I hate your pride!" I am sorry for it," replied Barclay, "for I think it becomes me."

"Well, well," said Keppel, still ruffled, "perhaps you are in the right, but I don't like to have my plans destroyed thus. You know I never wish to do things by halves: you are aware of what I desire to do, and you will not let me do it. 'Tis unkind at least."

Barclay, hoping to appease him, and anxious to evade his offers, said:

"You do not recollect, Keppel, when you make me the generous proposal of taking a part of your house, that I should soon be turned out of it by a much more worthy occupant,—a wife."

Now the reader cocks his ears, and says very prettily to me, "Pray, sir, who is the lady?" Upon which I answer, with that civility and good breeding which so eminently distinguish me above all other authors,

"Sir—always happy to enlighten you—the lady is a young lady; one, the tip of whose little finger you would give both your ears to kiss.—She lives, sir, at present, in the country with a clergyman who promised her in marriage to Keppel; whose guardian he had been until she was one-and-twenty. There, now you're illuminated!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CELEBRATED WRITER'S SENTIMENTS OF AN HAPPY LIFE.

PETRARCH, in a letter to a friend, says, "I have fixed bounds to my desires. What greater happiness can be proposed, than to pass our lives with proved and united friends, with whom we think alike?—Or what more agreeable than faces always serene, minds still agreed, hearts ever open, conversations where truth wholly reigns, without constraint, reserve, or preparation?—Human life, like the sea, is exposed to frequent hurricanes, and the

evening of the brightest day is often obscured and tempestuous. The wise ought to say of the world as Palinurus, that famous pilot, said of the sea, *Shall I confide in that monster?*—Should we not learn to distinguish the felicities of nature from the chimeras of the world, and to discover truth in the midst of the shades that surround it? To do this, should be the constant aim of every mortal: it is indeed the one thing necessary.—This manner of life is the object of all my desires; if I can obtain it, I shall have no cause for envy."

DEFINITION OF TRUE HONOUR.

THERE is no word of greater import and dignity than honour: it is virtue, adorned with every decoration that can make it amiable and useful in society. It is the true foundation of mutual faith and credit, and the real intercourse by which the business of life is transacted with safety and pleasure. It is of universal extent, and can be confined to no particular station of life, because it is every man's security, and every man's interest. It is impossible to have too great a regard and esteem for a man of strict honour; but then let him prove his right to this title by the whole tenor of his actions: let him neither attempt to derive his character, or form his conduct from fashion, or the opinion of others: let a true moral rectitude be the uniform rule of his actions, and a just praise and approbation will be their due reward.

METHOD OF EXTINGUISHING FIRE,

WITHOUT DANGER OF BREAKING
OUT AFRESH.

By the late Professor Hoffman.

AS soon as an engine is in readiness to work, stir into the water that immediately is to be discharged, seven or eight pounds of pearl-ashes, in powder, and continue to add it in this manner as occasion requires, taking care that it be directed against the timber or wainscot, &c. just beginning to burn, and not wasted against the brick-work; or, where time will admit, dissolve any quantity of pearl-ashes in a copper with water; and as fast as it dissolves, which will be in a few minutes, mix a pailful with the water in the engine pretty often; and whatever burning wood it is played upon will be extinguished as if it was dipped in water, and will not burn afresh in the part extinguished.

ORIGINAL TALE.

The Ruins.

(CONTINUED.)

"I EXERTED myself to console my beloved Matilda for this sudden and unexpected reverse of fortune, but in vain; she felt a presentiment of an evil, of which she could form none but the most dreadful ideas. The horrid uncertainty of our destination in which we were involved, was at length concluded at the close of the second day's journey, when we were ordered to alight. Faint and exhausted with fatigue, (for we had not been allowed to pause, except to take a hasty refreshment from time to time) we were conducted into a building, which, from its large extent, appeared to be a castle of considerable importance. Its lofty turrets, which hung high in air in frowning majesty, and enveloped in the dark mists of evening, inspired us with no very pleasant ideas. The person who had contrived thus to entrap us, had taken his measures with the utmost forethought and caution; but who it was that had harboured such malevolent intentions against us, we could not form an idea that appeared in the least degree probable. Vague conjectures respecting the author of this infamous attempt to deprive us of our liberty, so occupied our minds, that the horrors of our situation were somewhat diminished. We were conducted into a large parlour; where a cheerful blaze in the chimney was not competent to disperse the chilly dampness and thick vapours that pervaded every corner of the apartment, seeming to have been for many years the undisturbed occupants. The gloomy appearance of the castle, and the disagreeable room to which we were confined, overcame the fortitude of Matilda, and she sunk upon my bosom in an agony of grief. I endeavoured to console her; but the recollection of her infant, who had been left behind us at our seat, rendered all my attempts to soothe her affliction and calm the tumult of her sorrow fruitless. From the apartment we had first entered, we were conducted to an antique chamber, whose decayed furniture demonstrated the effects of time on every perishable object. The door was strongly fastened on the outside; and to prevent any interruption of our repose, I barricaded the entrance within. For they who were capable of committing such an act of violence as to deprive

us of our liberty, would not hesitate, if it answered their own purposes, to deprive us of life also. Supposing ourselves secure from open violence during the night, exhausted nature sunk into a slumber, from which I was roused by a noise as of some person walking in the chamber. The light was extinguished, but a moment verified my suspicions—I leaped out of bed, and in an instant, with a nervous hand, grasped the intruder.

"A severe conflict ensued;—my antagonist was strong, and held in his hand a dagger; but as soon as I perceived it, I made a desperate effort, and wrested it from him. Impelled by that propensity inherent in every breast, to struggle for the preservation of my own existence, and of my beloved Matilda, and instantly conceiving that the intruder, from the circumstances of his holding an unsheathed dagger, must have entered our apartment to accomplish the horrid purpose of assassination, I felt possessed of new powers, and hurled him prostrate on the floor. A loud cry escaped him on falling, and in an instant the room was filled with armed men. I was stationed astride of my fallen antagonist—but, Father of Mercies! what were my sensations, when, as the light gleamed from a taper on his countenance, I discovered the features of my brother!—I still kept possession of the dagger, and when the men approached to rescue him, I swore in the most solemn manner, that, if they did not instantly retire, I would plunge it to his heart. Fearing that I would fulfill my oath, they retired, and left us alone. Matilda was almost fainting with terror, but she somewhat recovered her composure upon the retreat of the men. The countenance of Arthur was convulsed with the violence of contending passions. Disappointment and ferocity were conspicuously delineated on his features. To all my reproaches for his unexampled villainy (for I could no longer doubt his being the author of our imprisonment) he maintained a profound and sullen silence; but when I declared, that unless he bound himself by the most dreadful ties to set us at liberty as soon as the day dawned, the present moment should be the last of his existence.—With much apparent reluctance he took the oath required, and as soon as I liberated him, he quit the apartment through a private door, by which he had entered, and which I had not before noticed in the agitation of my mind. The remainder of the night passed away without further interruption—But ah! little did I expect that it was to be the last I should ever spend with

my adored Matilda. When we arose in the morning, the sun had just appeared above the horizon, and tinged with his golden radiance the frowning turrets of the castle. A servant shortly came to inform us, that a carriage was in waiting to carry us from the detested abode of villainy, and with joy I hailed the approaching return of the goddess to whom all of us pay our adorations. We quickly obeyed the summons, and descended to the hall, where were ranged the abandoned dependants of Arthur; who, influenced by shame, did not appear. Matilda entered the carriage in waiting, and I was preparing to follow, when I was seized from behind. The door of the coach was instantly closed, and Matilda hurried from my sight for ever."

"Blessed spirit!" exclaimed Manston, "look down from thy celestial abode and pity my sufferings in being doomed to remain behind thee. Ah never," continued he, dashing away a silent tear, "while I retain my existence, shall I obliterate from my memory that moment when I was separated from my wife. If even all my powers should be numbed by the cold hand of age, or thrown into a state of inaction from the severity of my misfortunes, still would I remember that horrid period, and dwell with pensive pleasure upon the image of Matilda.

"Despair at being thus unexpectedly torn from her, inflamed me almost to frenzy, and it was well for my guards that their numbers protected them from my violence. I was conducted back to the interior of the castle; where for a short time, I was tolerably well situated, and might have made myself happy, but for the incidents which had recently occurred that preyed upon my spirits. A few days elapsed when I was ordered to attend my guards, who escorted me to the grand chamber of state, where sat arrayed in the most splendid robes the treacherous Arthur. I endeavoured to assume a composure I did not feel, and to view the wretch with calm contempt; but the smile of triumph which dilated his harsh features robbed me of the command of myself. He appeared as a judge preparing to determine the fate of an abandoned criminal; but malice and revenge scowled from his dark eyes in every look he cast on the unhappy victim of his insidious arts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMARK.

Envious people are very miserable, because the happiness of others torments them as much as their own misery.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THOUGHTS ON DUELLING.

Occasioned by the late unfortunate encounter between Mr. ECKER and Mr. HAMILTON, in which the latter was killed.

ON reading, not long since, an affecting account of the death of Mr. Hamilton, I was led seriously to reflect on the subject. Alas! (I exclaimed, after finishing the recital) how can any human being, endowed with reason, advocate this practice? What a pity, Mr. Editor, that existing laws are not effectual for putting a stop to this inhuman practice; our reason certainly, without the assistance of experience, should be sufficient to convince us of its destructive consequences; but alas! custom has bid defiance to the authority of our severest laws, and the community has, in this instance, been deprived of a valuable member, who might have lived an ornament in society.—Tell me, ye modern duellists, what are your sensations, after having triumphed over your antagonist, when you have dexterously given the mortal wound? If ye are men of feeling, if you are not callous to every sentiment of humanity, you must be miserable—you must remain wretched indeed—Can you without horror reflect, that by depriving society of one of its members, you have committed murder! Can you view unmoved, the distress of surviving relatives!—Alas! you are now willing to deprecate this dreadful practice.—Picture to thyself, gentle reader, a character like this, who from a dread of punishment which the law inflicts, has taken refuge in some retired spot,—view him, with folded arms pacing his chamber-floor, and in the anguish of his soul, hardly knowing what he says—calls himself a murderer—wishes he had never beheld the light, and curses with dreadful oaths and execrations the day of his existence. This is the result of a practice, which, to the disgrace of human nature, is termed *honourable*!—But alas! where is the honour? Tell me, ye men of erudition and profound sagacity, tell me to whom and how is duelling honourable? It has ever been a matter of surprise to me, that rational beings should so far indulge such a false notion of honour, as to suppose it necessary, when any difference ensues, either to kill or be killed! What reparation can either one or the other afford for the wrong received? If anyblemish is thrown on my character, does my depriving an adversary of life do it away? If the fact alleged,

or the insinuation made, be true, certainly I do not clear myself by taking his life; and if the fact or insinuation is not true, I should not conceive my honour concerned to represent a falsehood. These considerations, in my humble opinion, ought to be sufficiently strong to prevent such an inhuman effusion of blood.—Is it not in the highest degree absurd, to encourage an endeavour to destroy a fellow creature, because he is not of the same sentiment with myself?—Must an unguarded word, or an inadvertent action, be put in competition with life?—Certainly the laws of nature forbid it.—I have always considered duelling as a false kind of bravery, regulated by certain rules of mistaken honour, to which no person should be obliged to conform; and no one (if I entertain a just notion of honour) derogates from his dignity who refuses a challenge. It may not be deemed honourable; yet I aver it is the duty of every good citizen to discountenance duelling, as it is in direct violation of the laws. If a person is attacked in consequence of refusing a challenge, he will then have an opportunity of proving, that it was not declined thro' fear, but principle.—I will conclude these observations with an anecdote I lately found in a historical work: Henry IV. of France, on reading an ostentatious inscription on the monument of a Spanish officer, “Here lies the body of Don, &c. &c. &c. who never knew what fear was”—“Then,” said the king, “he never snuffed a candle with his fingers.” H. S. R. I.

PHILADELPHIA, }
DECEMBER 6, 1801. }

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

PETITION OF SUNDRY INJURED PERSONS.

WE, the subscribers, labouring under many great and pressing grievances, have thought proper to present to the public, a fair and candid statement thereof; hoping, that when they are made public, they will receive the attention they merit: And, as you, Sir, we doubt not, are a friend to the injured in general, and will give them all the assistance in your power, we trust you will publish the following:

WE, therefore, represent, that we have been for several ages (if tradition may be credited) in the possession of a certain right and privilege, given to us by the common consent of a large portion of mankind, viz. to cover the human body from below the hips upwards; in con-

sideration whereof, we (or, at least our ancestors, in their own name, and in the name of their posterity) agreed to defend the said part from the injuries of the weather; which agreement has, on our part been strictly and faithfully fulfilled; but we have to lament, that, on the part of our injurers, the ancient contract has been faithlessly and shamefully broken: our privilege is invaded, and our very existence threatened, in consequence of our neighbour* being suffered to encroach on our territories to an alarming degree.

All these injuries have been committed, at the suggestions of a certain Lady,† of a fickle, changeable, and in many instances of a whimsical and capricious disposition; aided by a set of men,‡ whose fondness for innovation is notorious, and whose interest it is to encourage, and carry into effect the designs of the above-mentioned lady; who is continually interfering in our affairs, or those of our neighbours;§ giving territory to one, which she has taken from another: an instance of which occurred not many years past, whereby we gained, unasked, a considerable addition of territory; and we sincerely believe it was only done to make us feel our present injuries more sensibly. We must, however, in justice to the majority of the citizens of Philadelphia, acknowledge, that they have not favoured the designs of these innovators, nor given them any considerable encouragement. A certain respectable class,|| in particular, have acted with their usual good sense, and justice, by giving each his due; for which we beg leave to present them our hearty thanks.—But as we have extended this statement to a considerable length, we shall now conclude with a short address to those who have been misled by the above-mentioned persons.

O! unjust and ungrateful race! you who have so long been sheltered under our wings; who have so often been defended, by our power, from the chilling blasts of winter, and the oppressive beams of many a summer's sun, you have ungratefully aided and encouraged the late unjust attack upon our rights, and have thereby forfeited all claim to our protection; you may now triumph in security—but you shall soon tremble,—winter, dark, cold, and stormy winter, is fast approaching, and then, when the storm howls over the dreary plains, when the fields are covered with snow, when wintry blasts shall shake your shivering forms, you will then lament

* Pantaloon. † Fashion. ‡ The Taylors.
§ Coat and pantaloons. || The Quakers.

your rashness and folly, in forfeiting our protection.

But as no evil is unmixed with good, we trust the rigours of the ensuing season will convince you of the value of our services, and induce you to restore to us our ancient rights.

SWANSDOWN WAISTCOAT.

CASSIMER WAISTCOAT,

VELVET WAISTCOAT,

DECEMBER 5, 1801.

Committee appointed to draw up a statement of the grievances of the suble.

The method by which a Man of Wit and Learning may render himself disagreeable.

YOUR business is to shine; therefore you must by all means prevent the shining of others; for their brightness may make your's the less distinguished. To this end, if possible, engross the whole discourse; and when other matter fails, talk much of yourself, your education, your knowledge, your circumstances, your successes in business, your victories in disputes, your own wise sayings and observations on particular occasions, &c.

If, when you are out of breath, one of the company seize the opportunity of saying something, wretch his words, and if possible, find somewhat either in his sentiments or expression immediately to contradict and raise a dispute upon.

If another should be saying an indisputable good thing, either give no attention to it, or interrupt him, or draw away the attention of others; or if you can guess what he would be at, be quick, and say it before him; or if he gets it said, and you perceive the company pleased with it, own it to be a good thing, but withal remark that it hath been said by Bacon, Locke, Boyle, or some other eminent writer. Thus you deprive him of the reputation he might have gained by it, and gain some yourself, as you hereby shew your extensive reading and retention of memory.

When modest men have been thus treated by you a few times, they will chuse ever after to be silent in your company; then you may shine on without fear of a rival, rallying them at the same time for their dulness, which will be to you a new fund of wit.

Thus you will be sure to please yourself. The polite man aims at pleasing others, but you shall go beyond him even in that. A man can be present only in one company, but may at the same time be absent in twenty. He can please only where he is; you, where you are not.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

HINTS TO THE WIDOWS, WIVES, AND SPINSTERS OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE likeliest way to obtain a good husband, or to preserve one so, is to be good yourself: for with you, principally rest the materials of happiness, necessary for the peace of both parties.

Never use a lover, whom you intend to marry, ill, for fear of a retaliation, when the word *obey* is pledged. Power is sometimes cruelly used; and should inclination lead him to upbraid you, or return it afterwards, you have only the melancholy satisfaction of reflecting, that when it was in your power, for your amusement, you treated him contumeliously,—for

“Gently shall those be ruled, who gently sway’d;
“Abject shall those obey, who haughtily were obey’d.”

Above all things, avoid aspiring to rule your husband; the reins of domestic government (that is, in all important matters) ultimately belong to him; and as there are several departments for each to manage, look immediately to those things which belong to yourself; and be assured you will find sufficient employment. Many very foolishly wishing to try the good nature of their husbands, proceed to extremes, and by frequent repetitions of the same, which finally become habitual, sours a disposition naturally good.

Be not too sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself undisturbed felicity; consider that the person you wed is a man, and not an angel: And when you are linked by the hymenial tie, should he not fully prove what you expected, pass it over as a human frailty; put on the smile of cheerfulness and good nature, and by example, learn him to do the same.

As you both have set out on the journey of life, to brave, and endeavour to surmount the difficulties naturally expected in this thorny path,—remember that the accidents, or misfortunes you may meet with, are not all to be placed to the account of matrimony; but many of them to the uncertainties of life, and the infirmities of human nature; a burthen which each has engaged to support the other in, and to which both are equally exposed. Therefore let no murmurings, reflectings, or disagements add to the burthen; but readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and mutually assist each other.

Study the temper of your husband, and command your own: enjoy his satisfaction, sooth his cares with gentleness and love, and be sure to conceal his infirmities.

For the purpose of refreshing in your mind the solemn duty you owe him, read frequently the matrimonial ceremony, and do not forget to pay particular attention to the word *obey*. And should any demon endeavour to tempt you, let your wedding ring be placed to your view; recollecting at the time, by whom, and where it was given you, together with the solemn circumstances, attendant on the reception of the same.

Let a clause always be in your fervent prayers, for the preservation of your husband, and also to make or to continue you a good wife.

As I have before remarked, that with you rests principally the requisites necessary to the acquiring and preserving, not only to your husband, but to yourself, peace of mind, a proper conjugal happiness, and, as far as the nature of human events will admit, a continued train of felicity; therefore be careful not to dispute with him, be the occasion what it will, but rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or getting the better of him in argument: otherwise you run the risk of a quarrel, and enmities should not be bred between you for trifles, when by your silence, or accession to his opinion, mischief and animosity may be prevented, and harmony increased.

Oh weak and delicate woman! nature never formed you to be bold and assuming: nor was that sweet and modulating voice, granted you to brawl and scold.—Rage and passion was never intended to distort such mild and delicate features. What woman conquers by, is persuasive arts, gentle remonstrances, entreaties and good nature; these weapons seldom or never fail to subdue, not only the tender, but the obdurate soul.

JUVENIS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

IMPROMPTU ON THE DEATH OF MR. HAMILTON.

By a Lady.

Unhappy youth! alas no friend

Will thine untimely fate deplore,
Since thou hadst sail'd inglorious o'er,
Has all thine honours clouded o'er.

Yet had'st thou to thyself been true,
Tho' few on earth had been thy days,
Thy fame had been excell'd by few,
For scarce a youth deserv'd more praise.

H.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET IX.

W O M A N.

"O Woman, lovely Woman! Nature made you,
To temper Man."

Lowliest of beings on creation's scale,
Fairest of orders in fair Wisdom's plan,
Thou great first-moving principle of man,
Thy pow'rs o'er ev'ry heart & mind prevail.

Far as are known the influence divine,
Offorming Thought, of Intellect's domain,
And Sensibility's benignant reign,
Thy sway extends, and bright thine honours shine.

From thee, the Virtues, Loves and Graces flow,

The soul of reason, dignity of mind;
All that can humanize & bless mankind,
And antedate Elysium while below.

Oh! then, complacent view my humble lays;—

Thy smile is happiness, and fame thy praise.

AMYNTOR.

THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF
A MISPLACED COMMA.

Amazing as it may seem, it is certainly fact, that the unfortunate king Edward II. lost his life by means of a misplaced comma; for his cruel queen, with whom he was at variance, sent to the keeper of the prison where he was confined the following lines:

"To shed King Edward's blood

"Refuse to fear, I count it good."

Had the comma been placed after the word refuse, thus—

"To shed King Edward's blood

"Refuse,"

the sense would have implied that the keeper was commanded not to hurt the King, and the remainder of the line—

"To fear I count it good,"

would have signified that it was counted good not to spill his blood: but the comma being wickedly placed after the word fear, thus—

"To shed King Edward's blood

"Refuse to fear,"

the murder seemed commanded, together with a kind of indemnification to the keeper; nay, after this mode of pointing, the remainder of the line seems to deem the action meritorious:

"I count it good,"

According to the punctuation the keeper took the lines in the worst sense, and the King lost his life upon the occasion.

A bishop of Asello ordered this inscription to be put over his gate:

"Porta, patens esto, nulli claudaris honesto."

Which is,

"Gate, be thou open, and not shut to any honest man."

But the painter unluckily placing the comma after the word nulli, instead of esto, the sense stood thus:

"Gate be thou open to nobody, but be shut to an honest man."

Which occasioned the bishop to lose his bishopric.

Thus we may perceive the necessity of being very particular with respect to points or stops, since the misplacing of a single comma occasioned the murder of a King and the loss of a bishopric.

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 12, 1801.

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA.

MR. HOGAN,

ON Saturday last, of a book much in need, My intellects starving for something to read—

(last,

This cruel, thought I, when the soul has to And turning about saw your weekly repast; So caught it up hastily, certain to find

A rich little treat for each various mind; And reading away I soon came to a place, Where ENIGMA, so neat, star'd me full in the face.

When plodding it over again and again, Ransacking and boring and puzzling my brain,

The wit, bloom and fondness,* altho' 'twas Soon prov'd it the name of an angelic beauty.

Three sevenths of Sarcasm, plainly is *Sar*— And *ah* then completes the first name of this Star;

Two thirds of the fine part of spring, sure is *Ma*—

And *son* is a fond father's pride, clear as day.

So embracing the first opportunity, hasten To tell to the world, it is, Miss SARAH MASON.

* Words used in the Enigma.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF YOUNG LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

Continued from page 23, and Concluded.

15. Three sevenths of a celebrated novel, the sixteenth letter of the alphabet, and a sounding instrument.
16. A preposition and the third consonant.

17. A common musical instrument, changing the first letter.
18. Two thirds of a pleasant smile, and three ninths of a petty poet.
19. A tall quick growing tree, and a meadow.
20. Two fourths of a lofty singing bird, and one third of the drink of the heaven gods.
21. One half of a fleet, four fifths of a Scottish title of honour, and a serpentine letter.
22. Two fifths of Homer's king of Troy, and three eighths of a lawyer.
23. A Jewish Patriarch, adding the sixth vowel.
24. One third of a large city in the United States, one half of the king of beasts, and two fifths of an holy song.
25. A piece of defensive armour, used in ancient days, adding a consonant.
26. A testament, cutting off the last letter, and a father's male child.
27. The twenty third letter of the alphabet, a century, and one fourth of a beautiful flower.
28. Four eighths of a reward, adding the last letter in the alphabet.

Marriages.

HEAVN, in compassion to the lot we share,
Of malediction, sorrow, pain and care,
Bestows us comfort in *tho' endearing wife*,
Which comforts for all the ills of life;
In that so tender name, the blessings blend,
Of mother, sister, daughter, guardian, friend;
In that delightful word methinks I hear,
All that can touch the soul with bliss sincere.

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 29th ult. by the rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. Win. Davenport, to Miss Eliza S. Hollingshead.Same evening, at New Mills, by Samuel Wright, esq. Mr. Anthony Earl, to Miss Eliza Budd, both of New-Jersey.On the 28th ult. at Cheltenham (Mont. Co.) by Thomas Shoemaker, esq. Mr. John Test, to Miss Lydia Dungan, both of this city.

Deaths.

Still Time rolls on to vast eternity;
Still Death approaches, never ceasing night;
Still millions of our species crowd the tomb;
And still we hasten to our final doom:—
O, Author of all being! grant, that we,
When nature dies, may live in bliss with Thee.

AMYNTOR.

DIED...In this City...On the 5th inst. Mr. John Shields, sen.

.....At Lancaster, (suddenly) on the 3d inst. the hon. Abiel Taylor, one of the state Representatives from the county of Chester.

.....On the 18th ult. at Silver-Bluff, Edgefield district, the hon. Ephraim Ramsey, one the associate Judges of South Carolina.

As it was not intended by the note of Sunday last, in prelude to *T. W. de la Tienda* from an opportunity of replying to *J. C.* an interview with the writer respecting the parts of his answer that were objected to would be agreeable.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

HAIL Innocence! thou unsuspecting fair,

Queen of the artless smile, and peaceful eye,

Stranger to fear, anxiety or care,
Thou walk'st at ease tho' danger's self be nigh:

Thy snow-white arms plac'd on thy naked breast,

Create no blush; shame never broke thy rest.

Could I, with sweet Amyntor, sing thy praise
In flattering verse, and call thee Virtue's queen;

Bind round thy brows a wreath of borrow'd rays,

And paint thee, rainbow-like, in red and green;

Yet all my praise would not beget a smile,
Nor would thy dimpling cheek reward my toil.

Thou art indeed a white-rob'd simple child,
Not fit to walk this wicked world alone;

Thou know'st no ill, art sugar-lip'd and mild,

Yet oft dost dash thy foot against a stone;
Ah! still depend on Prudence, she thy guide,

Will lead thee where the Virtues all reside.

Dost thou remember, when in Eden fair,
Thou, simple one, didst wander 'mongst the flowers—

And mad'st a slip—that drove the lovely pair
To wander far from those ambrosial bow'rs?

Yet artless still, thou art no wiser grown,
Still cunning preys upon thee, if alone.

Believe not smooth Amyntor's flatter'ing strain—

Of all that's good and great no parent thou:
Not e'en a virtue—thou canst never reign;

Before thy queen-ship, virtues never bow.
Just a negation—vice thou knowest not,

Thy garment white, thy heart without a blot.

With little lambs, that sport 'mong flow'ers gay,

And unfeign'd doves, thou ever wilt be seen;
With mocking idiots thou delight'st to play,

With heart unmoved and unmild men.
Prudence, dear Prudence, lend thy timely aid,

From dangers guard thy little white-rob'd maid.

Sweet lisping babe, to Justice lift thy eye;
He nobly binds to guard his little friend;

Brave Fortitude, and Temperance will be nigh:

Trust to their pow'r, they're able to defend.
But O! my simple dear, walk not alone;

And if thou dost, thy boasted beauty's gone.

Now do not frown my harmless little dear,
Indeed and deed, thou wert not form'd to smile:

Deep knaves would whisper falsehoods in
th' ear,

Cunning would laugh, and call thee easy
fool.

List not to flatterers, oft they have beguill'd,
And found that thou'rt a simple little child

J. C.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BANKS OF THE SCHUYLKILL.

WRITTEN SOME TIME AGO.

ON Schuykill's banks, far from the mad-
d'ning crowds,

That adoration pay at Folly's shrine,
In some cool grove, impervious to the sun,

I lay me down;—the feather'd tribe are
hush'd;

Echo no sound repeats; but silence reigns,
That soothes the wounded spirit and invites

Sweet contemplation, sober and sedate,
For ever musing on this motley scene.

Imagination on her downy wing
Wafers me to distant climes, where Europe's

sons,

Proud and impetuous, rush to war's alarms;
Italia's smiling plains, where late the swain

Was blest with plenty, and enjoy'd in peace,
His fruitful vintage: on the verdant lawns

Where cheerful rustics danc'd with joyous
hearts,

Contending armies meet, and hostile bands
Direct the thundering messengers of fate.

The soldier's dying groans, the orphan's
cry,

The shrieks of violated innocence
Assail mine ear;—in fancy I survey

The flames of burning villages arise,
And wrapt in smoke, o'erspread the face of

heav'n.

The limpid stream, whose soft meanders
lind'd

The rural lovers when they sought the
shades,

Now rolls its sanguinary waves along,
With human gore encrimson'd. But the

muse,

Heart-bleeding at the prospect, turns her
eye

To western climates, where the trump of
war

Is hush'd in silence, and the blood-stain'd
laurel

No more bedecks the honest vet'ran's brow.
Columbia hail! thou land of freedom hail!

While Europe's kingdoms groan beneath
the rod

Of tyranny. 'Tis thine to assert the right
And privilege of man: to unlock the chain

Which binds the wretched negro, and to
snatch

From petty tyrants the uplifted lash,
Against their brethren rais'd;—the world

shall see,

Fame shall record the action in her page:
And Washington, thy saviour, from on high,

Pleas'd with the worthy deed, look down
and smile.

Fair Science then her empire shall erect,
And learning flourish: by thy fost'ring hand

Rear'd and encourag'd, thy succeeding sons
shall tread the paths their fathers trod be-
fore.

Another Rittenhouse again shall rise;
An Heroeys, whose undaunted arm shall

wield
The sword of freedom, or with daring
flight,

Ascend Parnassus—other Dwight's be born;
A West whose magic art shall animate

The canvas, which in vivid tints unfolds
The page of history; Barlow, bard sublime,

In his posterity shall live again.
Poets and statesmen shall adorn thy lands,

Myriads unborn shall grace Columbia's
name.

SIXTEEN.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

REBUS.

THE name of a Croton, both active and
strong; (long;

An emblem of hope, which to ships doth be-
a northern nation, once to England allied,

And the name of the town where Severus
died;

To this add the season, when nature looks
green;

Juno's messenger—which on earth ne'er was
seen;

The city in which great Virgil was born;
The name of a fruit surrounded with thorns;

A day set apart for worship and pray'r;
A month that will number the tenth in }
the year; { fair.

With a neat little instrument us'd by the

The initials united, will prove to your mind,
The name of a FAIR ONE, that's gentle and

kind;

Who is cheerful and pleasant, good natur'd
and gay,

And every way graceful and charming as
May.

JUVENIS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

IMPROMPTU.

Addressed to a little Girl, on hearing her read the fol-
lowing beautiful Extract from the ECONOMY

of ELKAN LIEB.

WOMAN.

GIVE ear, fair daughter of love, to the
instructions of prudence, and let the pre-
cepts of truth sink deep in thy heart; so

shall the charms of thy mind, add lustre to
the elegance of thy form, and thy beauty,

like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its
sweetness when its bloom is withered.

LITTLE charming maid give ear,
All advice of prudence hear;

Keep truth's precepts in thy breast,
Youth and age shall then be blest.

When the bloom of beauty gay,
Is in radiant full display,

Let enchanting meekness grace,
Seraph form and angel face.

On thee then will heav'n bestow
New and lasting charms enow.

B. W.

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, December 19, 1801.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

"Do you think," said Keppel, unbending his brows at the word *wife* (N.B. he was not yet married), "do you think that my Penelope would turn you *out*? You have not seen her, and I therefore surely imagine my wife is to be as large as my house, that she is to leave no room for you." "Tis true," replied Barclay, smiling, "that I have not seen her, but though she may not be corporeally as large as the house, yet you know some wives, of much less size, manage to fill a house so cleverly as to leave no room for any body else. Husbands tell me there is a kind of ubiquity about them. Go where you will, the first thing you see is your wife. Let a husband steal either into the nursery, to shew the nursery-maid how to make the pap, or into the kitchen, to take a sop from the pan, and I'll wager my head, that though he took his wife out of town like a cat in a bag, and dropt her ten miles off, he would have scarcely got the cook's leave to proceed, when she would come pounce upon him, like a ravenous hawk on a poor trembling cock-sparrow."

In our hero's speech I cannot help remarking the words "*I'll wager my head.*" This phrase, though often used, is of very doubtful import, as it depends upon the value the man who employs it sets upon his head, to determine whether he bets little or much. And again, tho' he may believe that he offers to bet high, his hearers may think

that he proposes to bet a mere nothing. I know not what Barclay meant, but let it be remembered, that whenever I employ the phrase, I intend to signify that I would bet an enormous sum, if I had it,—my head being the most valuable thing I have. Indeed, we authors are in that respect like asparagus, there's nothing good about us but our heads.—"Ay," said Keppel, "do you talk thus of matrimony?"

"Will you not believe that I have great reverence for it," replied Barclay, when I tell you that I never hear the word but with awe and trembling?" "Leave off bantering," rejoined Keppel, "and tell me whether you really have the same notion of it as is vulgarly entertained."

"To be serious then," said he, "I am quite of an opposite opinion. I am firmly persuaded that there is no better state in the world, if a man does not marry for the sake of the mean advantages to be derived from the dowry his partner brings, but for those, so eminently superior, which are to be found in a congeniality of disposition, and a confidence that knows no reserve. He who links himself to a being he loathes, solely because it has riches, deserves not that happiness which money cannot purchase, and to suffer all that misery, he should have known no gold could prevent. In truth, I can imagine nothing more engaging, nothing more delightful in nature, than a man and woman, of mild and equal tempers, surrounded by their offspring, occupied in some innocent diversion, after the toils of the day are at an end. It is a heavenly picture, and no one can contemplate it without the most pleasing emotion. I call it heavenly, because I can form no better idea of Heaven, than that of a good father living amidst his children, in peace and concord!" "My friend," said Keppel, "the woman I love will be every thing you de-

scribe; but for myself, alas! how far am I from being such a man!"

By this it will be seen, that our hero's speech had in a great measure fixed Keppel in his intention to marry.—And I shall marry too, one of these days,—but it shall be at Malabar.

Barclay, ascribing his friend's words to his modesty in speaking of himself, went on, and concluded thus:—

"But he who marries a girl for no other reason, than because she has a pretty face,* is such a contemptible fool, that I know not what he deserves. I would not punish him as if he were a man, but if I could, I would *unmarry* him, put him in leading strings, whip him, and to make up for his loss, and prevent his crying, give him a doll to play with."

CHAP. IX.

What women are indebted to for their modesty.—The surprising effect of accident.—What the author means to do when he has time.—The history about to take a new turn.—Gregory described.—A conversation between the author and the reader.—The former thinks it proper to decamp.

NOTWITHSTANDING Keppel's disposition to take a wife, it was his opinion, and he would constantly assert it, that all women are born whores, and that modest woman are bred†. "Modesty," said he,

- He that weds for state or face,
Buys a horse, to lose the race."

† He had probably formed his opinion on this head, from the ancients. SENECA says woman, "impune animal est, et nisi scilicet accessit, cupiditatum incontinenas.

CATO: Indomitum animal.
HOMER: *one cantonem allo gynaecet.*

AND SHAKESPEARE affirms that a woman is the devil, which may serve for a translation of what precedes.

However, let it be remembered, that these gentlemen were all talking of woman, as she lived in their days. Had they existed in ours, how different would have been their language!

"or a reserved conduct, is the effect of education; but impudence, that is, indulging all our passions, is natural, since we should all do so if we were not taught otherwise."

"Some men," continued he, become famous for certain qualities that are called virtues, by mere chance. A man may happen to keep his word on several occasions with great strictness, because it suits him, or because he has no reason to break it, and it coming to his ear that he has been noticed in company, in consequence of it, as a man of undoubted veracity, he, without having thought of it before, resolves to assume the character, and play it through life. Such too is frequently the origin of remarkable courage, nice honour, &c. &c. Accident often (may I say always) determines whether we shall pursue the paths of virtue or vice. There is no natural vice or virtue in the creature. If he is virtuous through education, he is so by accident. — This happens to have a vicious education, and he comes to an untimely end; that has a virtuous one, and he dies an honourable death—change the accident and you change the man."

If this severe comment on mankind be true, the education of our children (I mean to get some when I've time) is of the last importance to us, as on that, and therefore on us, depend their future conduct, honour, and prosperity.

Barclay had now lived for some time enjoying his friend's company, in chambers not far distant from those occupied by Keppel. His only care was to resolve on what business or profession he should follow. The more he thought on this subject, the less inclination he found to decide on a thing from which he promised himself no pleasure. However, ACCIDENT (that great genius, who so often directs the conduct of mortals and makes them famous, or defames them without an energy of their own) at last fixed on a pursuit for him, which he reluctantly, but from necessity, adopted. As this circumstance will make a strange confusion in our story, and utterly destroy the simplicity of the narration which has preceded it, I shall beg (*take*) leave to terminate every thing that it seems necessary to say, before we enter upon it.

When Barclay removed from his father's house to chambers, Gregory without being desired, or asking whether he might, attended close at his heels, as a matter of course, and set about doing every thing there was to be done, with his usual diligence.

Our friend Gregory was now between forty and fifty; he was stout and rather short, his height not exceeding five feet.

Of his face, I can only say, that, excepting a nose of no common promise, it had nothing to distinguish it from the vulgar herd of faces, innocent of all meaning. To describe him in word, he held the same rank among nature's works as hardware among the potters.

Of the honesty of his mind and disposition too much cannot be said. His outside was rough like the shell of the cocoa nut, and like the cocoa, his heart contained abundance of sweet milk—the sweet milk of human kindness.

"Well but his vices, sir,—his swearing, and his fondness of—what, sir? What was he fond of? For shame, ma'am don't ask me that.

"You promised to tell, sir, and you know, that a woman's curiosity is—" As restless as St. Vitus's dance! therefore to give you ease, I'll tell you. Now, O goddess of Chastity, send, O send thy sylphs to influence my words and guide my pen? My invocation being at an end, be pleased, madam (for I swear I will not speak out loud), be pleased to lend me your ear—Pooh, that won't do—Do just move your wig a little on one side—there, that'll do. Gregory, madam, was, what I still hope you are not, excessively fond of love! "Pshaw, is that all? And pray, sir, why should not I be fond of love?"

Zounds, ma'am, he was as amorous as a goat!—"Poor fellow, well, I'm sure he's more to be pitied than blamed."

Madam, I honour your feelings, but I shall not venture to remain in private with you any longer!

CHAP. X.

A publican, the marquis of Granby, a petticoat, and Gregory, all jumbled together in one period.—Gregory falls in love, according to South's sermons.—His success.—How he was found out.—What is sometimes meant by the word sin.—The kiss of reconciliation.

AS any figure with a bald head is, to a publican, the sign of the marquis of Granby, so was any thing in a petticoat an angel in the eyes of Gregory. That being the case, he must undoubtedly have possessed much of the virtue of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, to have lived in this great town so long as he did, without being entirely consumed.

Though fortunate in many respects, he was not always successful in his amours. Being sent one day by Barclay, with some trifling message, to Keppel's chambers, he found there a pretty little wench who had lately been hired. The moment he beheld her he fell desperately in love. "In love?" you cry. Yes, in love, if South's definition

of love be just. "It is," says he, "all the powers, vigour, and faculties of the soul, abridged into one inclination. The whole man wrapt up in one desire.*" Such was the case with Gregory. South then adds, "That the soul may sooner leave off to subsist, than to love; and, like a vine, it withers and dies, if it has nothing to embrace." Gregory could never submit to that; he therefore began to embrace the nymph with true Satyric warmth. Having previously enquired whether her master was at home, and learning that he was not, he shut the door, and without any farther ceremony, like Helle was carried by the Ram, he bore her into the bed-chamber. Here, Madam, such a conflict ensued as you can have no idea of.

Alas! poor Gregory, to attack thee in such a situation! Madam, she beat him with a brush, until he was obliged to cry for quarters. She then opened the door, and he was glad to sneak away disgraced and discomfited. Such, indeed, is commonly the end of most love affairs.

But to use the words of a noble lord, "The gallant who goes about to open the trenches in this manner, will generally" (like Gregory) "be soon obliged to raise the siege."

Keppel's maid having never seen Gregory before, and he thinking it full as well, after what had happened, to retire without delivering his message, she could not identify the person who had been there, and, during his absence, committed such an alarming outrage on her virtue. However, as she had fought such a good fight, she was resolved not to lose all the advantage her reputation might derive from it; he therefore described every thing to her master on his return, as minutely as she was able. But she dwelt so much on her own spotless virtue, and gave such a confused account of the ravisher, that none but Keppel, who, knowing Gregory's propensity, shrewdly suspected it was him, could have gathered any thing from it.

Telling Barclay the circumstance next day, without intimating his suspicions, our hero exclaimed, before he had half finished, "As I live, 'twas Gregory! the scoundrel!"

"I guessed as much," cried Keppel, "but we may be both wrong—I am to dine with you to-day let us devise some plan to sound him."

This being agreed upon, at dinner, while Gregory was waiting, Barclay said in a careless manner, "Did you go to my

* Vol. I. p. 60. Sermons.

† Lord Mulgrave, on the bill to prevent the intermarriage of the party concerned., April, 1800.

friend's with that message, yesterday, Gregory?"

"Message?" he replied, in a way as if he had forgotten it.

"Yes," added the other, "the message that I told you to deliver in the course of the evening."

"Ay," cried Gregory, not wishing to tell a lie, and catching at the word *deliver*, "I recollect now—no, sir, I did not deliver it."

Keppel seeing they were baffled here, went on thus, addressing himself to Barclay.

"Apropos of yesterday—The strangest thing happened while I was out, that you ever heard. A man, I know not who, called at my chambers, and being told that I was not at home, he rushed in, and ravished my maid servant."

Gregory kept rubbing the glasses as if he meant to rub them to pieces.

"Bless me," cried Barclay, with affected surprise, "pray, what time of the day was it?"

"Some time in the evening," replied the other.

"Well," said our hero, looking steadily at Gregory, whose confusion evidently betrayed his guilt, "I am glad, *sir*, to understand that you were not there last night."

When we say *sir*, to a gentleman, we mean to employ an honourable term; but when we apply it to a servant, as—"So, *sir*," or as it is used above, it is merely an abbreviation of *sirrah*. Gregory felt the full force of the word, and knew his master's suspicions; but not caring to acknowledge the fact, he bowed respectfully to conceal his blushes, and then turned round as if he had something to do at the side-board.

Keppel had made a little embellishment, but finding that of no effect, proceeded to magnify still further.

"Now," said he to Barclay, "I would have forgiven the fellow for anything that he did with the girl, since his passions might have run away with him, but I can never pardon his descending to steal the silver candlestick."

"If I did, I'll be d—d!" cried Gregory, turning hastily around; "as I hope for mercy, I stole nothing!"

Keppel and Barclay could not refrain from bursting out into a fit of laughter, during which, Gregory, conscious how his indignation at being accused of theft had betrayed him, ran out of the room.

While he was absent, Keppel unfolded the whole event minutely, and on Gregory's return, and promising to go and beg

the lady's pardon, he was, with a severe reprimand from Barclay, forgiven.

He never wore livery, and next day, dressing himself in his Sunday's suit, he was, through the intercession of his friends, permitted to give and take the kiss of reconciliation. After this, he was by the nymph herself invited to drink a dish of excellent souchong, and from that moment had free ingress and egress at all times.—What could the man wish for more!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Origin and Explanation of sundry terms, in common use in England, and many of them in use even in this Country, but which are not generally understood.

NOTHING can be more foreign to the original meaning of many words, and proper names, than their present appellations, frequently owing to the history of those things being forgotten, or an ignorance of the language in which they were expressed. Who, for example, when the cryer of a court bawls out *O yes, O yes*, would dream that it was a proclamation commanding the talkers to become hearers, being the French word *Oyez*, (*listen*) retained in our courts ever since the pleadings were held in law French? Or would any person suppose that the head-land on the French coast, near Calais, called by our seamen, *Black-Ness*, could be so titled from its French name *Blanc-Nes*, or the *White Head-Land*.

Henry VIII. having taken the town of Boulogne in France, the gates of which he brought to Hardees in Kent, where they are still remaining, the flatterers of this reign highly magnified the action, which, Porto-Bello like, became a popular subject for signs; and the port or harbour of Boulogne, called *Boulogne Mouth*, was accordingly set up as a noted inn in Holborn. The name of the inn long out-living the sign and fame of the conquest, an ignorant painter, employed by a no less ignorant landlord to paint a new one, represented it by a bull and large gaping mouth. This sign is still in being in Bull and Mouth-street.

The same piece of history gave being to the Bull and Gate, originally meant for Boulogne Gate, and represented by an embattled gate, or entrance into a fortified town.—The Barber's Poll has been the subject of many conjectures; some conceiving it to be originated from the word *poll*, or *head*, with several other conceits, as far-fetched and as unmeaning; but the

true intention of that party-coloured st was to shew the master of the shop practised surgery, and could breathe a vein well as now a beard, such a staff being every village practitioner put into the ha of a patient undergoing Phlebotomy. The white band which encompasses the st was meant to represent the fillet, thus elegantly twined about it.

The Spectator has explained the sign the Bell-Savage inn plausibly enough, supposing it to have been originally the fig of a beautiful female, found in the wood called in French *La Belle Sauvage*. Another reason has since been given for appellation, namely, that the inn was the property of a lady Arabella Savage and familiarly called Bell Savage's; probably represented, as at present, by a Bell and a Savage, or wild man, which a rebus for her name, rebusses being in fashion in the 16th century, of which the Bolt and Tun is an instance.

The three Blue Balls, prefixed to doors and windows of pawn-brokers' shops by the vulgar humourously said to indi that it is two to one that the things pledged never redeemed, were in reality the arms of a set of merchants from Lombardy, were the first that publicly lent money pledges. They dwelt together in a street from that circumstance named Lombard street, in London; and also gave name to another in Paris.—The appellation of Lombard was formerly all over Europe considered as synonymous to that of Usury. At the institution of the Yeomen of the Guard they used to wait at tables at great solemnities, and were ranged the buffets: this procured them the name of *Buffeters*, not very unlike, in sound, the jocular appellation of *buff-eaters*, given them; though probably it was the voluntary misnomer of some wit, than an accidental corruption arising from ignorance of the French language.

The opprobrious title of *Bum Bail* constantly bestowed on Sheriffs' Officers, is, according to Judge Blackstone, on corruption of bound Bailiff, every Sheriff Officer being obliged to enter into bond and to find security for his good behaviour previous to his appointment.

A *Corduaner* seems to have no relation to the occupation it is meant to express, which is that of a *Shoe-Maker*; but *Cordiere*, spelt *Corduaniere*, is the French word for that trade. The best leather shoes coming originally from Cordova in Spain, Spanish leather shoes were famous in England.

ORIGINAL TALE.

The Ruins.

(CONTINUED.)

"HAIL to the mighty Mercia," said he, I entered, "the haughty noble, whose power is so universally acknowledged—ose frown, in times not long past, posed the basilisk's power; but neither ose power nor frowns can reinstate him his former honours, nor liberate him n the power of his despised and hated ther. Didst thou think that because I pened to receive my existence a short e after thee, that I would tamely see elf excluded by the injustice of the law t that wealth and honour which had n the heritage of my father, and in h I ought to participate?—Didst thou t that when Matilda rejected the insult Arthur, to accept the demure affecta- of his brother, enforced by the poson of the earldom of Mercia, that I ld passively submit?—Didst thou t that I would yield obedience to the prity assumed by the haughty earl of ia; that I would endure the insulting e he daily offered, and not think on ge?—No; of that power you refus- o suffer me to participate, I will be ossessor; and love and revenge shall atified in the possession of Matilda, ntrolled by the rigid dictates of matri- d propriety—" "Hold!" I ex- ed, unable to restrain my resentment; d, thou fiend of darkness, who with eal pleasure, exults in the misery ed by thy arts, nor profane the name Matilda, by suffering it to escape mallowd lips. Can you disregard ed bond of your oath, and smile t as you have done the violation of law of your country, of every frater- ?—Appeal to your conscience, and s not yet grown callous to sensations orse, it will tell you that you have ed, and will receive an eternal pun- t." "Unworthy descendant and ntative of your renowned ances- replied Arthur, "to suffer you o be subjected to the superstitious ee of oaths, to imitate all the mum- f priest-craft, and to be so credu- to believe in their artful deceptions, the existence of a futurity. Oaths ade to bind children; to tie the ind, enervated by the influence of

bigotry and superstition, to the execution of things in their nature divagrecable; but the elevated mind, unencumbered with the ridiculous ideas of religion, which the vulgar entertain, soars far above those bonds which the cunning of priests instituted to chain down the noble ambition of the soul. Still I cannot divest myself of every trace of that foolish weakness, stiled in the language of fools, fraternal affection; and, will therefore, upon certain conditions, pardon the many injuries I have sustained, and accord to you a forgiveness you do not deserve." "I must indeed, I answered, be humiliated to demand favours of my brother, or to receive his kindly proffered pardon; but, thank heaven, I possess so much of the courage of my ancestors as to reject all your conditions, and dare you to wreck on me your vengeance."—"Then," rejoined the wretch, "this night your soul wings its flight to its future imaginary residence, and fortune, propitious to my wishes, gives Matilda to my arms."—"Blasphemous wretch, may heaven's surest vengeance overtake thee, may the avenging lightning speed thy departure to thy native hell, if thou durst attempt a deed which will render thee for ever accursed. No," I continued, lost as thou art to all sense of virtue, thou canst not do it. The peace of Matilda is far dearer to me than life; and if thy conditions will restore her to tranquillity and happiness, let me hear them." With the greatest calmness, the villainous Arthur proposed his conditions. They were, that I should retire to a convent, disavow my union with my wife, the pride of my heart, or engage to procure a divorce from her; and to resign to the monster the possession of my estate, yield all title to Matilda, and thus become the willing instrument of my own dishonour. I need not tell you that his infamous proposals were rejected with disdain. The consequence was that I was instantly conducted to one of the turrets of the castle, where a small window, secured with iron bars placed alternately across each other, admitted the light of day. My prison was large, but after anxiously investigating every part of it, to find an outlet, I found my scrutiny vain, and was obliged to retire to my couch of straw, convinced that there was no method of escape that I could adopt, as the door by which I had entered was so well fastened as rendered an elopement impossible. The distresses which had thus unexpectedly overwhelmed me, the situation of my wife, and the unprotected state of our infant daughter, conspired to rob me of repose; and when at

length I sunk into a broken slumber, waded on the wings of imagination, I beheld the pale form of Matilda, sinking under the sufferings of a cruel confinement, and tormented with the insulting offers of my revengeful brother.

"But," continued Manston, "I have been so prolix that it is already the noon of night," and it would be encroaching on your repose to continue my story now; so with your consent we will postpone it till another evening, and return to the cottage." Maria acquiesced in the judgment of the noble recluse, and they slowly returned to the lowly mansion, where Manston quickly retired to his couch.

JULIUS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 19, 1801.

FULLY persuaded, that almost every person would wish to preserve so important a public document as the following, the editor deems no apology necessary for inserting, in preference to other articles prepared for this week, the

MESSAGE

Of the President of the United States, sent to both Houses of Congress, at the opening of their present session.

SIR,

DECEMBER 8, 1801.

THE circumstances under which we find ourselves at this place rendering inconvenient the mode heretofore practised, of making by personal address the first communications between the Legislative and Executive branches, I have adopted that by message, as used on all subsequent occasions throughout the session.—In doing this, I have had principal regard to the convenience of the Legislature, to the economy of their time, to their relief from the embarrassment of immediate answers, on subjects not yet fully before them, and to the benefits thence resulting to the public affairs.—Trusting that a procedure, founded in these motives, will meet their approbation, I beg leave, through you, Sir, to communicate the enclosed message, with the documents accompanying it, to the honourable the House of Representatives, and pray you to accept, for yourself and them, the homage of my high respect and consideration.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The honourable the Speaker of }
the House of Representatives. }

*Fellow Citizens of the Senate,
and of the House of Representatives.*

It is a circumstance of sincere gratification to me, that on meeting the great council of the nation, I am able to announce to them, on grounds of reasonable certainty, that the wars and troubles, which have for so many years afflicted our sister nations, have at length come to an end; and that the communications of peace and commerce are once more opening among them. Whilst we devoutly return thanks to the Beneficent Being, who has been pleased to breathe into them the spirit of conciliation and forgiveness, we are bound, with peculiar gratitude, to be thankful to him that our own peace has been preserved through so perilous a season, and ourselves permitted quietly to cultivate the earth, and to practise and improve those arts which tend to increase our comforts. The assurances indeed of friendly disposition received from all the powers with whom we have principal relations, had inspired a confidence that our peace with them would not have been disturbed. But a cessation of the irregularities which had afflicted the commerce of neutral nations, and of the irritations and injuries produced by them, cannot but add to this confidence; and strengthens at the same time, the hope that wrongs committed on unoffending friends, under a pressure of circumstances, will now be reviewed with candour, and will be considered as founding just claims of retribution for the past, and new assurances for the future.

Among our Indian neighbours also a spirit of peace and friendship generally prevails; and I am happy to inform you that the continued efforts to introduce among them the implements and the practise of husbandry, and of the household arts, have not been without success: That they are become more and more sensible of the superiority of this dependence for cloathing and subsistence, over the precarious resources of hunting and fishing;—and already we are able to announce, that instead of that constant diminution of numbers produced by their wars and their wants, some of them begin to experience an increase of population.

To this state of general peace with which we have been blessed, one only exception exists.—Tripoli, the least considerable of the Barbary states, had come forward with demands unfounded either in right or in compact, and had permitted itself to denounce war, on our failure to comply before a given day. The stile of the demand admitted but one answer. I sent a small squadron

of frigates into the Mediterranean, with assurances to that power of sincere desire to remain in peace; but with orders to protect our commerce against the threatened attack. The measure was seasonable and salutary. The Bey had already declared war in form. His cruisers were out. Two had arrived at Gibraltar. Our commerce in the Mediterranean was blockaded, and that of the Atlantic in peril. The arrival of our squadron dispelled the danger. One of the Tripolitan cruisers having fallen in with and engaged the small schooner *Enterprise*, commanded by Lieutenant Sterret, which had gone out as a tender to our larger vessels, was captured, after a heavy slaughter of her men, without the loss of a single one on our part. The bravery exhibited by our citizens on that element, will, I trust, be a testimony to the world, that it is not a want of that virtue which makes us seek their peace; but a conscientious desire to direct the energies of our nation to the multiplication of the human race; and not to its destruction. Unauthorized by the Constitution, without the sanction of Congress, to go beyond the line of defence, the vessel being disabled from committing further hostilities, was liberated with its crew. The Legislature will doubtless consider, whether, by authorizing measures of offence also, they will place our force on an equal footing with that of its adversaries. I communicate all material information on this subject, that in the exercise of the important function, confided by the Constitution to the Legislature exclusively, their judgment may form itself on a knowledge and consideration of every circumstance of weight.

I wish I could say that our situation with all the other Barbary states was entirely satisfactory. Discovering that some delays had taken place in the performance of certain articles stipulated by us, I tho't it my duty, by immediate measures for fulfilling them, to vindicate to ourselves the right of considering the effect of departure from stipulation on their side. From the papers which will be laid before you, you will be enabled to judge whether our treaties are regarded by them as fixing at all the measure of their demands, or as guarding against the exercise of force on our vessels within their power; and to consider how far it will be safe and expedient to leave our affairs with them in their present posture.

I lay before you the result of the Census lately taken of our inhabitants, to a conformity with which we are to reduce the ensuing rates of representation and taxa-

tion. You will perceive that the increase of numbers during the last ten years, proceeding in geometrical ratio, premises a duplication in little more than twenty-two years. We contemplate this rapid growth, and the prospect it hold up to us, not with a view to the injuries it may enable us to do to others in some future day, but to the settlement of the extensive country still remaining vacant within our limits, to the multiplication of men, susceptible of happiness, educated in the love of order, habituated to self-government, and valuing its blessings above all price.

Other circumstances, combined with the increase of numbers, have produced an augmentation of revenue arising from consumption, in a ratio far beyond that of population alone; and though the changes in foreign relations now taking place, so desirable for the whole world, may for a season affect this branch of revenue, yet, weighing all probabilities of expence, as well as of income, there is reasonable ground of confidence that we may now safely dispense with all the internal taxes, comprehending excises, stamps, auctions, licences, carriages and refined sugars: to which the postage on newspapers may be added, to facilitate the progress of information: and that the remaining sources of revenue will be sufficient to provide for the support of government, to pay the interest of the public debts, and to discharge the principals in shorter periods than the laws, or the general expectation had contemplated. War, indeed, or untoward events may change this prospect of things, and call for expences which the imposts could not meet. But sound principles will not justify our taxing the industry of our fellow-citizens to accumulate treasure for wars to happen we know not when, and which might not, perhaps, happen, but from the temptations offered by that treasure.

These views, however, of reducing our burthens, are formed on the expectation that a sensible, and at the same time a salutary reduction may take place in our habitual expenditures. For this purpose, those of the civil government, the army and navy, will need revision. When we consider that this government is charged with the external and mutual relations only of these states; that the states themselves have the principal care of our persons, our property and our reputation; constituting the great field of human concerns, we may well doubt whether our organization is too complicated, too expensive; whether our offices and officers have not been multiplied unnecessarily, and sometimes injured.

y to the service they were meant to promote. I will cease to be laid before you in essay towards a statement of those, who, under public employment of various kinds, draw money from the treasury, or from our citizens. Time has not permitted a perfect enumeration, the ramifications of office being too multiplied and remote to be completely traced in a first trial.—Among those who are dependent on executive discretion, I have begun the recollection of what was deemed unnecessary. The expences of diplomatic agency have been considerably diminished. The inspectors of internal revenue, who were found to obstruct the accountability of the institutions, have been discontinued.—Several agencies, created by Executive authority, salaries fixed by that also, have been pressed, and should suggest the expediency of regulating that power by law, so as to subject its exercises to Legislative censure and sanction? Other reformations of the same kind will be pursued with that caution which is requisite, in reeling useless things, not to injure what is retained. But the great mass of public service is established by law, and therefore law alone can be abolished. Should the Legislature think it expedient to pass a bill in review, and to try all its parts by the test of public utility, they may be aided of every aid and light which Executive information can yield. Considering the general tendency to multiply offices and dependencies, and to increase expence to the ultimate term of burthen which the people can bear, it behoves us to avail ourselves of every occasion which presents for taking off the surcharge; that it may be seen here that, after leaving out the smallest portion of its earnings which it can sustain, government itself consume the residue of what is instituted to guard.

Our care too of the public contributions entrusted to our direction, it would be prudent to multiply barriers against dissipation, by appropriating specific money to every specific purpose susceptible of it: by disallowing all application of money varying from the appropriate object, or transcending it in any way; by reducing the undefined field of agencies, and thereby circumscribing discretionary powers over money; and by giving back to a single department all liabilities for money, where the expense may be prompt, efficacious and permanent.

Account of the receipts and expences of the last year, as prepared by the

Secretary of the Treasury, will, as usual, be laid before you. The success which has attended the late sales of the public lands, shews that, with attention, they may be made an important source of receipt. Among the payments, those made in discharge of the principal and interest of the national debt, will shew that the public faith has been exactly maintained. To these will be added an estimate of appropriations, necessary for the ensuing year. This last will of course be affected by such modifications of the system of expence as you shall think proper to adopt.

A statement has been formed by the Secretary at war, on mature consideration of all the posts and stations where garrisons will be expedient, and of the number of men requisite for each garrison. The whole amount is considerably short of the present military establishment. For the surplus, no particular use can be pointed out. For defence against invasion, their number is as nothing; nor is it considered needful or safe that a standing army should be kept up in time of peace for that purpose. Uncertain as we must ever be of the particular point in our circumstance, where an enemy may chuse to invade us, the only force which can be ready at every point, and competent to oppose them, is the body of neighbouring citizens, as formed into a Militia. On these collected from the parts most convenient, in numbers proportioned to the invading force, it is best to rely, not only to meet the first attack, but if it threatens to be permanent, to maintain the defence until regulars may be engaged to relieve them. These considerations render it important that we should, at every session, continue to amend the defects, which from time to time shew themselves, in the laws for regulating the militia, until they are sufficiently perfect: nor should we now, or at any time, separate, until we can say we have done every thing for the militia, which we could do, were an enemy at our door.

The provision of military stores on hand, will be laid before you, that you may judge of the additions still requisite.

With respect to the extent to which our naval preparations should be carried, some difference of opinion may be expected to appear; but just attention to the circumstances of every part of the union, will doubtless reconcile all. A small force will probably continue to be wanted, for actual service in the Mediterranean. Whatever annual sum beyond that you may think proper to appropriate to naval preparations, would perhaps be better em-

ployed in providing those articles which may be kept without waste or consumption, and be in readiness when any exigence calls them into use. Progress has been made, as will appear by papers now communicated, in providing materials for seventy-four gun ships, as directed by law.

How far the authority given by the Legislature for procuring and establishing scutes for naval purposes, has been perfectly understood, and pursued in the execution, admits of some doubt. A statement of the expences already incurred on that subject shall be laid before you. I have in certain cases, suspended or slackened these expenditures, that the Legislature might determine whether so many yards are necessary as have been contemplated. The works at this place are among these permitted to go on: and five of the seven frigates directed to be laid up, have been brought and laid up here, where, besides the safety of their position, they are under the eye of Executive administration, as well as its agents, and where yourselves also will be guided by your own view, in the legislative provisions respecting them, which may from time to time be necessary. They are preserved in such condition, as well the vessels as whatever belongs to them, as to be at all times ready for sea on a short warning. Two others are yet to be laid up so soon as they shall have received the repairs requisite to put them also in a sound condition. As a superintending officer will be necessary at each yard, his duties and emoluments hitherto fixed by the Executive, will be a more proper subject for Legislation. A communication will also be made of our progress in the execution of the law, respecting the vessels directed to be sold.

The fortifications of our harbours, more or less advanced, present considerations of great difficulty. While some of them are on a scale sufficiently proportioned to the advantages of their position, to the efficacy of their protection, and the importance of the points within it, others are so extensive, will cost so much in their first erection, so much in their maintenance, and require such a force to garrison them, as to make it questionable what is best now to be done. A statement of those commenced or projected, of the expences already incurred, and estimates of their future cost, as far as can be foreseen, shall be laid before you, that you may be enabled to judge whether any alteration is necessary in the laws respecting this subject.

Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and navigation, the four pillars of our pro-

perity, are then most thriving when left most free to individual enterprise. Protection from casual embarrassments, however, may sometimes be seasonably interposed. If in the course of your observations or enquiries they should appear to need any aid, within the limits of our constitutional powers, your sense of their importance, is a sufficient assurance they will occupy your attention. We cannot, indeed, but all feel an anxious solicitude for the difficulties under which our carrying trade will soon be placed. How far it can be relieved, otherwise than by time, is a subject of important consideration.

The judiciary system of the United States, and especially that portion of it recently erected, will of course present itself to the contemplation of Congress; and that they may be able to judge of the proportion which the institution bears to the business it has to perform, I have caused to be procured from the several states, and now lay before Congress, an exact statement of all the causes decided since the first establishment of the courts, and of those which were depending, when additional courts and judges were brought in to their aid.

And while on the judiciary organization, it will be worthy your consideration, whether the protection of the inestimable institution of juries has been extended to all the cases involving the security of our persons and property. Their impartial selection also being essential to their value, we ought further to consider whether that is sufficiently secured in those states, where they are named by a marshal depending on executive will, or designated by the court, or by officers depending on them.

I cannot omit recommending a revival of the laws on the subject of naturalization. Considering the ordinary chances of human life, a denial of citizenship under a residence of fourteen years, is a denial to a great proportion of those who ask it; and controls a policy pursued, from their first settlement, by many of these states, and still believed of consequence to their prosperity. And shall we refuse to the unhappy fugitives from distress, that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our fathers arriving in this land?—Shall oppressed humanity find no asylum on this globe? The Constitution, indeed, has wisely provided that, for admission to certain offices of important trust, a residence shall be required, sufficient to develop character and design. But might not the general character and capabilities of a citizen be safely communicated to every

one manifesting bona fide purpose of embarking his life and fortunes permanently with us? With restrictions, perhaps, to guard against the fraudulent usurpation of our flag; an abuse which brings so much embarrassment and loss on the genuine citizen, and so much danger to the nation of being involved in war, that no endeavour should be spared to detect and suppress it.

These, fellow-citizens, are the matters respecting the state of the nation, which I have thought of importance to be submitted to your consideration at this time.—Some others of less moment, not yet ready for communication, will be the subject of separate messages. I am happy in this opportunity of committing the arduous affairs of our government to the collected wisdom of the union. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to inform, as far as in my power, the Legislative judgment, or to carry that judgment into faithful execution. The prudence and temperance of your discussion will promote, within your own walls, that conciliation which so much befriends rational conclusion; and by its example, will encourage among our constituents that progress of opinion which is tending to unite them in object and will. That all should be satisfied with any one order of things is not to be expected; but I indulge the pleasing persuasion that the great body of our citizens will cordially concur in honest and disinterested efforts, which have for their object to preserve the general and state governments in their constitutional form and equilibrium; to maintain peace abroad, and order and obedience to the laws at home; to establish principles and practices of administration favourable to the security of liberty and property, and to reduce expences to what is necessary for the useful purposes of government.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE BACHELOR presents his compliments to the *Maid* and the *Cross Old Maid*. He has been, and is at present much engaged in business of far greater importance to the public than even the marriage of any of the three could be; but he hopes in a few days to be able to answer them both. He would indeed have ere this attended to the *Maid* at least, if he had even been obliged to sacrifice his rest to the purpose, had he not had cogent reasons for supposing them to be only two "abominable male animals."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET X.

TO REFLECTION.

*Reflection, as a mirror fair,
Discloses truly what we are,
And what we ought to be.*

E—.

HAIL! mighty Pow'r, that mov'st the sentrinit mind,
Soul of all soul, and Judgment's arbiter—
Thou dost the noblest principles confer,
And teachest man for what he was designed.

How keenly-piercing is thine eagle-eye!
How swift it traverses whole ages thro';
Scanning existing worlds, creating new,
And learning both thro' time & space to fly!

Thou mark'st where Reason and where Instinct join;
Dost Nature's dignity and foible shew;
Point to all solid joy and bliss below;
Then lead to happier scenes in worlds divine.

Enchanting Pow'r! by all mankind confessed,
Be thou the charming inmate of my breast.

AMYNTOR.

Marriages.

MARRIED... In this City... On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Janeway, Mr. Charles Dinger, to Miss Margaret Wiley... On the 12th, by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. Samuel Singleton, to Miss Sarah Kernon.... On the 13th, by the Rev. Mr. Helmuth, Mr. Thomas Diehl, Merchant, to Miss Helena Jacoby, daughter of Leonard Jacoby, Esq.... On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Samuel Wylie, Mr. Wm. Wallace, to Miss Mary Guiland, both of Southwark.

..... At Elizabethtown, on the 9th inst. Samuel Denham merchant, to Miss Ann Maria Hampton, daughter of Jonathan Hampton, Esq. of the said place.

Deaths.

D'ED... In this City... On the 5th, Aet. 33 Mrs. Catherine Pancake, late consort of Col. Philip Pancake.... On the 12th inst. Mr. Thomas Canby merchant, in the 74th year of his age... On the 14th, inst. Mrs. Margaret Heister, wife of Mr. John Heister, of Reading, and daughter of Mr. John Fries of this city, Merchant.

..... At his seat in Jefferson County, Virginia, on the 25th ult. in the 66th year of his age, Gen. Wm. Darke.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Address to Anytown"—"Aurelia, a Scrap" and several other communications received this week, will be duly attended to.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

CARD

TO J. C. ON HIS ODE TO INNOCENCE.

AMYNTOR's compliments to friend J. C.—
And thanks him for that liberality,
And delicacy, which so sweetly sin'd
In *Innocence* his truly simple child.
Its brow so modest, yet its eye so keen,
So sharp its wit, yet aspect so serene;
In all its features so much genius plays,
While Fancy gives it more than rainbow-rays,—
That "he who runs may read," who reads
must know,
That from J. C. alone such traits could flow;
J. C. whose vast capacity of mind
Takes in all knowledge of all human kind—
From little school-boys, learning A B C,
To Newtons sailing in immensity.

Pardon the muse, who, partial to your
fame,
Expresses thus her admiration-flame;
Soon will she give a livelier tribute due,
To Science, Learning, Poetry and You.

As Comets' visits to the earth are rare,
Wonder excite, and make the vulgar stare;
And, when in our they go, on tour sublime,
Shine bright in record on the page of Time:
So, Genus such as yours, with peerless rays,
Lights in our Western hemisphere ablaze,
That shall insure your excellence and name.
A niche distinguish'd in the Pantheon of Fame.
Thus shall that name no more a cypher be,
But GREAT SCRIBBLERS;—that the world
may see

Columbia can discern, and will reward
Talents and merits worthy her regard:
Hence, like your glorious namesake fam'd
of old,

You'll live in adamant, and blaze in gold;
Poets and Authors all shall bow to you,
Great Bard of *Pathos* and of *RATHOS* too!
Nay, start not—blush not—do not seek to
hide,

That worth which soon shall be your great-
est pride:

Remember, your dear friend your picture
draws,

Who fears not censure, nor yet seeks ap-
plause;

Conscious, that Truth and Virtue will pre-
vail,

When CRITICS' sneers and RHYMSTERS'
no. 1250 fail.

Well do I know, that innate *Modesty*
Would always keep you from the public eye;
And your sweet prose, and poems half di-
vine,

To dread obscurity's fell shades consign:
That you, so great a stranger to all art,
Ne'er felt one *Vanity* invade you heart;
But as sincerely strive to shun all praise,
As others fly for wealth's or honour's blaze.

Henceforth, from praise you shall no longer
run;

Already your Fulgum is begun—
Completed half—but, pray what makes you
start?

You know, it must be finish'd part by part;
And, rest assur'd, altho' the work be long,
You shall not see it in a *swain* song.
Thus, of the plan I'll here a hint suggest,
That you may form some notion of the rest:
Ver, do not hastily condemn my plan,
But it with all its parts together scan.

In just gradation, "pointing to the skies,"
Like a fair pyramid, your works arise.
The base, with various tropes and figures
grac'd,

Resembles AFRIC'S NATIVES,* clime and
waste:

Here heat, to *sable Innocence* insures
An intellect and mind as *light* as yours.

Then opens fairer to th' admirer's view,
An EDUCATION-PLAN* of varied hue;

Here many a half-form'd thought, and sen-
tence, plays

Motley as broken flax on windy days.

Next GRAMMAR* shines, and shines su-
premely bright,

With your own native unassisted light:

Here, all at random, *points and marks* ad-
vance,

And, as they please, in sweet confusion
dance.

Now, as the apex of the learned pyre,
See MOON-STUCK FEVER* sweep the
trembling lyre:

Glories, fierce-glaring, form her crowning
wreath,

And to th' astonish'd world stream dread and
death;

While *Slender*, ghastly phantoms sit around,
And yell her victories in a hideous sound:

Here, rhyme and reason hold continual jars,
And sense and nonsense wage eternal wars—

Blest "lights and shades" whose well-ac-
counted strife,

"Give the full force and colour of the
life."

Immortal pyre! Immortal be thy praise,
When marble columns fall, and time de-
cays:

With laurel crown'd, thou shalt the Fates
defy,

And, like SCRIBBLERS' fame, shalt never,
never die!

Excuse, if this a card's small bounds ex-
ceed;

I do not mean to offend, "indeed and deed;"
Soon, if you wish, you shall the sequel see;

Till then, I'm yours—"Adieu! Remember
me." AMYNTOR.

* Verbum sapienti.

0008200A

ON A GENTLEMAN MARRYING A
MISS ROD.

THE wedded State has oft been stild
The scourge of joys 'tis odd,
Its chastening hand though Damon knew,
He bending kissed the Rod.

LINES

BY G. S. CAREY,

On a Lady requesting a celebrated Artist to engrave
her a Seal, representing the Figure of Truth
attired in a Mantle.

WHEN Truth was seen attir'd in days of
yore,

She then, 'tis told, a spotless mantle wore,
White as the mountain snow, pure as her
mind,

That Envy's self could scarce a blemish find;
But Falsehood finding Truth was much ad-
mir'd,

Her breast, at once, with jealous rage was
fir'd;

Pluck'd the light vest that hung with match-
less taste,

From her fair shoulders wreathing round
her waste;

Which left a naked emblem to the eye,
A monument of innate modesty:

But Mira (ever to her laws betroth'd)
Had often wish'd to see the maiden cloth'd,

A milk-white garment gave—quite griev'd
to see,

That truth resembled—bare Necessity.

On a Lady presenting the Author with a
Seal which had the Figure of
HOPE upon it.

By the Same.

WHEN on the pliant wax this seal is laid,
Hope with her various emblems is pour-
tray'd.

Useless the gift—already on my mind
You've made impression of a deeper kind.

Ay, seal accept—I'll place (my love to speak)
Hope on my lip, and press it to your cheek.

Answer to the RERUS in the 8th page of the
last number.

MISS MARY SIMPSON.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMATICAL LIST
OF YOUNG LADIES IN OUR LAST.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 15. Miss Campbell | 16. Miss Tod |
| 17. Miss Biddle | 18. Miss Simpson |
| 19. Miss Ashmead | 20. Miss Lane |
| 21. Miss Nathans | 22. Miss Pratt |
| 23. Miss Jacoby | 24. Miss Phillips |
| 25. Miss Shields | 26. Miss Wilson |
| 27. Miss Wager | 28. Miss Gratz |

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Saturday, December 26, 1801.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XI.

Tradesmen.—The danger of paying debts.—A proof of friendship.—A barber.—How Gregory brought tears into the eyes of a merciless beadle.—Why he turned valet.—His behaviour when Barclay told him they must part.

IN the tradesmen of London there is such a spirit of gambling, that tailors will make you up a dozen suits of clothes, upholsterers furnish your house, butchers send you meat; and coal-merchants coals, with a very remote chance of being paid, rather than lose the opportunity of doing business. Barclay experienced the truth of this assertion; for having run through the wreck of his father's property, he insensibly incurred debts to the amount of several hundred pounds. His insensibility, however, did not last long. The dunning of his creditors soon roused him from his trance.

Rabelais tells us a story of one Philippot Piacet, who, being brisk and hale, fell dead as he was paying an old debt, which perhaps causes many, says he, not to pay theirs, for fear of the like accident. Such, however, was not the cause of our hero's not discharging his. He would willingly have paid them, but knew not how to raise the means without sacrificing his independence.

I once had a friend, who was remarkably fond of spending other people's money, and to this end, constantly borrowed of all

he knew, except myself. Now weighing this in my mind, I was convinced that it was the greatest mark of friendship he could shew me, and I made this apophthegm in consequence: Be sure that a man values your friendship, if he borrows from all his acquaintance, and not from you. The thing speaks for itself. I certainly wish to see as little as possible of the man who has lent me money, especially if I am unable or unwilling to repay it. Of course it necessarily follows, that I shall carefully avoid putting myself in this predicament with one I esteem and wish to be with continually.

This reflection in some measure operated in preventing Barclay from applying in his emergency to his friend. He, therefore, by gentle words and fair promises, postponed the day of payment.

He now, however, began to think seriously of some employment that might contribute to his subsistence, and gradually extricate him from a difficulty which gave him much uneasiness. Amidst all his crosses, he still often thought of the fair one he had seen when at Oxford; but he never thought of her without a sigh, and as of one he should see no more. Indeed, granting they should meet again, his misfortunes had left him no hope of being deemed worthy of possessing her.

In a gloomy state of mind he one morning resolved to acquaint Gregory with his situation, and as an act of justice, to send him in search of a master better able to reward him for his services; or, by discharging him, to give him an opportunity of returning to his former trade, which was, previous to his father's taking him to be his valet, that of a hair-dresser or barber.

The breakfast things being removed, Gregory, as usual, made his appearance

with the necessary articles for shaving; and in operation he performed every morning on Barclay's chin. Such, my fair readers, was the fertility of our hero's beard!

"I don't think any man in the kingdom can shave better than you, Gregory," said Barclay, after he had finished.

"Why, sir, for the matter of that," replied he, "I believe, without vanity, that I can shave as well as the best of 'em. I never had but one customer who complained of me all the time I was in business, and that was the beadle of the parish I lived in."

"Aye," said Barclay, "and why did he complain?"

"Why, sir," replied Gregory, "I was told that he was a terrible hard-hearted fellow, who shewed no mercy to the poor, and was never known to shed a tear in his life. He had a very strong beard, sir. I prepared a razor for him, and d—n him, I gave him such a shave!—I proved that he could shed tears,—he shed a basin full!"

"I dare say," added Barclay, "that he did not complain a second time of your shaving?"

"No, sir," said Gregory, "he never came to me again; but did me a great deal of injury in my trade, by defaming me, and I lost several customers owing to it. However, it was a good cause, and I never fretted about it."

"And pray now," Barclay asked, "how much were you able to get in a week by your business?"

"Oh, pretty decent," he replied, "pretty decent. Sixteen shillings a week, without touching a wig: if I had any wig-work I could double it."

"Could you indeed?" said Barclay, "then how came you to think of leaving such a profitable profession to turn valet?"

C H A P. XII.

"Why, to tell you the truth," he rejoined, "I had dressed and shaved your father for about a year, when I fell sick, and could earn nothing. He sent to know why I did not come as usual, and learning the cause, generously supported me thro' a long sickness of seven weeks. I would by little and by little have repaid him, and should have still thought myself bound to him for ever, but he refused it. In a few months after his valet left him, and I offered to take his place. Your father, still thinking he was doing me a kindness, accepted my offer. I lost twenty pounds a-year by the change, but I lived with one whom I would have served for the third of what he gave me." Here Gregory drew the back of his hand across his eyes to wipe away the tears, warm from his heart, that were gushing from them.

"Gregory," said our hero, "you are an honest fellow, and I will not impose upon you. You are now as able as ever to return to that business you were brought up to. I, for my part, have not the power to give you any thing equal to its profits."

"Equal!" exclaimed Gregory, "I will serve you for nothing!"

Barclay could scarcely suppress his feelings. "Gregory," he continued, "my good fellow, I have no money left."

"And do I ask you for money?" cried he. "No; I want no money; I want only to remain your servant."

"In fine," said Barclay, collecting himself, "and in one word, I am plunged deep in debt, and I can keep you no longer."

"Turn—turn—me away!" exclaimed Gregory, throwing the razor and shaving box on the table; "Oh, my young master, I did not think you could have spoken thus to Gregory! Do you not remember your father's words? If you do not, I do, and ever shall—"Do all that is in your power (for I have none), to reward the faithful Gregory." This was his injunction; and how have you fulfilled it? Forgive my boldness, sir,—by doing all that is in your power to break his heart!"

Neither, after this, uttered a word for a considerable time. Barclay was overcome with the affection of Gregory; who first renewed the conversation by saying, in a low and piteous tone, "Pray, sir, don't send me away."

"Well, well!" cried Barclay, "but leave me now."

Gregory snatched up the shaving box and razor, wiped down the table, and was out of the room in a trice.

Low spirits.—A letter from the Rev. Mr. Pawlet.—An advertisement.—Barclay's resolution.—The most common marks of genius.—Mrs. Pawlet.—Hebrew.—How to bring up a daughter so as to make her look upon you with contempt.—A marriage.—The parson.—He is described by St. Paul.—Lord Clarendon's observations on clergymen.—Transformations.—A living encyclopaedia.—Mrs. Pawlet's servants shew well when they're ill.—Connubial comfort.—Why Mr. Pawlet is worse off than the devil.

AFTER passing the morning in a very disagreeable and disheartening train of reflections, our hero went to dine with Keppel at his chambers. His thoughtfulness and depression were so apparent, that his friend could not but observe them.

"What ails you, Barclay?" said he, after the cloth had been taken away, "you have scarcely eaten any thing, and are so uncommonly dull, that I am at a loss to guess what is the matter with you." Barclay made no reply.

"You know, my friend," continued Keppel, "that my purse is at your service, and I shall be very angry with you, if you permit yourself to suffer a moment's pain through any false delicacy on that head."

"Oh no, no!" cried Barclay, affecting a smile, "nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Then," said he, seriously, "what is it that has changed your manner so extraordinarily? Come, I must and will know."

"Why," replied our hero, evasively, "all my thoughts have been occupied in devising some plan for my future conduct: and being unable to hit upon any thing, it has made me low-spirited."

"Pooh!" said Keppel, "is that all?—Come, fill your glass, and leave that to my management. I'll get something that will suit you, depend upon it, before long. But talking of offices, I received a letter this morning, that will make you laugh, and it is on that very account I introduce it. It is from the Rev. Mr. Pawlet, the gentleman with whom the young lady resides who is pledged to me. After giving me a variety of little commissions to execute for him, and saying that my Penelope, and all our friends at — are well, he encloses me the following advertisement, "which," says he, "notwithstanding all I could advance to dissuade her from it, my wife insists on being sent to you, that you may get it inserted in several of the papers. Now what do you imagine a man's wife can advertise for?"

"Faith, I know not," replied Barclay, "perhaps for a lost lap-dog, or a lady's

maid, or something of that insignificant nature."

"Very well!" said Keppel, "now listen."

WANTED.—A man, if young, steady, and diligent; if old, not vicious nor obstinate, who understands Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, Latin, and many of the modern languages. His business will be to transcribe the texts and commentary of a Polyglott bible, now preparing for the press. As the person qualified for this office, will, it is supposed, be a gentleman as well as a scholar, he will be allowed to live with the family, and his persevering industry will be rewarded by a liberal annual stipend.

Apply ———

"Pshaw!" cried Barclay, when he had finished, "you're joking with me."

"Upon my honour I am not," replied Keppel. "But I dare say you would have thought so still more, if you had seen the original advertisement, all he could do was to prevail on her to let him alter the one she had written, which, he affirms, would have filled up three columns of a newspaper; and the best solver of enigmas in the whole kingdom would never have known what she meant, or she wanted."

"I'll go!" cried Barclay.

"Go!" said Keppel, "where?"

"I'll go!" he repeated, in a firmer tone, "you need not put in the advertisement, for I'll go."

"What, go and pass your life in copying an old woman's commentary on the bible? Pooh, you're mad."

"Then I should think," said he, "that I am more fit to enter her service. My friend, I will positively go. At Oxford I studied Hebrew sufficiently to be able to transcribe any thing she may have to do, and I am resolved to be her amanuensis. Leave town I must, for now, to be open with you, I owe a little cash to several tradesmen, which I shall, by this labour, soon be able to pay. I can but try it, you know. Will you recommend me?"

Keppel reflected for a few moments, and then burst out, "Ecod, you shall go, and you shall be received there as well as myself. I am shortly going a circuit in which there are to be some curious trials, at which I wish to be present. I intended to have taken you, but the case is now altered. You shall go to —, and I will join you there in about two months, by which time you will be able to form an opinion of your situation."

"The sooner I go the better," cried Barclay, as if quite pleased with the thought,

but his haste was perhaps more to be ascribed to the recollection of his *attentive* creditors. "To-morrow, next day,—and then you know, as I shall be in the same house with your intended spouse, I can, as the poet says, "*interpret between your love and you.*" Recommend me well, Keppel, say that I am a wonder of genius and learning; and add, that like all true geniuses, I am very diffident, and make little or no display of my talents or acquisitions. I shall be able to support that character admirably."

"So, so," said Keppel, "I see you have recovered your spirits. Well, I'll do every thing for you that's necessary. I'll recommend you so that all your little faults shall be overlooked, and your actual ignorance of some things be taken for modesty or eccentricity, while your indolence and imprudence shall be set down as undoubted marks of genius."

"I have those marks strong upon me," cried Barclay, smiling.

"They are the marks," said Keppel, "that lead many, I believe, to imagine, they're men of genius. I know several too in the world that pass for such who have no other index, symptom, sign, or token of genius, but indolence or imprudence."

Having settled the preliminary business so far, Barclay expressed a wish to be let into the character and history of the lady he was so shortly to be engaged with. In this his friend readily acquiesced, to the following effect.

"To describe Mrs. Pawlet to you," said he, "minutely, which might not be unentertaining, would take me weeks, months, nay a year, and I should then do it very imperfectly. I shall therefore merely confine myself to the remarkable parts of her life and character, leaving you at your leisure to discover the rest.

Mrs. Pawlet was the daughter of a dean, who, despising the common style of educating women, had brought her up with all the austerity of school discipline, instructed her in the dead languages, particularly in Hebrew; and, in a word, reared her as if he intended she should vie with the fathers, put all the scholiasts or ancient authors, both sacred and profane, to the blush, and snatch the bays from the male, and place it on the female brow. She had studied, with little inclination, and great coercion, for a long time, but not without success. The end, however, of this mode of education, was, that she became insufferably affected and dogmatically; held every one she knew, relations

or friends, but especially her father, whom she soon found to be a weak superficial man, in sovereign contempt, and consequently rendered her whole family miserable. The dean's mind was entirely bent on getting her off by marriage, when the father of Mr. Pawlet (who is now dead,) going to pay him a visit, could not help, as a matter of course, saying many handsome things on the learning of his daughter. The dean, being on the watch, caught at the opportunity, and said—

"Yes, sir, she is, I think, such a woman as we have rarely seen. No one, however great, would be disgraced by an alliance with her; but do you know, my old friend," continued he, artfully, "that I have taken a great liking to your son, who is at present curate of my living in ———, which is worth between five and six hundred pounds a year. He is a very honest, good kind of a young man, and if you like to strike the bargain, he shall no longer be my curate, but my son-in-law, and the rector of that parish. My daughter's fortune, beside, is £.5000; but that I shall expect to have settled upon her."

Old Pawlet was dumb with amazement at an offer so beneficial to his son, and so little expected. At length he replied,

"That he felt the honour in the nearest manner, and that nothing could make him so perfectly happy as what he proposed."

"Nor me!" said the dean, and he spoke sincerely. "Away, then, to your son, and let them be one flesh as soon as you please."

One *fact* indeed it was, for the lady was all skin and bone, tall, with a pale, thin, baggard face, and little grey eyes, which were so advantageously placed in her head as to command both the left and the right at the same moment. The strangeness of her dress added to the grotesqueness of her figure.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A U R E L I A :

A SCRAP.

*****It was that part of the year, when Flora's bounteous hand beauntifies the earth with variegated ornaments, breathing sweet perfumes in the mild zephyrs of spring—when the limpid stream, just freed from the icy fetters of winter, ran murmuring through the verdant fields—and

the musicians of nature hailed the rising lamp of Phœbus, whose genial rays dry up the tears of morn, dispensing joy which animates the world—I wandered forth to participate a serenity so congenial to my mind, contemplating a Divinity that shone conspicuous wherever I directed my attention—This was too delightful an entertainment to my mental faculties not to be disturbed by the stern decrees of fate!—Ascending a small eminence, whence Sol's resplendent beams exhaled the morning dew, with transport I beheld, in an alcove formed by Nature's skilful hand, a nymph, whose soul seemed wrapt in sweet devotion, yet distress was apparent in all her lovely features. Amazed at the unexpected sight of beauty, grief, and such apparent devotion blended in the composition of a female, I mused for a moment, when a generous presumption determined me to address the solitary stranger, and should grief afflict her heart, to exert my powers in soothing her perturbed mind.—Just as I came, the fair AURELIA, whose refined charms inspired my heart with sentimental awe, sunk, fainting sunk!—My ready open arms received the drooping maid;—with tender care I bore her to a bank by which a chrysal stream meandering ran—assiduous application of the means again restored to her a transient gleam of life—overhung with clouds of wretchedness:—She kindly thanked me for performing this pleasing melancholy service—her wild demeanor speaking something sad. At length, in accents sweet as Gabriel's notes, she told the circumstance which brought her to the grove—"Young Edwin, noble youth, by heaven endowed with all the virtues which the good esteem, sought in the transport of his ardent love to gain possession of my virgin heart;—alas! too fatal to himself I find, we exchanged our faithful vows of love for love!—Lo! hither oft at dawn the youth would stray, and hither dire revenge pursued his steps. My cruel brother, hateful of our love, sought to implant a dagger in his heart! and oh! in yonder alcove! heavens! what a sight! the breathless EDWIN lies, all drenched in blood!—I can relate no more;—his restless shade desires to meet me in the realms of bliss."—Again she closed her eyes, and tranquil slept, alas! to wake no more.*****

J. W. S.

— — —
M A X I M S.

Trust not him as a friend who is implacable in revenge.

In public as well as private affairs honesty is the best policy.

ORIGINAL TALE.

The Ruins.

(CONTINUED.)

MARIA remained some time at the window of her apartment, enjoying the delightful serenity of the evening. Her thoughts dwelt on the history of Manston, which he had related; and by an involuntary concurrence of ideas, she contrasted it with her own melancholy story. The resemblance excited strange doubts in her bosom, and she felt desirous of hearing the remainder of his adventures. Her ideas reverted to the melancholy situation in which fortune had thrown her, and while she blessed the kind hand of Providence, that had placed her where she was sheltered from persecution, she anticipated with anxiety her future probable destiny. To divert her attention from the gloomy prospect that fancy painted, she contemplated the vast extent of wood that stretched far away on either hand, and from the striking contrast of light and shade, formed by the umbrageous foliage of the forest, which refused admission to the mild beams of the moon, that shone with uncommon lustre above it, and rendered the scene unusually charming, her bosom, agonized with the corroding venom of her own reflections, felt a greater degree of placidity than had been her experience for a long time. Although, from the contemplation of the grandeur and sublimity of the works of nature, she could derive a temporary alleviation of her grief, yet the tranquillity it diffused over her mind was transient as the passing cloud borne on the wings of the breeze across the disc of the glorious luminary of day. No radical defects of capacity or principle occasioned Maria's fall from virtue, and her consequent distresses; but she always considered in a criminal light, what perhaps ought rather to be attributed to the imbecility of her nature: her innate rectitude of soul, and real virtuous principles, taught her to abhor herself for the commission of a crime, which infallibly must, when known, subject her to the contempt of the world, and degrade her in the eyes of every one. From her lute she derived much consolation, and she now touched the strings to calm the agitations of her mind. With a voice exquisitely melodious she accompanied her lute, and sung the following extempore stanzas, indicative of the tenor of her thoughts.

Cease, cease my heart, thou little trembler cease,
To own the impulse of great nature's power;
Let thy tumultuous throbs be hush'd in peace,
And my moist eyes retain the briny show'r.

Ah! see that fearful form, that angry spide,
That stalks around amid the gloom of night,
Appalling every sense with wild affright,
And beckons me away:

'Tis murder'd Virtue's sangry shade,
That points the wound my folly made,
And draws her keen avenging blade,
To shut me from the day.

Ah! when will death relieve my throbbing heart,
And ease the grief that rends my tortur'd breast;
When shall my spirit from its dungeon part,
And soar to realms of never-ending rest.

There no terrific visions shall appear,
To chill my senses with a torpid fear;
Nor mem'ry cause the unavailing tear,
The child of guilt, to flow:

There seraphs cloth'd in robes of light,
With smiles shall meet my ravish'd sight,
And change for day my gloomy night
Of misery and woe.

A deep sigh accompanied the conclusion of the stanza, which seemed to be answered by another from beneath her window. Maria's imagination, disordered by the concurrence of distressful events, was ready to paint the most terrific images, and she almost fancied that the spirits of her departed parents were permitted to revisit the earth to view the situation in which Fortune had placed her. The sigh which had occasioned the responsive one from below, was not repeated; for her faculties seemed to be oppressed with an unconscious stupor, and she had almost suspended her respiration to hear a repetition of the same sound. An interval of some minutes elapsed ere Maria awoke from that state of suspense, to the supposition that it must have been ideal. Her window commanded a view of the ruins, and she had scarcely recovered from her fright, and was smiling at her folly in yielding to the delusions of the imagination, when an object attracted her attention, and suspended her faculties in fear and astonishment. The rays of the moon shone with brilliance on an angle of the ruins, and discovered to her the figure of a man reclining against the wall. Frequent glances towards the cottage of Manston predicted to Maria's imagination that some dreadful evil, pregnant with terror and destruction, hovered over them, and would shortly burst on their devoted heads. Dismay and surprize kept her silent, and rendered her unable to move, or she would have roused Manston from his slumbers, to witness an object which conveyed such strong ideas of impending danger. After gazing around him for a considerable time

and as Maria fancied, making very minute observations on the situation of the cottage, without altering his station, he slowly moved from the spot to the dark shade of a wall, whose durability had withstood the all-destroying hand of time, and disappeared.

Long did Maria remain at the casement, wrapt in terror, surprise and uncertainty. The appearance of a man in the vicinity of the cottage at such a time, and apparently regarding with a scrutinizing eye the humble habitation of the once powerful Mercia, was certainly sufficient cause for dread, and afforded a vast field of conjecture. What could have been the motives for a conduct so singular, and have induced him to penetrate the entangled mazes of the forest, where no track announced the vicinity of man, were hidden beneath the veil of obscurity. She was at length roused from her reverie by the clouds, which, charged with elemental fire, collected over her head, and obscured the face of the moon. From a beautiful serenity the night was suddenly changed to extreme darkness, except when at intervals the "silver planet of the night" would disclose her mild countenance from behind "a parted cloud." The boisterous howling of the wind succeeded to the interrupted tranquillity that had prevailed, and the horrid solemnity with which all surrounding nature was clothed, effectually banished Maria's reflections. She closed the window, and removed to a short distance; but the inexplicable circumstance which had occurred, interested her to such a degree, that her eyes were directed towards the ruins, although the most impenetrable darkness prevailed, and hid them from her view. The storm approached with rapidity. The vivid lightning, which at frequent intervals, shot athwart the lurid horror of the scene, often gave Maria a transient view of the place where the appearance of a stranger had arrested her attention. At length a dreadful clap of thunder almost stunned her with the explosion, and the wakeful Maria instantly retired to her couch to seek refuge in repose from the terrifying agitation in the bosom of nature, which the awful elemental conflict had occasioned. Wearied with long watching, she at length, in spite of the raging of the storm, sunk into a peaceful slumber.

JULIUS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMARK.—The pomp which distinguishes the great man from the mob, defends him not from fever nor from grief.

Characters.

NO. I.

THE OBSTINATE MAN

DOES not hold opinions, but they him; for when he is once possessed with an error, 'tis like the devil, not to be cast out but with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impenetrable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to any thing it lays hold on. His skull is so thick, that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slightest and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves: for opinions that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. If he takes to religion, he has faith enough to save a hundred wiser men than himself, if it were right; but it is too much to be good; and though he deny supererogation, and utterly disclaims any overplus of merit, yet he allows superabundant belief, and if the violence of faith will carry the kingdom of heaven he stands fair for it. He delights, most of all to differ in things indifferent; no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment, and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom than part with the least scruple of his freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into a lighter colour. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which, the French proverb says, is tied faster before it is filled than when it is full; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

HUMOROUS CROSS READINGS,
FOR DECEMBER, 1801.

THE gigantic ox will leave town the 16th inst.—charged with dispatches for the French Republic.

The learned pig—would wish a situation in a counting-house or public office.

Corn has risen this last week—about five feet, 6 or 8 inches high.

'If the thief is taken in this state—he will hear of something much to his advantage.

Two mad dogs, it is said—shook hands, and parted very good friends.

This is to give notice, that my wife Jane—will be exchanged for good arable land in this or Delaware state.

A dreadful fire broke out—but was taken, and safely lodged in goal.

The Philadelphia and Lancaster line of stages—will run a foot race of one mile for 30 dollars.

All Europe has at length—removed to No. 73, Market street.

Preliminaries of peace are signed—by his mark. me the subscriber, Frederick X Wallop.

The celebrated Mammoth cheese—sometimes walks on two legs, sometimes on four.

Something has lately transpired—and expired in a few minutes after.

Honour and integrity—fancy goods.

A number of the ladies of Philadelphia—full length bronze and gilt figures for parlours.

Came to the plantation of the subscriber, a dark bay gelding—he says his name is Christopher Mentz, and that he came passenger in the ship Neptune from Germany.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Let all the beauteous writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God if once compared to thine,
How mean their writings look. WATTS.

MR. HOGAN,

I have carefully read over J. C.'s essay,* as he calls it, on the subject of the Muses; but must confess I do not find any thing he has quoted or asserted sufficient to prove that Urania was ever accounted the patroness of music. I own I was not quite right, according to the pagan mythology, in saying she never lov'd singing, &c. I should have said, she's no patron of singing nor of them who sing, which comprehends all I meant, viz. that Urania was not particularly attached to singing, and is not the supposed patroness of music according to the heathen mythology. I know as well as J. C. and from the same authorities, that

* See No. 3, Vol. II.

the muses are said all to sing; and if singing constitutes a patroness of music, they are of course all patronesses thereof. However, this I deny; and from a deliberate examination of several authorities, I do again assert, roundly or squarely, or in any form he pleases, that in pagan mythology, Urania is not esteemed the patroness of music, but of Astronomy; unless my authorities are ignorant of her attributes. But to throw additional light on the subject, and that they who chuse, may judge for themselves, I will copy verbatim the article *Muses* from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, than which (I expect it will be generally allowed) we need no better authority.

"MUSES, certain fabulous deities amongst the pagans, supposed to preside over the arts and sciences. For this reason it is usual for the poets at the beginning of a poem to invoke these goddesses to their aid.

"The muses were originally only sisters and musicians in the service of Osiris, or the great Egyptian Bacchus, under the instructions and guidance of his son Orus; but in succeeding times they were called the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne or memory.

"These are the only pagan divinities whose worship has been continued through all succeeding changes in the religion and sentiments of mankind. Professors of every liberal art in all the countries of Europe still revere them; particularly the poets, who seldom undertake the slightest work without invoking their aid.

"Sir Isaac Newton tells us, that the singing women of Osiris were celebrated in Thrace by the name of the muses; and that the daughters of Pierus, a Thracian, imitating them, were celebrated by the same name.

"Diodorus Siculus informs us, that Alcomen of Messene, a lyric poet who flourished in the 27th Olympiad, 670 years B. C., makes them the daughters of Uranus and Terra. It has been asserted by some ancient writers, that at first they were only three in number; but Homer, Hesiod, and other profound mythologists admit of nine. In his hymn to Apollo, Homer says,

—By turns the nine delight to sing.

And Hesiod, in his theogony, names them all.—They are said severally to preside over some art or science, as music, poetry dancing, astronomy. By some they are called virgins, because the virtues of education appear invaluable; they are called muses from a Greek word which signifies to explain mysteries, because they have taught things the most curious and important to know, and which are above the comprehension of vulgar minds. Each of their names is said to include some particular allegory: *Clio*, for instance, has been thus called, because those who are pleased in verse acquire immortal fame; *Euterpe* on account of the pleasure accorded to those who hear learned poetry; *Thalia* implies for ever flourishing; *Melpomene*, that her melody insinuates itself into the inner recesses of the soul; *Terpsichore* marks the pleasure which those receive who are versed in the liberal arts; *Erato* seems to indicate that the learned command the esteem and friendship of all mankind; *Polyhymnia*, that many poets are become immortal by the number of hymns which they have addressed to the gods; *Urania*, that those whom she instructs elevate their contemplations and celebrity to the heavens and stars; and lastly the exquisite voice of *Calliope* has acquired her that appellation as the inventress and guardian of eloquence and rhetoric.

An Epigram of Callimachus gives the attributes of the Muses in as many lines—

Calliope the deeds of heroes sings;
Great *Clio* sweeps to history the strings;
Euterpe teaches mimics their silent show;
Melpomene presides o'er scenes of woe;
Terpsichore the flute's soft power displays;
And *Erato* gives hymns the gods to praise;

Polyphonia's skill inspires melodious strains;
Urania wine, the starchy course explains;
 And gay *Thalia's* glass points out where folly reigns.

"This Epigram does not, however, exactly correspond with the ideas of other poets, or of the ancient painters, in characterizing the attributes of the muses. The ancients had numberless ingenious and fanciful ideas concerning the muses which we have not room to recite.

"It seems (says the *Abbe Barthelemy*) as if the first poet, created with the faculties of nature, occasionally were led to invoke the nymphs of the woods, hills and fountains; and that yielding to the prevailing taste for allegory, they gave their names relative to the influence they might be supposed to have over the productions of the mind. At first three muses were only admitted, *Melæce*, *Mneme*, and *Aæle*; that is to say, the meditation or reflection necessary to study; memory, which records illustrious deeds; and song, which accompanies their recital. In proportion as improvement was made in the art of versification, its characters and effects were personified, the number of the muses increased, and the names they now received referred to the charms of poetry, its celestial origin, the beauty of its language, the pleasure and gaiety it inspires, the song and dance which add to its new charms, and the glory with which it is crowned.

"Afterwards were associated with them the graces, whose employment it is to embellish poetry; and love, who is so frequently its object. These ideas took birth in a barbarous country, in Thrace where *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and their disciples, suddenly appeared in the midst of ignorance. The muses were honoured there on the *Peiræan* mount, and extending their dominion, successively took their stations on *Pendus*, *Parnassus*, *Helicon*, and all those solitary places were the painters of nature, surrounded by the most pleasing images, experience the divine glow of inspiration.

"*Pythagoras*, and afterwards *Plato*, make the muses the soul of the planets in our system, from whence the imaginary muse of the spheres."

Likewise from the learned Dr. Ash, who I should suppose is at least as well acquainted with pagan mythology as our friend J. C. we have the following clear and concise account of the attributes of the muses.

"*Clio*, the supposed inventress of history,
Euterpe, the supposed inventress of music or the pipe, and of the mathematics,
Calliope, supposed to have presided over music and poetry.

Melpomene, the patroness of tragedy,
Terpsichore, the supposed inventress of the arts of dancing.

Urania, the patroness of astronomy.
Polyhymnia, is, the goddess of song.
 A to, of hymns and praises.
 "The nymphs grow and ever flourish."

Now let any unprejudiced person, nay, J. C. himself show us where *Urania* is made the patroness of music, according to the pagan mythology.

Indeed from the authorities I have recited, and the view given by these authorities of the subject, I think little more need be said. One observation, however, I cannot help making, which, though not directly connected with the point in hand, manifests a gross absurdity. It is with regard to the propriety of a society, professing sacred harmony as their object, and at the same time assuming the title of a heathen divinity for their patroness—professing to sing the praises of the living and true God, under the tutelage of a fabulous pagan god-

dess! In what view ought a Christian to consider this? Does it not look something like idolatry? every species of which ought to be held in abhorrence, an against which the Most High has denounced awful vengeance.—But I forbear, as that charity which thinketh no evil, induces me to believe, that this very natural consequence was not contemplated by the members of the Uranian Society, in their first establishment.

T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN all the trifles I have written I have always placed usefulness before me as my chief object; how I have succeeded is not for me to determine—Agreeably to this plan, I cannot answer *Amyntor* in the style he has chosen, because it could produce neither amusement or information to the public; and I am convinced it would be no ornament to the Repository—I therefore send him the following short answer.

TO AMYNTOR,

IN ANSWER TO HIS CARD.

—*Well, breathe awhile, and then to't again; and when thou hast tried thyself in silly comparisons, learn me speak.* SHAKESPEARE.

Would fifty productions, all equal in value to the last you wrote, prove that your picture of *INNOCENCE* was well drawn, or that in mine there was one distorted feature?—When you did not do this, did you do any thing to the point?—Remember, my dear sir, that "*Ridicule*" is always a sign of a bad cause, or of want of arguments or capacity for the defence of a good one."

As I have never intentionally written a sentence for which I have reason to blush, when you lay aside ridicule, and have recourse to sober reason, you will again be noticed by J. C.

HILARITY.

*Hither! ye, who are troubled with hypo, and spleen,
 And wish a mind cheerful, and aspect serene;
 All saddest Hilarity chases away,
 As Phœbus the vapours that darken the day.
 What! folly, to mope, or to pine, or to curse,
 Since it makes you more wretched, and your fate worse.* AMYNTOR.

A late writer of some humour and knowledge of the world, introduces, in an ingenious novel, the characters of a libertine and man of chaste habits and deportment. The former is made to say that he should avoid marriage on the principle that it would be impossible to keep the flame of

love burning longer than during one moon. The other in reply, dully observes, that this is precisely the case of the man who declines partaking of a good dinner, lest it should spoil his appetite.

A person happened to call one day upon an acquaintance, found him exercising his wife with that discipline which *Jobson* tries in the Farce of "the Devil to Pay;" and, being hurt at the ungenerous task undertaken by his friend, he begged of him, by all the ties of honour, to forbear; at the same time asking him the occasion of such severe treatment.

"The occasion is," said the enraged husband, "that she will not be mistress in her own house."

His friend expressed great astonishment at the answer, and remarked,—"that the omission was such as he believed no woman ever gave her husband occasion to thrash her for before."

"Ah!" said the husband, "but my wife won't be mistress, because she wants to be master!"

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN IRISH INN-KEEPER AND AN ENGLISHMAN.

Englishman. Holloa, house!

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the house?

Inn. Yes, Sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, Sir, the fare of *Molingar* and *Ballinasloe* are the next week.

Eng. I see.—How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, Sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, Sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, Sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (butter-milk) to burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, Sir, Pat is an excellent porter, he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, Sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope you are not a shark.

Inn. No, Sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any soals?

Inn. For your boots, or shoes, Sir?

Eng. Psha! have you any plaice?

Inn. No, Sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?
Imm. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.
Eng. I must see myself.
Imm. And welcome, Sir, I'll fetch you a looking glass.

A certain master of arts once reading a pompous lecture on the powers of the human mind, defined man as *an animal that draws an inference*. When his lecture was concluded, two of his scholars who did not feel the definition quite satisfactory, walked out to converse about it, and in their perambulations through the town, saw inscribed upon a door, *Wise man, drawing master*. They entered his house, and after some other questions relative to his profession, asked him what he could draw? to which he replied, a landscape, a portrait, or a history piece. "Pray, Sir," said one of them, "can you draw an inference?" "Why, truly," answered he, "never having seen one, or the picture of one, I cannot." On this, they walked into another street, where observing a brewer's dray with a large and powerful horse in the shafts, before a door, one of them patted him on the flank, and remarked that he seemed a very strong animal, to which the drayman fully assented. "I dare say he can draw a great weight," said the scholar. "Indeed he can, master," said the drayman, "indeed he can, a very great weight."—"Pray, my good fellow, do you think he can draw an inference?"—"Sir, he can draw any thing in reason," replied the drayman. The two young men were now satisfied, and returning to the lecture room, one of them thus addressed the reader—"Master, we have been conversing upon your definition, and are convinced that it is stark naught, for we have met with a man, and a wise man too, that cannot draw an inference, and we have met with a horse that can."

ADDRESS.

A humorous writer, in a London paper observes, that every one has a peculiar Address. The address of young men consist in deceiving women; the address of old men in being deceived by them. With a courtier address is the act of convenient submission; with a woman, dissimulation; with a coquette, being now complying, now repulsive; with a man of intrigue it is cunning, and with an ambitious man, policy. The address of a parasite is shewn by accidentally dropping in at the hour of dinner; and the address of most creditors is to conceal their address from creditors.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET XI.

CHRISTMAS.

*Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert ebbeth,
 Prepare a way—a God, a God appears!
 The SAVIOUR comes!.....* POPE.

"Oh, for a Muse of fire!" the soul to raise,
 From world to world, to Heav'n's eternal day;

To catch from Seraphs one inspiring lay
 Of their symphonious Jubilee and praise.

How would I chaunt sweet hymns of sweetest sound,

Of Man's re-union with his Maker GOD!

Whose wondrous Love & Mercy spread abroad,

Commensurate with wide Creation's round.

Oh! glorious theme! for men—for angels pure!

What mind can fathom it! What tongue declare!

Long, long as everlasting ages are,
 MESSIAH and his kingdom shall endure.

Welcome, blest Day! blest feast of Love Divine,

Be thou my sacred joy, my anthems thine.

AMYNTOR.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

Come gentle Sleep, thy drowsy wand extend,

While night's dim shades the silent world enclose,

And weary nature seeks a sweet repose;
 Come gentle Sleep, and to my pray'r attend.

Descend, and hover thou around my bed,
 Oh wrap me up in an oblivious shade;

Let no discordant sounds my ears invade,
 While on my pillow rests my slumbering head.

Oh let no dreadful vision break my rest;
 Bid fancy paint to my enraptured view,

Bright prospects, ever changing, ever new;

At least while dreaming, oh let me bless'd.

Fu oft, oh Sleep, I've felt thy tender care,

And trust that thou again wilt grant my pray'r.

CARLOS.

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 26, 1801.

Marriages.

*Hail, Wedlock! thou happiest station,
 By Heaven and nature designed,
 To soothe each ungenerous passion,
 Enliven and brighten the mind!
 Now, now is the season inviting
 All conjugal pleasures to prove,
 When CHRISTMAS with reason unling;
 Festivity marries with love.* AMYNTOR.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 17th inst. by the hon. Jonathan Bayard Smith, Esq. Mr. Henry Baker, jun. to Miss Mary Ustick, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Ustick....Same evening, by John Warrel, Esq. Mr. Robert Daugherty, to Miss Lydia Russel...Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. William Goodrich, to Miss Margaret Johnston...On the 22d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. George W. Helm, of this city, to Miss Lydia Newson, late of Great Britain.

—At Middletown, (Penn.) on the 17th, at Friend's Meeting, John Dixon, merchant, of this city, to Ruth Richardson, of Attleborough, Bucks County.

Deaths.

*How serious, is the summoning of Death!
 Solemn the moment man resigns his breath!
 Awful that verge of dread Eternity,—
 To which we hasten, and whence none can fly!
 GREAT GOD! our leader and our guardian be;
 And take us, when from Time we go, to THEE.* AMYNTOR.

DEID....In this City....On the 21st inst. Mrs. Sarah Lisle, aged 76 years.

.....At the city of Washington, Miss Jane C. Gardner, late of this city.

.....At Kingston, (Massachusetts,) on the 8th inst. Mr. Ebenezer Cobb, aged 107 years, 7 months, and 6 days; having lived in three Centuries. He was born in Plymouth on the 22d of March, 1694. He was ten years contemporary with Peregrine White, of Marshfield, the first son of New-England, who was born aboard the May-Flower, in Cape-Cod harbour, Nov. 1620, and who died July 22, 1704.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 15th payment of 25 cents, will be collected on Saturday next by the Carriers.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO AMYNTOR.

WHEN fam'd Amyntor strikes the tune-ful lyre.
Kindling in every breast extatic fire;
Warbling in sweetest notes, with grace and ease,
Offending none, but studying all to please:
'Tis then the rival songsters stretch the wing.

And with Amyntor, emulously sing:
Not in melodious numbers, soft and smooth,
Such as adorn thy verse, O! favour'd youth;
But stiff, pedantic, prosaic, and uncouth.
Thy page, sweet bard, with courtesy is fraught.

While numbers flow with elegance of thought;

Thy pen ne'er dips in vinegar or gall,
Offers sweet incense unto one all.
Soft adulation claims thee for her son,
And hence thy streams of praise incessant run;
Nor could'st thou find a theme more justly claim

Thy wonted pow'rs, than *Innocence*,—fair dame.

Is praise thy crime then?—this is no offence,
Much less, when well bestow'd—on *Innocence*!

Had'st thou attack'd her, ruffian-like, ah! then

Thou'dst been fair game for J. C.'s wanton pen.

But when thou didst her deck in rich array,
J. C. di-robes her of her mantle gay,
Pourtrays her as "a child who needs a guide,
And a protector ever near her side!"

Tells her "she is not fit to walk alone,
Lest she should dash her foot against a stone!"

But if thou dost not walk alone—'tis plain,
Guilt must attach itself—and then art slain!
Might I my thoughts on thy fair form express,

(Than said Amyntor, I'd say nothing less)
Sweet *Innocence*! heav'n's first-born, native child!

Thou never wast, nor e'er can'st be beguill'd.
Thou needest none to guide thy steps aright,
Heav'n is thy sole protector day and night,
'Tis guilt alone needs "prudence" for her guide.

Since *Heaven* and *Innocence* are still allied,
No bold attack, nor stratagem well play'd,
Can e'er prevail to hurt thee, lovely maid;
Alas! indeed, may suffer much, and fall.

But thou, fair *Innocence*! art proof 'gainst all.

Say not then, "she's a weak impotent child,
Expos'd to dangers, easily beguill'd,
Unless her patron *Prudence* holds the rein;
And with tight hand, the fickle child restrain."

She still is *Innocence*!—ne'er overcome,
And only quits, when guilt defiles the room;
Scorning to compromise with guilt, and shame,

She is herself the wise and prudent dame.

She ne'er in Eden made a slip, nor fell,
'Twas *Eve*, not *Innocence*, that did rebel,
And when the woman into sin was led,
Innocence dropt the pining, tear, and fled.
Proceed Amyntor—still pourtray this queen,
In liveliest colours, and in ever-green;
Still thy kind patronage on her confer,
She's worthy of thy pen—thy pen of her.
In still more radiant beams her charms display,

Nor heed what captious critics dare to say;
While innocent thy pen, thou'st nought to fear.

Tho' critics criticise from year to year.

Aboboko-craco-ponoco-pissicaco-katterfelto-

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FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A Reconciliatory Address to the rival Poets,

AMYNTOR AND J. C.

"While choler works, good friends, you may be wrong;
"Distrust yourselves, and sleep, before you fight."

Tremendous is the string indeed you sound,

When ghastly horror, frowning all around,
Makes sweetest notes express discordant jars;

And rival poets wage eternal wars!
Mine be the task, in strife to interpose,
And save, if not from words, at least from blows;

Let me the honour'd privilege enjoy
Of reconciliation's sweet employ.

Fam'd bards of poesy, listen to my lay,
Hear, what a mediator has to say;

Nor rashly venture on the strife of words,
Which cut much keener than two-edged swords.

What will't avail you, tho' in smoothest notes,
Alternately you cut each other's throats?

Who wins? or whether profits by those strains,
Which issue forth in wrath from Poets' brains?

Conferring mutually, disgrace and scorn,
As if for ridicule ye both were born.

'Twere better far to seek each other's praise,
Than thus his indignation strive to raise:

Why wrangle thus about fair "Innocence?"
She seeks no patron that will give offence.

For while you strive thus to defend her cause,

You violate her chaste and wholesome laws.
Seek not to outshine in bright poetic lore,

Nor let your mingled flames in contest roar,
Like jarring elements,—or those dread

When Milton's devils hurl'd the mountain tops;

But let your sweet harmonious pow'rs unite,
And in each other's breast good-will excite;

Then shall you prove in every soothing line,
Your sweet concordance is all divine.

Shake hands, then, brothers of the tuneful nine,

Let love and concord hence resplendent shine;

Then strife and discord shall be far away,
And *Innocence* shall triumph night and day.

R. W.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

IMPROPTU

On the Death of GEORGE M'PHERSON, a
Child about 8 years of age, who departed
this life on the 16th inst.

Just like a scion rising to the sight,
An aspect fair, and promising he bore;
Lively he was;—his presence gave delight—
But now, alas!—he's silent—and no more!

The lively hopes his youthful years inspir'd
Are evenly blasted by Heav'n's high decree,
Those eyes so late by animation fir'd,
Are seal'd in death!—from trouble he is free.

Call'd hence by that Great God, who gave
him life,

To happier climes t' enjoy the Source of
Good,

(As tho' too perfect for this world of strife)
Mourn not his loss—'twould be ingratitude.

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SPOKEN EXTEMPORE

BY DEAN SWIFT,

On his Curate's complaint of hard Duty.

I March'd three miles thro' scorching sand,
With zeal in heart, and notes in hand.

I rode four miles to great St. Mary;
Using four legs, when two were weary.

To three fair virgins I did tie men
In close bands of pleasing Hymen;

I dipp'd two babes in holy water,
And purify'd their mothers after.

Within an hour, and else a half,
I preach'd three congregations deaf.

Which thundering out with lungs long
winded,

I chop'd so fast, that few there minded.
My emblem, the laborious sun,

Saw all these mighty labours done,
Before one race of his was run.

All this perform'd by Robert Hewit:
What mortal else cou'd e'er go through it?

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FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

REBUS.

ADDRESSED TO MISS

Three-fourths of the pronoun that Nathan
did use,

A fifth of the maids whom bad poets abuse,
Two-fifths of a word our contempt to express.

An adverb oft us'd in commands to progress.
U. V.

ENIGMAS.

A Symbol of enchantment's power.
Two-fifths of human nature's dower

And stagnant water from a shower.

One half a cordial, two-sixths of a fictitious mineral, and fourth-ninths of a holy city. (for the lady's Christian name) and a large male water fowl, altering the first vowel.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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Saturday, January 2, 1802.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

NO two people could be more opposite in their nature than the dean's daughter and young Pawlet, who was about thirty, the same age as herself. He was about the middle size, and rather inclined to be lusty; of a cheerful, ruddy countenance, in which you might plainly read the characters of benevolence and kindness. I speak of him as I am told he was then, as I know he is now.—A more tender hearted creature never existed. Nothing can ruffle him but injustice, oppression, or want of charity. Without professing to be a philosopher, he is so much so as to think nothing in this world worth quarrelling about. He is, in short, what St. Paul beautifully describes Charity itself to be: He "suffers long, and is kind; envies not; boasts not of himself; is not puffed up; does not behave unseemly; seeks not his own; is not easily provoked; thinks no evil; rejoices not in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things."

Such was, and such is now at fifty, the man the dean chose for his daughter's husband. Lord Clarendon observes*, that "clergymen understand the least, and take the worst measure of human affairs of all mankind, that can read and write;" and my friend was a great instance of the veracity of this observation. Old Pawlet no sooner opened the affair, and stated how happy it would make him, than his son, without

considering a thousand other things that should be considered on these occasions, instantly agreed to it.

The period was not long before the indissoluble knot was tied, and Cupid coupled such a pair that evening as he had scarcely ever seen, although his mother* is of old notorious for bringing opposites together. Ovid has no metamorphose so strange, sudden and absurd, as Mrs. Pawlet made in the parsonage house. My worthy friend, with a meekness of temper far surpassing that of Socrates, bore it all without repining, and even assisted at making alterations, and agreed to the adoption of many plans, which he could not but disapprove. So that there was no murmuring and no complaint; he was happy and contented. He submitted, and still submits to his wife in every thing but one—in acts of benevolence and charity he is insuperably obstinate, and will suffer no control.

The mildness of his manners produced some effect upon her, and he in his turn performed a metamorphose, making her a little more tolerable and reasonable than she was. There is yet, however, full enough of the old woman in her character. To tell all her whims and vagaries would be an endless task:—however, I shall notice a few.

Having gone the whole round of sciences in a very cursory way, she talks of all, and exceedingly loves to be called a LIVING ENCYCLOPEDIA. She is always reading or writing, let her be wherever she will. Takes snuff immoderately. Talks with precision. Never suffers any one to pronounce or use a word improperly. Always explains the figures she uses, and reasons logically, that is tediously and foolishly.

* With sportive cruelty she binds,

"Unequal forms, unequal minds."

Hor. Carm. lib. 1. od. 33.

ly. Has dipped in Euclid. Is full of solids, angles, parallelograms, logarithms, &c. The same of geography. Never hears of a place but she tells you on which side of the equator it is, north or south, and in what latitude and longitude. In like manner of astronomy. Then there being no apothecary in the village, she has studied the whole *materia medica* for the benefit of the family. Can read a physician's prescription as well as an apothecary. She physics all the servants to such a degree on the slightest indisposition, that when they are really ill, they sham well for fear of being dosed.

She has her own library, which is crowded with books of all descriptions, but principally in the dead languages. She prides herself on the correctness of a barometer she hangs out of the window, which, by the bye, is none of the best. However, if it indicates that the weather is fair, she will contend that it is so, although it should rain in torrents. Often too, when people are sick, she will give them a thousand reasons why they should not be sick, and make a man's head ache ten times more than it did, in proving to him that there is no cause for its aching.

They sleep together, and I verily believe, that, unless it is when they do sleep together, that is, at the same time, Mr. Pawlet gets but a small share of it. In the middle of the room, much against his inclination, she suspends a large glaring lamp, which burns throughout the night. By the side of the bed are placed a table, pens, ink and paper, and constantly in the dead of night, if a thought strikes her, she rises to put it down. And frequently she wakes the parson from his peaceful slumbers, to ask him his opinion about passages he knows as little of as the man in the moon. So here I finish my description,

for I am tired of talking. "Now, what say you to your mistress?"

Except an occasional smile or ejaculation, Barclay had gazed in silent astonishment at his friend all the while he was speaking. He now exclaimed, "Poor Pawlet! by h—, my heart bleeds for the man! Why his father did not use him so well as Nathan did David. Nathan offered David the choice of war, pestilence or famine, but, this woman is worse than all three put together."

"Aye!" said Keppel, laughing, "I knew you would be glad to get off, after I had told you a little more about her."

"Off," cried our hero, "not I, I'll have a grapple with her tho' she were twenty encyclopedies."

Here ended their conversation on this subject, and I am heartily glad of it.

C H A P. XIII.

The difference between a married man at home and abroad.—Gregory alarmed.—A singular expression in Homer.—Letters of recommendation.—Love.—A certain and cheap cure for it.—The Leucadian leap more expensive.

WHERE we to judge of men's dispositions by their conduct to those they love, we should constantly err in our conclusions. And such will be the case with the reader, if he should form his opinion of Keppel from his treatment of Barclay. Doing so, he could not but imagine him the very soul of beneficence, kindness, and good nature. To his friend, it is true, he was so, but to men in general (so far as not to insult) he was almost entirely the reverse. So it is, men are not to be judged hastily of, nor are we to suppose that we know a man's behaviour in all situations, from seeing him in one. I have seen a married man with a pretty girl, oh, so loving! Well, perhaps you'll think he's so with all women? Go home with him, sir, and see him with his wife.

The necessity of Barclay's speedily vacating London being urgent, the time was soon fixed upon for his departure. Packing up, and other needful preparations, presently gave Gregory the alarm. Ever since his master had talked of parting with him, he had been full of hopes and fears; the latter were now increased,—he dreaded something, but he knew not what; and his great respect for his master would not permit him to make any impertinent inquiries. Barclay was well aware of the state of his mind, and would willingly have done any thing to have prevented the affliction he was sure he would suffer, when informed that they must separate. However, it

was not to be avoided, and Barclay, fearing to trust himself alone on this occasion, resolved to call in the assistance of Keppel, by whose aid he hoped to effect his purpose with less difficulty.

The day previous to our hero's leaving town, Keppel came to his chambers, prepared to combat the scruples of Gregory, and to shew him the propriety of submitting to a separation. Gregory was called in, and the matter broken to him as gently as possible, by Keppel. Barclay remained silent. When his friend had ended a plain statement of the facts, Gregory began to give his reasons why they need not part, addressed himself to Barclay, talked of his affection for his father, and his love for him. His language was rough, but every word came from his heart. Barclay could not endure it: he rose, and withdrew.

After a moment's pause, Keppel renewed the subject; and with much argument, to prove the necessity of parting, but more from the detriment he told him he would be to his master by going with him, he at length like the white-armed goddess from the cloud-compelling Jove, obtained from him a kind of *reluctant* consent to stay behind. Keppel then proceeded to tell him, as if secretly, that he did not think his master would continue there long, which seemed to give him some relief. "In the mean time," added he, "you shall either return to your business, or remain with me. I will take care of you."

"I am ashamed of being so bold," cried Gregory, "but I think you had much better take care of my master instead of me—do sir, now pray think of it?"

"I have offered it a hundred times," said Keppel, "but for what reason I know not, unless it be pride, he has constantly refused me. But you will not, Gregory?"

Gregory bowed, wiped his eyes, and saying, in a tone scarcely audible, "I shall do my best to please you," left the room.

Barclay spent the remainder of the day with his friend, who gave him all the information respecting the good people he was about to live with that he thought necessary, and above all things entreated him not to neglect to write often, to tell Penelope of his unalterable love, and to assure him, from time to time, of the continuance of her's. He then told him that he had already written to Mrs. Pawlet concerning her amannensis, and paved the way for as good a reception as a woman of her char-

acter could be expected to give. "Further," said he "here are four letters of recommendation for you to my friends. The first is to Mrs. Pawlet, setting you forth in the light in which it will please her most to view you; the second is to the Rev. Mr. Pawlet, her husband, who would without it, have treated you with the greatest humanity, but who will, in consequence of it, use you as my friend; the third is to Mr. George Pawlet, the clergyman's elder brother, who lives with his family (such a family! but I leave you to find out their virtues) not far distant from the parsonage! the fourth is to the Honourable Mr. Buckle, stiled honourable because he is the son of a lord; how much so otherwise, you will be better able to tell me hereafter. The first two letters you will deliver of course; the latter you will, or will not, as it may please you best."

Barclay took the letters, but made no answer. He had been melancholy the whole day, and as the last hour drew nearer and nearer he became still more so. To leave those he loved, or had lived with all his days, and to become the servant of any one, however flattering an appearance the servitude might assume, were galling and afflicting to his free and affectionate heart;—a heart, too, yet suffering from the wounds inflicted by one, the possession of whom every thing seemed to conspire to make him despair of obtaining:—Wounds, therefore, that promised to last for ever; since, like those received from the Pelean spear, they could alone be healed by that which had been the cause of them. If this be really the case, how much is a poor man to be pitied, who falls in love, as he clearly cannot get rid of one evil without incurring another. "I know," said the god of physic to Daphne, "I know the virtues of all plants. Alas, that none of them can cure love!" Then, "Throw physic—" No, hold,—there is one plant mentioned by Pliny* that doubtless escaped the notice of Apollo, which, though the naturalist does not say that it may be used in these cases, I will take upon myself to recommend, as a very efficacious and speedy remedy, if prepared according to art, and properly applied. He calls it *carnabis*, but it is amongst us *moderos*, better known by the vulgar term *hemp*. It is, at all events, as *safe* a remedy for love, as the Leucadian leap†. My readers (all

* Lib. xix. c. 9.

† Leuca lia was an island in the Ionian sea, remarkable for a tremendous promontory, from which lovers precipitated themselves as a cure for love. They were cajoled into this belief by priests, who became

novel readers are in love!) will do well to try this valuable recipe at their leisure.

Keppel observed, and readily guessed at the cause of his friend's gloom. He consequently employed his best endeavours to dissipate it, and with the help of Bacchus, who may be justly described as having the *tips of persuasion*, he succeeded in keeping him in tolerable spirits until they parted.

CHAP. XIV.

Parting.—A stage coach.—The passengers.—Bob and the Quaker.—What month in the year is like a pretty woman.—The retort.—Revenge.—Why you may do any thing with your own father.—Dinner.—A humorous scene between Bob and the Quaker.

"Come along, Sir, come along," cried the coachman, seeing Barclay turning in to the coach-yard, accompanied by Keppel, "come, which of you is it? jump in, jump in! I am full a quarter of an hour behind my time."

If Barclay had kept the stage-coach waiting, it was not on account of his having overslept himself, for he had risen at five, and it was now a quarter past six. This interval had been past in bidding farewell to his friend and Gregory; the latter of whom had taken on so extraordinarily, that it was deemed proper to insist on his not going to the coach with his master, lest his conduct should make them all ridiculous.

Barclay had sent his trunks the preceding night, and time pressing, he shook his friend affectionately by the hand, and not without a tear on either side they parted. Taking his seat, the coach instantly drove off.

One would think a man, in the predicament of our hero, driving away from bailiffs, would feel himself in excellent spirits. Such, however, was far from being his case. Seating himself, without apologizing for the delay he had occasioned, or noticing his companions, or the murmurs that arose on his entrance, he fell into a reverie, from which he was roused by the coachman, who, having driven them about twenty miles, had stopped to give them an opportunity to breakfast.

The passengers, breaking their fast in various ways, did not meet at a regular meal, and the time allowed being soon ex-

lapsed, they again took their places in the coach. Barclay now began to peruse a little book he had brought on purpose to amuse him on the road. He had not read long, however, when he was interrupted by—"Read in company!—d—d unpolite!"

This exclamation uttered in an under tone, was evidently aimed at him; but he thought it prudent to take no notice of it.

However, he now for the first time surveyed his companions. He was sitting forward, and by his side sat a Quaker, an elderly man, apparently possessing a very liberal proportion of the stiffness and formality of his sect. On the opposite seat was a lusty man, of a rubicund countenance, who, as it afterwards appeared, was an opulent farmer; he had made his ample breakfast on rum and milk, which had stilled his spirits into soft repose. On his left, facing the Quaker, was his son, the person who had made the above exclamation. The youth had been apprenticed to a linen-draper, and when out of his time, set up for himself; but neglecting his business, and affecting the man of fashion, he had broke three times in the course of two years. His father had been to town to settle his affairs, and, not liking to advance any more money to such an unfortunate trader, he had prevailed upon him to return to the country. His dress was in the extreme of the ton, which only served more effectually to betray his vulgarity and ignorance.

Such were our hero's companions, and, having slightly glanced his eye over them, he returned to his former occupation. The young spark finding his hints of no avail, and being of a restless disposition, he resolved no longer to continue sitting there, "like *nun-chance*," (as he called it) silent and inactive.

"Demme," cried he, "but you're a set of dull 'uns!" Then slapping his father on the thigh, "Dad," said he, "shall I go and fan 'em along?"

"Lh!" gaped the old man, "what?"

"What?" exclaimed the other, "why shall I go and *hish, hish, yay, yay*?" Here he made signs of driving.

The Quaker, though he was a silent man, did not want comprehension. He perceived what was going forward, and bridled himself up with uncommon stiffness.

"Aye, aye!" replied the father, "go along, Bob—go along."

"Well then," said he, "tip us half-crown for Jarvy."

The old one had relapsed into his nap

before this last speech. Seeing that, his son put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, and helped himself, saying,

"Wouldn't disturb you for the world."

He now proceeded to call to the coachman, holding up the half-crown to him, and telling him he wished to take the whip.

The Quaker could contain himself no longer, "Friend," said he, "I think thou hast better not."

By this time the door was opened, and our young gentleman, without taking any further notice of the Quaker's remonstrance than by singing, "Go to the devil and shake yourself," jumped out, and was presently on the box.

The quaker's spirit was moved by the profaneness of the youth, and groaned inwardly.

It was that month of the year which is so much like a pretty woman, being full of sweets, and having both tears and smiles at command—April. The morning was exceedingly fine; but the new driver had not been long in his place before a smart shower coming on, he relinquished the reins, and hastily dismounted, intending to resume his seat; but, when he came to the door, the Quaker held it fast, and, while the rain still poured, thus coolly addressed him out of the window; "Friend, thou didst say that thou wouldst drive: I did say thou hadst better not; but thou didst not heed my words, and now thou shalt drive."

"Come, come, nonsense!" cried the other, jumping about in the shower, "open the door, do."

The Quaker, yet holding it tight, said, deliberately,

"I might now, friend, reply to thee in thine own profane language, and say, 'Go to the devil and shake thyself,' but I—"

Our hero here pulled the Quaker by the sleeve, and whispered to him that he had better let him in, as otherwise he might, through rage, overturn them.

"Friend, thou art in the right," he replied. "There," continued he, opening the door, "I will reply to thee in no such way—thou mayest, if it pleaseth thee, come in and shake thyself here."

The young gentleman came in grumbling, and not by any means satisfied with the Quaker's conduct. His clothes were considerably damaged, and that he could never pardon: he resolved on revenge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMARK.

A quiet conscience causes a quiet sleep;

possessed of the property of all such as were destroyed in the attempt. My prescription is certainly as good, and I give it gratis.—Try it as often as you please, and let what will happen, I ask no fee or reward.

It just occurs to me, that I have hinted at this once before.—No matter, it cannot be too often recommended.

ORIGINAL TALE.

The Ruins.

(CONTINUED.)

WHEN Maria awoke it was morning, and the sun shone forth with its usual lustre. Upon descending to the breakfast-room, she found her noble entertainer wrapt in profound meditation. He greeted her in his wonted affectionate manner, and kindly enquired if she had been disturbed by the thunder during the night. She told him that she had; and added, that she expected some of the venerable oaks which composed the forest, and sheltered the cottage from the wind, had felt the destructive thunder-bolt, as the extreme severity of an explosion announced it to have fell in the vicinity.

After they had partook of what simple food the activity of the faithful servant who had accompanied his master into his retirement, had provided, Manston enquired of his fair companion if he should continue his history, as it was a subject far from being agreeable, and he wished to have it concluded. She readily acquiesced, and assured him that it would be a pensive gratification. Upon this the noble Mercia thus continued his story.

"I remained in my prison without intrusion, except for the purpose of supplying me with food, for a considerable time. Arthur was either too conscious of his own duplicity and baseness, or too much engaged in securing the possession of my rights and title, the prize for which he had contended, to visit the brother he had injured. With much art and plausibility (as I afterwards learned) he had accounted for our disappearance, by a sudden and accidental death, and related it with such particulars which his fertile brain readily invented, that the story was universally accredited, and he was vested by the king with all the estates and power of the earldom of Mercia. When these things were accomplished to his satisfaction, the perfidious wretch returned to the castle to complete his projects of revenge. From the solitude of my prison, I was called forth to be insulted with a renewal of his offers, by which he said I would secure my own freedom and safety, and my Matilda's happiness. To his offers I returned the same reply as formerly. Enraged at my obstinacy, as he termed it, I was remanded back to my prison, and allowed a fortnight to

consider of his proposals, at the expiration of which, if I did not meet his wishes, immediate death was to be the consequence. His futile menaces I treated with contempt, and rejected his offered reprieve: but whether he hoped to bend me to his purpose by severe confinement, or was influenced by the monitions of conscience, which urged him not to doom himself to eternal misery by imbruing his hands in fraternal blood, I was not condemned to perish by the dagger, but was taken to my prison, there to eke out a miserable existence, the victim of revenge and ambition.

That by remaining thus inactive, I might not become unable to use with freedom my limbs, I walked at all times of the day, and frequently of the night, across the spacious apartment in which I was confined. Spacious it was to me, when its limits circumscribed my prospects; but to the large chambers of my own castle, where the happy hours of my youth and innocence were spent in the enjoyment of every thing that could strew life's thorny path with flowers, tormented with no cares for the future, no regret for the past, it bore no comparison. It was, however, a consolatory idea that such a prison had been my lot, when a subterranean cavern at the foundation of the castle might have contained me. The hopes of escape, would, notwithstanding the precautions which were taken to prevent it, at times obtain a place in my mind; and one night when the castle was wrapt in profound silence, as I wandered round the room, accidentally my hands touched a spring, and a pannel in the wainscot trembled beneath the pressure. The light and buoyant visions of hope which had floated on the surface of all my troubles, acquired new elasticity. I eagerly pursued the enquiry which this accidental circumstance occasioned, and found it to be a concealed door, which, by its being almost choked up with rubbish, that appeared to have been accumulating for centuries, was probably unknown to the present possessors of the castle. My lamp afforded the means of investigating the probability of escape, and with a heart throbbing with expectation I entered upon the search. A narrow winding stair-case descended from the turret where I was confined, but much obstructed with dirt. Resolute and determined, trifling difficulties could not impede my progress. After descending a considerable distance in defiance of all the obstacles that the sure hand of time had thrown in my way, I conceived I must be upon a level with the inhabited part of the building, and I began to feel some anxiety for

the termination of my descent. At length I found myself in a winding avenue, as narrow and disagreeable as the path I had hitherto trod. Along this I proceeded till a sudden turning of the narrow entry presented a large vacant space, which appeared once to have been a vast apartment, but was now laid open to any intrusion. At this period there was considerable danger of the cold air which rushed upon me extinguishing my light, but luckily my care prevented it. I crossed the room and pursued a second entry, larger and less encumbered than the first, and which evidently led to the habited apartments; for accidentally stumbling over something, I fell against a door which opened from the path, and which I had not before perceived. The noise occasioned by my fall roused the occupants of the adjoining apartment, and they would have inevitably discovered me, if I had not extinguished my light. The door was opened, but perceiving nothing to cause any alarm, the person retreated muttering to his bed. Left to wander without a light, it would have been impossible to regain my prison. Convinced that a discovery would inevitably follow if I attempted it, I determined to proceed, and groped along the way the best I could, when suddenly a loud shriek arrested my attention. I hurried on till the entry terminated in a door, from whence the sound evidently proceeded. The silence was again interrupted by another shriek. The voice struck on my ear as that of one whom I esteemed more than my existence. I set my foot against the door, and burst it open. The apartment was decorated in an unusual style of magnificence, and judge the effect it had upon my senses, when at the further end of the apartment, I beheld my adored Matilda in the grasp of my degenerate unprincipled brother! Inflamed to a pitch of phrenzy by the sight, I seized him by the neck, and hurled him to the other part of the room. Rage and disappointment convulsed his features, and with all the impotence of madness, he stamped upon the floor. One of his subordinate assassins entered the apartment, and with his dagger aimed a blow at me as I held Matilda in my arms; but unfortunately the direction was unjust, and he gave a death-blow to my happiness; for the fatal weapon entered the bosom of my wife, and she sunk senseless in my arms. Agonized with the reflection that she was now lost to me for ever, and rendered infuriate with passion, I rushed upon the villain, wrested the dagger from his hand, and plunged it to his heart.

JULIUS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Characters.

NO. 11.

A DISPUTANT

IS an holder of arguments, and wagers too, when he cannot make them good. He takes naturally to controversy, like fishes in India; that are said to have worms in their heads, and swim always against the stream. The greatest mastery of this art consists in turning and winding the state of the question, by which means he can easily defeat whatsoever has been said by his adversary, though excellently to the purpose, like a bowler, that knocks away the Jack when he sees another man's bowl lie nearer to it than his own. Another of his faculties is, with a multitude of words to render what he says so difficult to be recollected, that his adversary may not easily know what he means, and consequently not understand what to answer, to which he secretly reserves an advantage to reply by interpreting what he said before otherwise than he at first intended it, according as he finds it serve his purpose to evade whatsoever shall be objected. Next to this, to pretend not to understand, or to misinterpret what his antagonist says, tho' plain enough, only to divert him from the purpose, and to take occasion from his exposition of what he said, to start new cavils on the bye, and run quite away from the question: but when he finds himself pressed home, and beaten from all his guards, to amuse the foe with some senseless distinction, like a falsified blow, that never hits where it is aimed, but while it is minded makes way for some other trick that may pass. But that which renders him invincible is abundance of confidence and words, which are his offensive and defensive arms; for a brazen face is a natural helmet, and he that has store of words need not surrender for want of ammunition—no matter for reason and sense, which go for no more in disputations than the justice of a cause does in war, which is understood but by few, and commonly regarded by none: for the custom of disputants is not so much to destroy one another's reason, as to cavil at the manner of expressing it, right or wrong; for they believe—*Dolus an Virtus*, &c. ought to be allowed in controversy as in war, and he that gets the victory on any terms whatsoever, deserves it, and gets it honourably. He and his opponent are like two false lute-strings, that will never stand in tune to one another; or like two tennis players, whose greatest skill consists in avoiding one another's strokes.

POVERTY AND SENTIMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

***** ONE day, as I was coming home to dinner, I perceived a poor man and woman standing near my door, in earnest discourse together. They did not observe me; and while I was scraping the dirt off my shoes, I overheard the man utter these affectionate words:—

“Do eat it, my dear (she was pressing him to accept of a piece of bread that she held out to him with both her hands)! ”

“Do eat it yourself!—“Indeed, I will not take it. It will do more good to you,—for I can fast.”

Here my knocking at the door disturbed them, and they withdrew a few paces from me. I put my hand into my pocket to relieve their distress.

“There, good people,” said I, “there is a shilling for you:—you seem to be in want.”

They received it with blessings and thanks—when I went into the parlour, curiosity led me to the window, to see what was become of that miserable pair. I then beheld (good Heaven, how my heart did bleed!), I beheld the man devouring the morsel of bread like a wolf; like a wolf, driven by cold and hunger from his forests to prey on the flocks of the plain.—No conjugal affection restrained him; no feelings for the distress of his mate: she had now got wherewithal to purchase a dinner, and he could make his meal on the crust of bread!

I called my dear friend to the window:—“There, Mary behold that sight!”—I told her the story, and the tears gushed from her eyes in a flood. The scene being too affecting for her compassionate heart, I led her by the hand to the fire-side.

“You see my dear Mary, to what misery we mortals, at times, are reduced: you have been bred up in affluence and ease in your father's house, and have seen nothing but plenty in the country around. The fields, at the worst, exhibited to you the labourer, toiling to earn, with the sweat of his brow, his pittance of bread; but in the city you will behold real sorrow and distress.—Were you, like me, to walk the streets of this metropolis at night, you would behold your fellow creatures, men, women, and children, formed by the same hand of God, destitute of every necessary of life; wanting food:—without a home in the cold and chilling frost, they are fain to take shelter under the porches of the rich, and at the doors of their fellow citizens, to pass the bleakest nights! Who knows but such may

be the lot this night of this miserable pair?—And yet, by their wickedness or imprudence they cannot have deserved it: they have shewn me such greatness of mind, such nobleness of sentiment, in that short debate about their only crust of bread, that I am certain their lives have not been governed by vice. Perhaps, bred up in a virtuous and affluent state, they are, for unknown purposes, by the hand of Heaven thus levelled with the poor.—But let us assist them as much as we can.”

I ran to the door to give them a guinea: but they were gone, and were lost in a crowd of passengers in the street.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

CASTING my eye over the newspaper, a few evenings ago, my attention was arrested by a paragraph, which excited in me a train of melancholy ideas. It was a notice of Bankruptcy in favour of a friend with whom in former days I had lived in the habits of the greatest intimacy: Imagination led me back to the days of pleasure we had passed in each other's society, while my retentive memory portrayed, in lively colours, the happy period when I had seen him surrounded by all the pleasure of life, and encompassed by all the alluring charms of affluence, pomp and equipage. But, alas! how he had fallen—he was now immersed within the gloomy walls of a prison, with scarcely the necessities of life. Humanity, and the friendship I still held for him, induced me to step forward in his behalf, and exert myself for his liberation.

Early the next day I bent my way to the prison, and enquired of the keeper, if Mr. ——— was there? requesting to see him. He conducted me into an apartment, where sat several people (gentlemen to appearance) at a table, smoking segars, drinking wine, and conversing in strains of mirth and hilarity. In one corner of the room sat a man leaning his head on his hand, who seemed totally absorbed in his own solitary reflections. Immediately I recognised my friend; the distress had so far oppressed him, that I could not trace in his countenance one single mark of his former prosperity. I took a seat, and waited till all the guests one by one had left the table, and retired from the room. I then approached him, and in a soothing voice, enquired the subject of his meditations. A sudden blush crimsoned his cheek, and an involuntary exclamation escaped him. “Oh! my friend,” said he, “why do you come here? leave me to myself; my own reflections

are monitors sufficiently severe of my past misconduct. I then enquired into the cause of his confinement. Unfortunately for me (continued he,) I became acquainted with several unprincipled GAMESTERS, who introduced me to the BILLIARD TABLE; and tho' at first it was my fixed determination to avoid playing a single game, my friends (as I then thought them) persuaded me to try, and I began, though with a trembling hand. At first I gained amazingly, and the first night came off by far the greatest conqueror at the table. But alas! a spirit of gaming carried me so high that the next evening, I lost all that I had gained before, and a considerable sum besides. I still continued playing in hopes to regain what I had lost, and then intended to quit the place for ever. But then indeed my very destiny seemed interwoven with the billiard table, and in three successive evenings I lost all my cash, mortgaged my whole estate to its full value, and retired from the scene of action a bankrupt in fortune. Ruin now stared me in the face, woe after woe poured in on me apace, my property was sold and myself cast into prison, where now I am left a prey to all the corroding reflections of agonizing remorse. I then left him, and in my walk home I revolved in my mind the ruinous consequences attendant on GAMING.

With much pain and heartfelt sorrow, I now remembered several young gentlemen who at this very time are constant attendants on the BILLIARD TABLE. Oh ye sons and daughters of Dissipation beware! for the time will come when destruction shall hurl upon your devoted heads the tragical consequences of frequenting the GAMING TABLE!

GOOD INTENT.

HILARITY.

*Rejoice, raise up your reason, and drive away care;
For enjoyments the blessings of Heaven were designed;
And he who declines, and indulges despair,
Is a foe to his MAKER, himself, and mankind.*

BYNTER.
FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR HOGAN.

The letter which accompanies this was literally found in the street. I do not send it because of its intrinsic merit, but but placed in your column dedicated to Hilarity it may for a moment unblend the brow of the serious.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

TO MISS S..... F.....

SEPTEMBER E.

Oh! my Dear Creature!

Let Friendship plead in my defence, and exculpate, if not, obliterate my neglect of answering your last favour.

But the most distressing misfortune has utterly deprived me of all my spirits. Oh! my dear, you could never conceive any thing so unlucky; I vow, I can almost swear never to put on any Head Dress again: only think my dear! last week I finished a Head Dress; the sweetest loveliest thing your eyes ever beheld: for upon honour there was such stitching and unstitching, and stitching again, and crimping and pinking, puckering, and heaven knows what all. —Well, I was invited to an evening party; but my poor sweet Head Dress—but as I was going to tell, I was all trimmed off so elegantly from my toes to my head—such a delightful crown and charming modesty picce, and all these things, and above all my head so deliciously, I vow it would have done the hardest heart good to have seen it.

But just before I was about to depart for my party; I must take one more peep in my glass, when my maid, the nasty careless hussy—I vow my dear I wish she may never be married—so my maid holding the candle, set fire to my poor Head Dress—Away went all in a blaze, and papa to extinguish the flames threw a whole gallon bowl of punch over me.

Now my dear, was there ever such a misfortune! there stood I, all cinders and Punch—such a figure, I vow I conceived I never should survive, and nothing upon my Life prevented my falling into fits, but the fumes of my scorched cushion and braid—but these are all nothing, they may easily be replaced: however here am I a poor unfortunate creature, left to lament the distressed fate of my dear sweet martyred Head Dress.—Adieu, my dear creature, and believe me with all sincerity your distressed affectionate Friend,

MARIA *—S.

Oh! my poor dear Head Dress!

A HELP TO A SHORT MEMORY.

A Frenchman being at confession, accused himself of many crimes; and among other things acknowledged that not more than an hour before he had given his wife a sound drubbing. "Why did you do that, my son?" said the father confessor. "Why," replied the penitent, "I do the same thing every time I come to confession, and were I once to omit it, my *shrif*t would hardly entitle me to absolution. In conformity to the ordinations of our holy religion, I confess once every year, but my memory is so defective, that I should never recollect any sin I have been guilty of, unless I beat my wife, which I therefore always do on these occasions; and she in

return, comes rattling like a hail-stone, with a full, true and particular account of every crime I have committed, from the hour I married her to the day I drub her."

AN Irish school-master, from a conviction of the efficacy of Sunday-schools, in correcting the morals of youth, and aware that his neighbourhood stood in particular need of them, lately proposed a Sunday-school upon a new principle, in which, from mere motives of patriotism, he was willing to officiate gratuitously twice a week, every Wednesday and Saturday.

ACCOUNT OF THE FALLS OF CUMBERLAND RIVER.

(From the Kentucky Gazette)

AMONGST the various natural curiosities with which our country abounds, the Cumberland fall of water may be ranked amongst the first. It is one of those stupendous works of nature which at the same time fills the mind both with pleasure and astonishment. Notwithstanding this mighty cataract, which is situated not more than one hundred miles below the ford near the turn-pike, a short distance above the mouth of Rock-Castle, and not far from some of the southern settlements in this state, very few have either seen, or even heard of it; owing it is said, to the impossibility of approaching it with any degree of convenience, in any other way than by water, it being surrounded by almost inaccessible cliffs. The following is a description of this fall, as well as of the land, &c. in the vicinity, by Capt. Wm. Hogan, a gentleman whose veracity may be relied on, and who visited it about the middle of last July:

"The falls of Cumberland river are about one hundred miles below the ford at the turn-pike, and above the Rock-Castle creek; the navigation to them is fine and the lands on each side of the river of good quality, until you arrive within about ten miles of the falls, except where the hills bind on the river; but generally better on the south west or Indian side than the north east. For about ten miles above the falls, the land is poor on both sides. At the falls there is about one acre of land on the north east side, which is level; the growth of which is common pine, spruce pine, elm, chesnut, and some poplars. The main fall of the water is over a rock, whose perpendicular height is 45 feet; and within 100 yards above the rock, the water falls about 10 feet, making in the whole a fall of about 55 feet. The agitation of the water, falling from so great a height upon the rocks below, causes a

great quantity of it to rise in vapour, which has the appearance of a continual fog, and keeps every substance wet where it is driven by the air. The appearance of the rainbow in its brightest colours may be constantly seen, whilst the sun shines on this vapour, if the station of the spectator is between it and the sun.

"The river below the falls for about a mile is very narrow, and filled with rocks; the passage in one place not being more than 20 in width, occasions the river below the falls in times of very high water to rise within a few feet of the top of the rock, over which the water falls.

"As the water never rises quite high enough to admit fishes to pass over the falls, they collect in immense quantities below, especially the large Catfish, and where they bite very freely."

HINTS TO THE LADIES.

IT has often been remarked, that the generality of females have many admirers, and, at the same time, few or no lovers; and they wonder at it; but the reason is obvious if they thought, but thinking is become quite unfashionable—"Ah!" said a venerable virgin, lamenting the degeneracy of the age, "courtship is nothing to what it was when I was young! The flirts now-a-days make the fellows so saucy that there is hardly to be found a respectful lover."

The observation was just. The women of the last age were more respected, because they were more reserved. For want of a proper reserve, they are treated with indifference which is nearly allied to contempt; they make themselves too cheap to keep up their consequence, without which they can never be respectable.

To speak philosophically, a woman must repel before she can attract. All this advice may sound oddly to a female ear; but she who laughs at it, pays no compliment to her understanding.

Ovid, who knew human nature tolerably well, discovered not a little penetration when he made Daphne fly so fast from her laurelled lover, for his passion was increased by the pursuit.

Our modern Daphnes are quite of other sort of people. Instead of flying from, they run into the arms of their Apollos, and are afterwards surprised that they grow cool to their charms. Lovers are like sport-men, to whom the possession of the game is nothing to the pleasure of the chase. If women would study less to please, they would give more pleasure.

This is a paradox, which those for whom I throw out these reflections, cannot comprehend, and, till they can, they will never make their fortunes by their faces.—The roses of youth are not long in bloom, and when time has torn them away, there's an end to love at first sight; and on that, they seem, by their manner of setting themselves off, chiefly to depend.

The modern fine ladies carry their heads well, I must own, and have fine sweeping tails; but when a man of sense would choose a wife, he expects to meet other good qualities than those which might well recommend a horse!

To be stared at a few seasons, and neglected, and in a few more sink into oblivion, is the lot of a thousand showy girls, who have only external appearances to recommend them. Without prudence and discretion, even the most substantial ornaments, though they excite admiration, will never procure esteem.

Prudence is superior to pearls, and there is no kind of comparison between diamonds and discretion. Fools may be caught by the shell, but a man worth having will make the gem the object of his attention.

From yours, &c.

DISTAFF.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET XII.

N E W - Y E A R .

*The hours, an airy ring,
Lightly flit with downy wing,
And sap the works of man.*

OSGIE.

LO! from th' expanding portals of the East,
Forth comes the glorious source of heat
and light,

In golden ear, in gorgeous raiment bright,
To run his destin'd journey to the West.

Great Sire of days, he leads another year,
Adown the long descending tract of
Time;

Fulfills th' ETERNAL MIND's decree sublime,
(cheer.

As circling worlds his quick'ning speers

Like him, in duty may I pass my days,
Obedient ever to the Will Divine:

May all my soul be emulous to shine,
In doing good and to my Maker's praise.
Thus shall each year, "a critique on the
past,"

Both time and bliss improve while life shall
last.

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 2, 1802.

Marriages.

*Come, Widow, Bachelor, old Maid and Virgin,
Time rapidly flies—Love and Hymen are urging;
Neglect not their call!—if much longer ye tarry,
Life's thread will spin out, and not one of you marry.*
AMYNTOR.

MARRIED...In this City....On the 21th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Greene, Mr John M. Bradford, of New York, merchant, to Miss Abigail Field of this city.

Deaths.

*How'ring and trembling on Time's awful brink,
Year after year, Man sees his fellows sink;
Yet strange infatuation binds him fast
To earth; as tho' it would for ever last;
Almighty Power! burn this security;
Oh! shew us what we are, and ought to be.*
AMYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 23d inst. Mrs. Catharine Reese, consort of Mr. J. Reese, merchant....Same day, Mrs. Sarah Seybert, wife of Dr. A. Seybert.

.....Late in Caroline county, Maryland Mrs. Mary Beachamp, at the very advanced age of 119 years. She enjoyed to the last an unusual possession of all her faculties.

.....In Prince George's county, Maryland, a man by the name of Riddle, at the age of 105 years.

.....In Mifflin county, (Pen.) Mr. Thomas Harris, aged 106 years.

.....At Rheims, in Germany, a woman, at the age of 101, having had 19 husbands, and bred up 27 children! She was attended to the grave by 150 sons, grand-sons and great-grand-sons; many of the former going upon crutches or led along blind, borne down with age. She had herself 5 brothers and 14 sisters, all of whom made good use of their time, so that their old woman was aunt to upwards of 1,000 people!

According to the list published by the Synod of Russia, there died in 1800, in the thirty-two divisions of that Empire, *two thousand five hundred and fifty* persons above 80 years of age; *two hundred and sixteen* between 80 and 100; *one hundred and thirty-three* between 101 and 110; *twenty-six* between 110 and 119; *nine* aged 120; *one* aged 125; *two* aged 130.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Adieu to Alexis" and verses "On the Death of a young Lady" will be given in our next.
A profusion of articles styled "EPIGRAMS," received from different correspondents, during this week's past, will undoubtedly be disposed of—as they merit.
An interview with Julius is requested.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM ON THE
NEW YEAR.

Written by MISS BOWDLER.

'TIS past:—another year for ever gone
Proclaims the end of all:—with awful voice
It calls the soul to thought. Awhile she turns
From present scenes, and
.....darting forward, strives to pierce the
veil
Which hides from mortal eyes the time to
come.

Thou rising year, now opening to my
view,
Yet wrapp'd in darkness—whither dost thou
lead?

What is Futurity?—It is a time
When joys, unknown to former life, may shed
Their brightest beams on each succeeding
day;

When Health again may bloom, and Plea-
sure smile,

By pain no more alloy'd and new delights
On every changing season still attend;
Each morn returning wake the soul to joy
From balmy slumbers, undisturb'd by care;
Success still wait on Hope; and every hour
In peace and pleasure gently glide away.—
But ah! how rare on earth are years like
this!

In the dark prospect of Futurity,
Far other scenes than these may yet remain:
Affliction there may aim her keenest shafts
To rear the heart,—while pain and sickness
waste

The feeble frame by slow-consuming pangs,
And ease and comfort lost are sought in
vain;

For there, perhaps, no friendly voice may
cheer

The tedious hours of grief, but all around
Expiring joys and blasted hopes appear,
New woes succeed to woes, and every good
On earth be snatched away.—How then
shall man

Salute the rising year?—Shall cheerful Hope
Receive the welcome guest; or Terror wait
In speechless anguish rheimpending storm?
Presumptuous mortal, cease:—O turn thine
eyes

On the dark mansions of the silent dead,
And check the bold enquiry;—never more
The rising sun may shed its beams on thee;
Perhaps, ev'n now, the fatal hour is come
Which ends at once thy earthly hopes and
fears,

And seals thy doom thro' vast eternity.—
How awful is the thought! and who shall
say

It is not just? What mortal shall disclose
The dark decrees of Heav'n?—But grant,
to life

A longer date assign'd, another year
On earth bestow'd, in deepest shades con-
ceal'd

Its good or ill remains; no mortal hand
Can draw the veil which hides it from thy
view.

Hence then, ye airy dreams by fancy led!

Vain hopes, and vainer fears—deceive no
more!

In native lustre bright let Truth appear,
With her pure beams illumine the dark un-
known,
And shew what man of future days can
know.

What is Futurity?—It is a time
By Heaven in mercy giv'n, where all may
find

Their best, their truest good, the means,
the power,

To elevate their nature, to exert
Each nobler faculty, and still to rise
In every virtue.—Here the best may find
Improvement: for what mortal e'er attain'd
Perfection's utmost point?—And here ev'n
those,

Who long, by vice and folly led astray,
Forsook the paths of wisdom and of truth,
May yet return, and with new ardour seek
That long-neglected good, which, though
despis'd,
Rejected once, may here be yet attain'd.—

Know then, whoe'er thou art, on whom
high Heaven

Another year of life will now bestow,
That year may lead thee to eternal peace,
May cancel follies past, redeem the time—
In thoughtless dissipation once abus'd,
Dispel the shades of vice, the gloom of care,
Call forth each latent virtue, and impart
New strength, new hopes, and joys which
ne'er shall fail.

THE KISS.

LONG have I sedulously tried
My fair one's lips to press;
Long has the cruel maid denied
My ardent hopes to bless.

At length the lovely girl complies,
And grants the balmy treasure;
Love sparkles in her brilliant eyes,
And ev'ry look is pleasure.

Kitty! I thank thee for the Kiss,
Of each dull care the soother;
But, oh! when next thou grant'st the bliss,
Pray, *shave a little smoother!*

TO JULIA,

ON HER THROWING A SNOW-BALL.

YOUNG, wanton Julia flung the gather'd
snow,

Nor fear'd I burning from the wat'ry blow:
'Tis cold, I cried; but ah! too soon I found,
Sent by her hand, it dealt a scorching wound.
Resistless fair! we fly thy pow'r, in vain,
Who turn'st to fiery darts the frozen rain.
Burn, Julia, burn, like me, and that desire,
With water which thou kindest, quench
with fire.

EPIGRAM.

TO AN IMPOTENT AND SCURILIOUS
LAMPOONER.

POOR, sore-stung elf, thy puny efforts
cease;
Thy pointless strains can never wound my
peace:

The cur that grins, but wants the power to
bite,

May raise my laughter; but must fail to fright.

Son of scurrility! a countless train
Of foes like thee, would only meet disdain.
Yet, still, one way remains mine ere to raise,
And but one way, to curse me with thy
praise!

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

REBUS

ADDRESSED TO MISS

To find the name of an admired fair,
Seek first a nymph who rides the ambient air;
The lover next who nightly visits paid,
O'er the great Hell'spout to the Sestian maid;
A Phrygian mount, where Paris gave to
Love,

The prize, so wish'd for, by the spouse of
Jove;

Palmyra's queen, (who 'gainst the Romans
fought)

Aurelian's captive fair, in triumph brought;
She by whose aid, the lab'rynth was explor'd,
And Theseus sav'd, who else had been de-
vour'd.

Next find the man who led the Greeks of
old,

And verified the fate of Troy, foretold;
The maid whose faithful soul disdain'd to
live,

While Phaon's perjur'd heart could still de-
ceive;

The fickle fair who caus'd the Trojan war;
The Cretan king who kept the Minotaur;
The faithful wife, who with a placid smile,
Rush'd on her much lov'd husband's funeral
pile;

The first, fam'd Thessalonian ship, which
bore,

Jason and crew to ancient Colchia's shore;
A nymph, whom bright Apollo woo'd in vain,
If added, will a fair one's name explain.

U. V.

* The queen of love, Venus.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ANSWER

TO U. V.'S REBUS IN THE LAST NO.
In some part of the scriptures we're told,
That good Nathan upbraided his lord,
And in language most terribly bold,
Said, "THOU art the man"—Awful word!

M uses! oft are ye grossly abus'd!
Poetasters this surely will own;

When involk'd, if their aid is refus'd,
To the maids then no mercy is shewn;

But with looks of contemptuous rage,
And oaths ever ready to bind 'em—

Pshaw!—them quit, and their smooth-run-
ning page!

ON! on, thou black pen! and ne'er mind
'em.

ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS.

THE FIRST.

I was thoroughly puzzled to well understand,
That the symbol of magic, was only a Wand—
From two fifths of the dower of man, I infer,
That as water is common, 'tis certainly *er*—
And the letter is *pool*, known to every fool!
So the name of the fair must be, MISS WANDERPOOL.

2. MISS ELIZABETH GINDER.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

THE man who can be angry at his clothes being a little spoilt, and think of revenge on that account, cannot be expected to have a mind capable of conceiving any mode of revenge so astonishing as to reach the ears of posterity. It would, indeed, have stood no such chance, unless I insured its immortality by recording it.

Long did he ponder on the subject of revenge, but could find no means to compass it, until, casting his eyes downwards, he perceived that the Quaker had on a pair of milk-white stockings. His great revenge was now, he thought, within his grasp! His shoes, by standing in the road, were covered with mud, and he quickly began to perpetrate the deed. At every jolt of the carriage he pretended to be thrown backward, and kicking up his legs, with his heels embraced the quaker's stockings. The Quaker bore it patiently for some time, but it was repeated so often, that at last he reached across, and, waking the father, he said to him:

"Friend, I would thank thee to speak to thy son, who soileth my stockings: for though he seemeth to do it by accident, I verily believe he doeth it on purpose."

"Shame, Poh, shame," cried the old man, "I hope not."

"Friend," said the Quaker, turning to Barclay, "wilt thou speak? What dost thou think?"

Bob winked at Barclay, who wishing to encourage him, that he might at least get chastised, replied, "Indeed, sir, I have not narrowly observed what has passed, but I must incline to believe it an accident."

The Quaker said no more. The old man now expressed his surprise at seeing his son in the coach, as he thought he was driving. The reason being given, and the weather having recovered its serenity, Bob declared he would mount the box again, and stopt the coach accordingly. The Quaker was too well pleased with his absence to attempt to prevent it: and Barclay feeling disposed to enjoy a little fresh air, agreed to go with him.

Our hero seated himself on the roof of the coach, close to the box on which Bob was perched, marshalling his elbows, and driving, according to his opinion, in very great style. The Quaker presently became the subject of conversation. Barclay, who was fond of a joke, seconded him in all his abuse of the Quaker, and especially dwelt on his keeping him in the rain, until he wrought him to such a state of anger, that he leant back, and said softly to Barclay, "If you'll get off, and pretend to walk on, I'll overturn him, neck or nothing, into the next ditch."

This Barclay very much objected to, and to avoid it, he replied, "I should like it vastly, but you forget your father's in the coach."

"Ay, true enough, so I did," he rejoined; "but *he's mine*, you know, and if you like, I run the risk!"

"No, oh no!" said our hero, shocked at his want of feeling. "No, that must not be; let us devise some other scheme."

This had been all spoken in a whisper, unheard, as it may easily be imagined, by the coachman. They now spoke out, and

many things were proposed, without fixing on any, till Barclay happening to say, that if you struck a Quaker on one side of his face, he would, according to his religion, turn the other—he exclaimed, after a few moments silence;

"I think, sir, I'd better fight him; d—n him, I'll lick him."

"Right," replied Barclay, "that's a good thought."

They had scarcely settled this plan of operation, when the coach, it being three o'clock, drew up to the inn, at which they were allowed an hour to dine. On these occasions no time is to be lost. The dinner prepared was put on the table immediately, and they were all soon seated to partake of it. Bob, however, was too full of his purpose to think of eating; how to find cause for fighting the Quaker wholly occupied his mind. He offered him fifty indignities, which the other took without muttering. At length, being civilly asked for a little butter, he poured the contents of the whole boat into the Quaker's plate, and pretending to be very sorry for what he had done, he attempted to assist in taking it away; doing which he overturned it all into his lap. This was too much. The Quaker looked angrily: the other protested it was unintentional.

"Friend! friend!" said he, seriously, "thou dost not speak the words of truth."

"Shlood!" exclaimed Bob, "what, do you give me the lie? Strip, strip. I'll teach you to give a gentleman the lie."

Saying this, he stripped himself to the shirt in a moment. The other asked him whether he meant to strip, and being answered simply, "nay," he drew near him, squaring, and putting himself into a variety of fighting attitudes; but, offering to strike, the quaker said, "Friend, I never fight." At the same time he put forth his

arm in a straight line, which coming in contact with the other's face, made his nose bleed copiously, and almost stunned him.

Recovering a little, Fob looked at our hero, and shook his head, as much as to say, "This is not the Quaker you talked of." But not choosing to quit the field thus, he attacked his foe twice more, who met him each time in the same way, with "Friend, I tell thee I never fight!" when the coachman came in to say the stage was ready. The Quaker now wished to know whether he might be permitted to finish his dinner unmolested. This permission his opponent readily granted. The coachman was prevailed on to wait ten minutes longer; and the Quaker, sitting down, satisfied his appetite with as much composure as if nothing had happened. Bob, during this period, sat sulkily in the corner, bemoaning his damaged physiognomy; stopping with one hand the rosy stream that issued from his nostrils, and with the other bathing his two black eyes with vinegar and water.

The father being a peaceable man, and not at all comprehending the cause of the disturbance, rather leant on the Quaker's side, and reprehended his son for his rude and unwarrantable conduct.

Our hero, who was quite contented with the success of his stratagem, proposed that the combatants should drink a glass of wine together, and make it up, which was seconded by the old man. The Quaker seemed willing to agree to it, and, when they brought Bob up to shake hands with him, he said, "Friend, I forgive thee."

"Forgive me!" cried the other, "what do you mean by 'forgive me'? It is I that am to forgive, for giving me these black eyes and this bloody nose."

"Friend, thou art mistaken," replied the Quaker. "Verily I did not give thee them, for thou didst give them to thyself. I did only hold up my arm, as every man hath a right to do, and thou didst run thy face against my fist. Moreover, thou hast in truth hurt my knuckles a little with thy teeth; but again, I say, I do forgive thee."

The Quaker's solemnity produced a smile even upon the disfigured countenance of his antagonist, who, not knowing what to reply, offered him his hand in sullen silence, which the Quaker took, saying,

"I take this, friend, as a pledge that thou never more dost intend, wantonly, to sully my stockings, to butter my breeches, or to bruise my fist."

They were at this instant again summon-

ed to proceed on their journey, and, having been so much disturbed as not to be able to drink more than one bottle of wine, it was resolved that they should take two flasks into the carriage, and over them finally terminate their differences.

C H A P. XV.

What will restore friendship.—How to seem wise.—Why coxcombs will perpetually exist.—ROMAINE.—Extemporaneous sermons accounted for.—The delicacy of a court-preacher.—Friends often do more harm than foes.—A digression proved to be no digression.—Supper.—Barelay's reflections on his situation.

THE wine taken by our travellers into the carriage soon proved itself to have all the vaunted influence and magic charm of the herb Anacamperos, which is said by Pliny* to have the power of restoring friendship. A few bumpers (but what will they not do!) quickly reconciled the contending parties, and renewed their former harmony. The Quaker, however, was still very sparing of his words. Bob, on the other hand, became remarkably talkative. Not having eaten much dinner, the wine took speedy effect on him, and he dealt out, what he called his *jeux d'esprit* and bon mots (all strongly savouring of the linen-draper) with exceeding profusion. In the excess on his spirits, he made another attack on the Quaker, but alas! poor Bob was, in all his attacks, ever unfortunately doomed to be defeated, and put to the rout with shame and disgrace. The old man, chuckling and laughing at one of his son's jokes, he turned round to him, and said:

"Now, dad, though I am such a pleasant fellow, yet I claim no merit for my wit and humour. Nature has put a spice of them in me, and I can no more help being agreeable, than friend Buckram there, can being dull, and never saying a syllable."

After he had finished a laugh, which followed this, the Quaker addressed the company thus: "I do grieve truly that this young man should ascribe dullness to my silence, as I did mean it to make a very different impression. By silence many have passed for men of sense, who would never have been so esteemed by talking. And, verily, am I afraid of being loquacious, lest I should thereby, like unto my neighbour, give indisputable proof of my dullness and folly."

Bob, finding that the Quaker had the better of him at all weapons, declined entering the lists with him any more, and feeling the strength of the grape operate

on his faculties, he sunk gradually into the arms of sleep. It was now late in the evening, and his companions, fatigued with travelling, thought it not unwise to follow his example.

What a good tempered soul I am! Here have I, for thirty or forty pages, been telling my story, circumstance after circumstance, without omitting a tittle, or making a single digression. But we will have a digression now, and after the digression, we will have a further digression, to prove that a digression is no digression, and then we'll go on with our story.

I have said that three of our travellers went to sleep, following the example of their companion; and perhaps the reader has done the same. I would that nothing worse arose from following example. There is prevalent, in the minds of the young men of this age, something which induces them to a conduct and sentiment in company, totally foreign to those entertained and approved of, when alone; and they constantly quit their companions, with contempt and disapprobation of those very principles and ways of life, to which they themselves, however contrary to the impulse of their reason, have been accessory, and, by imitation promoted. Friendship is ingenuous and candid; none then can exist, in breasts leagued, as it were, by a strange fatality, to mutual deception. While men, in spite of their genuine feelings, will, like the camelion, indiscriminately take the colour of their associates, we must despair of seeing an end to the wide-extended line of coxcombs and fools.

"Assume a virtue if you have it not."

but do not put on the features of vice or folly, so repugnant to your real self, so baneful in example to mankind. Vice is only sufferable through custom, which habituates us to see it without dismav, and practise it without shame. Custom is, indeed, according to Pindar, the lord of all things; and when vice itself once becomes customary or common, it is no longer a shame to be vicious; for, it is well observed by Mademoiselle le Fevre, that "*La honte ne consiste proprement que par la raison des contraires; et c'est dequoy on n'est aujourd'huy que trop persuadé.*"

It is our imitation, or tacit approbation of the vices of those we associate with, which perpetuates their reign, and extends their dominion. Flattering, as we continually do, the follies of others, is watering the root to which we should apply the axe of reprobation.

I could give some good advice on this subject, but I will not employ my time

such a fruitless manner. I never take any myself, and why should I expect it from other people? However, it must be confessed, that much evil arises from the world's too great leniency to what it is pleased to term, petty sins, or fashionable frailties. Romaine, one day, preaching extemporaneously* on this head, observed, "That men, now-a-day, have an excuse for every thing. Nothing is so bad, but they palliate it. Why," said he, "they don't so much as call the devil by his right name, but stroke him down the back, and call him *poor mistaken angel!*"—Thus they don't even give the devil his due."

We have, indeed, great want of a few Catos, a few Censors, to check the lamentably mischievous course of vicious frivolity, and fashionable infamy. We need some one not to wink at our faults, but to reprimand us for them. It is truly an erroneous notion of friendship, that leads a man to do the former, for he would in my opinion, give much stronger evidence of his esteem by doing the latter with gentleness and urbanity. His greatest foe could not do a man more injury, than he would sustain from the misguided friend who should seem to approve his errors, by imitating them: which imitation of our companions confirms more men in their bad practices than any one other thing.—It would, in truth, be a deadly stab to vice and folly, were we merely not to smile at them.

So far my digression, and now to answer my reader's objection to digressions, I shall take the argument, and some of the words, of a speech in Fielding's Pasquin.

"I perceive, Mr. Sneerwell," (that's you, you know!) "that you are one of those who would have nothing introduced but what is necessary to the business of the story;—nor I either. But the business of the story, as I take it, is to divert and instruct; therefore every thing that diverts or instructs, is necessary to the business of the story." Thus is this digression (by which word you mean something

strange to the work) syllogistically proved to be no digression; being a thing consistent, necessary, and of a piece with the work itself. You have, perhaps, still some doubt, but if so, I will bring a hundred more reasons to prove that—.

Reader, "Not for the world! It shall be a digression, or not a digression, just as you please; but for heaven's sake, go on, and say no more about it."

About ten o'clock at night, Barclay was waked, and informed by the coachman that his vehicle went no farther with him. He consequently alighted, to wait for a carriage going across the country, which would call at the inn at one in the morning. His companions being still asleep, all ceremony between them at parting was rendered unnecessary; and Barclay, having secured his baggage, left them to pursue their journey in a state in which he thought they were most likely to do it peaceably.

Having now plenty of time, he ordered as comfortable a supper as the house would afford, and with the assistance of some excellent ale, and a bottle of moderate port, he endeavoured to pass away the hours as pleasantly as a man in his situation could be expected to do. His situation was new, his mind was full, but his spirits were still good. "To-morrow," said he to himself, and he could scarcely avoid smiling, "to-morrow I shall begin to copy the bible for a crazy old woman, who does not know what she'd be at. Well the next day I shall say, "Ma'am, I don't like this." Put, hold, if I say so, they'll pop me into the coach again, and send me back to my creditors. That will never do. No; though I always did hate copying, and though I feel I hate it the more, the nearer I approach it; yet will I try it, to obtain enough of money to pay off my creditors, and if I find it insupportable, I can, after all, but throw myself into their friendly arms, which are ever open, and ready to receive me."

Making these reflections, and drinking his wine, he insensibly fell asleep, and was very diligently going on with his Polyglott bible, copying away in his imagination, *Brassith Bera*—, when the hostroused him from his dream by a tap on the shoulder, and presented him a bill.

Barclay, who was yet debating in his mind which was best, going to copy, or going to jail, now, half asleep and half awake, took the landlord for a bailiff, and exclaimed, "Well, well, I'll go along with you! and hang me but I believe 'tis the best of the two."

Rubbing his eyes, and shaking himself a little, he presently perceived his mistake. The host then told him that he had stopped the coach, and, there being one place unoccupied, he had secured it for him.—"The coachman," continued he, "is in a hurry to be off, therefore I make so bold, your honour, as to wake you, and to bring you this here bit of a bill."

Our hero discharged the demand, and, ordering his things to be put in the coach, once more took a seat to proceed to the end of his journey. Barclay found— you'll find what in the next chapter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*O Music! sphere descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,

O! bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece.*

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

MR. HOGAN,

I FIND your friend is not yet satisfied about the Muses, and still asserts that Urania is the patroness of astronomy, and not of music.—But this he has not brought a single authority to prove. The authorities he produces, say only,—That she was supposed to be the inventress of astronomy: hence he infers (by what logical rule I know not,) that she was not the patroness of music. I congratulate him, however, in having gotten over one error, that clearly proves to me that he is possessed of an ingenious mind, which will not suffer him to support any principle which, on investigation, he finds originated in a mistaken view of the subject.

I agree with *T. W. de la Tienda*, that it is an impropriety for any Christian society to bear the title of a pagan deity; but custom has rendered this, if a fault, a very trivial one. Milton, he will undoubtedly allow, was a Christian, and as much opposed to idolatry as himself; yet we find he invokes Urania, but in the very act of invocation, destroys the idolatry by these significant words:

"The meaning not the name I call."

And if this was a sufficient reason for him to invoke Urania, might not a liberal spirit give such a construction to the act of the Society, that it was the meaning, not the name they wished to assume. I am not a member of the society, nor have I ever had that honour; but charity thinketh no evil.

* I do not think it to be the case with Romaine, who was a man of considerable learning, and unaffected piety: but I believe there can be no better reason given for many of his ser's preaching extemporaneously, than that they are unable to read.

= ‡ An English clergyman, says a French writer, preaching before the court, said, at the end of his sermon, that those who did not profit by what he had advanced, would go, and for ever and ever inhabit a place which politeness would not suffer him to name before such a respectable congregation.

To put the matter out of dispute, I must enter more minutely into the subject than I at first thought necessary.

Education among the ancients was divided into two parts, *viz.* Music, which comprehended all that tended to mental improvement, and GYMNASTICS, which embraced all corporal exercises. To the Muses, therefore, they looked for assistance in all their mental studies. They joined Music and Poetry in the closest union; and whilst this union was preserved, they were mild, humane and beneficent: hence some of their wisest men have acknowledged, that Music, under the guidance of philosophy, is one of the sublimest gifts of Heaven.

The Pythagoreans believed that the universe had an intellectual soul; but could only solve the phenomena of the motion of the heavens, and the distance of the heavenly bodies from the earth, by estimating the degrees of activity possessed by this soul, from the centre to the circumference of the universe: they imagined, therefore, a line extending from the centre of the earth to the extremity of the planetary world, and divided it into thirty-six parts, at the distance of a tone or semi-tone from each other; and this they called the *musical scale of the universal soul*.

The heavenly bodies are placed at different degrees of this scale, at distances relatively proportionate to each other, as in the ratio of the fifth and other consonances. They imagined that the motion of the heavenly bodies, thus directed, after the same proportions, produced a delightful and divine harmony. The Muses, like so many syrens, have placed their thrones upon the stars; they regulate the cadenced motions of the celestial spheres, and PRESIDE over those eternal and ravishing concerts, which can be heard only in the silence of the passions, and which are said to have filled the soul of Pythagoras with the purest delight.

They regulated the distance of the heavenly bodies by the following scale:

From the Earth to the Moon, a tone.
From the Moon to Mercury, a half-tone.
From Mercury to Venus, a half-tone.
From Venus to the Sun, a tone and a half.

From the Sun to Mars, a tone.
From Mars to Jupiter, a half tone.
From Jupiter to Saturn, a half tone.
From Saturn to the Fixed Stars, a tone and a half. And each tone they supposed to be equal to 11286 miles.

By these observations, for which I am indebted to the *Abbe Bartholomy*, in

his travels of Anacharsis, it is evident to the meanest understanding, that astronomy and music became so connected, and that a proficient in music was esteemed a patron of astronomy; but still upon account of musical ability, by which the motion of the spheres was supposed to be regulated.

I must now take some notice of our friend, who says, "I should have said that Urania is no patron of singing, or them who sing"—And I maintain, and I think am able to prove, that the Muses are *all patronesses* of Music and Poetry; and as such were invoked by the ancient poets.

In the first of Solon's Elegies we find the following invocation:

O *Pierian Muses!* ye celebrated daughters of Olympian Jove and Memory, listen to my prayer.

In the third Idyllium of Bion, every strophic begins with this address:

Begin my lamentation, O Siculean Muses.

In the 16th Idyllium of Theocritus, we find the following beautiful passage:

It is always the duty of the Muses, the daughters of Jupiter, to celebrate the immortal gods: of the poets, to celebrate the noble deeds of heroes. The Muses are indeed goddesses, and they sing the praises of the gods and goddesses.

The first book of Hesiod begins also with an invocation to the Muses:

O Muses! celebrated through Pieria for your songs, lend your aid to sing the praises of your father Jupiter.

I could with ease produce many such invocations from the Greek poets; but if these do not suffice to establish the point, that the Muses were all the patronesses of poets, and consequently of music, a thousand would not satisfy.—With the following from our own poets, and Virgil, I shall close the list of my authorities.

New e'er we venture to unfold,
Achievements so resolute and bold,
We should, as learned poets use,
Invoke th' assistance of some Muse;
We think 'tis no great matter which,
They're all alike, &c. HODDINGS.

Ye Muses, open all your Helicon,
For well ye know, and can record a'one,
What fate to future times conveys but darkly
down. DRYD. VIR.

Ye Muses, ever fair and ever young,
Assist my numbers and inspire my song:
For you in singing martial facts excel;
Ye best remember and ye best can tell. DRYD. VIR.

—Still govern thou my song
Urania, and fit audience find the few;
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers.— MILTON.

Some perhaps might object, that the Muses are the patronesses of poetry, not

of music—but such an objection, I am of opinion, will never be made by T. W. de la Tienda; he possesses too much information to bring forward such a quibble.

In my former essay, (for I must still call it an essay, because I know for such productions no better name,) I proved that the Muses loved singing and singers. In this I have proven that they are the *PATRONESSES* of music or song, and have shewn how the ancients came to join astronomy and music. I have not differed with the author of the article in the *Encyclopædia*, Dr. Ash, or the ancient statuary and painters: not one of these ever entertained for a moment an idea that Urania was not the patroness of music. They were too well acquainted with the subject to make such an assertion. All the statues represented Urania under the figure of a very beautiful woman, holding the celestial globe in her right hand, and the terrestrial globe in her left; by this the mythologist expressed his belief that she was possessed of all knowledge, human and divine.

Mr. Hogan, I have now done with the Muses, and I hope your friend will be satisfied: if, however, he still maintains the opinion which he has avowed, he may, for I will no more on this subject trouble you, myself, or the public. J. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPORTANT HINTS.

I FIND, by experience, says Gibbon, that it is much more *rational*, as well as easy, to answer a letter of real business by *return of post*. This important truth is verified by my own experience. After writing three pages, I was called away, and the post departed before I could return to the conclusion. A second day was *coloured by some decent pretence*. Three weeks have slipped away, and I now force myself on a task which I should have dispatched, without an effort, on the first summons.

NOTHING, in my opinion, says the same author, is so ridiculous as some kinds of friends, wives and lovers, who look on no crime so heinous as the letting slip a post without writing. The charm of friendship is liberty; and he that would destroy the one, destroys, without designing it, the better half of the other. I compare friendship to charity, and letters to alms—the last signifies nothing without the first; and very often the first is very strong, although it does not shew itself by the other.

ORIGINAL TALE.

The Ruins.

(CONTINUED.)

"MY detestable brother stood aghast at the sight of the instrument he had employed in his dire schemes of revenge, weltering in his gore: but when I advanced towards him, when he saw the dagger, yet reeking with the blood of the villain I had sacrificed to the manes of Matilda, raised to revenge her death, his guilty soul was distracted with fear and apprehension. He sunk on his knee, as if to subdue my resentment; but ere he could give utterance to the emotions of his heart, some of his mimrydons entered, and saved him from his fate. Soon as they interfered, and he was removed from the probability of punishment, the dastardly Arthur resumed all his haughty dignity, and ordered them to secure me. I had retreated to the side of my inanimate wife, and when the ruffians advanced, I bade them keep at a distance or I would appease the spirit of my Matilda by the sacrifice of a hecatomb of such beings, who lived the scourge of civilized society. They seemed appalled at my firmness; for after witnessing such a scene of horror as was before me, there were few natural occurrences that could disturb the undaunted ferocity which reigned uncontrolled in my bosom. With such a stimulus, no wonder that my conduct was marked with a species of phrenzy. With nothing but the dagger which I retained in my hand, I defended myself for some time against them, till I was laid senseless on the floor. Recovering from my insensibility I found myself once more in my prison, and alone. But I will not fatigue you, by dwelling so long on my distresses; suffice it to say, that through the clandestine interference of one of my guards, who was softened by my wretchedness, I was once more restored to health and liberty, after an imprisonment of some years.

"Tho' I was obliged to secrete myself from the vengeance of my brother, I obtained a sight of my daughter, who had improved in beauty, and was possessed of all those infantine charms, which operate on the susceptible heart of a parent. Confiding her to the care of the intimate friend of my Matilda, I hung round her neck the miniature of her mother, with strict in-

junction to her noble guardian never to inform her of the fate of her parents, unless there was a prospect of her recovering the inheritance of her unfortunate father."

Manston was interrupted by Maria, who, in a hurried accent, demanded the name of the person to whose care he had consigned his infant. "The Countess of Davenport," replied Manston; surprized and alarmed at the manner in which the question was asked. No sooner was the name uttered, than Maria exclaimed, "My father!" and sunk fainting in her chair. He called loudly for assistance, and the servant entering with a cordial, by their united exertions she was soon restored to the possession of her senses. When she was able to speak, she explained her apprehension, that it was not merely the tie of sympathy which had attached them to each other, but a certain instinctive and indefinite sensation. Taking a miniature from her bosom, she put it in his hands, and requested to be relieved from her doubts, by knowing whether it was not the resemblance of his Matilda. Joy at the sight of the well known object, illumined the saddened features of Manston with a transient gleam. It was the same portrait which, in the moment of taking farewell, he had placed round the neck of his daughter; who now was kneeling at his feet, and rejoicing that she had found a parent. Those charms to which infantine innocence had given an irresistible grace, were now matured into perfect beauty, and rendered doubly interesting by the trait of melancholy which was spread over her fine-formed features. As to paint in just colours the scene which ensued, would be impossible, let it be sufficient to observe, that the pleasure they mutually received from the discovery, for a time obliterated from their memory every trace of past events. Maria informed him that she had remained with the Countess of Davenport till her decease, when she was taken under the protection of the Countess of Darnford. She was only known as an orphan favorite of the late lady Davenport, and was consequently exposed to the subtle artifices of the young noblemen who resorted to Darnford castle. Maria had received from her noble protectress, impressions which were not easily effaced. But alas, for the happiness of the daughter of Mercia, she possessed a too susceptible heart. Love got the ascendancy of reason,—principle, virtue and fortitude were obliged to submit. Before the breath of passion, the lessons of prudence and virtue vanished as the blue mists of morning at the

approach of the "god of day." A young nobleman, the Marquis of Richmond, possessed of every accomplishment that could win the admiration of the fair, made proposals of the most honourable nature. Maria listened to his vows, and received in private the assurances of his inviolable fidelity. In a moment when prudence slumbered, the malignant demon, under whose evil influence the lives of her parents had been marked with misfortune, fanned into a flame the dormant spark of passion, and triumphed in her fall from virtue. The Marquis was recalled by a mandate from his father, the Duke of Richmond, and Maria, tortured by reflection, fled the scene of her indiscretion. After wandering for a considerable time, till fatigue and remorse had almost deprived her of reason, she reached the borders of the forest, and met with those occurrences which have been related. The castle which was the seat of lady Darnford, was situated near the forest; but such was its wild luxuriance, and so thick the underwood, that none presumed to wander far within its thickets. After they had resumed their wonted tranquillity, Maria recollected the appearance of the stranger at the Ruins, and mentioned it to her father. He endeavoured to persuade her that it was only the delusions of fancy, but in vain; her mind was impressed with the fear of losing her new found parent, and with a palpitating heart she accompanied him in a walk through the forest.

No traces of the storm which had prevailed the preceding night appeared, till they reached the Ruins, where they perceived a part of the remaining wall had been thrown down by a stroke of thunder, and under it the mangled body of a man. With horror Maria thought she recognized the stranger whose unaccountable conduct had given rise to suspicions in her bosom. They both stood aghast at the spectacle. With the assistance of the servant, the body was extricated from its situation, but no signs of life appeared. On examining his pockets, they found the following letter, addressed to the deceased:

Good Donald,

I have had information of the appearance of a servant at the little town of F——, on the borders of Darwood Forest, who comes to buy provisions once in several days, and always returns into the forest. His silence respecting his employer, when questioned, inspires me with a hope that my runaway brother is not far distant. Examine the forest by yourself, to avoid sus-

picion should you be noticed by any one, and let me know as soon as possible of the result.

MERCIA.

This letter at once unravelled the late mysterious conduct of the deceased; and thus were Manston's hopes of enjoying an uninterrupted tranquillity blasted. He returned thanks to God for his providential interference, and compassionated the fate of the devoted victim, who, acting agreeably to the mandate of his superior, was left by the avenging hand of heaven, a blighted picture of ruin and destruction. Forced from that solitude in whose calm bosom he had reposed for so long a period, he resolutely hastened to court, and to throw himself at the feet of his king. The spark of vengeance which had so long slumbered in his bosom, now burst into a flame. The injuries of his Matilda called aloud for punishment on their author.

Removing instantly from the cottage, after a journey of some days, they arrived at court unmolested, and in a private audience, Manston unfolded to the monarch the melancholy detail of his sufferings.

JULIUS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SACRED HARMONY.

THERE has lately been formed and organized in this city, a society by the name of THE HARMONIC SOCIETY, for the purposes of extending the study of SACRED MUSIC, of encouraging and assisting Students in the Art, of aiding the efforts of worthy Teachers, and finally of improving themselves; and I understand that they have chosen Mr. LAW to be their president. It must be highly gratifying to the religious and moral part of the community, to behold among all ranks of Society, desires and endeavours to promote this delightful part of public and private devotion;—to see the young of both sexes, voluntarily relinquishing the fashionable and alluring, though light and transient amusements of the day, and cordially uniting for the advancement of solid and lasting acquisitions. And it cannot fail to be pleasing to all liberal minds and lovers of science, to view with what alacrity and indefatigable industry this able Teacher continues to exert his powers in the cause of virtue and useful learning. Mr. LAW, I have been informed, has devoted the greatest part and the best period of his life to the study and teaching of Sacred Music; and it is still his

ardent desire to diffuse among his fellow-citizens a knowledge of it as far as his abilities will enable him, for the purpose of rendering it as extensively beneficial, and as justly appreciated, as it ought to be. It is hoped, therefore, that the Philadelphians, who are second to no people on earth for liberality of sentiment, and spirited patronage of the Arts and Sciences, will duly estimate the advantages that may be derived from a generous encouragement of undertakings so laudable:—that, at least, the heads of families, and the ministers of the Gospel, who from their several stations, must feel particularly interested in the dissemination of pure and virtuous principles, and the prevalence of moral and good conduct, will cheerfully and spiritedly co-operate with such meritorious institutions in their exertions for accomplishing objects so desirable, and I may truly add so important.

PHILO.

NEW ASTRONOMICAL THEORY.

AN inhabitant of Pau, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees (south of France) has discovered a method by which the Sun may be examined without injuring the sight. He has himself examined it, and thro' the same medium has shewn it to others. It is without any spot, and not sparkling. It turns incessantly on its axis, and the parts of its surface are more brilliant the more remote they are from its poles, so that its equator is the most splendid part. It revolves with a rapidity beyond calculation, but which is supposed to be about a hundred times in a minute.

PICOT, the astronomer, who has made this discovery, is persuaded, that this very rapid rotation of the Sun furnishes a simple and most natural explanation of the movements of the planetary world. He proposes the following, as a theory for consideration:

"As the Sun revolves with great velocity, it must give motion to a quantity of æther, through a distance proportioned to its density, its magnitude, and above all, to the rapidity of its motion; this distance must, consequently, extend far beyond the Georgium Sidus of Herschel.

"The circular movement which the æther must necessarily have, must communicate itself to the planets, the atmosphere of which it surrounds; and as the motion of the æther must be the more rapid the nearer it is to the Sun, it follows, 1st. That the planets will be driven round the Sun with a velocity, which will be in

the inverse ratio of their distance: 2d. That as the atmosphere of each planet will be acted upon by a movement more rapid on the side which is next to the Sun, than on that which is opposite, the planets must make revolutions in themselves, presenting successively the whole circumference of their orbs to the Sun."

The theory here developed is doubtless curious, if not plausible. We have no more certain means of attaining a knowledge of the appearance, situation, relative distance and revolutionary laws of the planets, than glasses and observations furnish.

The aids afforded by mathematics are merely auxiliary, and might perhaps be made to yield equal assistance to the astronomer, whether he used the telescope of Sir Isaac Newton, or the glass of Picot. Spherical trigonometry derives, indeed, its name from the sphere of which it treats; but this branch of mathematical science, since it is formed from an application of the abstract principles of mathematics to practical inquiries, will remain unaltered in its laws, even if a new theory of the revolution of the planets should be adopted.

PICOT does not pretend that the calculations heretofore made will be affected in their results by this theory. But, in this place the most interesting reflection perhaps is, that not one of the theories hitherto known has so completely convinced the inquiring mind as to cause the instant rejection of further theories. On the contrary, so much is the Newtonian theory founded on adventurous hypothesis, that altho' almost on its being published, the system of Tycho Brahe, and even that of Descartes himself, was very generally exploded; yet of late years some very learned and ingenious men have thought the theory of the great Newton liable to most serious objections.

[National Magazine.]

THE FALSE FRIEND.

THE following romantic and melancholy affair happened at a village in Virginia, a few years ago.

A young gentleman, the son of an attorney, had conceived a violent passion for the daughter of an eminent planter, at some distance from the place of his residence, and found means to make her acquainted with it. But on account of the disparity of their circumstances, he was refused. An accident, however, some time after,

brought them together, at the house of a friend of the lady; when the gentleman so far prevailed as to be admitted on the terms of her lover; and they continued to see each other privately for several months. But at this time Mr.— being disappointed in regard to fortune, it was judged proper for them to separate till his affairs should take a more favourable turn, when the match might be proposed to the lady's friends with some prospect of success. Their *confidante* was still their friend.—They corresponded under the fictitious signatures of *Henry* and *Delia*, to prevent detection; and their friend, whom agreeably to the romantic plan, they called *Juliana*, was their female Mercury. As Henry of course was frequently at *Juliana's* house, where it was thought proper, the better to cover their design, that he should pass for that lady's lover; and this was universally believed to be the case. Henry's circumstances and expectations, tho' inferior to those of his mistress, were at least equal to *Juliana's*; the latter conceived the perfidious design of making him her lover in *reality*. To effect this she endeavoured by indirect insinuations, to prejudice him against the object of his love; hinted the little likelihood there appeared of such an union taking place, and how much happier marriages were likely to be where there was a parity of fortunes. Her endeavours however were fruitless. He saw though the artifice; and his discovery pained him the more, as he doubted not but she would use the same arts with his *Delia*, whom he could now neither caution against her, or even if he could, her confidence in her was so great, she would not believe it. With *Delia* therefore, she was successful. Instigated by revenge, by the falsest and basest suggestions, she successfully detached her from him, and it was not long after when she gave her hand to one of *Juliana's* relations. The news reached the unhappy Henry. Unable to bear the thought of her being possessed by another, in distraction and despair he seized two loaded pistols, and rushing to the house which contained the pair who that morning had been wedded, he drove the contents of one thro' his *Delia's* heart, and the other through his own. The perfidious *Juliana* so far from being affected, seemed to triumph in their fate. The hapless lovers were universally pitied; but she, though the law could not touch her, was held in execration, and in a short time moved to some distant place, where her crime was not known, to avoid the insults which she constantly and justly received.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET XIII.

TO RESIGNATION.

Resign'd, I'll wait my final doom—

O RESIGNATION, soul-supporting Pow'r!
Thine ever-placid influence impart:

Dispel the doubts that wring my tortur'd heart;

Disperse the glooms that cloud life's prospects o'er.

Possess of Thee, offspring of Virtue fair,
The Saint with the Philosopher is blest;

And, thro' Time's varying scenes, the
"Good distrest,"

Serenely glide, beyond the reach of care:

Whether perennial Eden smiles delight;
Or devastation frowning rush abroad,

And nature to her deep foundations nod,
Conscious, th'ETERNAL Will is ever right.

O then, since Thou canst ward the ills of fate,

Come, fit my soul for any, ev'ry state.

AMYN'TOR.

LINES

ON STEALING A PIN FROM A LADY'S
BREAST.

Ah! little thought I, that the Pin,
Which from Eliza's breast I stole,
Could have such magic center'd in,
As with each pang to pierce my soul.

How pleas'd, I heard her sweetly pray,

In softest accents for her Pin—

"Oh! do restore it, do!" she'd say:

But her entreaties all were vain.

Too well the theft has punish'd been,

Repose is banish'd from my bed,

My dreams are haunted with the Pin,

And every other thought has fled.

Eliza! thy reproaches spare!

Nor of the rob'ry rude complain,

Enough already, charming fair!

From one poor Pin I've suffer'd pain.

PHILAMOR.

NATHAN CHAPIN

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a *SINGING SCHOOL*, at his School-room, No. 134, South Fifth Street, between Pine and Lombard Streets, on Saturday Evenings, from 6 till 9 o'clock; where Ladies and Gentlemen may be carefully instructed in every thing necessary for the accomplishment of that art.

PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 9, 1802.

Marriages.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Jesse Marchmont, to Miss Elizabeth Macclain, both of Southwark....On the 21st ult. by the Rev. C. Potts, Mr. Robert Jackson, to Miss Phebe Parker....By the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Capt. Wm. Taylor, of New-York, to Miss Esther Rhin-dollar, daughter of Mr. Emanuel Rhin-dollar, of Southwark....On the 7th, by the Rev. Bishop White, John Jones, Esq. of Montgomery County, to Miss Rebecca Jones, daughter of the late Owen Jones, Esq. of this City.

Deaths.

DIED....In this City....On the 2d inst. Benjamin Brown, Esq. of Wells, in the State of Massachusetts.

.....At Bethlehem, (Pen.) on the 2d inst. after a short sickness of four days, the Rev. John Ettwein, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of *Unitas Fratrum*, or the United Brethren, &c. &c. &c.

Died suddenly, aged 103, Mr. Joshua Dixon, of Downton. By his two wives he had a numerous family; his eldest daughter now living is upwards of 70 years of age, and his child only 13. He was a remarkably free liver, and, from his account, had drank in the course of his life, upwards of 2000 gallons of brandy, besides other liquors; he enjoyed his faculties to the last.

LONGEVITY.

THERE now lives in one of the provincial towns of France, a man aged 108, who possesses, to appearance, all the marks of the health and vigour of youth. He has all his teeth entire, and his hair is as black as at any former period of his life. His manner of living has in it only this peculiarity, that at all his meals he uses no other food but bread, which has been previously steeped in wine, all of which is of his own cultivation and manufacture.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Juvenis*" will appear next week.

"*Simon the Pauper*" will be inserted as soon as we can find convenient room.

"*Reflections on the Death of a Child*" will be attended to as early as possible.

Several other communications are under consideration.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

RISE, my mu e, forego thy slumbers,
Tune: the tend'rest chords of woe;
Teach thy elegiac numbers
Sally-elouquent to flow.

Shed thy tears in pearly showers
On Elvira's hallow'd tomb;
Strew around it fairest flowers—
Roses of eternal bloom.

See the tyrant Death approaching,
(From his tury nought can save)
On fair virtue's shrine encroaching,
Dooms her vot'ry to the grave.

Can virtue save from death? ah never;
No sweet maid it cannot be;
If from death it rescued ever,
Surely it had rescued thee.

Mourn ye fair this sad deduction,
From your cheerful virtuous train,
She whose voice once breath'd instruction,
Shall instruct nor please again.

For, from earth has fled her spirit
To a happier world above,
Everlasting bliss t' inherit
In the realms of endless love.

There the heav'nly band harmonious,
Greet her spirit in the skies;
Now her voice, with their's symphonious,
Bids the pealing anthem rise.

Pour on, sweet maid, the hallow'd strain,
As long as heav'n's HIGH KING shall reign,
And sing thy MAKER's praise;
Thy anthems angels shall admire,
Their breasts shall catch a sacred fire
From thy extatic lays.

— EMBERSON.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN.

*The following salutatory Address to a Student of ****
College, having accidentally fallen into my hands, if
you think it worthy an insertion in the Philadelphia
Repository, it is at your service.*

DON ALFANO.

ADIEU TO ALEXIS,

*Written the evening before his departure from
**** College—By a Fellow-Student.*

ADIEU my friend, a heart-felt leave
I take of social pleasures past;
A sad adieu ent they receive,
Yea, meet for once a sudden blast.

And those remembrances so dear,
Which thine, my throbbing heart attend,
Can but help on the rising tear,
Occasion'd by a parting friend.

Yon lunar orb, whose silver face
So often lights the lover's way;
Whose radiant beams oft serve to trace
The poet's all-aspiring lay.

That moon whose ambient rays have shone
On us while sauntering o'er the lawn:
Ere she again ascends her throne,
Must view my friend far distant gone.

When parted hence may'st thou at home,
Sull honour due to college ways;
Rememb'ring still the late left dome
Where we have spent some happy days.

Let not the thoughts of liberty
Too much fill up thy youthful mind;
Tho' from our laws thou wilt be free;
Yet disappointments all must find.

But let not disappointments sink,
Thy noble heart to needless pain;
Let it still be the honour'd link
To join thy soul to Virtue's chain.

A last request—let me require,
(When homeward thou hast trod thy way)
Not to forget pure friendship's fire,
Which oft admits sweet pleasure's ray.

But ah! the closing line draws nigh
Which must wind up the straggling few;
And nought remains, but with a sigh,
To breath a heart-felt, long adieu!

BOOK EPOD

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*[The following lines were written a short time before the
conclusion of peace in Europe. They describe, in lan-
guage strong and appropriate, scenes happily now past;
and the picture they exhibit, is well calculated to en-
hance, to every feeling mind, the blessings of peace.]*

LINES WRITTEN ON W A R.

AVAUNT! dire WAR, with all thy horrid
train
Of death and famine, pestilence and woe:
No more in blood stalk o'er the fertile
plain—
From pity's eye no more cause tears to
flow.

Should man, whose greatest bliss is found in
peace,
Like tygers fight, inflam'd by mutual hate?
Should they the miseries of life increase,
And by contention, death anticipate?

Behold the scenes where War in horror
reigns;
Behold the miseries which his steps attend:
There no bright verdure decks the barren
plains;
No plenteous harvests to the breezes bend.

Towns wrapt in flames, and smoky volumes
rise.

While all the works of smiling peace decay;
Shouts, groans and clangors tend the sound-
ing skies,
And on the field the slaughter'd thousands
lay.

The widow's breast swells with a bursting
sigh
For on the plain her butcher'd consort lies;
The glistening tear flows from the orphan's
eye,
For his dear parent in the conflict dies.

Behold the ruins of yon fallen town,
Whose glories erst burst on th' enrap-
tur'd sight;
Bliss once reign'd there, and pleasure smil'd
around—

Now all lies silent as the cheerless night.
No busy mortals tread the once throng'd
streets,

No longer there, is heard the voice of joy;
The traveller there his friend no longer meets,
And nought but desolation greets his eye.

No sound is heard, save of the restless main,
Whose waves dash on the solitary shore,
Save the rude blast which howls along the
plain,
And thro' the ruins sweeps with hollow
roar.

The num'rous graves paint to the aching
sight,

The spot where once the flames of battle
rose;

Where hostile armies mix'd in furious fight,
Where many a warrior sleeps in death's
repose:

Where many a father, many a brother fell,
Slain in fierce contest on the bloody plain—
But hold! my Muse, no longer let me dwell
On themes of horror, misery and pain.

Oh haste kind Heav'n, the pleasing happy
day,

When horrid War shall cease, nor more
destroy

The brightest prospects of life's varying way,
Nor blacken with his storms the scenes of
joy:

When man no more shall learn the art of war,
When warriors shall their swords to
ploughshares turn;

War's voice no longer thunder from afar,
No longer cause humanity to mourn:

When man shall only learn the arts of peace,
And mitigate the common woes of life;
When friendship shall his pleasures all in-
crease,

And Peace, thrice blessed Peace, shall close
the strife. CARLOS.

BOOK EPOD

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ANSWER

TO U. V.'S REBUS IN THE LAST NO.

THE nymph who on the ambient air doth move,
Is *E-clo*, once the victim of her love;
L—eander oft by night, as poets say,
To beauteous Hera did his visits pay;
Not far from Troy mount *I-da* meets the skies,
Where Venus's beauty gain'd the golden prize;
The *earn'd* *L*—e-nobia was compell'd to yield
To force superior, the disputed field;
A siltken clue fair *A*—riadne gave,
The man she lov'd from despicable fate to save.

Great *A*—gamemnon 'gainst the Trojans fought;
And *S*—appho would not live—for want of thought;
'Twas fair *H*—elena caus'd the Trojan war;
And *M*—enor kept of old the Minotaur;
Her husband to survive, *E*—vadine scorn'd,
And on Cyrene's fatal pile was burn'd;
Ja on the golden fleece, with Medea bore,
In the ship *A*—rgo, from the Colchian shore;
Chaste *D*—aphne Phœbus shun'd, and as she fled
Her feet took root, and leaves became her head.

W. X.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, January 16, 1802.

OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XVI.

An Irishman.—Legs where they should not be.—The young ones surprised.—Perseverance.—'Tis not thro' love of virtue that many people are not practically vicious.—The blue devils.—Why men voluntarily endure toils and dangers.—No merit in honesty.—The great and the good examined.—What will make a man at peace with himself.—A friendly separation.

NOW are you all agog to know what Barclay found, and I have a great mind not to tell you. He found something, like what the Irishman found, who was sent by his master to a friend's house to make an inquiry. There, now, you're as wise as ever! But, come, I will tell that story.

"Well, Blarney," said his master to him, when he returned, "did you find the gentleman?"

"Yes, sir," replied he, "by my should I."

"So, and what did he say?"

"Say! the gentleman say! May I never touch another drop of whiskey if he said a word to me, or I to him!"

"Well, but what did you go for then?" Did not you tell me that you found him?"

"Yes, my should, and so I did.—I found him out,—found him gone out."

Barclay found his companions all silent. The moon was occasionally obscured by clouds, but at other times shone into the carriage, when our hero could perceive a young lady and an old man sitting backward; and forward, by his side, a young

gentleman. Seeing no symptoms of communicativeness, Barclay took up his nod where he had left it off, when the landlord awoke him. He had not continued long in this state, when his attention was excited by a kind of shuffle, and he heard a voice, seemingly the old man's (for it was then dark) ejaculating, "Ah! your leg there again! Recollect our agreement, sir."

Not a word more was said: but the moon just peeping from behind the clouds at this instant, Barclay could conjecture, from the watchful appearance of the old gentleman, and the sheepishness of the lady and the young one, that the former was the guardian (in the shape of a husband, as it afterwards appeared,) of her ladyship.

Barclay did not interfere, but pretended to sleep on undisturbed. In about an hour, the old fellow, tired of watching, sunk to rest, and by his snoring, gave joyful notice to the young pair that he was off guard. The happy moment was seized with the greatest eagerness, and long deliciously enjoyed, till at length, amidst their billing and cooing, the carriage jolted, and the old one woke, and caught them lip to lip. A terrible uproar ensued. The old gentleman exclaimed against his wife's infidelity. The young one protested that the jolting of the carriage had thrown them together. This the lady confirmed, but all in vain; he swore he would travel no farther with him, and entering a town shortly after, the husband with his wife got out at an inn, and knocked them up, he being resolved to sleep there the remainder of the night, to avoid his young fellow-traveller, whom he found no treaty could bind.

While they were taking out the luggage, our hero said to the young gentleman, who was now the only other person in the car-

riage, "I'm sorry, sir, for your defeat.—She's a nice girl, but the old one's too vigilant."

"Not a bit," he replied; I have come sixty miles out of my way on her account."

The coachman, at this moment mounted the box, and drove off.

"Well," said Barclay, "and you've lost all your pains."

"By no means," rejoined the other, "I was never in such a fair way of succeeding. I shall see her again to-night, or I am very much mistaken."

The stage had by this time reached the end of the town,—he stopped it, wished Barclay a good night, and jumping out, left him in the greatest astonishment at his perseverance in mischief.

Being now alone, Barclay could not help reflecting on the late adventure.—"How much pains," said he, "men take to do wrong,—if they would undergo half as much to do what's right! I own I should like the girl as well as myself, but I would not sustain so much fatigue for her. It seems, then," continued he, "that I have no objection to the vice, and if I am not vicious, it is because I am too indolent! I am afraid this case is too common; and that we are apt to imagine that there is no guilt in wishing to commit a crime, so no guilt in wishing to commit a crime, so that we do not actually commit it,—but will He, who sees and knows all hearts, and judges by them, hold us guiltless? I fear not."

Our hero now pursued his route without any farther interruption, until after breakfast the next morning, when they were hailed by a gentleman, whose free manner announced him to be no stranger to the coachman, who handed him very civilly into the carriage. He appeared a-

bout fifty, of a stout make, and of a countenance which would generally be passed over without any notice, but if closely observed, night from a certain gloom that hung about it, be imagined to betray sorrow, disappointment, peevishness or thoughtfulness. He wore his hair powdered, and was plain and neat in his dress.—“Tis a cold morning, sir,” said he, breaking silence.

“Yes,” replied Barclay, “it is cold, but not raw. These spring mornings are I think, extremely grateful and refreshing.”

The gentleman bowed his head in token of assent, and remained mute for a considerable time. Barclay had recourse to his book. His fellow-traveller made several remarks, that needed no reply, and, by his manner, seemed inclined to get into conversation, but without very well knowing how to bring it about. At length he ventured another common-place question, as—“Are you going far on this road, sir?”

“No, sir,” said Barclay, “I am going no farther than a little village called—”

“Aye,” he exclaimed, “are you going thither?—Pray, if it is not impertinent, may I ask you you are going to visit?”

“I am going on no visit,” replied Barclay, “but on an official visit to the Rev. Mr. Pawlet’s. Are you acquainted with the gentleman?”

The gentleman here acknowledged that he knew him intimately; and our hero requesting to be informed a little about the family, he gave him nearly the same description as he had received from Keppel.

“And there is a brother of his,” said Barclay, “a Mr. George Pawlet; you doubtless know something of him?”

“Why, yes I do,” replied the other, smiling.

“Pray,” continued Barclay, looking out of the window, and not noticing his smile, “what kind of a man is he?”

“To tell you the truth,” said he, “he is much such another man as myself. He was originally a merchant; he has left trade; married a woman whose disposition and pursuits are quite different from his own; and, having nothing to do, he is plagued with the blue devils, and devoured by ennui.”

“Ah!” exclaimed our hero, “so it is! Man must be engaged in doing something to make him forget himself, or he becomes miserable: such is our deplorable state.—*The man who loves nothing but himself, loves nothing so much as being alone with what he loves.*” All the dangers and toilsome plea-

sure that men willingly undergo, are merely for the sake of hurrying them into a bustle and noise, that may make them forget themselves. Every man talks of enjoying peace and quiet at some period of his life; but if they once repose, and find time to examine themselves, they are wretched.”

“Young man,” said the stranger, considerably moved, “you have painted our nature in its true colours; but is it not somewhat hard that one who is conscious of his own honesty, should not be able to find happiness in himself?”

“Simple honesty, sir, is nothing,” replied Barclay, “there is no greater applause due to a man for being honest, than for keeping his hands clean, they are both *for his own comfort*. Indeed it is a lamentable thing to see a man pride himself upon his honesty, or the world praise a man for being honest, since it only proves the rarity of what should be (and it is our shame that it is not) as common as man himself. Whatever it is a man’s duty to do, and he has it in his power to do, cannot be considered as a merit. Merit implies an act, &c. not common, nor capable of being performed by every one.—Therefore it is, perhaps, (and I am sorry to say it) that most men, whatever they may affirm to the contrary, would rather be *great* than good: by *great* I mean *famous*. I fear I tire you,” said Barclay, “or I could read to our purpose a passage from a book I have in my hand, which is, in my opinion, exquisitely expressive, just and true.”

“I shall listen to it with pleasure,” rejoined his companion, eagerly.

“Notwithstanding this tablet*,” says the author, “exhibits the greatest names which the theatre of the world can boast of, all the reputation that man can gain appears very inconsiderable, when we reflect how many are gone before us whose applause we can never hope to obtain, how extremely indistinct is the reputation of many who made the greatest figure in past ages, and how far they are eclipsed by the reputation of those who have succeeded them. Lastly, it hath a peculiar and striking effect upon the mind to consider how widely different a TABLET OF MERIT would be from this TABLET OF FAME; how many names would be totally obliterated, and how many new ones, absolutely unknown to the world, would take their places upon changing the one into the other. And, considering that these tables will at length be changed, that this *tablet of fame* will be

cancelled, and that of *merit or moral worth* produced, never to be changed more,—how much more solicitous should we be, even from passion for true fame, to have our names written on the *tablet of real merit*, though as yet concealed from human view, than on the *tablets of mere present and perishable renown*; having in prospect that time, in which the righteous *only* shall be had in everlasting remembrance, while the name of the wicked shall rot!”

When our hero had concluded this quotation, the stranger, who had listened to it with great attention, and gazed with admiration on Barclay, said:

“I am delighted with what you have read, and regret as heartily as yourself that there should be people so blind to their true interest as to prefer being *famous* to being *good*; but still am I at a loss to guess what is to make a man contented and at peace with himself, if honesty will not.”

“Religion,” replied Barclay, “and it is one of the wonders of the Christian religion, that it reconciles a man to himself, by reconciling him to God; renders self-reflection supportable to him, and makes repose and solitude more agreeable to many than the ceaseless agitation and wearisome turmoil of the bustling world*.”

“Sir,” said the stranger, warmly, “I must have some further conversation with you. Your language, and free bold manner of speaking, please me, beside, though no physiognomist, I have a great feeling, of physiognomy, and like a man the better or worse the moment I see his face:—the moment I saw yours it prepossessed me in your favour. We are now fast approaching my old, and your new residence. You will, I dare say, be very comfortable where you are going; I shall endeavour to add to it.”

The coach here drew up at the entrance of a grove of trees; and the stranger taking our hero by the hand, gave him a hearty shake, and got out, saying that they should soon see each other again.

It was about twelve o’clock at noon when the carriage entered the village with Barclay, whose spirits were so much agitated by the thoughts of his new situation, and of how he should conduct himself, that he presently forgot his fellow-traveller. The coach stopped at a sort of inn. Barclay alighted, put himself in decent trim, ordered his baggage to be taken care of, and, inquiring the way to the parsonage, set off to enjoy the comforts of a first interview.

* Pascal, p. 141. id.

BATTLE BETWEEN TRUTH & FALSHOOD. A VISION.

TO impede virtue by misrepresentation, and blacken innocence by calumny, has been the clandestine employment of vice in every age and nation, and tho' the hand of time has endeavoured to detect the forgeries of falsehood, and the pen of satire has been drawn in the cause of truth and integrity; yet even their united forces have proved insufficient to retard the celerity of scandal, or stop the current of detraction. One would almost be inclined to imagine that there was an evil principle in our nature, exciting every man to consider his neighbour's wisdom as a reproach of his own folly, and his neighbour's exaltation as an obstacle to his own happiness. The celerity of one writer draws after it the aspersions of a thousand; and the beauty of one distinguished female calls forth all the arrows of censure, and gives vent to all the poison of malevolence; the prying eye of envy is continually looking thro' the wrong end of the perspective, to magnify every blemish, diminish every perfection: no incitements are left to animate languor, or encourage virtue; to disentangle sophistry, or investigate truth; while the great and good are only rendered more miserable by their accomplishments, and incur a punishment where they had deserved a reward.

Such were my last night's meditations on the hard lot of mankind, when sitting in my elbow-chair, I indulged the dark suggestions of melancholy, and listened to the dictates of experience, lamenting evils which I could not remove, and probing wounds which I could not heal, when that sleep which I had long in vain solicited, stole at length insensibly upon me, and conveyed me, in a moment, to the ideal regions where imagination wanders without restraint, and reason resigns her sceptre into the hands of fancy. I found myself on a sudden transported into a fair, and spacious plain, where I saw, at a distance, two armies prepared for action, and on the point of engaging with each other. I stood for a while undetermined whether I should proceed to the field of battle or retire to some place of safety, when a celestial form, with looks of sweetness and complacency, approached towards me.—'Mortal, (said the aerial being, with a smile) I read your uncertainty, and know your doubts; behold in me the genius of instruction; I am come to calm thy fears, and withdraw the veil of ignorance from thy understanding. Know then, the place thou seest before thee is the spot appointed to determine the fate of mankind in this decisive day, between the rival powers of Truth and Falshood, who have been long contending for the empire of the world: come with me

to yonder eminence, whence thou mayest view the conflict unhurt and undiscovered: follow me and be safe.' I obeyed with cheerfulness the command of my heavenly guide, who conducted me to the promised assembly, which hung immediately over the field of battle, and whence I could perceive the disposition of the armies, and be an eye-witness of every motion. The forces of Truth were commanded by those illustrious generals, Merit, Learning and Time, who were joined by two powerful female allies, Modesty and Beauty: those of Falshood were led by Calumny, Ignorance, and Malice; Envy and Detraction were employed as aid de camps, and were, as I afterwards found, of infinite service in the engagement. And now,

Both armies met, with furious assault,
And undistinguishable rage.

The first attack was made by Falshood's right wing, under the conduct of Calumny, on the left wing of Truth, commanded by Merit, who, by dint of courage and conduct, kept the field for some time, and seemed to imbibe fresh spirit from the enemy's spears, which fell blunted to the ground. Calumny, observing this, listened to the advice of Experience, changed her weapons, and ordered her troops to make use of poisoned arrows, which fell in such irresistible showers, that the troops of Merit were forced to give way, and yield to superior force. Time, who was in the rear, advanced immediately to the assistance of Merit, and endeavoured to rally his distressed friends, but was too slow in his motions to counteract the vigilance and activity of his adversary.

I could not help observing upon this occasion, that the success of Falshood was in a great measure owing to the assistance of Ridicule, who, from a subaltern in the service of Calumny, had lately raised himself by art and chicanery, to a distinguished rank in the army; his troops, also, like those of the general under whom he fought, used poisoned arrows, which they shot in the manner of the Parthians, so that they seemed to fly from the enemy while they attacked him. In the midst of the battle I remarked, with a mixture of surprise and indignation, a warrior, who, by the splendour of his dress, and the gaiety of his appearance, seemed no inconsiderable personage, but who several times, to my great astonishment, deserted from Truth to Falshood, and from Falshood to Truth, shifting sides almost every moment, and who was yet received by each with an equal degree of satisfaction. I found, upon inquiry, that the name of this hero was Wit, and soon learned that he had more of Thersites than Ajax in his compo-

sition, and served rather to divert and entertain both armies, than to be of any real consequence or importance to either.

From this ridiculous object my senses were soon called off to another part of the field, to mark the bold & successful attacks of Learning on Ignorance, whom he could have put to flight with the utmost facility, had not he listened to the dictates of Pride, and pushed the victory too far, the fatal consequence of which was, that ambushes were laid by the enemy, into which he fell with precipitation, and could not escape from them without danger and difficulty.

Though the two amazons, Modesty and Beauty, most heartily engaged in the defence of their Monarch, I could not help observing the former was greatly deficient in conduct, and the latter failed in point of courage, so that their forces were easily subdued by Impudence and Malice. Their defeat, indeed, would have occasioned a general overthrow, and determined the victory in favour of Falshood, had not Virtue arrived very seasonably to the relief of Truth, with a considerable reinforcement. At his approach every cheek was flushed with confidence, and every eye sparkled with delight. Merit rallied his scattered troops, and even Modesty grew bold under his auspices. Beauty smiled with fresh charms, and Learning once more took the field with re-animated vigour. Integrity, who had the first command under this newly ally, had brought with him a quantity of shields, proof against the spears of Malice, and impenetrable by the arrows of Calumny; with these the army of Truth was soon equipped, and renewed the battle with fresh ardour and redoubled courage. Falshood began now in her turn to despair, her forces retreated on every side, and Victory was just on the point of declaring herself the patroness of Truth, when the half-subdued combatant, by the advice of Cunning, whom she always consulted, took a dangerous and desperate resolution, which proved but too successful. She clothed herself in the habit of Truth, assumed her air, gesture and discourse, and coming to the enemy's camp, insinuated herself into the hearts of the soldiery, and seduced the whole army over to her territories, where it was some time before the captives discovered the fraud, and found themselves the deluded victims of Treachery and Dissimulation.—The cries made by the unhappy prisoners on a sudden awakened me, to lament once more the undeserved fate of Truth, thus doomed to fall a sacrifice to the stratagems of Falshood, who has the insolence to boast her perpetual triumphs over the united efforts of Learning, Merit, and Virtue.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

WHAT are the feelings, and what the consolations of a parent beholding an infant in the agonies of death?

His feelings are wound up to the highest pitch of sensibility, inasmuch as there is nothing in this world that can so powerfully interest him, because there is nothing so near to him as his own offspring. How then must these feelings be roused, when beholding an innocent infant in the agonies of death, struggling for help, while the afflicted parent is looking on, alas! can afford it none! No, not the least alleviation to its painful sufferings! can neither relieve its bodily pains, nor administer the least consolation to the mind, because the infant is not capable of receiving it. Were the infant struggling in the water, or in the fire, or in the ravenous lion's paw, the anxious parent would at once make an effort, and feel no hesitation in throwing himself into the water, or the more dreadful element of fire, to rescue the suffering infant; nor would he hesitate a moment to contend with the most ferocious beast of the forest!—But alas! when struggling in the jaws of natural death, there is no mode of exercising that strongest affection, sympathy itself; but in passive meekness he must yield to the stroke, and in silent grief contemplate the distressing agonies and heart-rending pangs which are the relentless harbingers of this awful king of terrors! Here, in mute suspense,—tortured by a thousand alternate hopes and fears, the anxious parent waits she uncertain issue.

—What torture like suspense?

And what suspense like that twist life and death?

What pen can describe! or what imagination can paint the feeling mind under circumstances like these? It is experience alone that can give us any adequate idea of such a state; but it is yell for us, that even this state of mind is not destitute of consolation. There is, in the association of ideas annexed to this state of grief, a reviving cordial for the mind, a comfortable ray of hope that enlightens the dreary scene, and sheds its beams of comfort all around us. The mind is imperceptibly led from the *Grace* to contemplate the succeeding scene, the *Resurrection*; and here a thorough reparation and renovation succeeds even the ravages of time, and death

itself. This, this is the oil that heals the wounds of death, and reconciles us to the dreadful stroke.

Let these awful lessons then lead our minds to drink more freely of this cup of comfort, and help us to anticipate a future meeting with the dear departed innocents, and those future joys,

Which death must open the door to,
And our passport sign;
Or, e'er we can a limittance gain,
Thro' the blest portals of unsullied bliss.

How the scene changes! what a different picture doth death exhibit, while we alternately behold it as a *friend* and an *enemy*?—While we look only at the dark shades, how irksome, dull and dreary are the lineaments? But when we look on the bright side, how cheering and delightful the prospect? We then behold it more resplendent from those necessary preparatory shades in which it was involved; but which now serve to give it the full effect, and add a beauty to its pleasing lustre.—Now the prospect brightens, and we thank the king of terrors for the finishing stroke of his pencil. What we once dreaded as an enemy, we now behold as a friend; and only instrumental in the hands of God, to translate us from this scene of disappointment, sorrow, pain and woe; to those mansions of eternal peace and joy where neither pain nor sorrow dare approach.—Thus can Infinite Wisdom reconcile apparent contrarieties, and “make the evils which we dread the most, our greatest good.” Hail then thy sovereign hand, thou potent king! to me no longer king of terrors; but the kind messenger of Heaven, to call me from this stage of care, vicissitude and pain; and land me on that shore, where bliss and happiness reign uncontrolled, and where no alloy can ever approach, to rob the soul of the Creator's richest, highest gift, a place in the eternal Heavens.

Whoever then has felt this aching smart,
This solemn poignant torture in his heart;
Reflect, and pause! nor murmur at the stroke,
Which only for a span of time has broke
These dear connexions, and those tender ties,
Which hence improved we hope to realize.

'Tis all propitious when kind Heaven bestows,
Nor less so when the blessing He withdraws;
But mortals dimly see the Hand Divine,
And often at His gracious acts repine;
When meek submission would the blessing prove,
Would antedate on earth the joys above,
And find in ev'ry act that God is Love.

R. W.

Characters.

NO. III.

AN IMITATOR

IS a counterfeit stone, and the larger and fairer he appears, the more apt he is to be discovered, whilst small ones, that pretend to no great value, pass unsuspected. He is made like a man in arras-hangings, after some great master's design, though far short of the original. He is like a specter, or walking spirit, that assumes the shape of some particular person, and appears in the likeness of something that he is not, because he has no shape of his own to put on. He has a kind of monkey and baboon wit, that takes after some man's way, whom he endeavours to imitate, but does it worse than those things that are naturally his own; for he does not learn, but takes his patron out, as a girl does her sampler. His whole life is nothing but a kind of education, and he is always learning to be something that he is not, nor ever will be;—for nature is free, and will not be forced out of her way nor compelled to do any thing against her will and inclination. He is but a retainer to wit, and a follower of his master, whose badge he wears every where, and therefore his way is called *servile imitation*. His fancy is like the innocent lady's, who by looking at the picture of a moor that hung in her chamber, conceived a child of the same complexion; for all his conceptions are produced by the pictures of other men's imaginations, and by their features betray whose bastards they are. His muse is not inspired, but infected with another man's fancy; and he catches his wit, like the itch, of somebody that had it before, and when he writes he does but scratch himself. His head is, like his hat, fashioned upon a block, and wrought in the shape of another man's invention. He melts down his wit, and casts it into a mould; and as metals melted, and cast are not so firm and solid as those that are wrought with the hammer, so those compositions that are founded and run in other men's, are always more brittle and loose than those that are forged in a man's own brain. He binds himself apprentice to a trade, which he has no stock to set up with if he should serve out his time; and live to be made free. He runs a whoring after another man's inventions (for he has none of his own to tempt him to an incontinent thought) and begets a kind of mongrel breed, that never comes to good.

RELIGION.

[An Extract from Burns's Letters.]

I DO not remember, my dear Cunningham, that you and I ever talked on the subject of religion at all. I know some who laugh at it, as the trick of the crafty few to lead the undiscerning many; or, at most, as an uncertain obscurity, which mankind can never know any thing of, and with which they are fools if they give themselves much to do. Nor would I quarrel with a man for his irreligion any more than I would for his want of a musical ear. I would regret that he was shut out from what, to me and others, were such superlative sources of enjoyment. It is, in this point of view, and for this reason, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. If my son should happen to be a man of feeling, sentiment and taste, I shall thus add largely to his enjoyments. Let me flatter myself that this sweet little fellow, who is just now running about my desk, will be a man of a melting, ardent, glowing heart, and an imagination delighted with the painter, and wrapt with the poet. Let me figure him wandering out in a sweet evening, to inhale the balmy gales and enjoy the growing luxuriance of the spring, himself the while in the blooming youth of life. He looks abroad on all nature, and through nature up to nature's God! His soul by swift delighting degrees is wrapt above this sublunary sphere, until he can be silent no longer, and bursts out into the glorious enthusiasm of Thomson....

"These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee!"

And so on in all the spirit and ardour of that charming hymn. These are no ideal pleasures,...they are real delights.... And I ask, what of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say equal to them? And they have this precious vast advantage, that *conscious virtue* stamps them for *heaven*, and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God!

I have nothing to say to any one as to which sect he belongs to, or what creed he believes, but I look on the man who is firmly persuaded of infinite wisdom and goodness superintending and directing every circumstance that can happen in his lot.... I felicitate such a man, as having a solid foundation for his mental enjoyment, a firm prop and sure stay in the hour of difficulty, trouble and distress, and a never-failing anchor of hope when he looks beyond the grave!

ORIGINAL TALE.

The Ruins.

(CONCLUDED.)

THE King listened to Mercia's story with attention. When he had concluded, and appealed to the authority of his royal auditor to do him justice, he was assured that prompt and decisive steps should be instantly taken to reinstate him in the possession of his estates, and he with Maria was taken under the immediate protection of the monarch.

Arthur had discovered the fate of his emissary, and the flight of his brother from the forest of Darwood. His fears were roused at the reflection that his brother might have taken refuge at court. The spies which were employed to ascertain the foundation for his suspicion, confirmed his apprehension, and he trembled at the punishment which threatened him at the discovery of his guilt. A proclamation was issued, in which he was cited to appear to answer the charges which were made against him: but having retired in safety to his castle, he refused to comply with the royal mandate. Secure for a time from the effects of his insulted monarch's vengeance, he prepared to resist by force any efforts to compel him to comply. Surrounded by wretches, who had fled from justice, and who equally dreaded her pursuing them, he was determined to oppose the decrees of his sovereign, rather than appear degraded from that rank he had so long and so unworthily filled.

Enraged at his non-compliance with the proclamation, the King immediately issued another, offering a reward for his head. A body of troops was instantly ordered to march to compel the rebellious Arthur to return to his obedience. The Marquis of Richmond, the lover of Maria, received the command of the troops, and in a few days they were encamped before the walls of Danelswic Castle, whose frowning turrets, well prepared for defence, indicated a tedious siege; and the ample provision stored up by the cautious Arthur, rendered it necessary to attempt an assault. Animated with hopes of victory, and inspired with emulation by the conduct of their youthful leader, the troops of Richmond waited the signal for the attack with impatience. After giving them time to recruit their strength, exhausted with the

fatigue of their march, and having prepared scaling ladders, and other instruments necessary for the attack, the expected signal was given. With the enthusiasm of soldiers enlisted under the banners of right and justice, they mounted the towering ramparts, and engaged the defendants hand to hand. The combat was terrible. Destruction lowered above the contending parties, and victory was for a considerable time indecisive. At length the efforts of the royal troops, stimulated with the desire of conquest, and fired with ardour to distinguish themselves under the eye of their commander, were crowned with success. Arthur fought in the foremost ranks. His example encouraged his vassals to continue the combat; but at length, wearied with exertion, their spirits sunk, and they either threw down their arms, or retreated to the higher battlements of the castle. The desperate usurper, raging with disappointment, was compelled to join a party of his supporters, who had taken a new position, and appeared resolved to defend themselves to the last extremity. Henry, the young Marquis of Richmond, willing to spare the farther effusion of blood, offered them pardon and freedom if they would desert their leader. The proposal was too flattering to be rejected, and Arthur found himself without a friend to assist him. His proud soul disdained to submit to the punishment which offended justice would have afflicted; and in the phrenzy of despair, he plunged headlong from the summit of the battlements. A projection of the rock below received him, and his mangled body rolling down the precipice, presented a sight at once awful and terrible.

The demise of the guilty usurper of the earldom of Mercia having removed all obstacles to the restoration of Manston to his rights and estates, the father of the lovely Maria, after all his misfortunes, found himself in possession of a comfortable tranquillity. Accompanied by his daughter he visited the spot which contained the ashes of his Matilda. A simple stone, on which was etched in imperfect characters her name and title, the tribute of gratitude paid her memory by one who had been a dependant on her bounty, served to mark the place where her remains were interred.—The remorseless Arthur had refused to her who had once been the object of his desire, a burial becoming her rank. Manston heaved a sigh to her memory, as with the tears of affection he embalmed her grave. He would not suffer her consecrated ashes to be disturbed; but erected a

monument to her memory, and endowed a monastery which was instituted on the spot, under his patronage, to whose pious inhabitants he consigned the care of her grave. In the prison to which Arthur had doomed him, and in the bosom of the forest of Darwood, he had equally felt that tranquillity which his confidence in the wisdom and munificence of Providence had diffused over his lacerated mind; and now, in the "evening of his days," he experienced the delightful serenity which is the consequence of a life spent in the paths of rectitude.

Maria was united to her lover, the Marquis of Richmond, and by a life of exemplary piety and virtue, compensated for the indiscretion into which she had been hurried by youthful passion. Thus perseverance in the paths of rectitude produces placid contentment, and the errors of youth, (though condemned by the censorious world, with the asperity which ought only to be exercised towards the total deficiency of principle) if atoned for by penitence and self-abhorrence, by adherence to the dictates of propriety and the practice of virtue, will be forgiven, and finally receive the reward of well-doing:—For, as we find in the records of Divine Wisdom, and Apostolical purity,—"*There is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repenteth, than over ninety and nine who need no repentance.*" — JULIUS.

[We had occasion, some time ago to notice, with marks of approbation, a similar production* from the pen of Julius: the observations then made we conceive to be applicable to the present tale, viz. That the moral intended to be inculcated is good, and the language chaste: But the incidents are not so numerous, nor the tale so complex as the former.

A regard for the interests of morality, however, compels us to notice an improper sentiment, that appears in some measure interwoven with the present tale—Maria's deviation from the path of virtue, is treated by the writer rather as a mere frailty of human nature, than as a crime. This is a sentiment inculcated in many novels, and even by some sentimental writers, who stand high at present in the opinion of the public. But it is no less dangerous on that account; and we would warn our fair countrywomen against imbibing it.

[This remark is not intended to discourage Julius's correspondence: on the contrary it is hoped he will continue it, as we are persuaded that his intentions are good, and that an inadvertent error needs only to be pointed out to him, to be avoided.] Ed.

* See the Adventures in a Castle, No. 32, Vol. I.

MAGNANIMITY OF THE REIGNING EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

THE Empress Catharine one day asked Prince Alexander, the reigning Emperor of Russia, whom he would wish to resemble most, Alexander the Great, Constantine the Great, or the great Frederic? He replied, "Do not speak to me of such men; their glory cost too much blood; my model shall be Henry IVth of France, who, being compelled to lay siege to Paris, sent provisions thro' subterraneous passages to his revolted subjects."—Paul I. some months before his demise, gave Alexander leave to ask any favor he thought proper.—The young Prince, requesting that his Majesty would not be offended, thus nobly expressed himself:—"I request then that any verbal order against a subject may not be put in execution until four and twenty hours shall have elapsed." The Emperor granted his request, and confirmed it by proclamation.

The coronation of this amiable monarch took place at Moscow, with great pomp, on the 27th of September, 1801.

THE AGED VETERAN.

THERE is now at Tours, in France, a veteran, aged 103, who has been employed in all the wars of Europe, almost from the beginning of the last century. At the siege of Kehl, in 1733, he received no less than seven sabre wounds, six of which were on the head. At the battle of Fontenoy, he saw three of his brothers perish by his side, and in America his son lost his life. Since the Revolution he has distinguished himself; and during his whole military career, he never but once received the slightest punishment, and on that occasion he erred from the excess of his courage.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR HOGAN.

The following is a specimen of a particular mode of Communication called TRANS-HAND, which any person may acquire, so as to speak and write it with ease, in two hours time. I would thank any of your ingenious correspondents for the Key and a translation.

LINGUISTICUS.

A VERSE IN ECCLESIASTES.

Witten it geed wis um imbolisunco,
& by is shelo it pletis se shon shus too
sho tam: fel witten it u dofomco; umd
nemoy it u dofomco, bas sho oxcorromey
el knewrodgo it, shus witten givosh rifo
se shon shus huvo is.

ANECDOTES.

IN the American war, an Irishman who was reputed a faithful and brave soldier, and much esteemed by the officers, obtained leave one day to ramble out from the camp, and as he passed by a farmer's house, a cock and hen turkey were sitting on a fence. The cock agreeably to his nature gabbled at him; Paddy caught them both and brought them to the camp without injury; the owner followed him, and entered a complaint against him. A Court Martial was called, his Captain was President, and was the first to examine him—How, says he, is this, Jemmy, that you have stole the man's turkeys? He denied stealing them, saying, my Captain well knows that I have been a good friend to my country, and could never bear the name of tory; as I was passing by the man's house, that re-headed devil stepped up; and calls out tory, tory, and I would not bear it at his hands, so I took him and brought him to camp for trial—Well, says his captain, but you brought the hen, and she has done no crime.—Faith says he, she was the only witness I had against him. The witty turn of Paddy, so pleased the Court Martial, that they paid the owner for his turkeys, and gave them to Jemmy to take and punish them his own way.

Mr. Burke, author of the *Sublime and Beautiful*, going to a bookcase, and finding it locked, said, This is "*Locke on the Human Understanding.*"

THE JUVENILE OLIO; OR PARNASSIAN BUDS. BY AMYNTOR.

DEDICATED
(BY PERMISSION)

TO JAMES A. NEAL,

Principal of the Young Ladies Academy of Philadelphia.

THE Public are respectfully informed, that these Poems will be put to press as soon as 400 subscribers are obtained. As the subscription is increasing fast, and the number to be struck off will be limited, it is requested that those who wish to subscribe will come forward early, in order that the number of copies may be ascertained in time.

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FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SON NET XIV.

WINTER.

Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
GOLDSMITH.

At length, stern *Winter*, on his storm-wing'd
car,

From distant ice-clad regions rushes forth,
Borne on the frigid pinions of the North,
And sounds his triumph o'er the year afar.

Joyless the day, and cheerless is the night;
Save, where Prosperity or Plenty smiles,
Where social converse the long hours
beguiles,

And Earth's enjoyments spread around de-
light.

Ah! let the sons of Affluence, wrapt in bliss,
Now call to mind "the houseless child
of want."

Without one friend, and life's poor, pit-
tance scant,

Pining midst frosts, and—dying in distress.

Oh!—while the treasures of this world we
prize,

To Man be charity, to HEAV'N be love!
AMYNTOR.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO AMYNTOR.

Delightful Bard! Thou favourite of the nine!
How does thy verse with matchless Leau-
ty shine!

Thy numbers so much pleasure do impart,
That while they captivate, they thrill the
heart.

Each charming picture that thy fancy drew,
Makes us admire each image held to view:
Who then, but with contempt, can read the
lays

Of Critics, carping at thy well-earn'd
praise?

E'en now, some angel whispers in my ear,
"His soul is noble, generous and sincere."
To me a lesson do thy lines impart,
Grav'd on the living tablet of my heart.

When life and all its tedious scenes are o'er,
And thy thro'-feeling heart shall beat no
more;

Thy matchless writings shall enrol thy
name

Among the Poets on the list of Fame—

Accept these lines, tho' artless and but
few,

As a small tribute to thy merit due.

HOLTIMNA.

PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 16, 1832.

FIRE!

YESTERDAY morning, a little before
day-light, the dwelling-house of Mr. Rich-
ard Wevil, nearly opposite to the State
House in Chesnut-street, was discovered to
be all in flames. The alarm was immediately
sounded, and the Citizens, with their usual
alacrity, repaired to the spot; but the fire
had made so much head, that their utmost
exertions were not sufficient to get it under
before it had consumed the house, (a wood-
en building) with all the household furni-
ture and other property of Mr. W. except
(as we are informed) his account-books, to
the amount of not less than 4,000 dols. which
was unfortunately uninsured. It was with
extreme difficulty and hazard, that Mr. W.
his wife and only child, saved their lives by
getting out upon the roof, and passing from
thence to the flat of the adjoining building.
From reasonable conjectures, it appears,
that the fire must have originated in the cel-
lar, where lay a quantity of pine splinters,
near the window, easily accessible to at-
tempts from without for effecting the dia-
bolical intention of firing the house: and, from
circumstances since made known to the
Mayor and some other gentlemen of this
city, there is strong presumption that a
certain ill-disposed person either perpe-
trated, planned, or instigated the horrible
act; especially as he was discovered lurking
at the fire.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*Two Enigmas, to be added to the former list of
28 Reigning Beauties. By one of the
Thirtieth's admirers,*
J. L. M.

29. One third of a farmer's utensil, and a
tumultuous assembly; for the lady's christian
name—A musical instrument, and
two sixths of a message.

30 Three eighths of a knot, and the sixth
vowel; for the lady's christian name—A
man high in office, two thirds of a night-
bird; and two sevenths of a title.

SENTIMENT. Sensibility, although the
source of our most exquisite enjoyments,
yet, by exposing us to danger from every
quarter, and rendering us vulnerable on
every side, too often occasions our most
lasting inquietudes.

Marriages.

*Is happiness sought by our Sex, or the Fair?
Quick, let them to Hymen's fair temple repair:
If there, their best affections sincerely they give,
Love, Friendship and Bliss will be theirs while they
live.*
ANYTOK.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 9th
inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milleholer, Major
James Ralph, to Mrs. Florida Berger....On
the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hclmuth,
Mr. Martin Reese, to Miss Elizabeth Beard
....On the same day, John G. Parder, late
of Germany, to Miss Hannah Holmes.

Deaths.

*Life, like a meteor, gleams—then flies away;
Man's frail existence seems but as a day—
Thrice happy those, who, when their summer's comes—
Can welcome, with a smile, the dreary tomb.*
ANYTOK.

DIED suddenly, at Boston, on the 2d inst.
the Hon. George Richards Minot, Esquire,
chief justice of the court of common pleas,
for the county of Suffolk.

.....At Burlington, on Monday, the
4th inst. James Kusey, Esq. L. L. D.
Chief Justice of the State of New Jersey,
in the 70th year of his age.

.....At his house in Bristol township,
Bucks county, on the 1st inst. in the 77th
year of his age, John Brown, for many
years a representative under the old con-
stitution for that county, which station he
filled with honour to himself, and country.

Under the head of Deaths, in an eastern
paper, appears the following singular ac-
count.—Died at sea, by the bite of a shark,
Mr. Stephen Petigrew, of Portsmouth.
The shark was hauled on board, and mea-
sured 12 feet. Mr. Petigrew was stand-
ing at the tail, when the monster threw
his head back, and grasped his arm; he
held it a minute and a half, as the Captain
judges, when he bit it off—the unfortunate
man bled to death in thirteen hours.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Alibi Somewhere*" is too inappropriate to the season.
To talk (or sing) of "gentle breezes," and "verdant
fields," while

"A wery winter howls across the plain,"
would be but mortifying the feelings of the reader,
at least those at the ends of his fingers. Indeed, its ori-
gin is doubtful from this very circumstance.
We have been favoured with an poem of the ballad
kind, written by a very ancient lady of this city,
"on the death of a beautiful, but very unfortunate
young girl, who died in the Evening House, in July
last." This interesting production shall have a
place next week, if possible.
"Christianiana" will require some reflection.—If ap-
proved of, it shall appear next week.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TRANSLATION

OF THE 13th ODE, 5th BOOK OF HORACE*—HORRIDA TEMPESTAS, &c.

TO FRIENDS.

THE low'ring sky portends a dreadful storm,
And snow-big clouds appear in hideous form
The sea enrag'd, now spews its angry froth,
Now winds re-echo to the whistling north.
Let's seize, my friends, the moments as they fly,
Ere youth is gone, and wrinkl'd age draw nigh.
The wine invites from former vintage prest
Then drink, my friends; and now forget the rest.
The times tho' now so chang'd, may alter more,
And Providence our former good restore,
Anoint with unguents sweet, the time now suits,
And drive despondence far with merry lutes.
Thus to Achilles noble Chislon sung,
"Unconquer'd hero! from a goddess sprung,
To that expecting Pnyx and you go round
When the frigid steams of Xanthus flow,
Not to return the fates have fix'd thy doom;
Nor can thy parent sea re-bear thee home.
Then go, relieve thy fears by wine and song,
Two grateful cures for all our earthly wrongs." PHILAMOR.

* It will be observed, that the original metre is not followed in this Ode, for which the translator excuses himself by acknowledging it was too difficult for his attempt.

ON FEMALE NEATNESS AFTER MARRIAGE.

WHY, Celia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently held?
Why must the wringing bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd and rumpl'd from the bed!
Those clouds that shade your blooming face,
A little water might displace;
As nature every morn' shows
The chrystal dew to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncombed, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, Madam are you married?—Yes.—
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,
No matter now how loose your dress is;
'Tis end is won, your fortune's made,
Your sister now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that sours the wedded life.

Beauty can only point the dart;
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But every woman is the same.
Then study chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your husband's love:
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
That gave your beauty power to bless?
Pursue it still, be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ADDRESSED TO MISS MARY

TO thee, these lines, the last *Juvenis* sends
To thee, to whom his every purpose tends.
Ah! think, with pity think on what he feels,
With pity hear the moving tale he tells.
To him first known, of all the female train,
You chid his love-fits, but reliev'd his pain;
Heard his fond tale, with fervour and with
glee, (thee)
Admir'd his strain—for that strain sung of
How oft due fancy brings into my view
Days of past bliss, which I have spent with
you; (but)
Recall those scenes where every charm con-
tend to nourish love and captivate the mind;
To soothe the spirit, or to fond desire,
Breathe to the heart, and set it all on fire!
Blest were those hours; yet ah! those hours
are fled,
And former joys lie number'd with the
dead.
Yet, ah, Maria! tho' thou'st prov'd unkind,
Thy lovely form still haunts my busy mind,
Tells former tales, renews my past delight;
But soon the vision's banish'd from my
sight.
I tell unto the winds my moving tale,
And rising sighs increase the pining gale.
Yet, ah! my fair, wherever I may stray,
O'er Alpine sands, or Alpine's rugged way,
Still shall remembrance of our former days,
Which we had spent in innocence and ease,
Revive my frame, and all my spirits cheer,
When I reflect on all I held most dear.
Yes, fair Maria! how I love that name!
The only thing which still remains the same;
The only thing the same—chang'd are the
rest—
The name alone stands hallow'd in my breast.
Thou know'st, Maria, why we're doom'd to
part;
What torture wounds, and anguish rend my
heart—
A jealous friend—the cause of all my woe—
The first to separate—the rest you know
May guardian cherubs watch thy downy rest;
May every object aid thy high behest;
May every blessing on thy path be shed,
And every honour rest upon thy head.—
This, from my heart, shall be my constant
prayer—
Farewel, Maria, cruel,—lovely fair.

JUVENIS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN.

Perusing the European Magazine, for the year 1800, I met with the following Baclad, in three parts, called Simon the Pauper, from the masterly pen of O'KEEFE. The subject is truly affecting; a generous man reduced from a state of great affluence to spend the last of his days in a work-house; his sufferings and catastrophe are well calculated to excite sorrow and commiseration, whilst the brutal conduct of the overseer must raise hatred and contempt in every breast. As I have never seen the piece published in America, you will highly oblige me by giving it a place in your useful Repository; and I doubt not, but it will be every acceptable to most of your poetical readers. I am, Sir, Your t. &c.

R. G.—Y.

SIMON THE PAUPER.

A BALLAD, IN THREE PARTS.

BY MR. O'KEEFE.

PART FIRST.

AT twilight, 'twas bleak for the winds whistled round,
'Tis tune it was sad to the ear;
And nearly with woe, was cover'd the ground,
The flowers lay drooping like nymphs that were
drown'd,
And the heath look'd amazingly dear.

And now from the workhouse poor Simon walk'd out,
A pauper most wretchedly old;
Thy iced, the keeper swore Simon was stout,
And should not sit sizing and lumping about,
But must forth! in a morning so cold.

For fuel was wanted, and fuzze he must bring,
That over the wild common grew;
The rain pelted down! soon his coat you might wring,
And his shant to his poor shiver'd carcass did cling,
What a sorrowful sight to the view!

But Simon was cheerful, and smil'd on his lot,
With Christian-like patience resign'd;
By hobnobbing and wading he reach'd the green spot,
And soon at his task was old pauper was got,
Tho' severe: yet he never repin'd.

Nor pite'd were his fingers, tho' sharp the rude thorn,
Long callous, by labour so hard,
For tenderly rear'd (as he gentle was born)
His victim of anger, this object of scorn,
In his time had full daintily learn'd.

Good sense was the prop that supported his heart,
Heaven out in adversity's school;
Himself made the rod that made ed the smart,
When torture for him play'd a bountiful part,
He made needs for himself play the fool.

For once in a luminous circle he shone;
Receiv'd by the great and the fair;
But beauty with light from the tomb is gone,
By fraud and by folly was Simon undone,
And sly Cupid came in for his share.

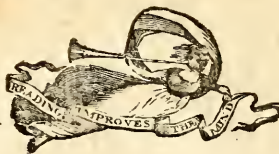
A little he gambled much money had spent,
Kept carriages, horses and men;
To head his best company, ever his bent,
To all who would blow him, most freely he lent,
But ne'er thought to ask for it again.

When Gret in her heart came to sue at his gate,
In smiles she was sure to depart;
His now wretched pauper (no rigorous fate!)
When negligence chid, could not in cold debate,
'Tis might chill his ardour impulse of heart.

With pieces of person odd nature adow,
As fortune with measures of gold;
Alas! meeting happiness! look on him now,
Ah, piteous transition! the gentle ear now,
For a pauper so wretchedly old.

(The remaining two parts in our next)

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XVII.

The reader no Janus, or he would not do what he often does.—How a rich man must live to be healthy.—People frequently surprised without cause.—A literary secret.—The parsonage.—Tribulation.—A quid pro quo.—A scene in the maid's chamber.—An unexpected discovery.—Love and hira piera.—Love like everything, but most of all like a ghost.

WITH feet that far outstript the wishes of his heart, Parclay proceeded towards the parsonage, ruminating on the freaks of Dame Fortune, and cursing her for reducing him to the servile employment of copying the factory of other people's brains. "Not," said he, "that I mind the situation in which I am placed, because it deprives me of the fanciful advantages of wealth, but because it wastes my youth in the performance of a task which I deem much beneath my spirit and acquirements."

The reader will be pleased to observe that Parclay was talking to himself, and he will then allow that, however wrong it may be for a man to flatter himself, there is by no means any thing uncommon or unnatural in it. He has done it himself a thousand times I'll be sworn, and has been as often ridiculed for it; but, being no Janus,*

he could not see and improve by the derision and contemptuous merriment he suffered behind his back.

Our hero continued:

"I call the advantages of wealth fanciful, because every advantage we derive from it, excepting that of doing good, (which is, alas! so little practised) dwells solely in the fancy, without in the least partaking of reality. Sumptuous clothing, prodigal entertainments, and so forth, these are what men generally consider as the advantages of riches; but do they contribute to happiness? No; for the coarse-clad peasant, with his caten-cake, is happier than those who make no other use of the favours of fortune*. Sir William Temple, indeed, has said, that "the only way for a rich man to be healthy, is by exercise and abstinence to live as if he was poor; which are esteemed the worst parts of poverty†." Then those things which are commonly termed advantages are not real, but merely fanciful, and of course to a sane mind of no value or allurements.

Meditating thus, he bent his way toward the parsonage, with, as I have observed, feet that far outstript the wishes of his heart; but, had he in the slightest manner conceived what fortune had prepared for him, when most she seemed averse, his ardent desires would have had still more reason to complain of the slowness than of the swiftness of his motion. Such are the mysterious ways of Fortune! When we think ourselves most deserted by her, then are we often her most peculiar care; but we should not wonder at this, for when

things come to the worst they infallibly mend. We should, indeed, wonder at nothing. Most of those events at which people wonder, are what they had in truth the greatest reason to expect; consequently it merely serves to make them appear silly and absurd. I shall mention two circumstances, which are the constant subjects of surprise, when in fact there is nothing surprising in them.

There is a foolish wonder expressed by persons in general, after waiting some time for any one, if, when they have given up all thoughts of his coming, he should make his appearance. But it should be remembered, that the very moment when they cease to expect him, being the utmost limit and critical; is that at which there should be no wonder if he came. Again, those who have any slight wound, wonder how it happens that they are always hitting it and making it ach, as if they did it for the purpose, not recollecting or justly perceiving that they do not hit that particular part any oftener, nor perhaps so often as many others, but that its being sore makes them notice it whenever they do.

There is a third thing, also, which may be a matter of surprise to my readers, and that is, why I delay thus, and do not pursue my narrative. But this, too, is an idle wonder, and only proves that they know very little about writers of my cast, who are indeed of the noble Fabian race, for they do every thing *Cunctando*,* *by delaying*. This literary secret, however, must be *entre nous*. I entreat you not to let it go any further.

* PERSIUS, Sat. l. v. 57. O Janus, &c.,
Fadst thou, but, Janus-like, a face behind,
To see the people what play never they make;
To mark their fingers pointed at thy back,
Their tongues lolled out, &c.

* The poor man has this advantage over the rich:—the former labours for gold, which he may possibly acquire; but the latter toils for happiness, and he toils in vain!

† Sir William Temple's Works, Vol. III.

• And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
O dain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!

DRYDEN'S Translation of VIRGIL,
on RATHER OF ENNIUS.

The village through which Barclay passed in his way to the parsonage, that stood at some distance from it, was very neatly built, and pleasingly rural. The first object that struck him on quitting it, was the church, situated on an eminence, and by its side, in a little valley, he espied the parsonage-house. The country about it was well cultivated, and being intersected by a stream, which lent its assistance to a neighbouring mill, it presented from many points, the most engaging and delightful prospect. On coming to the church, Barclay had a perfect view of the place whither he was going, which entirely engrossed his thoughts, and formed the sole object of his contemplation. Seating himself on the hill, he fixed his eyes on his new abode in the vale below, which he now perceived to be a white house, but so covered with vines, interwoven with jessamine and honey-suckle, that this was scarcely discernible. In the front was a green lawn, surrounded by a border filled with all sorts of flowers. On the left wing stood a green-house; on the right, stables and out-houses; and behind a very extensive garden and shrubbery. Barclay remained a considerable time with his face towards this delicious spot, without any feelings of admiration. His mind was wholly occupied with the strangeness of his situation. At length, recollecting himself, and rallying his spirits, he rose, and pursuing a narrow path-way, which led by a gentle descent to the parsonage, he arrived at the gate of the fore-court.

He rang the bell, but no one appeared. He rang the second time with as little effect, and would certainly have imagined that nobody was within, if he had not heard a great bustle, and seen several people running to and fro in the upper part of the house. At a loss to conjecture what could be the occasion of this disturbance, Barclay made a third essay at the bell, which proved more successful. He was admitted, and ushered into a parlour, where he saw a gentleman in a black velvet cap, whom he immediately recognized, from his friend's description, to be Mr. Pawlet. He was in the utmost tribulation, walking precipitately up and down the room, exclaiming, "O dear, O dear! She'll die, she'll surely die! O dear!"

"Sir," said the maid-servant, "here is a person who wishes to speak to you."

"Bless me," cried Mr. Pawlet, turning round, "I beg pardon."

Barclay now presented him with Kerpel's letter, which he ran over in great

haste; then seizing our hero by the hand, he said,

"Dear Mr. Temple, dear sir, you are a learned man—do you know any thing about physic?"

Barclay looked at him with surprise, not knowing what answer to make, or what to think of such a question.

"Excuse me, Mr. Temple," continued he, "excuse me, you're heartily welcome: I should have said so before, but I am almost distracted—While we are talking the poor creature is dying."

"Dying!—who sir?" inquired Barclay, with a secret wish that it might be his Hebrew mistress.

"The cook, sir," replied the parson, our poor cook! She complained of some of those qualms which trouble poor women occasionally, and Mrs. Pawlet, in following an old prescription she had by her, has, dear woman! with the best intention in the world, I'm sure, given her a dose which has almost killed her."

It afterwar is appeared that Mrs. Pawlet had made what physicians call a *quid pro quo*,* that is, a mistake in the prescription. The mistake she had made was this: for the sickness that afflicted the cook, she had a receipt, which prescribed, amongst other things, $\frac{3}{4}$ a *drachm* of *hiera picra*, which mark she had taken for $\frac{3}{4}$ an *ounce*, and consequently given her seven times more than was necessary, and almost enough to vomit the devil himself to death. The effect it produced on the cook was very different, and in the highest degree alarming; and Mr. Pawlet, having explained the whole affair to Barclay, requested him to think of something that might give her relief.

"Indeed," said our hero, "I have very little medical skill. I would advise you to send for some professional man."

"That we should have done before," replied the parson, but there is not one within ten miles of this place, it was to supply this deficiency that my dear studied physic. But, oh dear," cried he, bursting into tears, "if the poor woman should die, what will become of Mrs. Pawlet! I know she meant well. To be sure the cook refused to take the draught after she had mixed it, and my dear declared she should leave the house immediately if she did

not; yet I knew she meant well,—I am sure of it."

Barclay, seeing his distress, said, "That if he saw how she was afflicted, perhaps he might assist her, but he feared his advice would be of no service."

He had no sooner uttered these words, than Mr. Pawlet took him by the arm, and hurried him up two pair of stairs, into the maid's room. Entering, he beheld the maid-servant stretched on the bed, groaning piteously. By her side, with her back towards the door, sat a young lady, holding her head, which the maid reclined on her arm; and at the further end of the chamber, on a box, was seated a thin, haggard figure, which Barclay instantly knew to be Mrs. Pawlet, leaning on her finger and thumb, in deep and unconcerned meditation.

As they came up stairs, Barclay had hinted to Mr. Pawlet, that he thought it probable that a plentiful application of warm water might remove her complaint, by easing her of the cause of it. He therefore, the moment he got into the room, addressed himself to Miss Penelope, the young lady, saying: "Run, Pen, run, my dear, and bring up some warm water!—You say that will do her good, don't you, Mr. Temple?"

Penelope did not know what was said, or was too much occupied to attend to it.

"I think it would," replied Barclay, and, approaching the bed, he took the servant by the hand, and inquired how she felt. She was just about to answer, when Penelope, looking up to see who spoke, suddenly let the maid's head fall from her arm, and started from her seat. Barclay, at that moment, fixed his eyes on her, and quickly recollected the lovely image he had seen at Oxford. They stood, for a few seconds, gazing at each other in silent astonishment.

Mr. Pawlet, not adverting to our hero, and thinking that Penelope had risen to obey his orders, said, seeing that she did not stir,

"Well, Pen, my dear, why don't you go?"

"Sir," she replied, without taking her eyes from Barclay—

"Lose no time, I say; but go and fetch up some warm water."

She had by this time begun to perceive the awkwardness of her situation, and catching at Mr. Pawlet's last words, as an excuse for re-entering, cried, "Yes, yes, sir,—I'll go directly," and hurried out of the room.

It was a doubt, now, which was worst,

* A northern physician has written on *quid pro quo*, and says in his thesis, that there are "*quid pro quo*s of the surgeon, *quid pro quo*s of the cook," (Mrs. Pawlet was even with her, however!) "*quid pro quo*s of the nurse, &c." nor does he omit that there are salutary *quid pro quo*s, dangerous *quid pro quo*s, indifferent *quid pro quo*s, &c. Heaven preserve us from *quid pro quo*!

Penelope, Parclay, or the cook. Not that I compare love to *hiera picra*, altho' it is assuredly the fact, that the effect of both is frequently very similar, viz.—both often making people exceedingly sick. This comparison may seem odd to some folks, they will not find it so, since there is scarcely any one thing in nature, however opposite in its kind, which may not be compared to love. Let us see. Love is like the devil, because it torments us; like Heaven, because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets one on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes one miserable; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because it here to day, and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a beacon, because it guides one into the wished for port; like a will-o'-the-wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it frequently runs away with one; like a little poney, because it ambles nicely with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing breeds like it. In a word it is like—every thing—and like nothing; often talked about, but never seen, touched, or understood.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Account of a happy People and a just Government.

M. JUSTAMOND, in his ingenious and useful work, "The Philosophical History of Commerce," asserts, that there is a district in Bengal, called Bissenpour, which hath hitherto preserved its independence. This fortunate spot extends about 160 miles. It has been governed time immemorial by a Bramin family of the tribe of Rajahputs. Here the purity and equity of the ancient political system of the Indians is found unadulterated. This singular government, the finest and most striking monument in the world, has 'till now been beheld with too much indifference. We have no remains of ancient nations but brass and marble, which speak only to imagination and conjecture, those uncertain interpreters of manners and customs that no longer exist. Were a philosopher transported to Bissenpour, he would instantly be a witness of the life led by the first inhabitants of India many thousand years since: he would converse with them;

he would trace the progress of this nation, celebrated as it were from its very infancy; he would see the rise of a government, which being founded in happy prejudices, in a simplicity and purity of manners, in the mild temper of the people, and the integrity of their chiefs, has survived those innumerable systems of legislation which have made only a transitory appearance on the stage of the world, with the generations they were destined to torment.—More solid and durable than these political structures, which raised, by imposture and enthusiasm, are the scourges of human kind, and are doomed to perish with the foolish opinions that gave them birth. The government of Bissenpour, the offspring of a just attention to order, and the laws of nature, has been established and maintained upon unchangeable principles, and has undergone no more alteration than those principles themselves. The singular situation of this country has preserved to the inhabitants their primitive happiness, and the gentleness of their character, by securing them from the danger of being conquered, or embroiling their hands in the blood of their fellow-creatures. Nature has surrounded them with water; and they need only open the sluices of their rivers to overflow the whole country. The armies sent to subdue them have so frequently been drowned, that the plan of subduing and enslaving them has been laid aside; and the projectors of it have thought proper to content themselves with an appearance of submission.

Liberty and property are sacred in Bissenpour. Robbery, either public or private, is never heard of. As soon as any stranger enters the territory, he engages the attention of the laws, which provide for his security: he is furnished with guides at free cost, who conduct him from place to place, and are accountable for his person and effects. When he changes his conductors, the new ones deliver to those they relieve, an attestation of their conduct, which is registered, and afterwards sent to the Raja. All the time he remains in the country he is maintained, and conveyed with his merchandize, at the expence of the state, unless he desires to stay longer than three days in the same place: in that case he is obliged to defray his own expences, unless detained by sickness, or an unavoidable accident.

This beneficence to strangers is the consequence of the warmth with which the natives enter into each other's interest.—They are so far from being guilty of an injury to each other, that whoever finds a

purse, or other thing of value, hangs it on the first tree he comes to, and informs the nearest guard, who gives notice of it to the public by beat of drum.

These maxims of probity are so generally received, that they direct even the operations of government. Out of between seven and eight millions of livres, (about £.33,000 sterling, on an average) it annually receives, without injury to agriculture or trade, what is not wanted to supply the unavoidable expences of the state is laid out in improvements.—The Raja is enabled to engage in these humane employments, as he pays the Mogul only what tribute, and at what times, he thinks proper.

Description of the Green River Paroket of Kentucky.

THIS bird is about the size of a pigeon, of a green colour, except the head, which inclines to yellow. They go in flocks, or companies, about the plantations; and are remarkable for their docility. When once taken and caged a few hours, they have no inclination to leave their captor; but will remain about his house, enjoying his bounty with unparallelled indifference and security. When thus tamed they serve as a decoy, by being perched on a pole or scaffold: while a flock is flying by, they will readily alight as conveniently as possible, and are so attached to each other, that any of the strangers that alight within reach may be taken by the owners of the decoy without difficulty, and these in two or three hours become as gentle as the other. They are possessed of an uncommon degree of sociability and friendship towards each other: when travelling about the house, should one of them discover a grain of corn or any other food, it immediately raises the alarm, and by a chattering peculiar to themselves, invites its fellows to partake of it; and when assembled, the discoverer splits the corn with his beak. They are remarkably fond of cucumber-burs, and the same friendship takes place on finding a plant or bush of these. When they lodge or sleep, they suspend themselves by the beak, from a pin or crevice in the wall of the house, or any convenience which a hollow tree affords, in which a whole stock will assemble, if sufficiently capacious. The females of a flock lay their eggs together in a hollow tree promiscuously, and when thus deposited, the males assume the charge of hatching and supporting them. It frequently happens that there are young in the nest half-fledged, while others are yet in the shell.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF
BENEDICT ARNOLD.

This singular man was a native of New-England, and bred, as some say, a surgeon; a profession, however, which he relinquished very soon, and followed the sea. He is known for many years to have been a master and supercargo of one of those small vessels which trade between the New-England provinces and the West-Indies, carrying lumber, live stock, &c. from the latter circumstance he has often been called a horse-stealer. In this capacity he more than once visited Quebec, and thereby became acquainted with the situation of that town. Some time before the commencement of the dispute between Great Britain and America, Arnold had settled at New-Haven, and was then chosen captain of a company of volunteers by the inhabitants, who began to use themselves to arms, and to prepare for the crisis which was then to be expected. When then the first contest between the king's troops and the Americans happened at Lexington, a general alarm was given, and as soon as the news reached him, he called his company together, and asked them if they would march off with him the next morning to Boston (distant 150 miles). They agreed, and paraded before a tavern where one of their committees was sitting. He applied to the gentlemen for powder and shot, but they demurred supplying him, as he was not duly authorised. Arnold declared he was determined to have some; and Colonel Wooster remonstrating with him, Arnold exclaimed, "None but God Almighty shall prevent my marching! The committee yielded, and Arnold and his company set off for head-quarters. This spirited conduct brought him into notice; and we soon find him with the rank of colonel, and commanding a body of troops on an expedition to Canada. This exploit, one of the most extraordinary during the war, deserves notice. The whole body of men were about 1100, under the command of Arnold, and marched from Cambridge to Newburyport, where they embarked on board transports, for Kennebec, which carried them up to Gardenet's town. Here they embarked in batteaux, and proceeded in divisions; short of provisions, deserted by many of their companions, and undergoing inexpressible fatigue, till they reached the banks of the great Canadiore, where they met with support, after having been thirty-one days in a wilderness, without seeing a house. After refreshing his men, he arrived at Point

Louis, opposite Quebec: but found the city, which he intended to surprize, had been informed of his coming.

This happened by his own imprudence in trusting a letter to an unknown Indian, who carried it to the lieutenant-governor. Arnold was necessarily obliged to wait until General Montgomery arrived, whom he joined on the 5th of December, before Quebec. In the attempt to storm the city, Arnold behaved with his usual spirit, but received a wound in the leg, and was carried off to the hospital. He however took the command after Montgomery's death, and drew off the shattered remains of the army, and in June retreated to Crown Point. When General Carleton advanced with the British forces, General Gates appointed General Arnold to command the fleet on Lake Champlain, although several complaints of misconduct were made against him. With great industry a naval force of one sloop, three schooners, and five gondolas, were prepared, of which Arnold took the command, and was afterwards reinforced by three galleys, and three gondolas; and with this force he engaged a much superior force of the English on the 11th, whom he checked, but on the 13th found himself obliged to fly, and run most of his fleet on shore, to save the men from being prisoners. Arnold here also gained much applause for his bravery, but was censured as having made a bad disposition of his force. With the rank of General, next year, he served at Danbury, and opposed General Tryphon, who was sent to destroy the provisions at that place.

In an action at Redfield he had his horse shot under him, and saved himself from being run through the body with a bayonet by shooting the English soldier who attempted it. His conduct here was so much applauded, that the Congress presented him with another horse in the room of that he had lost in the action. This was in 1777, and the same campaign he relieved Fort Schuyler, attacked by colonel St. Leger and Sir William Johnson.—This was the memorable year in which Burgoyne met his disgraceful fate. In the attempt to storm his intrenchments, Arnold commanded a part of the army; here he again shewed extraordinary courage, and was wounded in the thigh, of which he ever after felt the consequences, having one limb shorter than the other. When the British troops evacuated Philadelphia, in 1778, Arnold was appointed to command the American garrison. Here he lived in a very expensive style, far beyond his in-

come; and to support it, engaged in trade and privateering, in both of which he was unsuccessful. He then set up a claim against the American government, which was disallowed by the commissioners appointed to examine it. This led him into intemperate conduct and expressions, for which he was tried by a court-martial and sentenced to receive a reprimand. From this moment he seems to have harboured the design of quitting the American service. He accordingly opened a correspondence, in 1780, with sir Henry Clinton, with whom he contracted to deliver up West Point, the place which he commanded. To settle all matters, the unfortunate Andre was sent up the river, in the Vulture sloop, to confer with Arnold. His detection and fate are well known. Arnold was more fortunate, and finding his scheme detected, got safe on board the Vulture. It was afterwards known, that as the price of treason, Arnold was to receive 5,000l. and the rank of brigadier general, and pay of a colonel in the English service.

General Washington wished to save Andre and exchange him for Arnold, and we cannot help thinking general Clinton ought to have acceded to these terms. Arnold in his new service, sought by his activity to render himself acceptable to his masters, and in 1781, was sent, with 15,000 men, and a few light horse, for the Chesapeake. He landed at Richmond, destroyed all the stores he could meet with, and afterwards proceeded to Portsmouth. A plan was laid by general Washington to catch him and his army, but it failed. Arnold was soon after joined by Gen. Phillips who took the command. Arnold, however, was still active in the war of havoc and destruction then carried on.

When Lord Cornwallis joined, he dispersed with Arnold's presence, who returned to N. York, and was fortunately saved from being with the army when it capitulated. We find him engaging in one piece more of active service, which was an enterprize against N. London, when he destroyed several vessels, sixty dwelling houses and eighty stores. It was a matter of surprise the English officers should stoop to act under the command of such a renegade, and many attempts have been made to palliate such conduct. After this service Arnold embarked with his family on board an armed ship, which sprung a leak, and he was obliged to quit her, and go on board an unarmed merchantship; in which, however, he had the good fortune to escape capture,

although most of the ships were taken. General Arnold was now received at court, and even admitted into some good company. After the peace, and a residence in England of some years, (in which we believe he had interest to procure a pension for his wife, in the event of her surviving him) he embarked for Nova Scotia, to take possession of a grant of land. There he remained some years in no very easy situation, and at last quitted it on a charge of perjury being preferred against him. He then went for the W. Indies, and was taken by the French, but found means to escape from on board one of their ships in a very extraordinary manner. He is afterward said to have rendered some important service to Sir Charles Grey, when commanding on that station. He returned once more to England, and seems to have closed a most extraordinary life in peace. He died at his house in Gloucester place, on Sunday, the 13th of June, 1801.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IT is with great satisfaction I observe the progress of Christianity in many parts of the Union.—I hope shortly to have the pleasure of congratulating you on a still greater evidence of its truth, in the conversion of those who have been its most violent opposers, and whose blindness and errors have been the wonder of ages, viz. the once chosen people of God—the children of Israel. This happy and glorious work I trust is now commencing its first progress in this city, if I may be permitted to judge from the present relaxed state of their religion.

My opinion is formed from these circumstances:—Impelled by curiosity to visit their place of worship on their last Sabbath-day, I was surprised at finding it closed, and more so in being informed no regular service had been performed there for some time past. The cause alleged, was, that they had no minister, he having been discharged from their not being able to afford him a sufficient salary.—Now, as several of the members, to my knowledge, are men of respectability and opulence, I could not suppose this a real cause; but that it plainly evinced a deficiency of zeal necessary to support their present form of worship.—We have, therefore, every reason to conclude, that, at this enlightened period, they have discovered their errors, are now emerging from darkness to light, and will, with avidity, embrace the true

faith: though I understand some have proved refractory, which has occasioned a schism, and a separation from the more enlightened Jews, who have entirely forsaken their place of worship. The others, on the contrary, have shewn their zeal for their former opinions, by converting a stable into a house of God. I mean no reflections, yet still think this somewhat derogatory to the idea I entertain of the Supreme Being. I have understood, however, that those are the least respectable of their society, and not the best informed; we may therefore look forward with pious hope for the completion of the happy event above alluded to—And that it may speedily take place is the wish of

CHRISTIANUS.

[Such an event as Christianus speaks of would certainly be very desirable, and ought most devoutly to be prayed for by every well-wisher to Christianity; but we cannot perceive the data from which he draws the conclusion, that it is about now to take place.—Various reports are in circulation respecting the grounds of the schism and separation that have taken place among the Jews of this city; but none of them, that we have heard of before, ascribes their disensions to a wish of either party to embrace Christianity. If, however, Christians is in possession of facts, unknown to the public, that can justify the conclusion he has drawn; or if any other person can give a true statement of the affair, such information would be highly gratifying to many Christians, and would perhaps prevent aspersions on the Jews themselves. *Ed.*]

Description of the Andamaners; from Major Syme's Embassy to the Kingdom of Ava.

THE Andamaners are not more favoured in the formation of their bodies, than in the endowments of their mind. In stature they seldom exceed five feet; their limbs are disproportionably slender, their bellies protuberant, with high shoulders and large heads; and, strange to find in this part of the world, they are a degenerate race of negroes*, with woolly hair,

* It is a matter of much curiosity to discover the origin of a race of people so widely differing, not only from all the inhabitants of that vast continent, in the bosom of which the island of Andaman is embayed, but also from the natives of the Nicobar islands, which are immediately contiguous to it. Hitherto the enquiries of travellers seems to have produced no satisfactory conclusion; some have supposed that a Portuguese ship, early in the 10th century, laden with slaves from Mo-

flat noses, and thick lips; their eyes are small and red, their skin of a deep sooty black, whilst their countenances exhibit the extreme of wretchedness; a horrid mixture of famine and ferocity. They go quite naked, and are insensible of any shame from exposure.

Two young women, allured by the temptation of fish, were secured, and brought on board a ship at anchor in the harbour; the captain treated them with great humanity; they soon got rid of fear of violence, except what might be offered to their chastity, which they guarded with unremitting vigilance; although they had a small apartment allotted to themselves, and had no real cause for apprehension, one always watched while the other slept; they suffered clothes to be put on; but took them off again as soon as opportunity offered, and threw them away as useless incumbrances. When their fears were over, they became cheerful, chatted with freedom, and were inexpressibly diverted at the sight of their own persons in a mirror; they were fond of singing, sometimes in melancholy recitative, at others in a lively key; and often danced about with great agility, slapping themselves with the back of their heel. Wine and spirituous liquors were disagreeable to them; no food seemed so palatable as fish, rice and sugar. In a few weeks, having recovered strength, and become fat from the more than half-famished state in which they were brought on board, they began to think confinement irksome, and longed to regain their native freedom. In the middle of the night, when all but the watchmen were asleep, they passed in silence through the captain's cabin, jumped out of the stern windows into the sea, and swam to an island half a mile distant, where it was in vain to pursue them, had there been any such intention; but the object was to retain them by kindness, not by compulsion, an attempt that has failed

tambique, had been cast on these shores, and that the present Andamaners are the descendants of such as escaped drowning. This conjecture is proved to be erroneous, from the account given by the two Mahometan travellers, and long attention to the navigation of those seas by Europeans.

The Arabians, however, who sailed on the Indian ocean so early as the 7th century, who not only explored the continent of India as far as the Chinese sea, but likewise gained a knowledge of most of the eastern islands, might, by an accident similar to that which has been ascribed to the Portuguese vessel, have peopled Andaman with its present negro race. It deserves remark, that on the continent of India, extra Gangem figures of Boodhi or Budho, the Gaudma of the Birman and Siamese, are often seen with the characteristic hair and features of the negro.

on every trial. Hunger may (and these instances are rare) induce them to put themselves into the power of strangers; but the moment want is satisfied, nothing short of coercion can prevent them from returning to a way of life more congenial to their savage nature.

The few implements they used, were of the rudest texture; a bow from four to five feet long, the string made of the fibre of a tree, or a slip of bamboo, with arrows of reed, headed with fish bone, or wood hardened in the fire, is their principal weapon. Besides this, they carry a spear of heavy wood sharply pointed, and a shield made of bark, to defend themselves from the assaults of their enemies; for even those poor wretches have rights to assert, and dignities to maintain. Necessity has taught them an expert management of their arms, on which they rely for subsistence; happily for them, their numerous creeks abound with fish, which they shoot and spear with surprising dexterity. They are said also to use a small hand net, made of the filaments of bark; the fish, when caught, are put into a wicker basket, which they carry on their backs; having kindled a fire, they throw the food on the coals, and devour it half broiled.

A few diminutive swine are to be found in the shirts of the forests, and among the mangrove, thickets in the low grounds; but these are very scarce, and are probably the progeny of a stock left by former navigators. When a native has the good fortune to slay one, he carefully preserves the skull and teeth to ornament his hut. They cross the bays, and go to fish either in canoes formed of a hollow tree, or on rafts of bamboo, which they direct by paddles. Their habitations display little more ingenuity than the dens of wild beasts; four sticks stuck in the ground, are bound together at the top, and fastened transversely by others, to which branches of trees are suspended; an opening is left on one side, just large enough to admit of entrance; leaves compose their bed. Being incommoded by insects, their first occupation in the morning is to plaster their bodies all over with mud, which, hardening in the sun, forms an impenetrable armour; they paint their woolly heads with red ochre and water—thus completely dressed, a more hideous appearance is not to be found in human form.

SENTIMENT—The opulent and the gay hear the cries of misery around them with the same indifference that one hears the tempest grumble when sheltered from its fury.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following is the KEY to the "verse from Ecclesiastus," by your correspondent LINGUISTICUS.

a u e o l r m n s t
u a o e r l n m t s

The verse reads thus:

Wisdom is good with an inheritance, and by it there is profit to them that see the sun; for wisdom is a defence and money is a defence, but the excellency of knowledge is that wisdom giveth life to them that have it. S. N.

HILARITY.

*Friend, banish Despondency's ill boding gloom;
If too much in Jul'd, it will point to the tomb:
What Heaven bestows you, with thankfulness use;
To enjoy is obedience—a crime refuse.*

ANYTHER.

A STORY OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Brantome, a respectable French author, relates that in the reign of Francis I. a young lady who had a very talkative lover, laid her commands upon him, to observe an absolute silence for an unlimited time. The lover obeyed the order for two years, during which space it was thought, that, by some accident or other, he had lost the use of his speech. He happened one day to be at an assembly, where he met his mistress, who was not known as such, love in those days being conducted in a more mysterious manner than at present. The lady boasted that she would cure him instantly, and did it with the single word, *Speak*—What more could the Pythagorean philosophy have done with all its parade and boasting? Is there a lady now that could depend upon so exact an obedience for a single day?

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

When he was very young, Lord Galway, who was a man of uncommon penetration and merit, and who often visited the Marchioness of Halifax, observing in him a strong inclination for a political life, but at the same time an unconquerable taste for pleasure, with some tincture of laziness, gave him the following advice:—"If you intend to be a man of business, you must be an early riser. In the distinguished posts your parts, rank and fortune will entitle you to fill, you will be liable to have visitors at every hour of the day; and unless you will rise constantly at an early hour, you will never have any leis-

ure to yourself." This admonition, delivered in the most obliging manner, made a considerable impression upon the mind of our young man; who ever after observed that excellent rule, even when he went to bed late, and was already advanced in years.

ALEXANDER AND APELLES.

Alexander the Great coming into Apelles's shop, and speaking improperly of some pictures that were there exposed to view, Apelles told him frankly, "Sir, as long as you did not talk about our art, every one here had an admiration and respect for your majesty; but as soon as you pretended to judge of our works, my very 'prentices, who grind my colours, could not forbear laughing."

THE CALM CLERGYMAN.

A Prussian Clergyman applied to the King of Prussia for his permission to preach in his chapel, and to honour him by his presence. His majesty thought it presumptuous for a country clergyman to ask such a favour, but nevertheless granted his request, and told him he would give him a text to preach on, and that he should preach on the Sunday following, when he would be there to hear him. The clergyman waited with anxiety from day to day for the text, as he wished to have it in time, that he might make a fine sermon of it; but Sunday morning came, and no text: he, however, went into the pulpit with an intention to preach one of his old sermons, thinking the king had forgot to send him a text. The king came to chapel soon after, and sent the clergyman a letter, which he opened and read; the contents were—"The inclosed is your text; you will preach immediately." He opened the bit of paper that was inclosed, when, to his great astonishment, he found it quite a blank: he looked at the other side, it was blank there too: he held it out for the audience to look at, and said, "*Here is nothing,*" and then turning it, "*and there nothing;*" and of nothing God created heaven and earth;" then quoted a verse in the 1st chapter of Genesis, to preach a sermon on it extempore. The king was so delighted at the great presence of mind the clergyman had shewn, that he made him his almoner.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 16th payment of 25 cents, will be collected on Saturday next by the Carriers.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET XV.

ON EQUANIMITY.

*My dear Philander, in each state,
Midst all the different turns of Fate,
Persevere an equal mind.*—

GREAT is that noble energy of mind,
Which tempers rude Adversity's rough
storms,

Resists Prosperity's ensnaring charms,
And makes the soul to all events resign'd.

Blest EQUANIMITY! 'Tis Thou alone
That giv'st to human life it truest sweets;
Whether in bustling crowds, or calm
retreats—

In the mean cot, or on the gorgeous throne.

Possess of Thee, I view each varied scene
As but the empty bubble of an hour:

Careless alike of Fortune's shine, or
low'r,

Upborne by Thee, I pass to climes serene.

Whilst Thou, with Truth and Virtue, art
my guide,

I'll o'er Life's stormy ocean safety glide.

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 23, 1802.

ANSWERS TO TWO ENIGMAS IN THE
LAST NUMBER.

29.

WHEN spring and Flora mutual reign,

The Farmer tills his ground;

The *Ha*—row hides his scatter'd grain,—
No riot—s there are found.

He needs no *Harp* to soothe his strife;

And when on *er*—rand bent,

The sweet remembrance of his wife,

His lingering will prevent.

30.

Amongst the knots that mankind tie,

Is *Mar*—riage—'tis a tight one;

And the sixth vowel must be *y*;

I'm sure I've hit the right one.

See, high in office, *Burr* appears;

The *ae*—l then claims attention;

The *'s*—quire comes last, whose watchful
fears—

But hold—no more we'll mention.

W. X.

ORIGINAL CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

My *first* to every taste must pleasing be;
My *second* is the fount of life and glee:
My *whole*, if faithful, is to me more dear
Than all the blessings of the circling year;
For, in it, every tho't and wish combines,
And Love, with Innocence and Beauty,
shines.

CHARADE II.

My *first* is call'd the soother of Man's woes,
Soft'ner of life, and balm of his repose;
My *second* bears him on the pathless deep
Secure from tempests, waking or asleep:
My *whole*, when true, contains more real
worth,
Than all the glitt'ring treasures of the earth.

NEW ENIGMATICAL LIST OF HANDSOME YOUNG LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

1. The evening star, changing the
fourth letter for the first letter of that
which is the foundation of the Christian
Religion, (for the lady's Christian name);
the numerals for one thousand one hundred,
and that which is pure, chaste, unsullied,
innocent, guileless, elegant, neat.

2. Three eighths of the first institution
of heaven, three fifths of the remainder,
omitting the first letter, (for the lady's Christian
name); two sevenths of herself, and
the two last letters of her title.

3. Half of a famous warlike people of
Arabia, adding the first letter of what never
deserts the afflicted or distressed, (for
the lady's Christian name); to practise an
amusement the most destructive of moral-
ity.

(The List to be Continued.)

Dreadful Effects of Intoxication!

A Melancholy affair took place in a house
in Sixth-street, near South-street, on Mon-
day last, about 4 o'clock—In a scuffle be-
tween a man and his wife, an infant child
was thrown down on the floor, and the
father unfortunately set his foot on its breast,
which was the means of its immediate
death. The quarrel appears to have been
the fruits of intoxication.

THE same morning a man was found
dead in his room, a few doors below South-
street, in Third-street. This was also the
effect of liquor, as he had been long in
the habit of inebriety. He was found ly-
ing across two chairs, and the remains of a
bottle of rum standing under one of them.

Marriages.

*To stricklers for honors, and hearers of wealth,
Ye sportive and sprightly, with youth and with health,
Pray, trip it to Hymen, and no longer tarry;
You'll ne'er get, nor enjoy, any bliss till you marry:
And only reflect, if you do not soon go,
That when you'd say yes, you'll find others say NO.*
AMYNTOR.

MARRIED....In this City....On the
21st inst. by the Rev. Philip Milledolar,
Mr. Thomas Pickands to Miss Rebecca
Jones.

.....At Brookfield, (Mass.) Mr. Cal-
vin Gilbert, aged 17, to Miss Theodocia
Barret, of 11!

Deaths.

*How oft Death's solemn knell alarms our ear!
How many friends, on all sides, disappear!
Snatch'd from earth a pleasures to the rueful tomb,
Mindless, perhaps, of their eternal home:
ALMIGHTY BEING! 'ere from time we fly,
Teach us Life's greatest lesson....How to DIE.*
AMYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 14th inst.
in the 75th year of his age, John Jennings,
Esq. one of the Aldermen for the city of
Philadelphia, after a short, but very pain-
ful illness....On the 17th inst. Mr. John
Herst, aged 90 years.

.....In England, O'Brien, the Irish
giant; he was 8 feet 6 inches in height.

.....At New York, on the 18th inst.
Mrs. Ann Crookes, the worthy and affec-
tionate wife of Mr. John Crookes, Editor
of the Mercantile Advertiser.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

That "*Milo's Sonnet*" was written on a "*Summer's
Morning*" the editor is now ready to acknowledge,
because Milo has so informed him; and for the same
reason he is also satisfied that it is original—But that
this information was necessary in order to obviate
the suspicions entertained, Milo himself must allow.
However, as every thing is beautiful in its season, the
sonnet shall appear at a proper time.

"*Carlos*," "*Philemon*," "*Philamor*," &c. will ap-
pear next week.

The interesting little poem on the death of a young
girl who died in the Bettering-house, which appears
in the last page of the present No; our readers will
perceive to be the production of a Mrs. M. Allister—
This lady, we are informed, is eighty-six years of
age! and yet, even at this advanced period, frequently
amuses herself, and gratifies her friends, by simi-
lar effusions. This is certainly a phenomenon in
the female character—Such harmony of numbers,
accompanied with so much sensibility, at a period of
life when the passions are supposed in a great mea-
sure to be decayed, and the finer feelings of the heart
are dried up almost to their source, is extraordinary
indeed—We need scarcely hint, that her future
correspondence would be highly acceptable.

"*Pinkum*," (not *Peter*) is entirely mistaken in his con-
jecture.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

The following is the production of a Mrs. M. ALLISTER, composed impromptu, and without revision: it has many beauties, and if any defects, they will be overlooked from the advanced age of the author, whose principal solace is in such occasional effusions of poetry.

COMPOSED ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL, BUT VERY UNFORTUNATE YOUNG GIRL, WHO DIED IN THE BETTERING-HOUSE, JULY, 1861.

Ah hapless maid! her lot how hard!

A child to sorrow born,
In infancy an orphan left
To penury and scorn.

Her early years in servitude,
Consign'd to toil and pain;
And at the heavy task subdu'd
Her weak and slender frame.
By nature delicately form'd;
An easy shaven maid;
A smiling aspect, ever pleas'd,
To buoy a mind serene.

Endow'd with native innocence,
A kind and tender heart,
She felt the sorrows of her friends,
And ever bore a part.

But ah! those gifts of nature lost,
No friendly aid so kind
To guide her youthful steps aright,
On cults ate her mind.

As years elapsed, gay freedom smil'd,
And fancy'd pleasures rose;
But adverse to fate still pursu'd—
In vain she sought repose.

Then, simply clad with innocence,
She left her native home,
And unprotected, unsustain'd,
A stranger, and alone,

She wander'd then from place to place,
Nor found a settled rest;
Hard labour earn'd her daily bread,
With sickness oft distress'd.

'Twas then that she began to fade
That once bloom'd on her cheek,
A deadly pale usurp'd its place,
Her tender frame was weak.

At length a prospect came in view,
A settlement for life;
A son of Nepht'sk'd her hand,
And she became his wife.

But soon he left his helpless charge,
To cross the azure main;
Nor gave her aught for her support
Till his return again.

This left alone, she sought a friend
She long before had known,
Who kindly bade her welcome there
To make her house her home.

Five months she languish'd on her bed
In agonizing pain,
Had every kind attention paid—
Nor was it quite in vain.

Each morn a skilful surgeon came,
By nature's gift mov'd,
Whose tender hand, and healing art,
Her chief complaint, remov'd.

His kind attentions every day
Her languid spirits cheer'd,
For her returning health, 'twas thought
A prospect now appear'd.

But ah! the sequel to relate,
Must wound the listening ear,
And every tender eye let fall
A sympathetic tear.
On a day to be her friend,
Her daily visits paid,

And under friendships sacred veil
Her innocence mislaid,
With flattering words and promises
How well she'd be supplaid,
If she would come and stay with her—
Nor would she be decid'd,
The yielding victim soon compli'd;
(She'd liv'd with her before)
Forsook the cheerful fire-side,
And saw her friend no more.

And when within th' unhallow'd walls
Of that impious den,
Her nearest friends forbid the place
To whom she might complain.

A travelling doctor then was call'd,
He promis'd present aid;
With stores of medicine misappli'd,
His judgment he display'd.

Increasing illness rack'd her frame,
With all his skill and care;
Her strength was gone, her spirits broke,
And sinking in despair.

The woman then began her rounds
For charity to crave;
For a poor object at her house
The generous public gave.

The unfeeling creature then declar'd,
With her she should not stay,
And to the mansion of the poor
Quick hurried her away.

There, on a wretched bed of straw,
Her tender limbs were laid,
Without a friend to soothe her grief,
Or lend her any aid.

A few sad days, a d painful nights,
She drew her lab'ring breath—
At length her spirit wing'd its flight,
And nature sunk in death.

Adieu! dear shade, thy race was short,
Thy sorrows now are pass'd;
Thou'rt gone to taste the sweets of rest,
That wait for ever last.

Let others chaunt the rich and great,
And eulogize their virtues o'er;
Be't mine to paint the wretched state
Of the afflicted poor.

SIMON THE PAUPER.

(Concluded from our last.)

PART SECOND.

From yon noble mansion, round more than a mile,
The Lodge bell! to dinner it calls,
Let no retrospection thy fancy beguile,
Thou' none was more welcome than Simon ere while,
To a dinner within those high walls.

The sheep move together, no shelter is near,
The flying screams wild in flight,
Quick marches the gard'ner, the cresser in his rear,
The clouds now all terribly sable appear,
As portending the coming of night.

'Twas only yet noon tide: his faggots but few,
The coarse-welcome home was his creed,
Thou' done as much work as an old man could do,
He must for his illeness grieve, he well knew,
In the dark with-out supper to bed.

He turn'd to look round, for he heard a whip crack
In union harsh with the wind,
He saw a large horse and a man on his back,
Who strok'd the sleek neck with a "softly Big Jack,"
But old Simon the faggot must bind.

The Poor's Overseer thus spake, for 'twas he,
"How now, Master Simon?" then ceas'd;
"I'll head was uncovered, and he beat was the knee;
For such marks of homage paid duly must be,
Thou' the violent tempest increas'd.

With arrogance swell'd was this officer proud,
A doubt if his letters he knew;

But wonderful shrew'd by the neighbours allow'd,
At vestry he held his head high in the crowd,
Better vers'd in the rates were but few.

This great man had three end's, his words let's repeat—
"The point let the parish decide,
"In spite of the vestry, the lord, and his leet,
"I can fill stack o' furze my large oven must heat,
"And these same shall the paupers provide."

Of silence an interval menac'd the roa,
That erst seem'd to murmur and creep,
But now like the sun where broad caicacts pour,
On white billow, tearing huge stones down the shore,
It's rattling! long, dreadful, and deep!

Our officer shudder'd, tho' keen the chill blast,
It nipt'd not the stem of his pride,
Askance eye of pity reluctantly cast,
"Step h me to my house till this battle is past;"
"Sir, I thank you" old Simon replied.

The thunder roll'd awful loud volly'ng peals!
Who out in such weather would stay?
Home faces Jack's nose, and his sile the spur feels,
Slinging him sets forward, and, close at his heels,
Poor old Simon to follow him may.

PART THIRD.

Safe hous'd, now imagine this even match'd pair,
Our officer great, and—poor man;
The first sits at ease in his large elbow chair,
High blazes the faggot, dry cloths they prepare,
The good dish, and the cherishing can.

But cheerless the out-house where Simon is shewn,
His garments may dry on his back;
And whilst, for the small beer mad Mary is gone,
Before him, sans napkin, a cold mutton bone
She had plac'd for his hunger's attack.

The parlour door's open, for Simon must hear
The loud conversation—reth'd,
The topic is Charity, argument clear,
Both prov'd and lamented, that things were so dear,
And their hearts so humanely inclin'd.

An old clown stumps sturdily 'cross the til'd floor,
Well clad; but rude, noisy and rough;
In passing he start'd—"Eh! why is n't it sure?
"Old Master! so all-broken down, and so poor!
"Thou wast once a most right bit o' stuff."

This guest for the parlour, to dinner he came
That smok'd on the officer's board,
The father he was o' our officer's game,
Who once was old Simon? say, Fortune, with shame!
This ungrateful boor's kind honour'd lord.

Tho' bleated with drink and repletion of cheer,
Poor Simon remember'd the face,
"Twas Robert, my coachman!" down fell the salt
tear,
The stroke pierc'd his heart with reflection severe,
And he hastily quitted the place.

The night was pitch dark, and the waters were out,
He walk'd fast revolving along,
His mind was a chaos of tumult and doubt,
Across the wide waste lay his sorrowful rout,
And of two roads, was no en the wroug.

Three days and three nights ere the body was found,
No searching was suent little care;
'Twas said in the village, poor Simon was drown'd,
To lay him in earth, tho' the parish was bound,
Yet 'tis only the Robin knows where.

Tho' public munificence, am, le as just,
A noble provision nam'd made
For human distress, why vexed the trust,
For "vandal and ignorant baseness accrues,
That will turn its blessed charge to a trade.

To wolves is the sheep as an help craving ward,
By the God of all mercies consign'd!
Of institutions good be the purpose is marr'd,
Committing to brutes, for protection and guard,
The old, helpless, and weak of our kind.

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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

C H A P. XVIII.

Barclay's behaviour in the maid's room.—Mrs. Pawlet roused from her trance.—What system of Dr. Hunter's she had pursued.—Her intended experiment on the cook.—Barclay introduced.—Her conduct on the occasion.—The library.—The advantage derived from being removed far from the earth.—She discovers in Barclay the eccentricities of genius.

IMAGINE, now the singular scene the cook's bed-chamber exhibited at the present moment. The cook prostrate, after hero holding her hand in his, but standing like a statue, unconscious of what he did, Mrs. Pawlet seated on the maid's box, at the further end of the room, leaning upon her finger and thumb, in a state of perfect abstraction, and Mr. Pawlet in his black velvet cap, by the side of Barclay, waiting anxiously to hear his opinion of the poor woman, after feeling her pulse (as he conceived) for such a length of time. A sudden groan of his patient, however, brought him to his recollection. He let her hand fall, and sunk, almost senseless, into a chair that stood near him. Joy and sorrow took possession of his mind, alternately. Joy, even to ecstasy, at meeting with the object of his heart's fondest dotage, first prevailed, and filled him with delicious thoughts of ceaseless happiness; then, sorrow, bordering on despair, to find her he loved plighted to his friend, seized on him with irresistible power, and banishing every joy from his breast, possessed it with the most afflicting anguish. Still would

these contending passions give way to each other. Now his love predominated, and he was all darkness and despair. In this conflict he was torn and distracted, till, looking up, with tears starting from his eyes, and beholding Mr. Pawlet standing affectionately over him, he made an effort to recover his serenity, and to conduct himself without suspicion. He was here very much assisted by the parson, who, in the goodness of his heart, ascribing every thing to the best and most virtuous motive, exclaimed, on observing the tears trembling in his eyes, "Bless my heart, what a tender creature!—Nay, Mr. Temple, now don't let the suffering of the poor maid affect you so.—Here," continued he, "here comes the warm water; I hope, and dare say it will soon make her better."

As he uttered the last words, Barclay's whole frame shook with an indescribable sensation, and he, for the first time, raised his eyes to gaze on one dearer to him far than peace to misery, or liberty to slaves, with fear and trembling. Penelope, however, had, for private reasons, declined the task she had apparently retired to perform, and sent her maid instead. That circumstance, added to the attention drawn from Barclay, by the care employed in administering the water to the servant, proved a very seasonable relief to him. This Sangrado remedy produced the desired effect, leaving the cook in a weak, but no longer in a dangerous state. Mr. Pawlet applauded and thanked our hero in the warmest manner, for the efficacious recipe he had prescribed, as well as for the tender feeling which, he imagined, he had shown for the invalid.—In the great satisfaction he felt, he could not help going to Mrs. Pawlet, and seating himself by her on the box, he took hold of her hand, and said, in the kindest tone, "Well, my dear,

this had nearly proved a very unfortunate affair, but, now, every thing is safe, and we'll think no more about it."

"No, no!" cried she, as if just having finished the investigation of some profound disquisition, "I shall think no more about it! De Rossi is wrong, and Kennicott is right.—What signify so many various readings of the Hebrew text? If we have the best, that is sufficient. And, as to the Samaritan Pentateuch, and the old Syrian version, I shall print them in——"

"My dear," interrupted the parson, "you misunderstand me, I was alluding to the cook you physicked this morning."

"Well," said she, coolly, "is she dead?"

"No, God forbid!" he replied, "but—"

"Bu," added she, "if she had, it would have been nothing to me, for, metaphysically, or ontologically speaking, I should have been only *causa per accidentem*, not *causa per se*."

"Well, well," continued the parson, "it is all over now. We have saved her life, and there's an end of it."

He now proceeded to inform her of the maid's illness, and what they had done to comfort her.

"Fools, and idiots," she exclaimed; "will you always thwart me thus, in all my efforts to benefit mankind, by my searches after truth? So, I, who have studied *metieria medica*, from Hippocrates down to Boerhaave; that is, from the top to the bottom, of all *physic*, am to have my operations counteracted by people even more ignorant of *physic* than an apothecary? You know not what the world has lost by your officiousness! My scheme had two ends for its object. In the first place, the

† From SPENCER to FLECHER; that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry."

Dryden's Dedication of *Juvenal*.

girl (as silly girls will) complained of some indisposition, but knew not, precisely, what or where it was. Now in this case, I always follow the custom of old Dr. Hunter, who used to say, when he could not discover the cause of a man's sickness, "We'll try this, and we'll try that. We'll shoot into the tree, and, if any thing falls, well and good."

"My dear," said the parson, "I fear this is too commonly the practice, and in their shooting into the tree the first thing that falls is generally the patient."

"Don't interrupt me!" cried Mrs. Pawlet, hastily. "So I did; and imagining that the cook's indisposition might arise from her blood being too rich, I resolved to try an experiment on her, which would do her no harm: and that was my second enl."

"You have reduced her, indeed!" said Mr. Pawlet; "but pray, what was your experiment?"

"That," continued she, "which you have frustrated. I wished to ascertain how much *hiera-piera* the human stomach could bear."

"Mercy on me!" ejaculated the parson to himself. "Heaven be praised that it has turned out no worse!"

The truth is, Mrs. Pawlet was aware, from the effect immediately produced on the poor cook, that she had given her too strong a dose; and now, that all was safe, she pretended to say that she did it on purpose, and, to cover her mistake, affected to be angry at what was done to relieve her.

"But bless me!" cried the parson, rising "we are talking here without thinking of Mr. Temple. My dear, this is the gentleman recommended to you by our friend."

"My *amanuensis*?" said she.

Mr. Pawlet nodded consent, and our hero stepping forward put his friend Koppel's letter into her hand. She now rose without uttering a word, and with great dignity, or rather stiffness (things often mistaken for each other), marched toward the door, beckoning to Barclay to follow her. He obeyed with a bow, leaving the parson and the cook, who were not deemed worthy of witnessing the first interview between two such distinguished personages.

Notwithstanding they were already two stories high, Barclay followed his guide up a third, to a room which appeared built expressly for her convenience. The library was round, and illumined by a sky-light; the books so numerous that they not only lined the sides, but covered the floor, and

formed a kind of maze which led to her seat at a large table, loaded with globes, mathematical instruments, &c. &c.

Taking her seat, and pointing to several folios that were piled on one another for Barclay's, she addressed him thus, still holding the letter in her hand unopened.

"Though I have no great reverence, sir, for the modern Greeks, yet I hold them wise, inasmuch as they choose the summit of their houses for their place of residence. I do the same, but our motives are very different. They consider the garret as the most dignified part of the building: I esteem it only as it conduces to give strength and elasticity to the mental powers."

"Your plan, madam, said Barclay is perfectly Socratic."

"Yes," she replied, smiling most invitingly at being able to pursue the allusion, "I would even, like that great philosopher, say, (*Greek*) † for like him I find that, when on the ground, my thoughts adhere to the earth, and never rise to that sublimity which I experience the moment I breathe this pure and elevated atmosphere."

Our hero made no reply. He was entirely absorbed in thought, while she, having explained, as she believed, with great effect, the cause of her living at the top of the house, proceeded to peruse the epistle he had delivered to her from Von Hein. Having finished it, she began a very long speech, full of Barclay's learning and genius, but, above all, of his great diffidence and modesty, which his friend, she said, had particularly dwelt upon, and which she acknowledged to be the undoubted concomitants of genuine merit.

During this harangue, Barclay being wrapped up in thoughts of a very opposite nature, neither lent his ear to what was uttered, nor made any signs of attention. This one would have imagined sufficient to displease the speaker, but far other was the sentiment it inspired. Impressed with the high character she had just read, she attributed his rudeness to excess of genius or learning.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "such is the absence of men of letters!"

† *I walk the air.* Aristophanes, Clouds.

‡ Dr. Johnson in his *Rambler* makes Hypertatus say, "he that upon level ground stagnates in silence, or creeps in narrative, in haste, at the height of half a mile ferment into merriment, sparkle with reprieve, and finish well declamation; but," he adds, "that a garret will make every man a wit. I am very far from supposing; I know there are some who would court our blockheads even on the summit of the Andes, or on the peak of Teneriffe." So &c. &c.

Our hero caught these words, and, looking up saw Mrs. Pawlet's eyes, or rather eye (for both never looked at one object), fixed upon him, with evident marks of delight. He blushed, and felt very uneasy on his seat. Perceiving this, Mrs. Pawlet said,

"Nay, be not ashamed of these little eccentricities of genius: I am often so myself, I assure you."

Barclay was about to make some silly excuse, when he was relieved from his embarrassment by a summons to dinner.

CHAP. XIX.

Containing everything in the nineteenth chapter.

FOLLOWING Mrs. Pawlet, Barclay entered the dining-room, which was at the back of the house, and commanded a beautiful prospect of the garden. The furniture was light and elegant; the wainscot hung with various drawings of views of the neighbouring country, and the windows being stocked with geraniums, and other odorous plants, impregnated the air with their sweets and exhilarated the senses. In the middle of the room stood the dinner-table, laid for four. Penelope appeared at one of the windows as if employed intinting up some hyacinths, and Mr. Pawlet, who had made no alteration in his dress but that of exchanging his black velvet cap for a neat little powdered wig, was dressing the sallad as Barclay came in. The moment he saw him, he wiped his hands on the napkin, and going up to him, he said, "Mr. Temple, I hope you will excuse my inattention to you. You found me in an awkward predicament, from which you extricated me, and I am now able to pay you all the respect your merits, independent of that of being the particular friend of Mr. Von Hein, entitle you to. Believe me you are heartily welcome, I shall think it my fault if I see that you are unhappy: I trust you will not let me think so unworthily of myself."

Barclay made no reply to this not less sincere than kind and friendly speech, but he pressed the hand of the worthy parson between his in such a manner as amply satisfied him that his words had produced the liveliest effect.

Mr. Pawlet hastened to change the subject, and, while Mrs. Pawlet sat reading in the corner (for she never was idle for an instant), he, adverting to a common topic, asked Barclay what he thought of the room.

"Perhaps you may not think so much of it," continued he, "as I do. I delight

in it: it is my Pen's taste. She furnished it as you see, making every thing herself that a female could accomplish. And those drawings are all her own doing; she took them from the numerous prospects that present themselves on the hill near the church."

"Fye, fye! my dear sir," cried Penelope, "how can you talk so. Nobody, I'm sure, but you, who are always too kindly partial to what I do, will think any thing of such trifles."

This, said in a laughing manner (as she knelt by the side of the flower-pots with her head turned round), had the most rapturous effect on Barclay. The voice that saluted his ear was so soft and mellifluous, that he could scarcely believe it human; and the lovely form he contemplated was so angelic, that, added to the beauties of the place, he could not avoid exclaiming, "Enchantment—'tis all enchantment! Indeed, sir, Miss Penelope does not do herself justice in complaining of your pægyric, seeing that it falls so far short of her desert. Truly, I cannot believe what I behold to be the work of mortal skill, but assuredly the consequence of some spell—the conjuration of some supernatural agency. These drawing are——"

"Well," said Penelope, interrupting him and rising, "I must positively go: I can suffer this no longer."

"By no means!" cried Barclay, hastily. "I beg a thousand pardons for expressing my *unfeigned* sentiments, because they have offended." Then, catching her eye with an humble, but expressive look, he added, "I will henceforth gaze with silent admiration!"

Mrs. Pawlet's thoughts were entirely devoted to her book, and the parson continued making the salad; therefore the confusion of Penelope and our hero (which was very apparent in their countenances at this crisis) was not perceived, and the attention of the little family was soon diverted for the moment from every other circumstance by the appearance of dinner.

Mrs. Pawlet, not only because she was the mistress of the house, but because she prided herself on carving with mathematical and anatomical nicety, sat at the head of the table; Mr. Pawlet at the bottom, Penelope on his right hand, and Barclay opposite her, to the right of Mrs. Pawlet. The situation of the young folks was peculiarly interesting to themselves. Neither could look up for an instant, but their eyes were rivetted to each other; and the table being rather narrow, there was an absolute necessity, for the sake of mutual accommo-

dation, to mingle their feet together. We all know what nervous creatures lovers are. Think, then, of the position of things at this juncture!

Barclay was, during dinner, in a perfect state of delirium. He eat little—he said nothing! but did he not feel something? And did he not feast his eye on the object before him? None but a lover, it is true, can fancy such food; but no mere sensual voluptuary ever enjoyed a repast half so luxurious. Here there was no satiety. *Appetite increased by what it fed upon*, and our hero must have remained at table until doom's day if he could not have risen before he had confessed that he was satisfied. To describe the conduct and feelings of Penelope, would be to repeat what I have said of Barclay's.

Mr. and Mrs. Pawlet, on the contrary eat with excellent stomachs, but with this difference; all he eat, he eat because he found it agreeable to his palate. She, however, eat scarcely any thing but to what she attached some medicinal quality. She ascribed great virtue to various sorts of vegetables, and these she would devour, even to repletion, often making herself miserably ill in her attempts, as she termed them, "to give a tone to the nerves, and to regulate and perfect the eucrasia of the human frame."

Barclay's taciturnity and abstinence were attributed to several causes. Mrs. Pawlet believed the first to be owing to the modesty of genius, or the abstraction of learned meditation; and the second she conceived to be highly commendable in a philosopher; so that when the parson pressed him to eat, Mrs. Pawlet begged he would desist. "Mr. Temple," said she, "imitates the ancient sage, whose maxim it was, To eat to live, and not to live to eat."

Penelope looked at Barclay, and could not conceal a bewitching smile, that played about her lips. Our hero returned the smile, and would willingly have joined them.

Reader. Join their smiles! How could they do that, sir!"

Author. By joining their lips, ma'am.

Reader. Oh, you abominable wretch! A pretty thing, truly, to do at the first interview.

Author. Very pretty indeed, ma'am. I should like to have done it myself! However he did not say so, but if he had, he would have been excusable, for he was invited to it.

Reader. How! a baggage, did she invite him to do so?

Author. No, sweet lady, but her lips did—

as thus. Her lips were of that description, which, as clearly as is possible for lips, unassisted by the tongue, to speak, say, "Come and kiss me!" Perhaps, thrice venerable madam, you have never seen any of this sort, but, nevertheless, I assure you they exist. I have seen many such, and, I hope I shall see many more!"

Mr. Pawlet viewed Barclay's conduct in a very opposite light. His abstinence, he thought, might arise from, either the novelty of his situation, or the fatigue of travelling; and his modesty, he believed to be the effect of the misfortunes he had suffered, which would not permit him to assume any consequence in society. He pitied him in his heart, and resolved to to use all his endeavours to banish the scruples to which he attributed his depression. The same goodness of disposition led him to imagine, that Penelope's not eating, as usual, was owing to her uneasiness, all the morning, about the poor servant maid, and when the cloth was taken away, he desired her to go, and see how she fared. Glad of such an apology, she readily withdrew, to induce Mr. Pawlet, the more firmly, to believe the truth of his suspicion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AMERICAN HONESTY;

RELATED BY A DUTCHMAN.

AN American farmer brought a small cart full of pigeons to P—— a market, on a day there happened to be a glut of them which had arrived somewhat earlier in the morning, and could not find any purchasers. He offered them at half price, —still no purchasers. Not caring to load his cart back again, he then offered to give them away, but the people, supposing they must be stale, would not have them. He then drove his cart on and drop'd three or four every ten yards; but the people picked them up, and running bawling after him, "*Master, you are losing your pigeons,*" threw them back again into his cart. Mortified at their teizing, he stopt his horse, and leaned back, pretending to be asleep, —when instantly, man woman and child set to work, and stole every one of them.

ISOCRATES.

A Young Man, who was a very great talker, making a bargain with Isocrates to be taught by him, Isocrates asked double the price his other scholars gave him: "And the reason is," said he, "that I must teach you two sciences; the one to hold your tongue, and the other to speak."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Moral Reflections.

*Ah, false and fleeting is the bliss that springs,
From earthly goods—more vain than airy things!
To-day we boast a gift that life endears;
And, ere to-morrow's dawn it disappears.*

PHILADELPHIA.

THERE is not, perhaps, a human being, endowed with reason and reflection, who has not at some period of his life, found something to call them into action: But, at no period, are they so powerful as when employed on the subject of our own misfortunes and distresses, or those of our dearest friends. 'Tis then that their effects on the mind are most likely to produce the happiest consequences in conduct, both with respect to our own well-being, and the well-being of our fellow-creatures. Disappointments, calamities, and casual interventions of adverse fortune, have by *Philosophy* been regarded as laying the best foundation for a just estimate of the things of this world, and by *RELIGION*, as the best preparatives to that temper of soul which urges her to aspire after more satisfactory and solid enjoyments in the world to come. They teach us, in the most impressive and persuasive manner (because we feel it) the instability of all human affairs, the uncertain tenure of all human possessions, the extravagance of human anticipations, the unsatisfying nature of human enjoyments—in a word, the folly (to call it by no harsher a name) of centering our hopes in what is perishable and fleeting, and of expecting happiness to arise from sublunary acquisitions, which, according to the course of things, must be continually changing, or subject to change.—“But,” it might be asked, “in what could a rational being place his happiness? and whence would he derive consolation in the hour of loss, difficulty, disappointment, calamity or distress?” To which the answer is obvious, from what has just been said.—Let the sources of his happiness lie beyond the attacks of casualties, beyond the possibility of change from moral or physical causes, let them be *RELIGION* and *VIRTUE*—and safely, securely and serenely will he pass from this world to a better, superior to the disquietudes of life, and unaffected by the revolutions of Nature or of Time. The fool and the willing, the infidel and the vicious, may endeavour to laugh him out of these sources, as being but visionary, because they know nothing of them; but

he, feeling their inestimable importance, knows how to appreciate their intrinsic value. Such truly, as Pope sweetly sings, is the noble prize of *RELIGION* and *VIRTUE*:

Which nothing earthly gives, nor can destroy,—
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy.

They, and they alone, enhance all the blessings, comforts and sweets of Time; and fit us for whatever we may be destined in the decrees of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, in eternity. And, if in our voyage over the tempestuous ocean of life, we are assailed by the storms of adversity, or likely to be overwhelmed by the waves of affliction and distress, *RELIGION* and *VIRTUE* are the only unfailing sources of all consolation and peaceful security; the only true and invaluable treasure which can never be taken from us. Inspired by them with the liveliest assurances of a blissful immortality, the soul rests with unbounded confidence on that Almighty Being who rules the destinies of the universe, ever conscious that, in life and death, in the storm as well as in the calm, in Time and in Eternity, she is safe and happy in the protection of her Creator, Preserver and Benefactor. Thus leaning on the arm of Omnipotence, the everlasting Rock of Ages, she views without emotion the ever-changing scenes on the theatre of this world; receives the gracious dispensations of Divine Providence with gratitude and love; uses them, as they were designed, to the good of the creation, and the glory of the Creator; and parts with them, when demanded, with cheerful acquiescence and pious resignation, in the words of Inspiration; “Shall I receive good at the hand of the LORD, and shall I not receive evil also?”—“The LORD gave and the LORD taketh away; blessed be the name of the LORD!” Happy Job! and happy indeed all who follow thy great example! Thou wast in the highest and lowest situations, but never so well knewest thou the true value of the first, as when brought in contrast with the last: That was the ordeal through which thy virtues must pass, in order that they might shine forth to admiring posterity, like gold from the furnace seven times more pure.

Similarly situated, though in an humbler grade, stands a worthy and sincere friend of mine*, at this moment. It was but a few months ago that he was possessed of almost

* Mr. Richard Wevil, of this city, whose house, with all the furniture, and a great deal of valuable property was consumed by fire on the morning of the 15th inst. See a more particular account in that week's Repository.

all his heart could wish for in this world,—a comfortable house with a delightful little garden to it, and an amiable and beloved wife, and two dear and endearing little children (a girl and a boy) as his charming society. In an agreeable circle of intelligent friends and acquaintance, and enjoying what Thompson beautifully styles “an elegant sufficiency, &c.” in a respectable mediocrity, his life glided along in tranquillity: And being of a contemplative and literary turn, he would sometimes fill up his hours of relaxation from business by amusing himself with effusions in prose and poetry. With what pleasure have I perused the productions of those too happy hours! for they were the spontaneous dictates of the heart, and ran in the easy but impressive language of Nature. But with what particular delight have I read, over and over again, his “Reflections in his Garden;”* wherein he feelingly describes his happy situation, and charmingly sings of his domestic felicities!—But ah! how fleeting are the joys, how transient the enjoyments of human life!—As “death grows near to life,” so woe is next to bliss in the present instance; for, in the full tide of these enjoyments, my friend lost his darling little boy, the delight of his eyes, and almost the idol of his soul. It would seem that while in the very lap of pleasure, some arrow is barbed to stab us to the heart; as if Providence, regarding and acting only for the good of the whole, ordains us temporary crosses and afflictions, to prepare us for eternal beatitudes:

Yes, GRACIOUS HEAV'N misfortunes sends to man,
To break the fetters of his earthly love;
To wean affections from Time's narrow span,
And fix them on the great concerns above.
Here Vice o'er Virtue holds imperious sway,
And all Religion's precepts disengages;
Then, surely, Virtue, in the realms of day
Shall find exulting and complete rewards.

“To stand,” says Seneca, “unshaken in such a calamity, is hardly to be expected; and our wonder cannot but be equal to our grief.” But, in the example of my friend, the Christian rises superior to the Philosopher; for he not only stands unshaken, but “still adores the hand that gives the blow,” upborne by that benign religion which assures him that the dispensation was for his eternal good, and that he shall be again with his dear child in a better and happier world, never to part again. He, therefore, meets the decree of his Heavenly Parent with a calm resignation, and bows with reverence to the Divine

* See the Repository, Vol. I. pag. 296.

Will: And while, as a man, he feels and mourns the loss, as if of a part of himself; he, at the same time bears the severe affliction with the fortitude of a Christian:—"Not my will, O LORD! but thine be done."*

It was but a short time ago, that his dear little boy was taken from this world; which stopped the current of his peaceful enjoyments, and opened the streams of parental distress, and painful though unavailing sorrow:—And scarcely were closed the wounds of a bleeding heart, when it pleased Heaven, in the inscrutable dispensations of its providence, to try him by another calamity, while yet his afflicted feelings would be most sensibly affected—viz. the destruction of his house and property by fire, in the course of a few hours. What a mournful contrast is here made by only a few hours! At night, all is harmony and domestic felicity; and before the dawn of the morning, all is alarm, fire and devastation! "Who would believe it?" says Seneca—but a few hours between so fair a habitation and none at all; it was laid in ashes in less time than it would require to tell the story. "Those goods that have grown up with many years, with labour and expence, and under the favour of many auspicious providences, less than one day scatters and brings to NOTHING!"—How accurately descriptive of the situation of my friend are these words! and who can view unmoved the gloomy picture; or consider the state of the unfortunate sufferers without feeling an interest for them? Who that has sustained a loss, or been afflicted, but must be warmed with sympathy for them; who that, never knew loss or affliction, but must experience a sorrowing sensibility for their sad reverse of fortune! especially when they contrast themselves enjoying their own domestic comforts in their own houses, with those unfortunates who have lost all, and have no house nor home to go to, except what is afforded by Friendship or Benevolence?—

But, while we all feel the full tide of sympathy on these melancholy events, may

not something useful be drawn from a proper consideration of them? Most undoubtedly! and such must have been the design of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness in the distribution of the goods, and the disposition of the affairs of human life. They teach all, as well the beholder as the sufferer, that the tenure of earthly possessions is altogether uncertain; that the best of all earthly enjoyments are very far from giving solid happiness; that, from desires implanted in the soul, which cannot be satisfied in this world, there must be some other world where they will be satisfied;—and that as Religion and Virtue suffers here, so will they be bountifully rewarded by Divine Munificence hereafter. How happy, supremely happy, then, are those whom Religion and Virtue render invulnerable to all crosses, afflictions, calamities and troubles; and whom they bear superior to temptations and alarms, through the vicissitudes of eventful life, the fluctuating scenes of ever-varying Time, and the valley of the shadow of death; and whom they at length lodge in the arms of their Heavenly Father, in Eternity, there to enjoy a glorious and ever-blessed immortality.

AMYNTOR.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"For we hear that there are some which walk among you disorderly; working not at all, but are busy bodies."

WITH what noble simplicity does the apostle Paul describe the character of those contemptible beings, who live without advantage to themselves, or society; and follow their daily round of busy idleness, as if unconscious that they had a part assigned them, to act in the great Drama of Life. These words of the apostle may be thus familiarly commented:—"I hear there are some among you, who spend their time in nothing but eating and drinking; in collecting the current gossip's story of the day, and retailing all the slander they can glean;—who intermeddle with the affairs of others, and hear and propagate every domestic uneasiness their neighbours may experience; and who, on such occasions, assiduously foment the quarrel, by running alternately from one to the other, and relating the expressions which each, in the unguarded moments of anger may have uttered.—This is the routine that compose their lives! But," says he, "*this we have [already] commanded you, that if any will not work, neither should he eat.*"

This is a true picture of the life of many; they are busy bodies, *working not at all*. We are not, however, to suppose that Paul alluded to idly labour alone.—In all ages the majority of mankind have been doomed to toil for a subsistence; yet he, whose genius soars above those servile employments, if he devotes his talents to the service of mankind, may be of greater utility, than the man, whose muscular arm and vigorous body, is adapted to bear the extremes of manual labour. He who, in the heat of summer, seeks the shade, stretches his limbs on the carpet of nature, and

Pores upon the brook which bubbles by,

may, to the ignorant and superficial observer, seem indulging a culpable indolence; yet, possibly his mind may be employed; his fancy may exert herself, tho' his body be quiet; his genius may penetrate the centre, or ascend into the unlimited regions of aether. His contemplative mind may survey the variegated landscape which is spread out to his admiring eye; or raising his views still higher, he may

Look through Nature up to Nature's God!

What a noble employment! it does not deserve the epithet of idleness.

It is a melancholy consideration, that men, endowed with the gift of reason, are created only a little lower than the angels, should condescend to wear out their existence in such trivial employments.

That being, whose mind is capable of acquiring information, and retaining knowledge; who might be continually advancing onward towards perfection, is contented to sit down in inglorious ease, until his faculties become so debased that he is unable to arouse them to energy.

That those who are *walking disorderly, and working not at all*, may speedily amend, is the ardent prayer of

THE LAZY PREACHER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE DRAMA.

A HINT TO ACTORS.

THE public is led seriously to deplore the poverty of talents which so strongly characterises our male performers in tragedy. The voice of discontent, disgust and disappointment, grows daily stronger and more audible. Can the reiterated complaints which are made, originate from perversity of taste, from a propensity to complain, or from any cause foreign to the real one? And if the complaints are just, to whom does culpability attach?

* See the Repository of December 5th, No. 56, in which are inserted, "Consolatory Reflections on the Death of a Child;" where the agonies of the expiring infant, and the anguish of the fond father, are set forth in the most moving and pathetic manner. Such are the sentiments, and such is the style, that altho' more particularly calculated to affect a parent, they cannot fail to excite emotions of sympathetic sorrow in every breast. I have seen tears swell into the eyes of more than one person upon reading the piece: And hard, indeed, must be the heart of that man, who can read it without having his sensibility touched!

self; or, could the cause have been removed. I am not one of those who wish to censure or to designate individual incapacity. I wish, however, the public sentiments may reach those, whose province it is to remedy defects, to inspire confidence, and to tranquillize the "perturbed spirits" ranging abroad. The moment a tragedy is announced for representation, a general groan is heard. "Murder most foul," is anticipated. And the anticipation (God help me!) is too often realized. Fennel and Cooper "are familiar in our mouths as household dogs," during every speech. Could either of those gentlemen have been retained! What say you, gentle squires, "by courtesy?" If it were not for a Merry and a Whitlock, the tragic muse could find no tears to soothe its dejected shade.

JUBA.

Characters.

NO. IV.

A ROMANCE WRITER

Pulls down old histories to build them up finer again, after a new model of his own designing. He takes away all the lights of truth in history to make it the fitter tutored of life; for Truth herself has little or nothing to do in the affairs of the world, although all matters of the greatest weight and moment are pretended to be done in her name; like a weak princess, that has only the title, and falsified all the power. He observes one very fit decorum in dating his histories in the days of old, and putting all his own inventions upon ancient times; for when the world was younger, it might, perhaps, love and fight, and do generous things at the rate he describes them; but since it is grown old, all these heroic feats are laid by, and utterly given over, nor ever likely to come in fashion again; and therefore all his images of those virtues signify no more than the statues on dead men's tombs, that will never make them live again. He is like one of Homer's gods, that sets men together by the ears, and fetches them off again how he pleases; brings armies into the field of his own creating; leads up both sides himself, and gives the victory to which he pleases, according as he finds it fits the design of his story; makes love, and lovers too, brings them acquainted, and appoints meetings when and where he pleases, and at the same time betrays them in the height of all their felicity, to miserable captivity, or some other horrid calamity, for which he makes them rail at the

gods, and curse their own innocent stars, when he only has done them all the injury—makes men villains, compels them to act all barbarous inhumanities by his own directions, and afterwards inflicts the cruellest punishments upon them for it. He makes all his knights fight in armour, and storm one-another's fortifications, before they can come to encounter body for body; and always matches them so equally with one-another, that it is a whole page before they can guess which is likely to have the better; and he that has it is so mangled, that it had been better for them both to have parted fair at first; but when they encounter with those that are no knights, though ever so well armed and mounted, ten to one goes for nothing. As for the ladies, they are every one the most beautiful in the whole world, and that's the reason why no one of them, nor all together, with all their charms, have power to tempt away any knight from another. He differs from a just historian as a joiner from a carpenter, the one does things plainly and substantially for use, and the other carves and polishes merely for show and ornament.

Extracts from Secret Memoirs of the Court of Petersburg.

CHARACTER OF A RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN.

"THE noble Russian, the only personage to be seen in foreign countries, or well known in his own, has, in fact, a great aptitude for adopting the opinions, manners, customs, and languages of other nations. He can be as frivolous as a *quondam French Petit Maitre*, as musically mad as an Italian, as reasonable as a German, as singular as an Englishman, as mean as a slave, and as haughty as a Republican. He will change his taste and character as easily as the fashion of his dress; surely, therefore, this suppleness of mind and senses is a distinguishing feature."

THE following instance of the gross superstition of the higher classes of the people exceeds that of the Roman Catholic devotees, even in Spain and Portugal.—"I knew a Russian Princess," says the author, "who had always a large silver crucifix following her, in a separate carriage, and which she placed in her bed-chamber. When any thing fortunate happened to her in the course of the day, and she was satisfied with her admirers, she had lighted candles placed about the crucifix, and said to it, in a familiar style—"See, now, as you

have been very good to day, you shall be treated well; you shall have candles all night; I will love you; I will pray to you." If, on the contrary, any thing occurred to vex the lady, she had the candles put out, forbade her servants to pay any homage to the poor image, and loaded it herself with reproachings and revilings.

To shew to what a degree of cruelty and turpitude women may arrive, in a country where domestics and inferiors are considered as slaves, the author relates the following anecdote.—"I knew another lady of the court, who had in her bed-chamber a sort of dark cage, in which she kept a slave who dressed her hair. She took him out herself every day, as you would take a comb out of its case, in order to dress her head, and immediately shut him up again, though seldom without having his ears boxed, while she was at her toilette. The poor fellow had a bit of bread, a pitcher of water, a little stool, and a chamber-pot in his box. He never saw day-light but when he was dressing the bald pate of his old keeper. This portable prison was kept close to her bed's head, and carried with her into the country. And her husband permitted this abomination! The poor youth passed three years in this *gehenna*; and when he made his re-appearance in society, he was frightful to look at, pale, bent, and withered like an old man. The chief motive of this strange barbarity was the wish of the old baggage to conceal from the world that she wore false hair: and for this she sequestered a man of *eighteen* from all human society."—How strange is the caprice of females of rank and fortune!

ON LAUGHING.

WITH respect to laughing, we should consider three things, 1st, who laughs; 2d, who is laughed at; and 3d, what the laughing is about. When a man tells a merry tale, he should laugh inwardly, and enjoy the joke in his own mind more than in his countenance: for he who laughs aloud at his own joke, is, in the court of *Comus*, considered as a fool. When a merry story is told, you may be allowed to make a little noise in laughing, as it is a kind of compliment to the speaker, and an approbation of the story; but never break into the middle of a story by laughing; such interruption is very disagreeable both to the speaker and the auditors; besides, you ought to save all your merry ammunition till the end of the tale.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET XVI.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

.....Sweet is zealous contemplation—
SHAKESPEARE.

O Thou, that sittest on thy star-gem'd throne,
Snatch me to th' Andes' sky-encircled top,
That seems th' expansive firmament to prop,
And overlooks the world from zone to zone.
There, let thy heav'nly energies inspire,
My soul to meditate Creation's whole;
Till the rapt theme thro' all my bosom roll,
And teach me, how to think—and how admire

Th' eternal Pow'r that wheels the vast machine,
With all its parts, in boundless space above;
Yet deigns to beam on earth Redeeming love,
And make Man ever blest in worlds divine.
Thus shall my soul, illumin'd by thy rays,
To HEAV'N be ceaseless gratitude and praise.

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

JANUARY 30, 1802.

SOLUTION OF THE FIRST ENIGMA
IN PAGE 87.

THE Pagan's *Hesper* shone with brilliant rays;
The Christian's *Truth* emits a brighter blaze:
Change but the *p* for *t*—and *ruth* decline—
And for a *Hesper* will a *HESTER* shine.
Next, for "one thousand and one hundred" stand,
The num'rals *M C* at the Fair's command;
And *CLEAN* implies "unsullied, neat, chaste, pure,
Innocent, guiltless, elegant," and more.—
Hence 'mong the Female Brilliants will appear
HESTER McCLEAN t' adorn her sex's sphere.

CEDIPUS.

[Solutions of the second and third enigmas accompanied the above, but could not be inserted this week without occupying more room than is devoted to articles of this nature.]

ANSWERS TO THE CHARADES IN PAGE 87.

I.

Sweet, is to every taste most pleasing,
Heighten'd still more by contrait sour;
But when connected with *heart-easing*,
What blessings does it on us pour!
Thus scanning the Charade all over,
I found a *Sweet-heart*; but no lover.

II.

A *Friend* thro' life that soothes in ev'ry loss,
Softens life's ills, and yields a precious balm;
And when advent'rous, we the deep would cross,
The *ship* protects us in both storm and calm.
These two connect with *true*, and you will find,
True Friendship is the treasure here design'd.
OLIVIA.

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

My *first* is always on the Monarch's side,
And flatt'ring is its gala to his pride;
Tho' to the wretch immur'd in dungeon-gloom
'Tis but the prelude to a painful doom:
Without my *second* man could not receive
The *Wealth* that all the various climates give;
While with it, he can distant nations greet,
Tho' storms rage high, and howling tempests beat;
My *whole* bestows more pleasures and delights
Than scepter'd Monarchs and their parasites;
It smiles benign—'tis, sunshine all the year,
And ever-blooming *Edens* round appear.

RETORT COURTEOUS!

The following was handed the Editor early this week, by a handsome young lady, who was politely accompanied by two others: it is supposed that this triumvirate forms the company!—And now ye lady of the ton, who have so long imposed on good nature, look out!—"a three-fold cord is not easily broken."

MR. HOGAN,

You will much oblige a subscriber by inserting the following Enigmatical list of YOUNG GENTLEMEN, who are celebrated for their laudable pursuits and elegant amusements.

1. Half of the name of part of a Gentleman's dress, and two ninths of want of knowledge.
2. A mean dwelling, the lower part of the face, and one half of a piece of music.

3. A name given the Patriarch Jacob.
4. One thing necessary for the support of nature, and Judah's first-born son.

RETNH & Co. 1802

Marriages.

*He, and be only, tastes the sweets of life,
Whose source of bliss is an engaging wife;
All earth's enjoyments are enhanced to him,
And all its troubles but a shallow stream:
Quick let us, then, to Hymen's temple move,
And bask in happiness este'm and love.*

ANYTOM.

MARRIED....In this City....on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Slater Clay, John Ewing, Esq. to Miss M. Johnston....On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Joseph Caldwell to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Bird both of Springfield Delaware County ...On the 21 inst. by the R. Rev. Bishop White, Mr. Thomas Hope, to Miss Catharine Auner....Same Evening by the Rev. Mr. Car, Mr. Matthew Kelly, to Miss Eliza Hope....Same evening, by Mr. Moses Kempton, Esq. Mr. Abraham Merret, to Miss Rehbecca Lamb, daughter of Jacob Lamb, all of Springfield, N. Jersey.

Deaths.

*'Midst various perils, incidents, and wif's,
Man still runs on the headlong course of life;
Till Death arrest him in his golden dream,
And with the silver cord dissolve his schemes:
On Thou, in whose Almighty hand he fate,
Prepare us for our fast approaching state.*

ANYTOM.

DIED ...In this city....On the 22d inst. in the 75th year of his age, Mr John Maxwell Nesbitt....On the 27th inst. Mr. Samuel Miles, house carpenter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Judicious," in reply to *Christinus*, came too late for the present number, but will appear next week.
Another budget from our old friend and correspondent, "*T. W. de la Tienda*," has been received and opened,—every item whereof shall receive due consideration.
"Enigma on a Lady in Baltimore," and some other communications are likewise received.

Receipt for Blacking of Shoes, &c.

TWO ounces of ivory black; one ounce gum arabic (dissolved in warm water); two ounces of lump sugar; the whites of two eggs, the whole mixed in a pint and a half of porter.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TRANSLATION
OF THE 23D ODE OF HORACE.*
TO CHLOE.

"VITAS HINNULUS ME SIMILIS, CHLOE,"
YOU fly n.c., Chloe, like the little fawn
That runs to seek a timid mother's prop,
Scar'd at each breeze that whistles thro' the
lawn,
Or shakes the trees upon the mountain
top.

For frighted at the noise of moving leaves,
Or lizards crawling thro' the thorny vine,
His heart a kind of sympathy receives,
His knees partake the trembling of the
wind.

I do not, (like the tiger seeking prey)
Pursue thee, Chloe, with a bad intent,
Then why avoid me with such dire dismay?
On chastest love my anxious soul is bent.

No longer now you need a mother's care,
Your riper years just want a guardian
man;

To me then fly and we'll enjoy, my fair,
The choicest of life's blessing while we
can. PHILAMOR.

* An incorrect translation of this Ode appeared in
Vol. I. No. 20, pag. 8.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A DREAM.

NOW drowsy Morpheus o'er the world had
spread
His wings, and lull'd to sleep each weary
head;
The moon had ris'n—"refulgent lamp of
night!"

And spread o'er azure heav'n her sacred
light.

When tir'd with watching, and by sleep op-
press'd,

My weary frame demanded nature's rest:
Stretch'd on a couch, in pleasing slumbers
laid,

I dream'd Eliza thus unto me said:—
"Why slumber here, when dreadful dan-
ger's nigh?"

An armed rival wishes to destroy
Thy precious life; and claim me as his bride:
Arise, prepare," the fair Eliza cried.

Ev'n now, methought, as still I heard the
fair,

In tones persuasive, shew her gen'rous care,
A bitter foe, the last of discord's band,
Came foaming in, a dagger in each hand;
The weapons brandish'd, and with passion
tried

To plunge the glittering dagger in my side:
When dear Eliza, at love's prompt com-
mand,

Stept in between, and stopt the bloody
hand;

Repell'd the blow; then sunk into my arms—
As angels pure, nor less, her lovely charms.

Extatic pleasure crown'd that moment's
bliss;
But ah! it vanish'd, when I felt her kiss.
The thrilling touch my thread of slumber
broke:
My dream soon fled, and I alas! awoke.
PHILEMON.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET.

CONSCIENCE.

CONSCIENCE, thou torment of a guilty
mind,
How firm, how faithful art thou to thy
trust;
Unsway'd thy judgment, and thy sentence
just,
The constant scourge of vice by heav'n de-
sign'd.

Bless'd is the man whose calm untroubled
breast,
Fears not thy sentence, nor yet dreads thy
pow'r,

Who at life's last, important, awful hour,
Sinks, unappall'd in death's long silent rest.

Him, cheering hope presents with brighter
scenes,
In happier climes, scenes of eternal peace,
Where peace, and joy and bliss shall never
cease;
Where harmony and love shall ever reign.

O may my conscience, peaceful, calm and
clear,
Unstain'd by crimes, unstain'd by guilt ap-
pear. CARLOS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET.

Written on the News of the late Peace in Europe.

Hark! Hark! what pleatings sounds invade
my ears,

What joys extatic waken to my mind!
'Tis Peace is come, again to bless man-
kind!

And man in friendship's bonds again ap-
pears.

Grim war no more his dreadful trump
shall sound,

Nor fierce destruction thunder from his
car—

Broke be each deadly instrument of war;
For Peace and calm Contentment reigns a-
round.

The cities, late in smoking ruins laid,
Now, "Phoenix like," rise thro' wing to the
skies,—

Around the country stately villas rise,
And joy and pleasure reigns in ev'ry glade.

'Till time shall end may Peace triumphant
reign,

And ev'ry virtue follow in her train.
MILO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

LOVE-LINES

TO MISS HARRIOT HARDCASTLE.

Hard-hearted maiden! still wilt frowns se-
vere,
Deform with semblance harsh that face so
fair!
Hard have I strove your soft regards to gain,
Yet hardly one kind look assuag'd my pain.
By Cupid and his bow 'tis very hard
That still my hard-wrought lines you'd ne'er
regard!

Ah! could I melt the hardness of your hate,
Hardships innumerable might around me wait;
Harden'd to every ill I'd dauntless stand,
And laugh at the hard gripe of mis'ry's hand!
But out! alas! your heart is made of steel;
Fool-hardy I, to think to make it feel.

HARDI-CANUTE.

THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.

ORDAIN'D to tread the thorny ground
Where few I fear are faithful found,
Mine be the conscience void of blame,
The upright heart, the spotless name;
The tribute of the widow's pray'r;
The righted orphan's grateful tear;
To virtue and to virtue's friend;
Still may my voice the weak defend.
Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
Protect th' oppressor in his wrong,
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
To sanctify the villain's cause.
Let other's with unsparing hand,
Scatter their poison through the land,
Inflame dissension, kindle strife,
And strew with filth the path of life.
On such her gifts let fortune show'r,
Add wealth to wealth, and pow'r to pow'r,
On me may fav'ring heav'n bestow
That peace which good men only know;
The joy of joys by few possess'd,
Th' eternal sunshine of the breast.
Pow'r, fame and riches I resign,
The praise of honesty be mine;
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
And poor men bless me when I die.

THE THREE BULLS!

"I have seen," says friend Teague, (fresh
from Hybernian's green)

"I have seen such a sight as I never have
seen—"

"Three Bulls in a team!—Eh! I never laugh'd
worse;

"One I'm sure was an ox, and he the shaft
HORSE!"

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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XX.

Mrs. Pawlet will be contradicted.—Engraving.—Philosophy.—What women are born for.—How much they should know of chemistry, geography, algebra, and the languages.—Mrs. Pawlet compares the parson to a pint bottle, and herself to a gallon.—The impudence of a philosophical mind.—Plutarch quoted, as an authority for women retiring after dinner.—The consequence of introducing learning into a brain not fitted to receive it.—How to prevent servants cheating you.—An ancient mode of stopping sickness, used with a very different effect.—Barclay and Phaeton.—A question.—The writer more interesting than an explicit.

BARCLAY observed, that whatever the Parson said at dinner, Mrs Pawlet invariably contradicted, intending, by the opposition of her husband, to raise herself in the opinion of Barclay, for wisdom and shrewdness. The opposition she met with, however, was of so short a duration, Mr. Pawlet always striving to preserve tranquillity and good-humour, that she, at last, became quite exasperated against him, on account of his mildness.

"You always agree with me, Mr Pawlet," said she, warmly, "and I am at a loss to guess your meaning for so doing."

"The meaning is evident," replied he; "you are always in the right."

"There I differ with you," cried Mrs. Pawlet.

"Yes, my dear," said he, "I know that. You always do."

"I differ with you," continued she, "it is my sentiment of the motive, "that con-

stantly makes you seek to agree with me, and unless I occasionally meet with a vigorous opposition from you, I shall think you despise my powers. Socrates, however, did not despise Aspasia."

"Heaven defend me from so base a thing," exclaimed the parson; "I will do whatsoever you please, my dear, to make you happy."

Barclay sat in mute attention to this family dispute, which was carried on, thro' the kindness of the parson, according to the desire of Mrs. Pawlet. Various were the subjects of debate. Mr. Pawlet was much attached to engravings, and his taste was consequently arraigned on this head. Of the two common styles of engraving*, the stipple and the stroke, he was for the former; Mrs. Pawlet, was, of course, for the latter, and argued long in its favour, shewing her knowledge of the art, and pointing out the lively effects produced by it.

It would be vain and tedious to relate all the subjects of controversy which were entered into, to please Mrs. Pawlet, I shall therefore omit several, and come to one, which, in the end, even ruffled the temper of the good-natured clergyman. It was this,—The parson contended for a *vacuum*, which always incensed his wife, who was a desperate stickler for a *plenum*.

"A Greek writer," said she, "calls substance (*Gr.*) something; and void (*Gr.*) nothing. Now, I am for the (*Gr.*) I am for something. I am with the Aristotelians, they say that nature abhors a *vacuum*,—so do I."

However mild the disposition of a man may be, there is always a spark of ambition in his heart, which will shew itself, whenever it finds an opportunity. Mr.

* The first is done by dotting, the last by drawing lines,

Pawlet had suffered himself to be defeated, in many instances, to please the vanity of his wife: but having the best of the argument, in the present, and being allowed, without offence, to support it, he determined to display his powers before our hero. He, very properly and justly, insisted that there could be no motion without a void, and went on, establishing his position with great firmness and truth.

Mrs. Pawlet, on the other hand, arguing, with thundering volubility, from Hobbes and Descartes, so confounded and bewildered the subject, that the Parson, unable to go any farther, and displeased at being able to convince her* that he was in the right, exclaimed,

"Why will women meddle with philosophy?"

"And why not, pray?" cried Mrs. Pawlet; "what were women born for then?"

"Why, according to St. Paul," said the parson, "to marry, bear children, and guide the house."

"Granting this," replied Mrs. Pawlet, a little angrily, "I should be glad to learn how knowledge is incompatible with her situation in life. I should like to be told why chemistry, geography, algebra, languages, and the whole circle of arts and sciences, are not as becoming in her as in a man."

"I do not say," rejoined the parson, "that they are entirely unbecoming, but I think, a very little of them will serve her

* This is precisely my case. I am never angry in a controversy, when my opponent clearly explains my error. But when I have an idea of what is right, but cannot satisfy my antagonist, and he persists in the contest, presuming on my hesitation, and striking me, as it were, with needs, because I cannot come at my arms, then I fret.

"That's an honest trait."

Oh! trust me, I'll tell you nothing bad of myself.

purpose. In my opinion, a woman's knowledge of chemistry should extend no farther than to the melting of butter, her geography to a thorough acquaintance with every hole and corner in the house, her algebra to keeping a correct account of the expences of the family; and as for tongues, Heaven knows that one is enough in all conscience, and the less use she makes of that the better.

During this speech, Mrs. Pawlet was much agitated, and scarcely able to conceal her anger, she said, "Ah! it is very well, Mr. Pawlet, but I smile at your impotency!"

"My dear," replied he, "you should rather be sorry for it."

"You are defeated," continued she, "and in revenge you descend to abuse. I have long found you deaf to instruction. You may be a man of some ordinary sense, and I believe you to possess the properties of *verity and bonity*, but I can say no more for you. I have endeavoured, by constant communication, and instruction, to augment your intellectual fund; but, alas! I find the truth of the scholastic axiom, *If that-which is received, is received according to the capacity of the recipient*; a gallon may pour out its liquor into a pint bottle, but the bottle can receive no more than a pint. I have done all that can be done, and may as well attempt to penetrate the rind of nature, and open a way to eternity, as to add to your knowledge."

Here Mrs. Pawlet looked at Barclay, with strong symptoms of exultation; and the parson, thinking he had been too harsh, rose and said

"Come, my dear, let us be friends again. You forced me to this opposition, and must not blame me for what I have advanced. Be composed. I am sure you are in the right." Saying this, he gave her a kiss to atone for his fault; a luxury Barclay did not envy him.

"Well," said Mrs. Pawlet, rising, "now I think it is time for me to retire, but do not imagine that I retire for the same reason that other women do, namely, to allow you a greater freedom of speech. No, truly; for I affirm, that there is nothing, however free, which a philosophical mind may not attend to. What are words or things to me? The philosopher's mistress is Truth, naked truth."

The parson and our hero looked at each other with a smile.

"Yes," continued she, "and wherever he meets her, he embraces her with rapture, for in her alone exists all that is divinely beautiful."

Barclay sighed.

"You sigh, Mr. Temple," said she, but I do not wonder at it, for I talk of your mistress."

"You do, you do, indeed!" cried Barclay, with a warmth that was very diversely understood by Mrs. Pawlet and himself; "she is, in truth, divinely beautiful, but how difficult is it to acquire her!"

"Right," rejoined Mrs. Pawlet; "but to explain my motive for retiring—I hold it to be classically proper, and I gather that opinion from the following passage in Plutarch. He says, in his Banquet of the Seven Sages, *that a wise man, if he finds the wine bad, has recourse to the nymphs*. Some, I know, contend that the word *nymphs* means water. But I rather give it this interpretation: *If a wise man finds the wine bad, he retires to the ladies*. It is of consequence admitted, that if he retires to the ladies, the ladies must have previously withdrawn, and supported by this authority, I always deem it decent to retire."

Uttering these words, she left the room, apparently in the highest degree satisfied with the display she had made of her talents and erudition.

Being gone, Mr. Pawlet drew his chair closer to our hero's, and inviting him to fill his glass, said, he was heartily glad to see him, and drank to their better acquaintance. Barclay pledged him with great sincerity.

"You must think," continued Mr. Pawlet, falling back in his chair, "you must think my wife a very strange woman, from what you have seen and heard of her. Indeed, she is so. The learning her father, the dean, compelled her to obtain, has been too much for her. In a stronger head* it might have been of great service, but in her's it only tends to make her wild and eccentric. She is always doing some out-of-the-way thing; but indeed, I believe she has a good heart, and would not, willingly, do any one harm."

"I cannot doubt it," replied Barclay.

"But still," said the parson, "she is often very near doing some, as, for instance, this morning,—and the other day, what do you think she did? The man who takes care of my horses was suddenly seized with a sickness, either through drinking more than he was aware of, when dry, or was deceived in the quality of the liquor he drank. How that was I cannot say, but

* The Arabian observation is, that whenever learning is introduced into a brain whose texture is not adapted to receive it, a fermentation ensues, till the whole is exhausted. *Pict. Epist. to L. B. esp. p. 11.*

Mrs. Pawlet soon heard from the gardener that he was in this condition. The gardener informed against his fellow servant, because, I understand, they are not upon the best terms, and this is owing to a scheme of my wife's, which, I confess, I do not much approve. She tells me, that by creating feuds among the servants, she imitates Cato*, who, she says, wisely adopted this method, as a surety against their colluding together to cheat him. Well, the instant my dear knew that the groom was, to use the poet's phrase, for the sake of decency, "pouring his throat†" in the kitchen, she visited him, and presently hit upon this remedy. She had read, in Pliny, that *wine, with pomegranate juice, stops vomiting*; procuring, therefore, a bottle of Madeira wine, and squeezing a little pomegranate juice into it, she presented it to him, glass after glass. The honest fellow took the prescription very kindly, until he had finished the bottle, which, as you may easily conceive, only made bad worse.—Good soul! I am sure she meant well, but the poor man was, after all, obliged to be carried to bed in a deplorable state of intoxication and sickness."

Our hero could not refrain from laughing at this absurdity, saying,

"I should not be surprised, sir, if your groom were to sham sick, at some future time, for the sake of such an agreeable recipe."

"True," replied the parson, "and I shall be well contented if no greater mischief is the consequence of her passion for the Æsculapian art. But I hope, Mr. Temple, notwithstanding all these trifles, you will endeavour to bear with her. I assure you. It must be afflicting, it is true, for a man of profound and well-digested learning, to be subject to her whims and caprices; but——"

"A truce," cried Barclay, interrupting him, "a truce to compliments on my learning, my dear sir, I entreat. It is but moderate, I protest, and has been exaggerated by my friend, merely to ensure a good reception from your lady. If it should be found sufficient to answer the purpose of amusing her, and hence prove the means of my enjoying the company of a man of your singular worth and amiable manners, I shall esteem it much more than I have ever yet had cause to do."

"Fear nothing!" exclaimed the parson, "every thing shall succeed to your wish."

* Plutarch's Life of Cato the Censor.

† "The attic warbler pours his dulcet throat."
POPE OF GRAY.

Your learning, will, I am confident, satisfy Mrs. Pawlet, and recommend you to her regard. What our mutual friend has written to me concerning your unmerited misfortunes in life, has already effected both with me. And as I lament that such a calamity should have befallen you, so shall it be my care to obliterate it from your memory.—Come, let us drink the health of Keppel; he has brought us together, and I am much indebted to him."

To this Barclay instantly agreed; and, when they had drunk their wine, Mr. Pawlet, by way of changing the conversation, said, loling in his chair :

"My Pen. is to be his wife."

When Phaeton, driving the chariot of the sun, entered the sign of the Scorpion, and, through excess of fear, let go the reins, and set the world on fire, he could not be in greater perturbation and alarm than our hero, when he heard the above words pronounced by the parson. He had been, ever since his arrival, striving to root out this idea from his mind, and had, in some measure, succeeded in his endeavours, when Mr. Pawlet put an end to the fond illusions of hope, and entirely destroyed his tranquillity. He turned his head away from the parson, as if looking at a picture that was behind him, and continued in this position until he had gained an ascendancy over his spirits. Then, resuming his former state, he enquired, in a seemingly unconcerned way, whether the day was fixed.

"No," replied the parson, "but I expect it will not be long before it. They have been long plighted, and I know that he is excessively attached to her. Come! let us drink to their happiness."

"Indeed," said Barclay, drinking, "I know no two persons I so sincerely wish happiness to. My friend Keppel, though he has his singularities, I have ever found a true and affectionate friend. Miss Pawlet is as beautiful and interesting as thought can fancy, and will make any one happy who possesses her."

"Miss Pawlet!" cried the parson.

"Yes," replied Barclay, "the young lady who dined with us."

"Ah," said he, "Penelope you mean."

"I do," returned our hero. "Miss Penelope Pawlet, your daughter. Is not she so?"

Mr. Pawlet appeared a little confused, and answered, "Daughter? She would grace a court, and might be daughter to a king! But, come, let us join the ladies, I know they are waiting for us." Then, throwing open the door, he invited Bar-

clay to follow him into the next room, which he did, musing on the evasive reply he had received,—a reply too, that prevented him, for ever after, from repeating his enquiry.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR HOGAN,

However averse I am to enter into any discussion, which may involve religious opinions, and although conscious of my inability to do justice to the subject, yet I cannot, consistent with the duty I owe the Society of which I am a member, forbear to make some remarks on the publication of *Christians*. I deem it the more necessary, at this time, in order to remove any undue impression which his remarks might give rise to on the mind of the public.—It is evident, that he has offered no grounds for his assertions; nor could he indeed, where none, I am confident, ever existed, but in his own imagination. He draws his principal conjecture, from what he alleges is the present relaxed state of the religion of the Jews in this city: that it is so, we have only his assertion; but were it really the case, it is certainly a strange idea to suppose, that from being bad or relaxed Jews, people would become good and firm Christians. I trust such converts would be no desirable acquisition to any society but deists or atheists. It is well known that dissensions have arisen in many other religious societies; sometimes on the most frivolous grounds; yet their conversion to Judaism has never been anticipated by us. The idea is certainly too absurd to need any serious refutation. Equally groundless is his assertion respecting a schism having arisen among us. In order to explain this, it is necessary to premise, that the modern Jews are distinguished by the appellations of the *Portuguese* and *German Jews*. Time will not permit me to explain the cause of this distinction: suffice it to say, that however they may differ in some points of form, they perfectly agree as to essentials. A separation has taken place, as *Christians* states, but not from the cause he alleges. It is also true, that they have converted a stable into a place of worship; yet I cannot perceive in this the degradation he supposes offered to the Supreme Being. He must certainly acknowledge the Deity to be omnipresent, as well as omnipotent, and where the devotion is sincere, it is no doubt equally acceptable in a stable as in the most magnificent temple. I

might remind him, as a Christian, (if he is really one,) a structure that no less humble once proved the asylum and shelter of the Author of Christianity: this should, at least, teach *Christians* more humility. I cannot dismiss the subject without a remark on the appellation which he bestows on us, as "the most violent opposers of Christianity:" this I totally deny, as a false and malicious aspersion. Persecuted as we have been by most nations of the earth, we too sensibly feel the blessings of toleration, to offer opposition to any sect whatever, however different in sentiment or opinion. Had *Christians* been actuated by the same tolerant spirit, he would not in so wanton and unprovoked a manner, have aspersed a religious society, by a misrepresentation of facts. I trust what is here said, will be sufficient to convince the public that the conjecture of *Christians* is unfounded, and consequently his conclusion wrong.

Indeed, what gave rise to the conjecture that there had been any schism at all among the members of our church, was occasioned merely by a trifling difference between a few individuals, and altogether of a private nature; and therefore every liberal mind will consider it as of too delicate and personal a nature for public scrutiny, and too unimportant for public discussion.

JUDAICUS.

STRANGE REVENGE,

Taken by a Malay slave at the Cape of Good Hope, on his Dutch Master.

THE slave having served with great activity and fidelity for many years, begged for his emancipation. His request was denied. A few days afterwards, he murdered his fellow labourer and friend. Being brought before a commission of the court of justice, he acknowledged that the youth whom he murdered was his friend; but the killing him had appeared the most effectual way of being revenged on his master, and better than even killing his master himself; because by robbing him of 1000 rix-dollars by the loss of the boy, and an another thousand by bringing himself to death, the avaricious mind of his master would be for ever tormented for the remainder of his days.

The voluminous commentator Burman, used to read out a certain number of pipes of tobacco. His countrymen at the Cape of Good Hope have adopted the same mode of reckoning the time, when they flog the Hottentots. The government of Malacca also flog by pipes; and the chief magistrate and his assistants are the smokers on such occasions.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"And he took him by the throat, saying,
Pay me that thou owest."

WHAT an ungentle method of demanding was this! I cannot help thinking, that if the present mode of tapping debtors on the back, was changed into seizing them by the throat, large cravats would again come into fashion; our people of quality would then be as tenacious of their necks, as they are at present of their shoulders. It must be acknowledged, it would be shockingly *impolite* indeed, to seize a well-dressed debtor by the wind-pipe: To grasp, with hands hardened by labour, the delicate skin of a beau, on which, probably whole pounds of violet soap, and whole quarts of milk of roses had been lavished, would be deemed at the tribunal of fashion, a crime of the greatest magnitude. What though a starving family might be urged in extenuation of the atrocious act; the cries of *real* distress have no influence over modern sensibility. It is the fictitious woes of the heroine of a romance, which draws the briny shower from the eye. The heart-rending sighs of the love-lorn maiden are echoed back from every sentimental bosom, which turns disgusted from disease and misfortune, to brood over the fantastic troubles of a mortal, who never existed, but in the fertile brain of a novel-writer.

Pay me that thou owest—How faithfully does this demand pourtray a little and unfeeling mind; if we read the whole parable from which my text is taken, we shall see that he who now acts in this imperious manner, was in a similar situation himself a short time before. He owed ten thousand talents, but because he was unable to pay, his creditor, moved with compassion, humanely forgave the debt. Going out from the presence of his generous benefactor, he finds one who owed him a hundred pence, and harshly demands the sum: Unmoved by the poor man's remonstrances and prayers, his promises and protestations, he unfeelingly commits him to prison, there to remain until the debt was discharged.

This, though a melancholy, is a true picture of man: ever forgetful of benefits received, and resigning himself to the dominion of ingratitude, that worst of fiends. To what a degree of brutal degeneracy must that person's mind be reduced, who, with the sense of such an obligation, so recently impressed on his memory, could act with such barbarity towards another, who, if palpable at all, was not more guilt-

ty than himself. Yet it is what we every day may witness; we may see mortals, who, having gratuitously received from their great Benefactor, innumerable blessings of various kinds; who are placed in a state of affluence and plenty; yet if a fellow creature is reduced by unforeseen misfortune, until he is unable to pay what he owes, the unfeeling creditor, unmindful of his distress, or the distraction of a family who depend on him for support, drags him from their embraces, and confines him in prison, where he may waste the morning of life in involuntary idleness,

"Shut from the common air, and common use
Of his own limbs."

This may be by some denominated justice; but I never thought it merited the appellation: indeed, justice itself scarce deserves the name of virtue, unless associated with mercy, one of the most distinguished attributes of the Almighty, and which peculiarly adorns his creature, man.

THE LAZY PREACHER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

BENEFICENCE.

OF all the virtues that adorn the character of the Philanthropist, none is, perhaps, more amiable than that Charity, which is the natural result of real Benevolence.

There is no pleasure so exquisite, no enjoyment so pure as that experienced by the man who foregoes the pleasures of luxury to relieve the wants of his fellow creatures in distress: he seeks the lonely cottage, where Poverty, with her attendant train of evils dwell; and by his timely assistance prevents the wretched inhabitants from committing those crimes, to which they might otherwise have been driven by hunger and despair.

How widely different from these are the sensations of him, who possesses an unfeeling mind:—wrapped up in his own self-interest, he conciliates not the affections or good will of his neighbours: prompted by Avarice, which assumes the guise of Economy, he spurns the needy beggar from his door; no benedictions from the lips of those his bounty has relieved, salutes his ear; his heart is a stranger to happiness.

"Charity covers a multitude of sins." We are all, as mortals, liable to failings. Convinced of this, we should bear with the indiscretions of others: We should not hearken to the tongue of Slander; which, ever on the watch, seizes the most trivial occurrence, and magnifies the smallest fail-

ing into an enormous crime. We should never open our ears to the secret whispers of malevolence, nor listen to the dark suggestions of Envy; but should always strive to act up to the spirit of the golden rule, "Do unto others, ye would have others do unto you."

AVIS.

ON THE ORIGIN OF LETTERS.

THE invention of letters, and their various combinations* in the forming of words in any language, has something so ingenious and wonderful in it, that most who have treated of it can hardly forbear attributing it to a Divine Original. Indeed, if we consider of what vast, and even daily service, it is to mankind, I think it must be allowed to be one of the greatest and most surprising discoveries that ever was known in the world.

We all know of what general use the art of writing is in trade, in contracts of every kind; in preserving, improving, and propagating learning and knowledge; in communicating our sentiments to, and corresponding with our friends, or others, at any distance, whither letters can be conveyed; and, in fine, by the means of writing, the learning, the knowledge, the precepts of the wisest men of all ages of the world, since the invention of letters, have been communicated down from age to age, and from one country to another.—Writing, in the most ancient language we know of, is called *Dikduk*, which we are told signifies a subtle invention.

We find no intimation of the use of letters, in the Holy Scriptures, till the time of the children of Israel's sojourning in the wilderness of Sinai. Josephus, indeed, tells us that Abraham, when he went to sojourn in Egypt, there taught the Egyptians arithmetic and astronomy; which, if true, doubtless puts it beyond all dispute, that writing was in use in his time. The same author intimates, that Abraham brought those sciences with him from Chaldaea, and consequently, that they were in vogue in that country before Abraham was born, but how long we cannot determine.

Let the art of writing, however, begin when it will, without doubt the first essays were rude and irregular; and it is generally agreed that hieroglyphics, or symbols were first used. Hieroglyphics is originally a Greek word; and, in the primitive

* A Table exhibiting the number of ways the letters of the Alphabet may be combined together, will be given in our next.

signification thereof, denotes those figures or images made use of by the ancient Egyptians, to express the principles of their religion and moral science. These were at first usually engraved upon great stones, or obelisks. Doubtless other nations practised the same in the beginning of writing, but are not so much noticed as the Egyptians, who maintained a set of Priests or learned men amongst them, to cultivate and improve that science.

Calmet, in his Dictionary of the Bible, under the article Letters, has the following paragraph: "We are assured (says he) that the Egyptians' writing, at first, was merely hieroglyphical; the figures of animals, and other things, graven upon stones, or painted upon wood; by the means of which they preserved the memory of grand events."—That way of writing is perhaps the most ancient of any in the world. We still see many specimens of it remaining upon obelisks and marbles brought from Egypt.

Some Writers, of great fame and antiquity, ascribe the invention of letters to the Egyptians. Tully makes Hermes, or the 5th Mercury, whom, he says, the Egyptians call *Thoth*, the first inventor of letters and laws amongst them. Others call this *Thoth* by the name of *Hermes Trismegistus*, but are not agreed about the time in which he lived. Diodorus Siculus tells us likewise, that this Mercury invented the characters of writing, gave names to many useful things, and taught men the first rudiments of Astronomy. Plato also, in his *Phædon*, introduces Socrates speaking to the same purpose; and, amongst other things attributes to *Theuth* (as he calls him) the invention of letters. But, as we are not informed what language he wrote in, nor what characters he made use of, nor of any other circumstances of the fact, it seems to be only a traditionary story, and therefore not of sufficient authority to set aside the prior claim that is granted to the Hebrew or Samaritan character. The Chinese, indeed, ascribe the invention of letters to Fohi, the first of their kings, who is said to have reigned in the times of the patriarchs, Eber and Peleg, which was 600 years before Moses was born: but, as the history of Fohi, as well as much of the Chinese chronology, is esteemed, by good judges, to be fabulous, we cannot set the invention of the Chinese writing in competition with that in which the books of Moses were composed; so that, upon the whole, it does not appear but that the square Hebrew character, or that which is now called the Samaritan, is of the great-

est antiquity of any that has yet been discovered.

The next thing to be enquired after, is, What materials men at first made trial of writing upon; with what instruments, or pens; and with what sort of characters? The most obvious materials, that would naturally present themselves to the minds of the inventors of letters, seem to be stone, wood, and metals; and while writing was only hieroglyphic, or symbolic, those materials might answer the purpose.

Writing upon stone, even in a common affair, is so late as since the return of the Jews from their Babylonish captivity, not 500 years before the birth of Christ; but wood seems to have been the most convenient and the most ancient. Books among the Romans were called *Tabulae*, because they were composed of thin pieces of wood, or boards finely sliced.

Plutarch and Diogenes Laertius inform us, that Solon's laws were inscribed on tables of wood; and Solon flourished about 600 years before the birth of Christ, in the time of the prophet Ezekiel; but in his time books among the Jews were probably written upon rolls of parchment, as appears from that prophet's testimony. And we are told by Pausanius, in his *Boeotica*, that Hesiod's works were written on lead, and preserved till his time, tho' much defaced, by the inhabitants of the plain near Helicon.

He also tells us in his *Messenica*, that Epitætes dug up out of the earth, a brass vessel, or urn, which he carried to Epaminondas, (about 350 or 360 years before Christ,) in which there was a fine plate of lead, or tin, rolled up in the form of a book, on which were written the rites and ceremonies of the great reputed goddesses; and a stone chest, containing the acts of the Council of Illiberus, held anno 504, was found at Grenada in Spain, not many years ago, written or engraved on plates of lead, in Gothic characters, which have since been translated into Spanish.

Sepher, which is the Hebrew name for a book, comes from a root that signifies to rehearse, or tell, and thereby seems to have relation only to the subject or contents of what is written, the design of writing being to rehearse or tell what we would say by word or mouth. But *Eiblos*, the Greek name for book, is so called from the matter that books were made of; for *Eiblos* is an Egyptian plant, on the rind of which, being drawn into the form of leaves, and nicely dried, men were a long time accustomed to write: it was also more commonly called *Papyrus*, from whence the

name of paper is derived in several languages. *Liber* likewise, in Latin, denotes the inner bark or rind of any tree, which was used for the same purpose as the *Papyrus*; and so the Romans gave the general appellation of *Libri* to books: and the English word *book* is supposed to be taken originally from *Boece*; which, signifies a beech-tree, and of which, being cut into thin plates, the ancients made their puggillars, or table-books.

The instruments that men first made use of to write with, were suited, no doubt, to the materials they then wrote upon, which in all likelihood were stones or metals; but in after-times, when writing began to be common on tables of wood, covered over with coloured wax, they made use of a sort of bodkin, made of iron, brass, or bone, which in Latin is called *Stylus*; which word also was adopted by the Romans. As to the form of the style, it was made sharp, like a pointed needle, at one end, to write with, and the other end blunt and broad, to scratch out; so that *vertere stylum*, i. e. to turn style, signifies in Latin to blot out.

When softer materials than wood or metals began to be written upon, such as the inner rind of trees, (especially of the tilia, or lindon tree,) and the leaves of palm-trees or mallows, or skins, or parchment or paper made of the Egyptian bull-rush, or lastly, paper made of rags, other sorts of instruments were found out and fitted to the purpose of writers, of which reeds seems to be the first. Pliny says the Egyptian calamus, or reed, as a near relation to their sort of paper, served for that purpose; which, with those reeds that grew near Cnidus, a promontory of Caria, was most in esteem. The *Calami*, or *Arundines*, of which frequent mention is made in the Greek and Latin writers, were the pens of the ancients. Afterwards quills taken from the wings of geese, ravens, turkeys, peacocks, and other birds and fowls, were made into pens for the service of writing.

Isidorus Hispanensis, who lived about the middle of the seventh century, is perhaps the first who used the word *Penna* for a writing-pen. Pens, made of quills, were in use at that time, however, table-books were not then wholly laid aside; for Chaucer, in his *Sumner's Tales*, mentions them, and the stile with which they used to write in them by the name of a *Pointel*.

It may be observed here, that wherever the word *Pen* occurs in the English translation of the Old and New Testament, we must not understand it of a pen made of

a quill, but of an iron style or reed; for though our name pen be derived from the Latin word *Penna*, yet this latter is never used for a pen to write with in the Roman classics.

The ink which the ancients wrote with was of various kinds in the composition and colours, as we have it now: black, as at present, was the most common. Pliny says that the Romans made their ink of soot, taken from furnaces, or baths: some also wrote with the black liquid that is found in the sepia, or cuttle-fish.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I should in No. 11 of your Repository, have given the key to the mode of Transhand required in No. 10, by your correspondent Linguisticus, had I not thought some one having more leisure would do it.

Your correspondent S. N. has indeed given us a key, but it is so devoid of form, that instead of two hour's time being sufficient to enable any person to speak and write it with ease, according to Linguisticus, two days, or perhaps two weeks would be necessary. One of the greatest aids to committing any thing to memory, is reducing the subject to some form.

I recollect, in a periodical work published in this city, some years ago, I believe the *Columbian Magazine*, seeing this mode of Transhand with the same verse from Ecclesiastes: the key there given was

Moult
Near's

The first letter of each word changes to the first letter of the other, the second to the second, &c. Every one must immediately see, that this key would be committed to one tenth of the time, which that of S. N. would require, tho' they both amount to the same thing when known.—The same key will admit of various forms easy to be remembered, as

Nurse Molas Salem Serum Lanes
Malto Nerut Turon Tolan Rumot

Almes Earns
Urnot Oulmit, &c.

These observations would have been prepared for No. 12, but I expected Linguisticus himself would have so far corrected S. N. as to make good his assertion, that the mode might be acquired so as to write and speak it with ease in two hour's time.

While on the subject, I will give a few specimens of different modes of Transhand,

by which your readers may see how easily they can form one for themselves, which shall not be understood without the key. The following is a common salutation in the morning, written by six different modes, together with the key to each.

Geed nelming se yea til.	{ Moult }
	{ Near's }
Gyp myrlulg ty oyisur.	{ Piano }
	{ Duely }
Guad lucneng tu yuo vec.	{ Music }
	{ Lover }
Guar wudneng tu auo sed.	{ Flumery }
	{ Showida }
Cood loppinc so aoe tip.	{ Gypsum }
	{ Cartel }
Attd mtuebea ot str ybu.	{ Beauty }
	{ Ingros }

There is not, however, any mode of Transhand, but a person skilled in secret writing, may without much difficulty, discover the key; I would therefore propose to introduce any one of the letters of the alphabet, by way of a stumbling block, after every 2d, 3d or 4th letter of every word. The same salutation as above, changed by

Moult
Near's

and a letter introduced after every 2d of the word, will read thus, Geledo, Nerlmoimug sex yeda Tirl. After every third thus, Geerd Nelumimig se year tilt. The marks under show the letters inserted. This method would undoubtedly foil the attempts of the greatest adepts at deciphering secret writing, as they could not know what letters to cast off, and what to retain.

J. I. H.

CURIOUS TRADITION AMONG THE LAPLANDERS.

The Laplanders entertain a very ludicrous tradition concerning their origin, and that of the Swedes, several colonies of whom have settled among them within the last hundred years. They say the Laplanders and the Swedes are descended from two brothers, who were very different in point of courage; and a terrible tempest arising, one of the brothers was so frightened, that he crept under a plank, which God, through compassion, changed into a house, and from him the Swedes descended; but the other, being more courageous, braved the fury of the tempest, without seeking to hide himself, and he was the father of the Laplanders, who to this day live without house or other shelter.

From the Philadelphia Gazette of the 5th inst.

OF MR. FULLERTON.

We announce with regret, the melancholy death of Mr. Fullerton, a performer of the New-Theatre, in this city.—On Monday evening last, shortly previous to the usual hour of opening the Theatre, Mr. Fullerton evinced obvious symptoms of mental disorder.—The performances for that evening were consequently postponed.—The succeeding day his disorder had so far subsided as to permit him to dine out; and the evening he spent with a particular friend; on leaving whom, it is believed, he immediately proceeded to the wharf and plunged himself into the river. His hat being found in the dock, gave rise to the suspicion of his having drowned himself. Search was accordingly made, and his body taken up yesterday morning and decently interred.

It is believed that this unhappy man, possessing a very acute sensibility, has been driven to this act of violence, in consequence of the impression made on his mind by certain censures, passed in an unhandsome manner, on his professional conduct.—Mortified, dejected and contemned, to the resources of his own mind he in vain sought for consolation to shelter himself from the persecution and ignomy of unfeeling critics.—Situating as he was, he could not resent the scorn and derision of the cruel or malignant.—To endure them—to live in contempt—was intolerable: he perceived but one alternative—he plunged into an awful eternity!

It is due to the memory of the deceased to observe, that since his connection with the American Theatre, his conduct has been such as gained the esteem of all his brother performers. He was of a mild, obliging and conciliating disposition.—A tho' on the boards he had but few admirers, it is believed, by those who had the best opportunity of observing, that he possessed many handsome theatrical attainments.

Mr. Fullerton was an Englishman, and has not been in this country more than two years.

ANECDOTE.

Excepting Lycurgus, there is no legislator of antiquity that claims more note among the moderns than Solon, for a time the legislator of Athens. On a certain occasion, Solon being in a company of lively people, and finding nothing to feed on in their conversation, he sat still and said nothing. At last, a young flippant fellow observed, "This Solon must be a fool because he is silent." Solon, without any concern, answered, "There never was a fool that could hold his tongue."

The Dessert.

SONNET XVII.

ON CULTIVATING THE
BENEVOLENT AFFECTIONS.

*From charitable and benevolent thoughts, the transition
is unavoidable to charitable actions.*

SEID.

HOW happy is the man, whose bosom glows
With universal love for human-kind!
The joys of Paradise illumine his mind,
While his full heart in Charity o'erflows.

Behold him, like the glorious orb of day,
His genial influence diffuse around;
With Gilead's balm, heal sad affliction's
wound,
And chase the glooms of Penury away.

His dear-lov'd name the widowed Matrons
bliss,
And helpless Orphans view him as their
sire,
While to their scanty meal and little fire,
He comfort gives, and with it happiness.

What greater good than god-like Charity,
Which blesses here, and leads to bliss on
high!

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 6, 1802.

The following Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in New-Hampshire, to a friend in this city, dated the 25th ult. will serve to show that the goddess of mildness has, hitherto, not only waved her wand over this our southern hemisphere, but has also liberally extended it, even to the more northern regions.

"Thus far, my brother, we've had a Philadelphia winter—The sled, loaded with a rich supply of country produce—nor the cheerful sleigh, from the neighbouring hills, has enlivened our streets. The fields, since they were stripp'd of their verdure, have worn the gloomy appearance of the sad month of November; except here and there a solitary spray, which bears a faint resemblance to returning spring—Several times has the ground been sprinkled with a delicate white; but a southw'ard wind, or a morning sun, hath dissolved the thin wrought robe, and disappointed the many plans of business and pleasure which are dependent on the icy path of Winter."

SOLUTIONS OF THE SECOND AND
THIRD ENIGMAS,
IN PAGE 87:

2.

The Institution first to Mankind giv'n
Was *Marriage*, end of love and type of
Heav'n;

And, as of it all take what share they chuse,
I, in selecting, will my freedom use.

I'll M.A.R. take (ominous or no)
But the next r "omit," "it snarleth so;"
Then tuneful I.A.;—satisf'd with these,
The g.e. I'll give Farmer Giles to please.
Thus will MARIA charm th'enquiring sight;
Sterne's favorite; and his reader's dear delight.

To make *herself* now like the Sybils' books
He'll take off—then shew how well it
looks

Join'd to her "two last letters of address,"
Or "title," which, if *Miss*, will give me
Hess.

Happy discov'ry! since in I I find
The fair MARIA HESS, who all mankind
Confess is *loveliness in form and mind!*
CEDIPUS.

3.

The SARA—cens were "warlike," 'tis confess'd;

II—ope "a ne'er deserts th' afflicted or distress'd;

"To practise an amusement that destroys
"Morality," and with it solid joys,
Must be to GAMBLE—curs'd bane of life,
That ruins parents, children, friends and wife.

Yet, if th' Enigma's parts be plac'd aright,
Miss SARAH GAMBLE rises to the sight,
Fair as the star the blushing morn that opes,
Whose charms and beauties give well-grounded hopes

That he who wins her heart will hate the
game,

While she rewards him by a change of name.
CEDIPUS.

MR. HOGAN

Will much oblige RETNIH & Co. by omitting the names annexed to the Enigmatical List, as they only designed it for a gentle rebuke, and are anxious least their insertion should prove too severe a punishment, for what perhaps they ought to impute to the follies of puerile years; remembering what the wise man of the east observed, "Childhood and Youth are vanity."

CECELIA.

Think not we wish to wound the awaken'd mind,
We feel a sentiment far more refin'd;
We wish to turn the wand'ring steps of youth
In paths of Virtue, Piety and Truth.

But should these Lines the haughty youths offend,
We ask the fair OLIVIA for a friend.
We wish her skillful hand to guide the dart,
And bear conviction to the wand'ers' heart.

SUSAN.

Oh pray, Mr. Hogan, do grant us this favour,
It will come from your altar with quite a sweet savour.

ELIZA.

We each will return you our thanks most sincere,
And always continue your name to revere.

AMANDA.

As days months and years are fast fleeting away,
And all things are hasting so quick to decay,
By these we beseech you their Names to suppress,
Nor suffer our pen to increase their distress.

ZADA.

Our number is great, our Company's strong,
Nor to our whole band does one cypher belong.

CHLOE.

Now if you deny us beware of a dart,
Our Pen for revenge may fly at your heart.

Marriages.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 2d inst. by the Rev. William Marshall, Mr. William Young, wholesale stationer, of this city, to Miss Rachel Anderson, daughter of capt. E. Anderson, of Trenton...Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. Robert Hicks, to Mrs. Margaret Starkey.
—On the 27th ult. by Joseph Hart, esq. Mr. Mahlon Longstreth, of Bucks County, (Penn.) to Miss Eliza Wolley, daughter of Mr. James Wolley, of N. Jersey.

Deaths.

COMMUNICATION.

DIED, in this City, on Thursday the 23th ult. Mr. JOHN COOPER, house carpenter, in the 59th year of his age—He has left an amiable family to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband, and tender parent.—He was a humane and benevolent friend; and possessed all the virtues of a good citizen; all who knew him will embalm his memory with the tributary tear of sorrow on the melancholy event which deprives them of his valuable society.
.....At Dover, on the 27th ult. Mrs. Lavinia Rodney Fisher, the amiable consort of John Fisher, esq. and daughter of Colonel Thomas Rodney.

SUICIDE.

We hear from Turner, (District of Maine) that on the 11th ult. Mr. Caleb Blake, of that place, who possessed a property of about 5000 dollars, hung himself, from the fear of being exposed to want!

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ON FINDING A FAVOURITE NEST OF YOUNG ROBINS, DESTROYED LAST SPRING.

WHILE some o'er Locke or Newton pore,
Or nature's humbler walks explore;
While some o'er old Madeira roar
"The live long day,"
Poor nestlings, I your loss deplore
In humble lay.

Musing on cares as yet unborn,
I wander'd early yester-morn,
And here, upon this rugged thorn,
In gambols gay,
I saw, by no distresses torn,
Your parents play.

And oh! my heart responsive rung,
When each had loos'd his little tongue,
And early orisons they sung
To nature's God;
At times they ro'd the fields among
And brought you food.

But now how well their grief's exprest,
Each plainly heaves his little breast,
And oft they view your vacant nest,
With piercing eye;
And seeking you, they take no rest,
But wearied fly.

And must they find the search is vain?—
Yes! yonder rude unfeeling swain,
Deaf to compassion's moving strain,
Or sorrow's cry,
You from your leaf-clad home has ta'en—
From every joy.

So oft on Afric's bloody shore,
The happy Negro's labour o'er,
Thinks to enjoy his little store,
With his dear clan;
But finds his children from him tore,
By CHRISTIAN man!!!
CORYDON.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The following Lines are submitted to the inspection of the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository, should they be thought deserving a place in his entertaining paper, the insertion will oblige
ANNA.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO SUSAN.

AH! might I but presume to sing,
Thy charms so wondrous fair,
With love-sick notes I'd tune the string,
And waft them on the air.
The sweetest, softest notes of praise,
Should bear my love to thee,
That e'er employ'd a muse's lays,
If thou wilt smile on me.

Oh let thy lovely eyes convey
One cheery glance to mine,
And, as the fair enlight'ning day,
With native lustre shine;

And let their bright transcendent light,
Illumine my pensive soul,
Dispel the gloom, now dark as night,
And reign with sweet controul.

Oh tell me, charming Susan, say,
Are all my sighs in vain;
And must I still, ah! must I stray,
And bear the poignant pain.

Oh let me not in vain implore,
One ray of hope impart;
And thus, sweet girl, to health restore
My wounded, bleeding heart.

In sympathy for WILLIAM—
ANNA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

[From the descriptive beauty of the following Lines, we are almost induced to regret that the present winter has proved so mild; that the hills, dales and forests are not "covered with snow," while the "chill blast" howls "o'er the plain," binding in icy chains "yon mighty river." But while we pay this "tribute due" to the merit of our esteemed correspondent CARLOS, we must beg our readers to wing themselves in fancy to the frozen regions of the north, or with the "mind's eye," to trace back the chilling scenes of the winter of 1788.]

LINES

WRITTEN ON WINTER.

THE hills and the vallies, but lately so green,
Now sad and distressed appear,
The cold blasts of the north have chill'd the gay scene,
And Winter now reigns o'er the year.

Where gaily the husbandman followed his plough,

There frozen and cold is the ground,
And yon mighty river which lately did flow,
In winter's strong fetters is bound.

The forests, which once with gay verdure were clad,

Where late was heard music's sweet strain,
Are cover'd with snow, are deserted & sad—
Lo! howls the chill blast o'er the plain.

Now fierce on the poor, weary traveller's head,

The rude storms of winter descend,
While evening approaches, he seeks the low shed,
And thither his way he would bend.

But darkness surrounds him, he searches in vain,

Nor cottage, nor shelter descries,
Till worn down with hunger, fatigue, cold and pain,

He yields to his hard fate—and dies.

The sun ineffectually sheds his weak ray,
His heat with the summer is fled;
When night fast approaches, I hasten away,
For cold blows the storm 'round my head.

I haste to my cottage, to my own fire-side,
Where pleasure and harmony reign;
Where plenty, contentment and virtue reside;

And there, while the night lasts, remain.

Secur'd from the tempest, we'll laugh at its rage,

Nor value the loud roaring gale;
In the dance, or the song, free from care,
We'll engage,

Or music our ears shall regale!—
But soon as the first rays of heav'n's pure light

Shall dawn in the east, we'll away,
Well clothed in furs, secure, warm and tight,
We'll glide along swift in the sleigh.

Thus in winter itself, tho' gloomy and cold,
Amusement shall cheer the sad scene,
Till mild spring and summer their glories unfold,

And with flowers again deck the green.
CARLOS.

REPLY TO THE CROSS OLD MAID,
IN PAGE 28.

I'VE long delay'd to answer your address,
Being much engag'd, and thinking too no less
Than that some odious He-thing you're in fact,
And not a maid, cross, old, perverse, exact:
But if indeed you are, as you have said,
Really no other than a Cross Old Maid,

Why then, an answer is a tribute due
To bare civility, and not to you:
Except to contradict your false assertions,
Your tales of scandal, and your vile aspersions.

Yet know, Old Maid, know I your scorn despise,
Your ridicule, your calumny and lies,
Think you I'm grey, and that I've got the goot,

Want nursing, and of life am tired out;
Your thoughts are false—I'm healthy hale and stout,

No nurse I want, no nursing have I had
Ever since I left the care of mam and dad.

To call me "dotard, old," or say I'm "rusty,"
Is just as false as that my "books are musty."

They're sweet and clean, indeed their mostly new,
Well chosen, and too good for such as you;

Who with disdain can sneer at reading books,
And say, "give them to scullion maids or cooks!"

"Fitter for them,"—no doubt the greasy jades
Possess more sentiment than Cross Old Maids.

Should e'er your evil eyes survey my face,
Which by vile names you labour to disgrace,

E'en your detracting tongue, which calls me "squalid,"
Must own I'm neither mawkish, pale nor pallid:

But in my phiz the signs of health abound,
My mind, my limbs, and eye-sight too are sound:

Of health and vigor I've an ample stock,
My pulse strikes seconds, true as any clock.

If on "creation's face I am a blot,"
A Cross Old Maid too is a dirty spot.

Not coward-like have I quit post or station,
Too well I love the sex, and reputation.

Who but some peevish hag could I affront
By my address, tho' it was plain and blunt?

What girls of sense my honest suit despise,
Disdain my daunties, and refuse my pies?

Are Cross Old Maids these girls of sense or spirit?
Do they expect to marry youths of merit?

Oh heaven forbid such matches e'er should be,
As Cross Old Maids with merit, youth, or me.

Aid me to shun them, for in truth they're worse
"Than all th' ingredients cram'd into a curse."

BACHELOR.

Bachelor's reply to "A Maid," will appear next week. Tho' we cannot but remark, notwithstanding all his professions to the contrary, that he has well nigh dub'd himself EAD by his long inattention to the pliant fair one.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,



AND

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Saturday, February 13, 1802.

OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XXI.

The perfection of vice, or virtue in character.—In what light we view our own offences.—Caricatures not unnatural.—Democritus and Heraclitus.—Which was the wisest.—Mrs. Pawlet's tea.—A new character.—The advantage of speaking broken English.

AS I am, in this chapter, about to introduce a character possessed of none of the most enviable features, it will not be amiss to premise a few words on the subject.

Some critics may affirm, that the author, who draws a virtuous character of great, but attainable perfection, does much good, but that he who delineates a mind fraught with evil, and revelling in every detestable and abhorred crime, can scarcely be pronounced innoxious. The effect is to be produced on the hearts of the wicked, and not of those of the virtuous. The bad man will read the former character, and, in reading, contrast his own, and hate himself. The latter he will view with horror, and think his feelings the offspring of virtue. He will compare his own evil life with that of one perpetrating every sin a heated and malignant imagination could devise, and what will be the result? He will deem himself, by comparison, pure as the morning dew, and white as snow. I confess, that such a lenity to our misconduct should not be encouraged; since we are but too apt to esteem that almost a virtue in ourselves, which we con-

demn as vice in others; thinking our own offences serve like the dark spots in ermine, to give a double lustre to the brighter parts of our character, and as moulds on the face of a lovely woman, to beautify, not blemish the object.

However, it may, on the other hand, be said, that to expose vice and virtue in their truest colours is the most infallible mode of ensuring the detestation and abhorrence of mankind to the one, and their love and veneration for the other. Follow nature, say our judges, and you shall have nothing to fear. But I doubt, I fear that he who should copy nature, (by which I understand characters that exist) too closely, would be accused of describing nothing but caricatures.—Such may be the opinion respecting Mrs. Pawlet, but I have not overcharged the draught I have given of her. I have seen her original, which as far surpassed this imitation as originals are wont to do. I own the inability of my pencil to do her justice, but I must say that I shall be more convinced than otherwise, of the likeness of my composition by hearing it called a caricature. There are breathing caricatures as well as painted ones. There are living caricatures of every description; so that if Heraclitus were now alive, he would have more cause to weep for human kind than ever; and were Democritus still in existence, he also would have more reason than heretofore to laugh and indulge his spleen. The wisest of these two philosophers was in my opinion the last. Democritus, who was always laughing, lived 109 years. Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only 60.

Barclay and Mr. Pawlet joined the ladies in the drawing-room, where they found Miss Penelope presiding at the tea-table in the middle of the room; and in one corner, near the fire, sat Mrs. Pawlet

with her own table and tea-things. Singularity was one of her predominant passions. She never drank such tea as was commonly used; but being acquainted with an East-India captain, he had furnished her with a large stock of *Canopoi, Peloe, Singlo* and *Teankey*, which she was very proud of; and kept principally to herself, because few would drink them with her.

Barclay being seated, was invited to take a dish of *Teankey*, which, through curiosity and politeness, he accepted, but did not find it so much to his taste as to require any more. Mrs. Pawlet now harangued on the virtues of teas, and was declaiming with excessive fluency, when she was interrupted by a ring at the bell, and presently a tall thin figure made its appearance. He saluted the company all round, and being very graciously received by the parson and his family, took his seat by Mrs. Pawlet, who exclaimed,

"*Ah! monsieur l'abbé, que je suis ravi de vous voir.*"

"*Madame,*" he replied, "*Vous me faites, trop d'honneur.*"

"*Un tasse du Teankey, Monsieur?*" continued she.

"*Ah! la chose du monde que j'aime! du Teankey, Madame, s'il vous plaît,*" he returned, with great expression of satisfaction. And while he is employed in drinking his tea, I shall beg leave to give some account of him.

Monsieur l'Abbe Dupont was a French emigrant, rather advanced in life, of much superficial learning, and possessed of many of those accomplishments which are more courted by mankind, and better received every where, than the greatest virtues, and the most exalted probity and honour. It is said that the countenance is an image of the soul. If so, he had the ugliest soul that ever animated a man's body.

His visage was dark, his conscience spoke in his face, and his eye told you not to trust him. Such was the Abbe Dupont to any but the most unsuspecting. He had, however, by his insinuating manners, contrived to ingratiate himself into the favour of almost every family in the village. His poverty pleaded for him with the parson; his learning, but more especially his flattery, recommended him to Mrs. Pawlet. He was engaged to read French with Penelope, and Mr. Pawlet not thinking he got enough for his support, took some lessons of him himself, that he might not feel the obligation of receiving money in the way of charity. His duplicity was excessive. Although he could talk the language with ease, he affected to speak broken English, and when he found he had said any thing that was offensive, he would cover himself with the cloak of ignorance, and protest, *Qu'il ne comprend de langage.*

Something being advanced by the parson, which Mrs. Pawlet, as usual, contradicted, he was asked which he thought in the right.—

"*Pon my honneur,*" said he, "I am puzzled—Monsieur seem to me to have reason, but Madame have not wrong, because de ladies never, jamais, can be wrong."

Barclay was not much pleased with his looks, and soon perceived by his conduct, the artful part he played; but not being inclined to judge rashly, or with severity, he was willing to ascribe it to the exigency of his situation.

After the Abbe had swallowed four or five dishes of Mrs. Pawlet's tea, professing that every dish was better than the last, she began a long political sermon, which he listened to with signs of great admiration. Barclay sat by the side of the parson unemployed, unless in thought, and in now and then catching the eyes of Penelope, who sat opposite him, near the Abbe and Mrs. Pawlet, engaged in making a purse. She was prosecuting her subject with excessive vigour, when the servant came in, to inform Barclay, that a man had brought his luggage from the inn.

"Take it into Mr. Temple's room," cried the parson. It was now nine o'clock, and our hero, being much fatigued by the exertions of his mind and body, said, in a low voice, to Mr. Pawlet, that he should be glad if he would permit him to retire to rest. His request was readily granted. Rising, therefore, he bowed to the company, and followed the servant to his chamber.

Being now alone, Barclay threw him-

self on the bed, and abandoned his mind to reflection. "Lovely, adorable creature!" he exclaimed, "Happy, thrice happy man, to live beneath the same roof, with so much beauty and perfection!—Mean is my employment, and I despised it, but now I shall love it; for the happiness it brings me, and will copy, until my fingers wear away, ere I will complain.—But ah, alas! have not the most bewitching forms, and fairest eyes, fascinated to destroy? Oh, Keppel! oh, my friend! is it just to use thee thus? I tremble when I think of thee! Between my friendship and my love I am racked and torn!"

In this state of distraction he remained for some time, till his hopes, getting the better of his fears, flattered him with the prospect of happiness, by his friend's relinquishing his claim to Penelope.

"He will,—he will!" he ejaculated. "Great will be the sacrifice, but it will be his glory! Surely he cannot love her as I do."

With these soothing, but deceitful thoughts, he went to rest, and passed the night in airy dreams of future bliss and never-ending love.

C H A P. XXII.

Mrs. Pawlet and Penelope described in their morning dresses.—Persian.—What the women promised by Mahomet are made of.—Why the parson will feel very awkward when he gets to heaven. Barclay receives instructions, and begins his task.—Why nature has given us two eyes.—Some extracts promised from a singular manuscript.

BARCLAY enjoyed the elysium to which his dreams had wafted him, in such an uninterrupted manner, that they were compelled to give him notice, that breakfast was ready, and waiting for him. He instantly arose, and greatly refreshed, descended to the parlour, where he found the family expecting him. The parson was in his morning-gown and black cap; Mrs. Pawlet and Penelope in dresses forming the most inimitable contrast. They could not, indeed, be better compared, in respect to clothing and appearance, than to Hebe and Hebe. The former, in a dark fustian gown, and a cap that baffles all description, exhibited a shrivelled visage, a snuffy nose, and eyes of doubtful direction. The other, in a robe of white, beautiful for its simplicity and taste, displayed a form the grace itself might envy, and, under a light cap, edged with lace, and bound with pink ribbon, was seen a face of perfect loveliness;—her nose was in a straight line with her forehead, according to the true model of beauty, her

eyes were blue, and like those of the queen of Love, as described by the poets, swimming in their orbs, as if mingling with the liquid pearl that surrounded them; and her mouth, adorned with small, even teeth, delicately white, breathed perfumes far more sweet than gales "of Araby the blest!" It is said that the Persian angels are entirely composed of perfumes. If that is the case, and it be necessary to the angelic character, Nature, undoubtedly intended Penelope to be one, for she was all sweetness*.

Barclay made his appearance in a neat morning dress, and, after inquiring politely, after the health of the family, and receiving the same compliment, he took his seat at the breakfast-table.

"I have prepared every thing for your accommodation, Mr. Temple," said Mrs. Pawlet, who was sitting, as on the preceding evening, at her own board, "and I shall, after breakfast, be ready to attend you to the library."

Barclay bowed.

[Much curious conversation passed at breakfast, of which the following formed the conclusion: speaking of the poor parson, Mrs. Pawlet observed]—"I could never teach him the fitness or unfitness of things. Why is it, Mr. Pawlet, that you are such an enemy to learning? As a clergyman, you ought to be well acquainted with the Hebrew, that you might expound the Scripture with critical nicety. At present, you, like too many others, pretend to explain the holy writings, without understanding them yourself. I have often wished to instruct you in it, but you always decline it. However, you know not what you reject. Every man should know Hebrew. You learn French, without being sure that you shall ever go to France, but there is a country which we all hope to visit, and intend to reside in forever, and yet we neglect their language. It is the opinion of many learned men, that Hebrew was spoken by Adam in Paradise, and that the saints in Heaven will speak

* Mahomet says there are four kinds of women in Paradise, all of equal and extraordinary beauty. As they merit description, I shall describe them according to Daurier's French translation of the *Coran*, cap. xlviii.

The first are white, the second green, the third yellow, and the fourth red. Their bodies are composed of saffron, musk, amber and frankincense, and their hair of carnation; from the toes to the knees they are saffron; from the knees to the breast ivory; from the breast to the throat, amber; and from the throat to the top of the head, frankincense.

Such are the beauties Mahomet promises to his followers, in Paradise.

it. Now through your obstinacy, you will not be able to comprehend a word they say! Unless, indeed, I should be with you, and interpret for you."

"My dear," said the parson, smiling, "I hope we shall meet each other there."

Mrs. Pawlet tossed up her head, significant of her superiority, and, turning to Barclay, said, "When you are ready, Mr. Temple, we will retire."

"Whenever you please, ma'am," he replied, rising.

He ascended with Mrs. Pawlet to the library, where he perceived at some distance from her table, a desk, a chair, and every thing in readiness, prepared for him to begin his task. After telling him, in a round-about way, that she had exploded the points as a late invention of the Masoretes, only calculated to confuse, without offering any advantage, and requesting him, in writing the Hebrew, not to follow the Rabbinical method, but to make the characters square, or more angular, she brought forth her books, on which she had been working for the last twenty years, and set him to his labour, which she instructed him how to perform, in five parallel columns. This preparation took up a considerable time; but, being at length convinced that he comprehended her meaning, she withdrew to her own studies.

While copying, Barclay observed that Mrs. Pawlet was regulated in the disposition of her minutes by a time-piece, which stood before her, devoting so many to different pursuits. At last he saw her rise, and, taking down a large folio on anatomy, she placed it upon the table, then stretching out her left hand, she threw open a little door by her side, which to Barclay's great surprise, contained a perfect skeleton of a man, which she contemplated, and examined a long while with great attention, referring occasionally to her book.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, throwing herself in her chair, "we are indeed fearfully and wonderfully made." Nature, Mr. Temple has been very provident. She has provided man with two eyes, two ears, two this and two that, when indeed, it is proved, that man is as efficient an animal with one as with two. The second, therefore, must have been bestowed in case of accidents."

Barclay could scarcely refrain from laughing at the oddity of the idea, that Nature had given us an extra eye to be knocked out; but, restraining his risible muscles, he made a sign that he approved of the shrewdness of her remark.

She then retired into an adjoining room, from which she soon issued, dressed for walking, with a book under her arm.

"I see," said she, "you are going on very well, Mr. Temple, and I shall leave you for the present. I am going to Olympus."

"Ma'am," cried Barclay, staring at her.

"Yes," she ad led, "and if any one inquires where I am gone, you may say, *Viamme affactat Olympo*."—She withdrew.

"She is mad!" exclaimed Barclay, not then knowing what she meant; "however, she's gone," he continued, "therefore I won't complain."

Now quitting his desk, he began to examine the library, where his attention was attracted by a red pocket book, which he perceived lying on Mrs. Pawlet's table. It was the repository of her memorandums, which she had left behind her either by accident or intentionally. Our hero could not suppress his curiosity, he therefore made free to open it; and that the reader may also be gratified, several of the pages are transcribed in the next chapter.—I wish him much entertainment.

* She affects the way to Olympus. VIRGIL.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

WITH regret I find my hopes were too sanguine respecting a conversion of the Jews in this city to Christianity. Had *Judaicus* in his statement of facts, confined himself to the refutation of this error in opinion, I should not have again troubled you on a subject at present so little interesting; but as he has gone farther, and accused me of falshood and malice, I owe it to myself to make some vindication against these charges.—Though my conclusions may have been wrong, yet I trust my statement of facts from which they were drawn, has been perfectly correct; nor has any thing been offered by *Judaicus* in contradiction. That their worship was suspended, and a separation taken place, (the only two facts I stated) has not, nor cannot be denied: from these circumstances, and the liberal opinions and conduct of many of their members, I thought the conclusions I made, were the most favourable and reasonable that could be offered. Certainly it is but a poor apology to say, that their trifling and private dissensions should cause a suspension of their public worship.

I must still persist in my former opinion, notwithstanding *Judaicus's* ingenious remark as to the omnipresence of the Deity, that the structure they had converted to his use was rather derogatory to the Supreme Being, who has himself evinced his partiality for superb edifices, in regard to the Tabernacles (the pattern of which was given to Moses on mount Sinai,) and the Temple of Solomon. There are many other objectionable passages in *Judaicus's* remarks, but as I have neither time nor inclination for further discussion, I shall dismiss the present with assuring him, that my remarks were as free from malice, as I trust they evidently are from falshood; of which he certainly would not have accused me, had he wrote with less passion, and more candour.

CHRISTIANUS.

FOLLY OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

THE Jews in Constantinople had once a violent altercation with some Musselmen concerning Paradise; the former insisting that they alone on their departure from this world could be admitted into it.—"If this is your maxim, what is to become of us?" demanded the Turks. The Jews being afraid to say that their antagonists will be utterly excluded from heaven, replied, "Why you will be placed on the outside of the walls, and will have the pleasure of viewing us."—The merits of this singular dispute at length reached the ears of the grand Vizer, who, as he only waited a pretext to exact fresh contributions from the Jews, declared, "since these fellows think proper to shut the gates of Paradise against us, it is but just that they should supply us with pavillions, in order to shelter us from the inclemency of the weather." He accordingly levied, besides what they hitherto paid, an additional tax from the Jews, and that for the avowed purpose of furnishing pavillions for the Turks in the other world; a tax with which the Jews are saddled in Turkey to this day.

MULTIPLICATION.

Hillel the Rabbi, says, "He that multiplieth flesh, multiplieth vermin; he that multiplieth estates, multiplieth care; he that multiplieth females, multiplieth enchantments; he that multiplieth female servants, multiplieth fornication; he that multiplieth men servants, multiplieth rapine; but he that multiplieth law, multiplieth life; he that multiplieth study, multiplieth sagacity; he that multiplieth counsel, multiplieth prudence; he that multiplieth justice, multiplieth peace.

TABLE,

(REFERRED TO IN OUR LAST)

Exhibiting the number of different ways in which the Letters of the Alphabet might be combined or put together, from one letter to 25; or the number of changes which might be rung on any number of bells, not exceeding the number of Letters in the Alphabet.

Thus 2 letters may be put 2 different ways together; 3 letters 6 different ways; 4 letters 24 different ways; 5 letters 120 ways; 6 letters 720 ways; and so on, as in the following table:

1 A 1
2 B 2
3 C 6
4 D 24
5 E 120
6 F 720
7 G 5040
8 H 40320
9 I 362880
10 K 3628800
11 L 39916800
12 M 479001600
13 N 6227020800
14 O 87178291200
15 P 1307674568000
16 Q 23922789838000
17 R 335687423096000
18 S 6102373705728000
19 T 121645100408832000
20 U 213202003176640000
21 V 51930912171709440000
22 W 1124000727777607680000
23 X 25832016738884976640000
24 Y 620448101733239429360000
25 Z 1551121004330935984000000

Now supposing all the 25 letters could be put down in 30 seconds of time, or each combination of them made in that time, (which might be done) it would require 5743144209951702024 Julian years to make all the various combinations which these letters would admit of; and consequently, if the world had already lasted 6000 years, it would require 9576907016586170 such ages to make all these combinations, without ever stopping for one single second of time.

NEW ANECDOTES OF

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

[From the London Mirror]

Dr. Johnson's biographer (Mr. Boswell) is of opinion, that the most minute singularities which belonged to him should not be omitted; one anecdote of that class, perhaps as unaccountable as any has

related, with all his assiduity, has escaped him. It was communicated to the writer of this article by the late Mr. Sheridan, of which he himself had shortly after an opportunity of being an eye-witness. Mr. Sheridan at that time lived in Bedford-street, opposite Henrietta-street, which ranges with the south side of Covent-Garden, so that the prospect lies open the whole way, free of interruption: we were standing together at the drawing-room window, expecting Johnson, who was to dine there. Mr. Sheridan asked me, could I see the length of the garden? "No, sir."—"Take out your opera-glass, Johnson is coming; you may know him by his gait." I perceived him at a good distance, working along with a peculiar solemnity of deportment, and an awkward sort of measured step. At that time the broad flagging on each side of the streets was not universally adopted, and stone posts were in fashion, to prevent the annoyance of carriages. Upon every post, as he passed along, I could observe he deliberately laid his hand; but, missing one of them, when he had got at some distance, he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and immediately returning back, carefully performed the accustomed ceremony, and resumed his former course, not omitting one till he had gained the crossing. This, Mr. Sheridan assured me, however odd it might appear, was his constant practice: but why, or wherefore, he could not inform me. . . Now for a dinner-scene.

The house on the right, at the bottom of Beaufort-buildings, was occupied by Mr. Chamberlaine, Mrs. Sheridan's eldest brother, by whom Johnson was often invited, in the snug way, with the family-party. At one of those social meetings, Johnson, as usual, sat next the lady of the house, the desert still continuing, and the ladies in no haste to withdraw, Mrs. Chamberlaine had moved a little back from the table, and was carelessly dangling her foot backwards and forwards as she sat, enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul. Johnson, the while, in a moment of abstraction, was convulsively working his hand up and down, which, the lady observing, she roguishly edged her foot within his reach, and, as might partly have been expected, Johnson clenched hold of it, and drew off her shoe; she started, and hastily exclaimed, "O ye! Mr. Johnson!" The company at first knew not what to make of it; but one of them, perceiving the joke, tittered. Johnson, not improbably aware of the trick, apologized:—"Nay, Madam, recollect yourself; I know

not that I have justly incurred your rebuke; the emotion was involuntary, and the action not intentionally rude.

Extract from a work entitled,

"MEDICAL VULGAR ERRORS REFUTED."

That it is very hurtful to put infants very young to stand upon their Legs, as it will make them crooked and bandy-legged.

BY no means; dandling them well, but gently, is very necessary towards their health; and using them to their feet strengthens their legs very much; one great cause of rickets and bandy-legs being the keeping children too much in the cradle, and their want of due exercise and friction.

That lacing-strings are an useful Invention to bring on children to Walk, and prevent falls.—They are exceedingly hurtful, by pressing in the sternum, which in infants is very weak, and thereby laying the foundation of asthmas and consumptions, by thus narrowing their chests. Suffering them to take their falls on carpets or grass plats will soonest bring them to walk cautiously.

The casting of teeth is a dangerous distemper in Children.—Cutting them is painful, and often dangerous in gross children; but the sueding is, by no means so. The teeth originally are like gelly, in a cartilaginous state, included in little bladders, of which there are two in each *alveolus*, one lying upon the other, which by degrees harden into bone; at which time the lower, by their growth, by degrees thrust out the upper ones, that as the jaws grow, there may be no vacancy between the teeth, and that they, by being larger, might quite fill up the hiatus's.

That Spintling comes naturally to some Children and is incurable.—I believe it is most generally brought on by using children to caps or bonnets that come too forward, which they turn their eyes to look at. Covering the strong eye with a plaster, to compel the constant use of the weaker one, seems a reasonable mode of cure, and the wearing the instrument called goggles, for a length of time, is said to have been very successful.

That burnt Alum is excellent Dentifrice.—In direct contradiction to this, acids of every kind are the most pernicious application of any to the teeth, as they soon corrode even their enamel. Hence it is, that persons in apple and cyder counties have rotten teeth. Every nostrum that has any thing sharp in it, ought to be carefully avoided. The best dentifrice is finely levigated charcoal, soot, or in some cases finely powdered Peuvian bark.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"They lavish gold out of the bag, and weigh silver in a balance; and hire a goldsmith, and he maketh it a god; they fall down, yea, they worship."

THE ills attendant on an inordinate love of wealth, which has been justly called "*the root of all evil*," are almost incalculable. If we trace the many crimes and follies which disgrace our species, to their source, we shall find the generality of them to originate in the desire of riches. This appears to be the "*master passion*" of the human heart, which, as the celebrated "*master poet*" affirms, swallows up the rest.

Tho' most men desire riches, yet when acquired, how various are the uses to which they apply them. The luxurious man employs them as the means of extending the circle of his enjoyments; they are the ministers of his lascivious pleasures; but his extravagance is far from producing happiness, and he is commonly precipitated into poverty, laden with disease and infamy.

The miser, on the contrary, experiences the same insatiable thirst for wealth; but never, unless forced by necessity, does he permit it to issue from his hands: altho' he does not "*lavish gold out of the bag*," he literally "*weighs silver in the balance*;" nor does he receive a dollar, or pay one away, without looking at it warily, and examining both sides with anxious eyes. He "*maketh it a god*," it is the object of his adoration; and he sacrifices health, ease and enjoyment at its shrine.

But it is the interest of a wise man to choose the happy medium between those opposite extremes. He should not suffer the pursuit of riches to engross the whole of his talents, which could otherwise be more nobly employed; nor should he be entirely inattentive to his worldly interest; "*There is a time for all things*," it is sufficient that he breaks not in upon those hours which should be sacred to literature, ease or devotion.

The wise man is not prodigal of his wealth; he bestows not his charity indiscriminately upon the deserving and unworthy; he enquires into the wants of his fellow-creatures, with the endearing accents of sympathetic kindness; he delights to

"Draw forth modest merit from the shade"

in, which it has been thrown by poverty or misfortune. But he assumes the harsher features of indignation, when he beholds vice, arrayed by hypocrisy, assuming the

name and countenance of virtue; he turns his back on the athletic beggar, whose only infirmity is idleness. Yet if a man's character appears doubtful, he inclines to believe the best; he would much rather ten vicious persons should receive his bounty, than that one object deserving of compassion, should go unrelieved.

He is economical; but he is not avaricious; he does not "*lavish gold out of the bag*," except some suffering mortal desires his aid. In short, he regards gold only as it affords him the means of extending happiness to those whose breasts are strangers to content and peace.

Which of these three characters is the most desirable? The first whirls round in a vortex of dissipation; but debauchery is far from producing real pleasure. The miser is not more contented in possessing the idol of his soul; anxiety and care place an effectual drawback on his happiness. But it is the man of moderation, whose mind is placid and serene, that enjoys the highest of all possible blessings, the calm sunshine of an approving conscience; which is the summit of pure felicity.

THE LAZY PREACHER.

An Account of the manner of obtaining and manufacturing COUTCHOU; commonly known by the name of ELASTIC GUM, or INDIAN RUBBER: together with some ingenious speculations on the Economical uses that may be made of.

THE substance which forms the object of our present disquisition is called *Coutchouc*, by the natives of the country where it is spontaneously produced. It is denominated *elastic gum*, or *elastic resin*, by philosophers in Europe; but it is now generally known in the shops by the name of *Indian Rubber*; a substance that few of our readers are not acquainted with. It is firm, tough, and pliable, greatly resembling some kinds of leather; but it possesses a degree of elasticity that cannot be equalled by any known substance in nature. It admits of being stretched out in every direction to an astonishing degree; and when the distending power is removed, it recovers its former shape and appearance. It neither can be dissolved in water, in ardent spirits, in acids, nor alkaline liquors, in the ordinary state of our atmosphere. Oils, in some measure act upon it; but the vitriolic æther is the only complete solvent of it that is as yet known. It is inflammable, and burns with a clear steady flame, emitting a slight smell, not at all dis-

agreeable. When exposed to a cold air, it is more hard and rigid than under a milder temperature, but it neither becomes fluid, nor loses its elasticity, till it be exposed to a much more intense degree of heat than is ever experienced in any climate on the globe. It may, however, be melted; and then it assumes a thick viscid appearance, like some kinds of semi-fluid oils. And having once been reduced to that state, it cannot be again made to acquire its former consistence or elasticity. Dr. Bergius at Stockholm, found, by experiments made a number of years ago, that by subjecting it to an intense degree of heat, it was converted into a hard, elastic, horn-like substance.

This substance is now well known to be the inspissated juice of a tree. The tree which yields this juice is large and stately. Its trunk is usually about 60 feet in height, and from two to three feet diameter. It grows naturally in Brazil, in French Guiana, and in several other provinces of South America, and also in China, as it is supposed. It is called by the natives *Hevea*. Its seed is a nut, of a pleasing taste, very much resembling that of a filbert, and much esteemed by the natives. They extract the juice by making longitudinal incisions in the bark. It bleeds freely, and the juice, in a thick state of semi-fluidity, is collected into vessels placed to receive it at the bottom of the tree. It is then, by means of a brush, spread upon moulds prepared for the purpose, and suffered to dry in the sun, or before a fire, which, by evaporating the moisture, soon brings it to the state in which it is sent over to us. By adding successive layers above each other, it may be brought to any degree of thickness wanted; and by varying the form of the mould, it may be made to assume any shape or appearance you incline; which shape, as has said, it will ever afterwards retain, if no distending force be applied to alter it.

From this simple detail of facts, it is easy to see, that the uses to which this substance might be applied in arts and manufactures, are innumerable, and such as can be effected by no other known substance in nature. Yet so blind have mankind hitherto been to these advantages, that no attempts have been made, in any accessible region where extensive manufactures could be established, either to cultivate the tree that produces it, or to induce the natives to send the juice in its fluid state to Europe, where it could be properly manufactured. All that has been done is, to suffer the natives to mould it into the form of a small kind of bottles, which is found to answer some

purpose among themselves; and these, when brought to Europe, are applied to scarcely any other use than being cut to pieces for the purpose of effacing marks made upon paper by a black lead pencil, or that of idly amusing children by stretching it out, and observing how perfectly it again recovers its pristine form, after having been distended to a great length in any direction. We amuse ourselves with the phenomena without profiting by it, as children used to be amused with the attraction of amber, before the phenomena of electricity were explained.

I shall here venture to point out a few of the useful purposes it may be made to answer:

1st. This substance so much resembles leather, that it naturally occurs, that it might be employed for the purpose of making *Boots*. These would not only admit of being made of the neatest shape that could be imagined, but also, by being impervious to water, or the other corrosive liquors above named, would be sufficient to protect men from wet, though standing in water. For scamen, fishermen and others, who are by their business obliged to wade in water, such boots would be of the greatest utility.

2d. *Gloves* of this substance would be so soft and pliable, as to allow the fingers perfect freedom of action, and in those kinds of businesses, that requires artificers to put their hands among acids or corrosive liquors, they may become highly convenient.

3d. *Caps*. The uses that might be made of this substance for defending the head from wet, are infinitely various, and might prove highly beneficial. A thin covering of this matter might be made for travelling hats, which, without adding any sensible weight, would be perfectly impermeable by wet of any kind. Every other kind of covering for the head, might be thus rendered water tight, merely by giving them a slight coat of coutchouc, which would in no sensible degree alter their other qualities. Bathing caps in particular, could thus be made extremely commodious, and at a small expence. This could be done, by covering with a coat of coutchouc an elastic stocking cap, which, merely by being pulled tight over the head, would embrace every part of it all round, so as to prevent the entrance of water. The stocking and the covering being equally elastic, they would contract and expand together without any sort of difficulty.

4th. *Umbrellas*.—Neck pieces of silk, or other materials, cloaks or travelling coats

of any sort, that should be judged proper, could thus be rendered perfectly watertight, without destroying their pliability in the smallest degree. It would only be necessary to cover them with a coat of this soft varnish, after they were made, so as to close up the seams. Buckets too, all of canvas, or any other cheap substance, might be made water-tight and incorruptible, by merely covering them with this matter. Vessels also for holding water and other liquors, that would not be liable to breakage, might thus be made of any size or shape, at a small expence.

5th. In the army and navy, its uses would be still more numerous and important. *Tents* are an article of very great expence; the canvas for them must be of the very best quality and closest texture; and after all, they are seldom proof against continued rain. At any rate, the vicissitudes of weather soon rot the canvas, and make a new supply in a short time necessary. Were these tents covered with a coat of this substance, the entrance of rain through it would not only be altogether precluded, but also the very wetting of the canvas itself would be prevented, and of course its durability be augmented to a tenfold degree. On the same principle the sails of a ship would not only be made to hold the wind in a complete manner, but by being covered with a thin coat of it on both sides, the sail-cloth itself could never be wetted, and of course its durability be augmented, while its flexibility would not be diminished.

6th. *Aerostation*.—It is wonderful that no one ever perceived the use that might have been made of this substance for that purpose. No kind of silk, or other light substance could ever be found, that possessed the smallest degree of elasticity; by consequence, when they ascended into the higher regions, the expansion of the gas was in danger of bursting the globe; it was therefore necessary to leave it open below to guard against that accident. A globe of coutchouc would possess the quality here wanted; it would expand as the circumstances of the case required; and while it would be perfectly tight, to prevent the involuntary escape of the smallest quantity, it would adapt itself in size to every variation of circumstances. It is true, the retentive power of this substance, when very thin, has never yet been ascertained by experience, but there is reason to believe it is very great.

7th. As this substance is inflammable, and burns with a bright flame without requiring any wick, it might be employed

perhaps with great economy as torches or flambeaux. Solid balls have also been made of it, that are light, and of amazing degree of elasticity. It might also be moulded into the form of riding whips, and would probably answer that purpose admirably well; and after they were wore out, they might be employed as torches.

8th. As a material for chirurgical purposes, it might be employed on many occasions. Catheters have already been made of it, after having been dissolved in æther, that have been found to answer the purpose wanted, and to occasion much less irritation in the parts than those of any other sort that have yet been tried; but the great price, when thus manufactured, prevents them from coming into general use. The little bottles, when applied to the breasts of women distressed with sore nipples, can be so managed, as to occasion a more gentle suction than can be effected any other way, and have therefore afforded very great relief.

9th. *Elastic springs*. In all cases where a spring is wanted to act by its contractile power, no substance can be conceived more proper, especially in cold climates;—and there are innumerable cases in which it might be employed in this manner with the happiest effect, in various kinds of machinery.

10th. Geographical globes are at present an article of great expence, especially when of such a size, as to admit of exhibiting a tolerable view of the earth's surface. These could be made of coutchouc of any size required, at a very moderate expence. The savages of South America, whom our philosophers represent as destitute of every endowment, will teach us the way of proceeding. The little bottles we import from thence, are formed upon moulds of clay dried in the sun. When the coutchouc has hardened on the surface by the process already described, a little water is introduced at the mouth of the bottle, which gradually softens the clay, and in time allows it to be washed entirely out of it. A globe of clay might be easily moulded of any dimensions required, leaving at one of the poles a small protuberance for a little neck. This ball, when dry, might be covered with coutchouc till it acquired the thickness required. The clay might then be washed out, so as to leave it empty. The remainder of the process might be here described, were I not afraid of encroaching too much on the patience of the reader.

Such are some of the uses to which this singular substance might perhaps be ap-

plied. It is now about seventy years since it was first introduced into Europe, yet little attention has hitherto been paid to it, except in a few instances. The tree grows very freely, and might be easily reared in some of the rocky parts of the West-India islands, or the Cape de Verd Islands, or along the coast of Africa, where there are such extensive tracts of uninhabited country laid waste by the depopulation arising from the slave trade. What a difference would there be in the state of the inhabitants of that unhappy country, were they taught to cultivate the arts of peace, and to enrich themselves by industrious labour, instead of those cruel wars fomented by the miserable trade in slaves. Could this juice be had in abundance so near Europe, it might then be brought home in a fluid state, in close casks or bottles, so as to be manufactured for such purposes as it might be found best to answer.

[The Bee.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET XVIII.

ON GENTLENESS OF MIND.

Fair is her form, serene her mind.

F. HOPKINSON.

To Mrs. A——

WHEN native Innocence and Virtue meet,
And in the female heart erect their shrines,
The heav'n-illum'd face with beauty shines,
And we pronounce the Fair almost complete.

But when to these we add the gen'rous soul,
Devoid of affectation, art and pride,
To which all loveliness of form's allied;—
We gaze with rapture on the perfect whole.

Bleth not EUGENIA, that these lines are yours;—

By charms of person and of mind inspir'd;

You need but to be known to be admir'd,
For goodness always, honest praise ensures.

O! if, like yours, Amynta's merits shine,
Earth will be Heav'n, and wedlock's joys divine.

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 13, 1802.

A Stated meeting of the ORTHÖE-PETIC SOCIETY, will be held this evening at the usual place.

By order of the society,

JAMES A. NEAL, Secretary.

QUESTION

FOR THE REPOSITORY,

By Mr. N. MAJOR, of Germantown.

Given $\begin{cases} z+y^2+x^2=231=a, \\ y+z^2+x^2=189=b, \\ x+y^2+z^2=129=c, \end{cases}$ to find $x, y,$ and z .

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE

IN PAGE 95.

The Court is ever on the Monarch's side,
Because their interest's are so near allied;
But to the wretch immur'd in prison walls,
The Court of Justice all his sealapals.
The wealth of various climates finds its way,
(Altho' Old Ocean all its rage display)
To distant shores; and distant nations greets,
Either in single ship, or gallant fleets:
Stemming each storm and tempest as they rise,
Now dreadfully engulf'd! then climb the skies—
These two, if you judiciously unite,
Compose a season that gives more delight
Than scepter'd Monarch's in their robes of gold,
Or all their Parasites, a thousand fold.
Ah! happy days of Courtship! never cloying,
Still promising more bliss, while bliss enjoying:
How oft does m'try bring you into view?
How oft do we lament you were so few?
Could we recall these happy moments past,
Or could we make this happy season last,
What bliss, what transport, would this life possess!
Than heav'n on earth, I think 'tis little less.

OLIVIA.

NEW ENIGMATICAL LIST

OF HANDSOME YOUNG LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

(Concluded from page 87.)

4. Half of a wash bason, and an orbicular line, omitting the first letter.
5. A native of the Nether ands.
6. Four ninths of a church, three fifths of one of the signs of the Zodiac, half of a title, (for the lady's Christian name); and an indispensable officer in the navy.
7. Five sevenths of a town in Guinea noted for its sulphurous waters, and a large measure.
8. The initials of the definitions of affection, aversion, grief, joys pleasure, and pain.

9. The name of a famous general, with the first letter of a delicate flower doubled.

10. One third of a Christian prophet, two sevenths of the sepulture she inspires, and half of a fashionable cloth.

Marriages.

No man can ever taste the sweets of life,
But in the endearment of a loving wife;
Nor Women ever lasting pleasures prove,
But in a husband's tenderness and love.

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 14th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Helffenstine, Mr. Robert Mars, to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Hoot....On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Jacob Hamphibent, to Miss— Drum, both of the Northern Liberties.

Deaths.

On earth, how flow and fleeting are our days!
Life's beautiful flower just blooms—and quick decays.
Oh, may we, then, the blessing so improve,
As, after death, to bloom in climes above.

AMYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 6th inst. at the Pennsylvania Hospital, George Lee, Student of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, and formerly a pupil of the said Hospital.

.....At Nixington, North-Carolina, Mrs. Joanna Shaw, consort of John Shaw, Esq. and daughter of Mr. James Stuart, merchant of this City.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Address of a Mother to her Infant,"—"A Tale," from *Chlo*,—"Lines on Music," by Carlos, &c. shall all appear in due time.

Silence, continued silence, is the only answer due to "Riddle me Riddle me Re's" long epistle, or rather jumble of nonsense.

We must decline publishing "Retrib & Co.'s" last communication, as their opponents are clamorous that their replies should appear, and the subject is too trifling to admit of a controversy.

The same reason will exclude "Pactus," and "E. genie."

"Monitor's," remarks cannot be published—if he will turn to the *Weekly Miscellany*, printed some years ago at Sherborne, and the *Lady's Monthly Museum* now publishing in London, works of established merit, he will find that he is entirely mistaken with respect to facts; and in opinion he is too harsh. The editor's judgment must decide when and where to stop. The number of the enigmas lately received, exclusive of all consideration of ingenuity, &c. will necessarily exclude a large proportion of them from meeting the public eye. Amusement, and, as far as practicable, instruction to our youthful readers, is the sole object in publishing such articles at all; and, from their nature, a small portion must suffice.

"Enigmatical list of Revolutionary Characters," will be published as soon as convenient.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

(FOUNDED ON RECENT FACTS)

*The holy Pow'r that cloaths the senseless earth
With woods, with fruits, with flowers and verdant
grass,
Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,
Knows all our wants and has enough to give us.*

HOW. FAIR PEN.

CONSOLING thought! be hush'd ye rising
fears,
—Come Hope, deck'd in thy ever-winning
smiles,

Press'd to my heart, despondence disappears,
And lightly lie my sorrows and my toil.

God by his Providence hath led

From infant weakness up to man,

Hath flow'ry paths before me spread,

And, to complete his wisdom's plan,

Hath also sent Adversity,—

Chastis'd; but yet I'll not repine,

He'll still my kind Protector be,

And bless with strength *these hands of mine.*

Fair were my prospects, all around was gay,
I was industrious and my work was blest;
Contentment did her beauties all display,
And competency was my constant guest
My little charmers smil'd around,
Hung on my knees and lis'd their
love,

My peace, my comfort knew no bound,

I said my joys shall never move.

My wealth took wing—insidious fled—

My children—Oh my heart resigned—

Our FATHER took—but then he said,

I'll still support *these hands of mine.*

Again the scene I active acted o'er,—

Again, did ease, and love, and friendship
smile.

Again I gain'd of wealth an ample store,
And sweet contentment smoo'd the brow
of toil;

When *all at once* ruin reign'd,

And FIRE consum'd my gather'd
store—

But still his hand hath me sustain'd,

And I shall shortly sigh no more.

I now begin the WORLD a-new,

My heart is fix'd, I'll not decline

The contest, for His word is true,—

He will support *these hands of mine.*

Often have I heard the rising tempest roar,

Often the sun, fearful hide his head,

The battering rain in dashing torrents pour,

And all the forest with its ruins spread:

The sun again exert his sway,

Dispel the clouds, dispel our fears;

Sweet smell the flow'rs and all look
gay,

And nature smile amid her tears;—

So, tho' I feel the smarting stroke,

His love into my soul doth shine,

No power his goodness can revoke—
I know he'll bless *these hands of mine.*

Thus spoke my friend, as we in converse
sweet
Beguil'd the day, the moments quickly
fled;

I saw religion's triumph most complete,
And dark despondence hid her haggard
head.

I said, then bade adieu, thy words do prove
How sweet's dependence on the GOD OF
LOVE.

X.W.T.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ODE TO VICISSITUDE.

*"Nothing is so certain in this life as vicissitude and
uncertainty."*

HAIL! busy meddler in the scenes of life,
Again thy fickle hand may cast me down,
Or elevate above this world's vain strife,
I'll neither court thy smile nor fear thy
frown.

Season'd by past events, I'll stand my post,
Amid thy storms, and all thy rage defy;
Thy complicated evils, tho' all host!
Shall fail to shake a mind firm fix'd on
high.

To-day thy smiles may raise a drooping
mind,

And promise prospects ne'er to be enjoy'd;

To-morrow, thou to frown may'st be inclin'd,
When ev'ry flatt'ring hope will be de-
stroy'd.

Minds, fickle like thyself, thy smiles adore,
And vainly think the die is cast for good;
But, unobserv'd by thee, they soon deplore,
The sudden change, so illy understood.

While others, well experienc'd in thy school,
Will mock thy wanton tricks, and calmly
smile;

Nor heed thy threats, nor thy capricious
rule,

Since fortitude can all thy pow'rs beguile.

Thou'rt but a servant of th' all-ruling

Pow'r,

Wisely directed by th' unerring Hand;

Commission'd thence,—restrained ev'ry
hour,

When WISDOM, INFINITE, shall give
command.

Is this thy charter?—then, why need we
grieve?

INFINITE WISDOM can do nothing
wrong;

Strive then this truth, ye mortals, to believe,

And know, all changes must to GOD be-
long.

What then's *Vicissitude*, but Heav'n's decree?

What, smiles of fortune? or disasters
dire?

But what INFINITE WISDOM wills to be,
And what we *finite mortals* should admire.

Then hail VICISSITUDE! in every form,

Welcome to act thy part,—or fair or foul,

While WISDOM, INFINITE, directs the
stern,

INFINITE GOODNESS sanctifies the
whole.

OLIVIA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

STANZAS TO SUSAN.

WITH candour now, oh Susan tell,
If thou hast form'd a magic spell,
Or shot the mystic dart;
Does William wear the lover's chains?
If so, is there a hope remains
To cheer his grief-worn heart?

Is it for thee he heaves the sigh,
And pensive thought directs the eye
In vacant gaze to rove?
If so, oh Susan! haste to bless,
Nor longer cause such deep distress,
But let compassion move:

For sure a heart so pure as thine
Can ne'er permit his youth to pine,
And waste in sighs to air.
Behold his heal by grief opprest,
In pensive mood hangs o'er his breast—
No animation there.

Haste, ere the spring of life shall fade,
To lend thy sweet balsamic aid,
His precious life to save;
Let one sweet look, one lovely smile,
His heart of all its grief beguile,
And snatch him from the grave.

ANNA.

REPLY TO A MAID,

IN PAGE 32.

*"...When a Lady's in the case
"You know all other things give place."*

SOME censure may be cast on me,
If you a lady fair should be:
Yet charge me not with disrespect,
Nor yet accuse me of neglect;
Because, fair *Maid*, I thought you spoke
Like some young wags, who makes a joke
Of things so weighty in our lives
As taking or becoming wives.

Surmising this, and this being true,
No answer then I trust was due:
But notwithstanding what I've said
I'll now consider you a maid;
You're of that sex, I will suppose,
Whose charms can mitigate our woes:
Can make our grief and sorrows fly,
And give a zest to every joy.
So much premis'd, what rests behind
But candidly to seek my mind,—
An obligation due from me
Since you're so open and so free.

In entering on the married state
Methinks you're too precipitate:
You maids should look before you leap,
And should not hold yourselves too cheap.
Before you offer me your hand,
You ought at least to understand
My manners, disposition, temper,
And know if I am *idem semper*;
Or if in person I can please ye—
Lest Hymen's bond should prove uneasy.
But you from me fish maxims sly,
And cast behind all coy reserve:
To contradict me you make bold,
In that you're pleas'd to call me "old."
When I by age shall die, my dear,
Then you may as well quake for fear,
My heart I can't give if I would,
Nor neither would I if I could,
Before I've seen, and better know you,
Then I perhaps might give it to you.

BACHELOR.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. XXIV.

A NON-DESCRIPT.

It must be understood, that Mrs. Pawlet always carried about her a book of this sort, in which she inserted every thing that occurred to her in reading, or in reflection.—The multifariousness of the composition will then be explained.—Barclay spend it and read :

LIBER MEMORIALIS.

THE first of Plutarch's questions relating to the customs of the Romans is, "Why do they command those who are newly married, to touch fire and water?" This he answers philosophically, without ever thinking that fire and water are an admirable type of the agreement of man and wife.

To express marriage, the Ancients used the words, *uorem ducere*, to lead a wife. And such a term might be very significant in those days; but at present men in general who are about to marry, would, it is probable, express what they were going to do full as well by saying, *I am going to be led by a wife*.

The Aloides, two sons of Neptune, are said to have grown nine inches every month. I don't understand this. *Mom.* Consult Mr. Pawlet on this subject.

That carriages were never intended for young people, is signified by the word itself,—Carry—age.

Why is one who makes linen smooth by means of a press, said to mangle it, when to mangle is used, meaning to lacerate or tear to pieces?

I envy Miss Herschel her astronomical knowledge. What wonderful things she sees through her telescope. In the philosophical transactions of the Royal Society for 1796, I read a discovery made by Miss Caroline Herschel of a little Comet which had no Nucleus. Happy woman!

There are 4386 bones in the gills of a carp.

DUPERNOT.

In six months I read every Latin book in my library, from *propria que maribus* to *Lucretius de natura rerum*.

Suky must have originated from some pedant's calling his sweetheart *Suké*, my soul!

Quere.—Whether Domitian, the emperor, amused himself in killing flies or fleas? Suetonius, it is true, says "*muscas*," flies: but Watts, in his fifth edition of his Philosophical Essays on various subjects, tells us, at page 306, they were fleas. I hope for the emperor's sake, they were so.

What does Fuchsius say of health? It is not diet, but exercise that must be attended to. See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

In Switzerland they marry in mourning. An apparel well suited to the mournful occasion!

A good thing I said once.

Some one interceding with a cousin of mine for a foolish blockhead who pretended to be dying in love for her, accused her of hard-heartedness, and asked her if he

died, how she would reconcile it to herself? I directed her to say,

How! very well. His death itself will expiate the crime. Like the shepherd of Theocritus, I shall have sacrificed a CALE to love.

Plato was called originally Aristocles, which name was changed to Plato, on account of his having broad shoulders. We should, therefore, either call him Aristocles, or translate his name thus, as in Addison:

"Broad shoulders, thou reason'st well."

Ovid, for the same reason, instead of *Naso*, should be called *Nosey*.

Our errand boy is always blundering. I suppose he is called *errand* from *errare*, to err.

Musical men are the pleasing fools of nature; Poets are her glory. The first are all sound; the last combine sound and sense. I talk of happier days! The rage for levelling is now so prevalent that it has even crept in among our poets, who are reduced to the rank of musicians, for they deal in nothing but sound. This difference there is between them however, the latter are the more *pleasing fools* of the two.

The different import the same phrase bears in different countries is remarkable. *Il ait du plomb en sa teste*, *He has lead in his head*, is a French proverb for a solid, grave, wise man. We mean something very opposite by those words in English.

EPIGRAM

On one, who becoming suddenly rich, affected to forget his former acquaintance.

"Forget thee!" Ay, why stares the gaping elf?

Dost thou not see he has forgot himself?

Some people say of a wit, whom every dabbler wishes to degrade, "Oh! hang him, he'd sacrifice any friend for a joke." And this idea is founded on his having cut deeply half a dozen of those dolts, who are pleased to call themselves his friends. But I declare it as my opinion, that one good joke is dearly lost at the expence of a hundred such friends.

Petronius uses *humanior* in the sense of *nobilior*. So it should always be used — The more *humanity* a man has, the *nobler* he is.

A gulph without side or bottom! A more terrific idea cannot be conveyed in words so simple and so few.

It was the opinion of the Talmudists, that Adam had two wives, Lilis and Eve. The children of the former were all devils. *Query.* Is this bread extinct?

Why are those named *Mary* called *Polly*? There are now many Christian names which are by no means common, and such I imagine *Mary* to have been formerly. — At length so many were thus entitled, that it induced some wag to give them the second name of *Polly*, from the Greek word *poly*, which means *many*.

There! I have no doubt but the reader will think this a sufficient specimen of Mrs. Pawlet's memorandum-book, of which, as her tea, or her physic, a single taste will satisfy most people.

While taking a survey of the library, which was staffed with biblical knowledge, but, upon the whole, a valuable collection, Barclay heard some one on the stairs, and instantly resumed his occupation.

Presently the door opened, and the parson entered.

"Ah!" said he, looking about, "I tho't my wife would have been gone."

"Yes, sir!" replied Barclay, "she is gone, *I amque affectat Olympo.*"

"Ay, I know that!" returned the parson.

"Do you, sir?" said our hero; "then you know more than I do, for faith, I have no conception where Mrs. Pawlet is gone to."

"Oh! you do not understand,—eh!" he cried;—"she did not explain, then I will. It is an old joke of her's. She calls this vale in which we live, the *Vale of Tempe*, the river which meanders thro' it, *Peneus*, and the two hills, one on each side, *Ossa* and *Olympus*, on the latter of

which she never fails to walk at this hour of the day, to take the air, and indulge the musings of her mind."

Barclay now comprehended her meaning, and smiled.

"But, come," continued Mr. Pawlet, "put up your papers, and let us take the air also. I am going into the village with Pen. and you shall go along with us. You must not dudge here all the day, without some relaxation!"

Barclay thanked him for his kindness, and was soon ready to attend him.

It was the latter end of April, and the May, in the hedges, had filled the air with sweets, when the parson, with Penelope under his arm, who had merely added a straw hat to her dress, accompanied by our hero, and the little grey-hound, bent their steps up the path, towards the church. Barclay felt his heart bound with joy at the happiness of his situation, as he proceeded, conversing with Penelope and the parson on the exquisite beauty of the surrounding scenery. At length they arrived at the church, when they presently espied Mrs. Pawlet, at a great distance, on the summit of Olympus, sitting under a tree, which, the parson said, was a laurel of her own planting.

"But let us go down into the village," added he; "Pen. and I have a poor woman to visit, who is very unwell, and cannot stay to look about us any longer at present, when we have done our duty, we will return."

"And, I am sure," cried Barclay, "you will then both enjoy the prospect with a greater relish, as a reward for your miseration and benevolence. But if the poor woman is ill," said he, "had you not better call Mrs. Pawlet, and take her with you?"

Penelope smiled, and the parson replied,— "Oh! no, no; she wants no physic. Her mind is distressed thro' poverty and misfortune, and she only needs comfort, and a little pecuniary relief."

They now descended the hill, and in their way, Mr. Pawlet saying to Penelope that they would afterwards call on his brother, it immediately occurred to Barclay, that he had a letter of recommendation to him. This he instantly intimated to the parson, who said,

"Well, well, then there will be no necessity for me to introduce you. Therefore, while we pay our visit you shall go and pay your's, and we will join you there."

This being settled, and our hero informed that Mr. George Pawlet's house was at

the further end of the village, he left his amiable friends to pursue their charitable work, and set off to deliver his letter.

C H A P. XXV.

How to hang a lavum so as to make it tell to advantage.

—*Servants of a new description — Barclay sees a Venus. — The alarming consequence. — A young lady whose face the reader can have no idea of, and why. — Mrs. George explains why her husband can't go to heaven.*

BARCLAY proceeded to the extremity of the village, and then enquiring his way to Mr. Pawlet's, was directed to continue on the road for about a furlong, until he came to a grove of trees, which, said his informer, will lead you to his house.

Barclay obeyed his instructions, and presently arrived at an avenue, which he instantly recollected to have been the place where his fellow-traveller in the stage had alighted, and it immediately struck him, from his manner of talking, that he might be the identical person he was about to visit. This circumstance, though doubtful added to what his friend Von Hein had said of Mr. George Pawlet's family, as being of a very singular description, sharpened his curiosity to become better acquainted with them. Approaching therefore a great gate, at the entrance of this shady walk, which was a considerable distance from the house, he applied his hand to the bell. When, in fairy tales, the hero sounds the bingle of some enchanted castle, and two griffins appear to give him welcome, he is not more astonished than Barclay was at what immediately followed his application to the bell of Mr. Pawlet's house. By some ingenious piece of mechanism, by no means calculated, however, to promote the interests of *peace* and *quiet*, the bell at the gate was connected with every other bell about the premises, and so hung as to ring the changes in excellent time, which they continued to do, to the great astonishment of Barclay, for full five minutes, before any one appeared to demand his business.

It had long puzzled our hero to divine who Penelope's companions were when he saw her at Oxford, and he had not as yet had any opportunity of inquiring. During this musical interval, however, it forcibly suggested itself to him, that he should now get some further intelligence on the subject. With a confusion of uncertain ideas he waited patiently at the gate until the bells terminated their different changes with a grand clasp. Nobody came for some seconds after they had ceased, and Barclay began to think of withdrawing, for he was resolute

and not to touch *that* bell any more, let what would happen; and indeed it seemed unnecessary, for if they could not hear twenty bells, that rung throughout the whole place for five minutes together, there appeared but little chance of gaining an audience by repetition. He did not remain long, however, in suspense. An old looking man, a servant, opened the gate, and in a kind of recitative tone of voice, inquired his pleasure.

Barclay smiled, and replied, that he wished to see Mr. George Pawlet, or, if he was not in the way, any other part of the family.

His curiosity was so much excited, that he was determined not to go away without some further satisfaction.

"Follow, follow me!" said, or rather sung the fellow, in the same strain he had used before.

Barclay obeyed, and followed his guide up the avenue, which he perceived to be crowded with Apollos, Pans, &c. until he came to the hall-door of a very large mansion. He, the servant, having learnt his name, breathed it in a soft tone into the hall, which was instantly echoed by a second, a little louder, and soon after returned by a third, in a deeper tone. After bandying about the name of Barclay Temple, and making a sort of catch of it, which lasted two minutes, he was permitted to pass through several rooms, until he came to an anti-chamber, when his ears were saluted by a perfect concert. No one appeared but a man, apparently the butler, who muttered in the same recitative style, as his fellow-servant, "My lady cannot see you yet."

The concert lasted about a quarter of an hour, which time Barclay employed in examining the room, and contemplating some beautiful paintings of the old masters. He was, indeed, not only an amateur of the graphic art, but in no slight degree a professor; having learnt to draw when very young, and being remarkably attached to it, he had made considerable progress in the study. A *Venus* had riveted his attention, and he had placed one chair upon another, to observe it closer, and to enter into all its beauties; when, not thinking of the tottering state of his supporters, and moving something too much on one side, they all came to the ground together, with a crash that did not at all harmonize with the concert in the adjoining room. The instruments were all silent, and the servant was immediately summoned to know the cause of this discordant interruption. The man informed his mis-

tress of the fact, and at the same time introduced our hero to apologize for himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

I TAKE the liberty, through the medium of your paper, (as I have ever indeed found it a repository of usefulness and instruction) to request the opinion of some conscientious, but not superstitious person, upon some of the amusements and pleasures of the day, as to their propriety or impropriety; or, in fact, as has been asserted by some, their criminality or sinfulness. Having a propensity, as most young persons have, to pleasure, I have come to the determination to be guided by the opinion that I shall draw from a fair argumentation of the subject, by some one of your able correspondents; and I do assure you, that I will not be partial in my opinion, by any means, but quite the reverse.

One of the amusements in particular, viz. BILLIARDS, I wish very much to be determined about; whether, when merely played to spend an idle hour or for amusement, without making the smallest bet whatever on the game, it can, with any propriety be called a sin? It has been so called, and I have heard it asserted that to play the game in the manner above stated, was actually a sin. Now I am so blind at present, that I cannot see where the sin lies. I do confess, that if any sum of money whatever be staked upon the game, that it becomes a crime; because then it becomes gambling, and consequently will flush the winner with hope, and draw him from step to step, until at last it may end in his total ruin. Perhaps you may say, for that very reason it should be avoided, for fear of being attacked by those very temptations. I answer, He must indeed be a very weak mortal, who has not command enough of himself to refrain from that which he knows to be a crime.

As well might the childish play of marbles be denominated a sin; the two games in themselves are similar, they are both played with balls; the only difference is, that the one are made of common stone, and the other of ivory, and that one is driven forward by the hand, and the other with a stick: now I cannot see why any thing sinful can be attributed to an elephant's tooth more than to a stone, or how

the crime is greater by repelling a ball with a stick instead of the hand; or by playing on a table and in a room, instead of at the corner of a street, and on the ground; and think the greatest sin is to be attributed to the latter game instead of the former.

But I shall say no more on the subject; but wait with patience until some one more able to discuss the point than myself, takes it up; when I hope it will be done with all possible impartiality. Your's, &c.

TEN LOVE.

ANECDOTES.

Some one, in search of a physician, met with a man who possessed a secret that had the power of rendering those things visible which the eye could not otherwise perceive. Purchasing this charm, he went to a famous physician: at his door he beheld a crowd—of souls—they were the souls of those he had killed. All the physicians he visited were attended by a number of souls, more or less, and he of course felt no inclination to employ them. At length he was told of one that lived at some distance. At his door he saw only two little souls.—"Ah!" said he to himself, "this physician will do for me—this is a good one." He called upon him. The physician, astonished at seeing him, enquired how he came to know that he lived there? "How!" cried the other, "by means of the high reputation you have acquired." "Reputation!" exclaimed the physician, "why I have been here only eight days, and, as I hope to live, I have had but two patients since my arrival!"

On the occasion of a duel which lately took place in New-Jersey, the several spectators who accompanied the parties to the field, together with the two seconds, climbed the trees to be out of harm's way, while they saw fair play.—One of the parties, however, chose to terminate the affair by firing his pistol into the air, a thing unforeseen. The ball passed through the upper limbs of the very tree where the second of his antagonist had taken his post, and who was so much alarmed at the whistling of the bullet, that he fell, and broke his collar bone!—*Happily no lives were lost.*

A Gentleman one day came in upon his nephew, who was amusing himself with his violin—"I am afraid, Charles," says he, "you lose time with this fiddling." "I endeavour, sir, to keep time." "Don't you rather kill time?" "No, I only beat it."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Prov. xxii. 6.

TO all who have ever reflected on the human mind, the advice of Solomon must appear of the utmost importance. There never was a truth that manifested itself more clear to every observer of human nature, in its progress through life, than the advice of the wise man in the passage above quoted: but what a lamentable consideration is it, that (notwithstanding every parent, endowed with the least reflection, must bear testimony to this truth) so few are found to adopt the wise man's wholesome admonition. Were we to take cognizance of the conduct of mankind in general, we must conclude that the contrary of the above maxim had obtained in the world, and was pursued with the greatest assiduity and vigilance by those who have the important charge of bringing up children in the present day.

Let us for a moment metaphorize the subject.—Of what vast importance is it to a person setting out on a long and dangerous journey, to obtain the best information of the road in which he is to travel, but how much more important is it still, that he should *set out on the right road*: for if he intended travelling toward the east, and by mistake pursues his course, for a considerable time to the west, how irksome and tedious is it for him to trace back his steps: and when much fatigued, and after having wasted much time in the mistaken path, he has to recommence his journey afresh, how discouraged and unprepared will he find himself to prosecute the arduous journey he had intended to accomplish. It is exactly so with youth beginning to travel through the journey of this life; if they are misdirected in their first outset, how many weary and unprofitable steps must they take before they recover the right road; and when they have found it, how far are they behind those who set out aright, and have continued to prosecute their journey? As it cannot be expected that children can instruct themselves in this road, the duty consequently devolves on parents and guardians to give the proper direction, and in the words of Solomon, "train up a child in the way that he should go;" and the more so, as for this very forcible and cogent reason, because, "when he is old he will not depart from it." It is well known that the deepest and most lasting impressions are made

on the mind in early life;—and that bias it takes, or those prejudices it imbibes in youth, are the most difficult to be eradicated. How careful then ought parents to be in inculcating the principles of industry, honesty, honour, probity, benevolence, &c. early in the infant mind. But, alas! how seldom do we see this duty carefully performed in this day of modern refinement! How often rather do we see these propitious moments of youth totally neglected and overlooked!—Would I could stop here; but alas, the catastrophe is yet untold! How often do we see this important season of youth prostituted to idle and useless purposes, that are little less than criminal! I say little less than criminal; because the child is robbed of an opportunity that never can be regained. It is well known, that a child can pursue but one object at a time with avidity and profit; and the prevailing object will be that which most strongly engages the passions. Hence we find children anticipating and calculating upon the pleasures of the succeeding day, as if the whole soul had no other object in pursuit. How culpable then are those parents, who, instead of cultivating this favourable season, to store the mind with useful knowledge, and to impress it with pious truths and just principles, are encouraging their children (especially that sex which claims their greatest solicitude) to attend Balls, Plays, &c. two or three times a week! and too often to waste the remainder of it, in learning to be musicians! instead of furnishing their minds with that useful knowledge, which alone can fit them for their future stations in life, and make them good members of society. What a fatal mistake is this in parents, if they think these accomplishments will recommend them to an advantageous connexion in life.

Where is the man of sense that would ever prefer a woman for her dancing and music, to one who has the accomplishment of a well informed and sentimental mind, and a discreet housewife? However men may flatter them for their fashionable accomplishments, few are silly enough to prefer them for wives.

It will be said, that young ladies may not only be accomplished in music and dancing, but obtain at the same time all the other necessary qualifications to become good wives, good mothers, and useful members of society. I deny the assertion, and will maintain, that if due attention is paid to *music and dancing*, the mind will be unfitted in a great measure to improve itself in other more necessary and more essential accomplishment. —But should the assertion be granted, yet

the words of Solomon as fully apply in the negative position as in the positive: for a child trained up in the way it should *not* go, will be as liable to pursue the same path, as the child trained up in the way he should go.

It may also be said that dancing gives them a grace and elegance in walking, &c. I grant it, and I admire that grace and elegance in the female carriage; but I would ask, if that grace and elegance, cannot be obtained at a much cheaper rate than the waste of so much precious time, and the loss of those embellishments of the mind that are of such vastly superior importance! independent of that vanity and folly which are the constant concomitants of such acquisitions.—In communicating these observations to the public I would not be understood as intending to give any offence; if I am erroneous in what I have advanced, I trust some person better acquainted with the subject will in candour set me right.

Much more might have been said on the disadvantages and impropriety of such a mode of bringing up youth; but enough at present.

O****.

—*—*—*—
FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"The best way to learn any Art or Science is to begin with a regular system."

WATTS.

TO be convinced that the first principles of all arts and sciences are, or ought to be esteemed as highly important and deeply interesting, we need only to appeal to those who have been conspicuously eminent in the various departments of learning. Their experience will inform us, that for advancement in every branch of science, the foundation, in order to be solid and lasting, must be laid in a thorough knowledge of the first rules, or fundamental principles; and that this knowledge must necessarily be obtained by the student upon his first entering his career in the field of science. As early impressions are generally deep and permanent, it is of the highest importance that they be made by a skilful artist, and be of the fairest and most useful kind; otherwise the whole progress of the pupil will be but one series of random, doubt, error, uncertainty, and confusion. Where the foundation is laid by a masterly hand; when good principles and regular habits are rooted and firmly fixed; when the path in which the learner is to tread, is plainly prescribed, and fairly delineated, he may advance with safety, firmness and ease, pursue his art with pleasure, satisfaction and utility,

and will not fail to arrive, in a short time, to a grade of distinguished eminence.

From these reflections, we are naturally led to take a view of those talents and qualifications which it is requisite that a teacher should possess, in order that the result of his labours may be proficiency and advantage to the pupil, as well as satisfaction and reputation to himself. Hence it will appear in the most striking light, that it is of the highest importance that he have full, comprehensive, distinct and clear ideas of the art he proposes to teach, in all and every of its branches and parts; and that he be able, in a methodical, impressive and masterly manner, to communicate, with ease and perspicuity, those fundamental and leading principles which are to direct and guide his pupil in the path of science.

Self-evident as these positions are, it is no less a lamentable truth proved by daily observation and painful experience, that in many of the arts and sciences, numerous are the instances of those who profess to teach that with which they themselves are but partially and superficially acquainted. But, how glaringly absurd must be the supposition, that any person who has only an *imperfect* knowledge of an art or science, can possibly teach, or communicate it *perfectly* to another? Miserable, indeed, must be that guide who is ignorant of the art he professes! and doubly miserable the ill-fated person who is under his tutelage, and who, like a vessel without compass and rudder, is eternally exposed to the mercy of chance and uncertainty, and liable to be shipwrecked in the vortices of ignorance and despair!

The preceding observations, it will be evident, appear to have no specific object as their point: the reader is, therefore, respectfully informed, that they are designed merely as preliminary to an intended *Series of Essays on the Science of Music*; in order to prepare his mind for some remarks, which will incidentally arise out of the subject, and which, as they would be referable to some introduction, could only be illustrated or corroborated by it as a foundation.

PYTHAGORICUS.

FATAL EFFECTS OF GAMING; OR, THE HISTORY OF MISS BRADDOCK. A TRUE STORY.

Miss Frances Braddock was descended from one of the best families in England, and came into possession of a large fortune upon her sister's decease. She had early

in life been introduced into the best company, and contracted a passion for elegance and expence. It is usual to make the heroine of a story very witty and very beautiful; and such circumstances are so surely expected, that they are scarce attended to. But whatever the finest poet could conceive of wit, or the most celebrated painter imagine of beauty, were excelled in the perfections of this young lady. Her superiority was allowed by all who had either seen or heard her. She was naturally gay, generous to a fault, good-natured to the highest degree, affable in conversation; and some of her letters and other writings, as well in verse as prose, would have shone amongst those of the most celebrated wits of this or any other age, had they been published.

But these great qualifications were marked by another, which lessened the value of them all:—she was imprudent! But let it not be imagined that her reputation or honour suffered by her imprudence; I only mean, she had no knowledge of the use of money; she relieved distress, by putting herself into the circumstances of the object whose wants she supplied.

She was arrived at the age of nineteen, when the crowd of her lovers, and the continual repetition of new flattery, had taught her to think she could never be forsaken, and never poor. Young ladies are apt to expect a certainty of success from a number of lovers; and yet I have seldom seen a girl courted by an hundred lovers, that found an husband in any. Before the choice is fixed, she has either lost her reputation, or her sense; and the loss of either is sufficient to consign her to perpetual virginity.

Among the number of this young lady's lovers, was the celebrated S—, who at that time went by the name of the Good-natured Man. This gentleman, with talents that might have done honour to humanity, suffered himself to fall into the lowest state of debasement. He followed the dictates of every new passion; his love, his pity, his generosity, and even his friendships, were all in excess. He was unable to make head against any of his sensations or desires, but they were in general worthy wishes and desires, for he was constitutionally virtuous. This gentleman, who at last died in a jail, was at that time this lady's envied favourite.

It is probable that he, thoughtless creature, had no other prospect from this amour, than that of passing the present moments agreeable, he only courted dissipation; but the lady's thoughts were fixed on happiness. At length, however, his debts

amounting to a considerable sum, he was arrested, and thrown into prison. He endeavoured at first to conceal his situation from his beautiful mistress; but she soon came to a knowledge of his distress, and took a fatal resolution of freeing him from confinement, by discharging all the demands of his creditors.

Mr. N— was at this time in London, and represented to the thoughtless young lady, that such a measure would effectually ruin both; that so warm a concern for the interests of Mr. S—, would in the first place quite impair her fortune in the eyes of our sex, and what is worse, lessen her reputation in those of her own. He added, that thus bringing Mr. S— from prison would be only a temporary relief; that a mind so generous as his, would become bankrupt under the load of gratitude; and instead of improving in friendship or affection, he would study to avoid a creditor he could never repay; that though small favours produce good will, great ones destroy friendship. These admonitions, however, were disregarded, and she too late found the prudence and truth of her adviser. In short, her fortune was by this means exhausted, and, with all her attractions, she found her acquaintance began to dis-esteem her in proportion as she became poor.

In this situation she accepted Mr. N—'s invitation of returning to Bath; he promised to introduce her to the best company there, and he assured her that her merit would do the rest. Upon her very appearance ladies of the highest distinction courted her friendship and esteem; but a settled melancholy had taken possession of her mind, and no amusements that they could propose were sufficient to divert it. Yet still, as if from habit, she followed the crowd in its levities, and frequented those places where all persons endeavour to forget themselves in the bustle of ceremony and show.

Her beauty, her simplicity, and her unguarded situation, soon drew the attention of a designing wretch, who at that time kept one of the rooms at Bath, and who thought that this lady's merit, properly managed, might turn to good account. This woman's name was Danc Lindsay, a creature who, though vicious, was in appearance sanctified; and though designing, had some wit and humour. She began by the humblest assiduity to ingratiate herself with Miss Braddock; shewed that she could be amusing as a companion, and by frequent offers of money proved that she could be useful as a friend. Thus by degrees she gained an entire ascendancy over this poor, thoughtless, deserted girl; and in less than

one year, Miss Braddock, without ever transgressing the laws of virtue, had entirely lost her reputation. Whenever a person was wanting to make up a party for play at Dame *Lindsey's*, Sylvia, as she was then familiarly called, was obliged to suffer all those slights which the rich but too often let fall upon their inferiors in point of fortune.

In most, even the greatest minds, the heart at last becomes level with the meanness of its condition; but in this charming girl it struggled hard with adversity, and yielded to every incroachment of contempt with sullen reluctance.

But though in the course of three years she was in the very eye of public inspection, yet Mr. Wood the architect avers, that he could never, by the strictest observations, perceive her to be tainted with any other vice, than that of suffering herself to be decoyed to the gaming table, and, at her own hazard, playing for the amusement and advantage of others. Her friend, Mr. N—, therefore thought proper to induce her to break off all connections with Dame *Lindsey*, and to rent part of Wood's house, in Queen's-Square, where she behaved with the utmost complaisance, regularity and virtue.

In this situation her detestation of life continued; she found that time would infallibly deprive her of part of her attractions, and that continued solitude would impair the rest. With these reflections she would frequently entertain herself, and an old faithful maid, in the vales of Bath, whenever the weather would permit them to walk out*. She would even sometimes start questions in company, with seeming unconcern, in order to know what act of suicide was easiest, and which was attended with the smallest pain. When tired with exercise, she generally retired to meditation, and she became habituated to early hours of sleep and rest. But when the weather prevented her usual exercise, and her sleep was thus more difficult, she made it a rule to rise from her bed, and walk about her chamber, till she began to find an inclination for repose.

This custom made it necessary for her to order a candle to be kept all night in her room. And the maid usually, when she withdrew, locked the chamber door, and pushing the key beyond reach, her mistress by that constant method lay undisturbed till seven o'clock in the morning; then she

arose, unlocked the door, and rang the bell as a signal for the maid to return.

Mr. Wood and part of his family were gone to London; Miss Braddock was left with the rest as a governess at Bath. She sometimes saw Mr. N—, and acknowledged the friendship of his admonitions, though she refused to accept any other marks of his generosity than that of advice. Upon the close of the day in which Mr. Wood was expected to return from London, she expressed some uneasiness at the disappointment of not seeing him; took particular care to settle the affairs of his family; and then, as usual, sat down to meditation. She now cast a retrospect over her past misconduct, and her approaching misery: she saw that even affluence gave her no real happiness, and from indigence she thought nothing could be hoped but lingering calamity. She at length conceived the fatal resolution of leaving a life, in which she could see no corner for comfort, and terminating a scene of imprudence in suicide.

Thus resolved, she sat down to her dining-room window, and with cool intrepidity wrote the following elegant lines on one of the panes of the window:

"Oh, Death! thou pleasing end of human woe!
Thou cure for life!—thou greatest good below!
I will say so: when thy coward aid the slave,
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave!"

She then went into company with the most cheerful serenity, talked of indifferent subject till supper, which she ordered to be got ready in a little library belonging to the family. There she spent the remaining hours, preceding bed-time, in dandling top of Mr. Wood's children on her knees. In retiring from thence to her chamber, she went into the nursery, to take her leave of another child, as it lay sleeping in a cradle. Struck with the innocence of the little babe's looks, and the consciousness of meditated guilt, she could not avoid bursting into tears, and hugging it in her arms; she then bid her servant good night, for the first time she had ever done so, and went to bed as usual.

It is probable she soon quitted her bed, and was seized with an alternation of passions, before she yielded to the impulse of despair. She dressed herself in clean lin-

* On reading these lines, a gentleman could not avoid exclaiming—

"Oh, dice! ye false diverters of our woe!
Ye waste of life, ye greatest curse below!
May ne'er good sense again become your slave;
Nor your false charms allure and cheat the brave!"

en, and white garments of every kind, like a bride-maid. Her gown was pinned over her breast, just as a nurse pins the swaddling clothes of an infant. A pink silk girdle was the instrument with which she resolved to terminate her misery, and this was lengthened by another made of gold thread. The end of the former was tied with a noose, and the latter with three knots, at a small distance from one another.

Thus prepared she sat down again and read; for she left the book open at that place in the story of *Olympia* in the *Orlando Furioso* of *Ariosto*, where, by the perfidy and ingratitude of her bosom friend, she was ruined, and left to the mercy of an unpitiful world. This tragical event gave her fresh spirits to go through her fatal purpose; so standing upon a stool, and flinging the girdle, which was tied round her neck, over a closet door that opened into her chamber, she remained suspended. Her weight, however, broke the girdle, and the poor despairer fell upon the floor with such violence, that her fall awakened a workman, that lay in the house, about half an hour after two o'clock.

Recovering herself, she began to walk about the room as her usual custom was when she wanted sleep; and the workman, imagining it to be only some ordinary accident, again went to sleep. She once more, therefore, had recourse to a stronger girdle, made of silver thread, and this kept her suspended till she died.

Her old maid continued in the morning to wait as usual for the ringing of the bell, and protracted her patience, hour after hour, till two o'clock in the afternoon; when the workman at length entering the room, through the window, found their unfortunate mistress hanging, and quite cold. The coroner's jury being impanelled, brought in their verdict *Lacynacy*; and her corpse was next night decently buried in her father's grave at the charge of a female companion, with whom she had for many years an inseparable intimacy.

Thus ended a female wit, a toast, and a gamester; loved, admired, and forsaken. Formed for the delight of society, fallen by imprudence into an object of pity.

* She was kept just suspended, till the natural struggles for life tortured her to death; and, in dying, made her bite her own tongue through in several places. When life had left her body it stretched to such a degree, that her ankles bene touched the floor of the room; and her hand was so strongly clinched about the key of the door, that the strength of her arm must have operated against her neck during the whole time of her dying.

* A contemporary writer says she had been heard to say, after the last stroke given to her fortune, that no one should be ever sensible of her necessities, were they at the last extremity.

Hundreds in high life lamented her fate, and wished, when too late, to redress her injuries. They who once helped to impair her fortune, now regretted that they had assisted in so mean a pursuit. The little effects that she had left behind, were bought up, with the greatest avidity, by those who desired to preserve some token of a companion that once had given such delight. The remembrance of every virtue she was possessed of, was now improved by pity. Her former follies were few; but the last swelled them to a large amount; and remains the strongest instance to posterity, that want of prudence alone almost cancels every other virtue.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET XIX.

ON FEMALE BENEFICENCE.

*Her hand, beneficent and kind,
Oft wipes the tears from sorrow's eye.*

E. HOPKINSON.

To Mrs. M——

IF, for the ills of life, the heart expand,
While Sympathy her tearful tribute pays;
And if Benevolence deserve our praise,—
What greater praises claims the *liberal*
hand!—

When that soft sensibility benign,
Which glows within the virtuous female's
b3ast,

Raises the drooping, comforts the distressed,
And grateful scatters round its beams di-
vine—

As thus Benevolence imparts its pow'r,
Sickness and Sorrow, Poverty and Woe,
Feel the full heart with gratitude o'er-
flow,

The giver bless, and Providence adore.

SYLVIA, accept the lay—'tis justly due
To Goodness, to Benevolence and You.
AMYNTOR.

An Indian Prince one day desirous to try the sincerity of his courtiers, ordered an infusion of tobacco to be served up instead of coffee. As soon as they had tasted it, they looked at each other with amazement, and then cast a timid glance towards their master, who took his cup, and praised it highly. "Excellent! excellent!" re-echoed the courtiers, and they drank their portions to the dregs. Such is the nature of courtiers, and such men there are under all masters.

PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 20, 1802.

There is no class of men, in the common pursuits of life, exposed to more dangers than seamen; and there is none perhaps, that experience more remarkable escapes and deliverances. These are often so surprising as to excite wonder and astonishment. We think the following recent example worthy of being recorded.—A young lad on board the ship *Wilmington* (which arrived at this port on Monday last) in her passage from Lisbon, fell overboard one day in a heavy sea. He was immediately discovered, but the ship was making way so fast, that he was distanced at least a mile and half before she could be brought too, and the boat thrown out. By this time those on the deck had entirely lost sight of him; but a man from the mast-head still thought he could perceive him beating among the waves; and though it was deemed doubtful whether the boat could live in such a rough sea, yet the crew generously determined to make an effort to save him. The boat set off, the man at the mast-head directing their course as near as he could. They however, passed some distance beyond him; when hallowing "Bill," the lad made an effort and raised himself, by which means he was discovered, and taken in. Being an excellent swimmer, he had had the address and presence of mind to take off all his clothes in the water, jacket, trousers, and shoes, and was stripped to the shirt. This circumstance, taken in connection with the time he must have struggled with the boisterous waves, is truly astonishing; and more especially considering his youth, being only about 15 years of age. He is a son of Mr. James Hines, resident of Southwark.

Marriages.

*Come, ruby-lip, rosy-cheek, dimpling young beauty,
Now I, men in waiting to touch your Lewd's duties;
Quick close out your partners, and seize on life's
treasures.
Remember, in youth and health are your best pleasures.*
AMYNTOR.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Green, Mr. U. G. Garret of Delaware, to Miss Elizabeth Brooks, of this city...On the 18th, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Israel Jones, to Miss Susannah Bell...Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Helmuth, Mr. Adolph Eringhaus, merchant of Hamburg, to Mrs. Susannah Laufer, of this city.

—At Mr. Breton's place, on the 17th, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. B. Cenas, to Miss Catharine Paulina Baker, both of this city.

—At Woodbury, (N. J.) on the 12th inst. by Jonathan Harker, Esq. Mr. William Marchon, aged sixty-seven years, to Miss Ann Walters, aged sixteen!

—On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. John Trump, to Miss Rachel Whitten, both of Lower Dublin Township.

Deaths.

*Tho' Wit affect to smile at Heaven's and Hell,
Mark, how they tremble at the fun rail knell.
Man's short support, meat, hence, religion he,
Thro' life, in death, and for eternity.*
AMYNTOR.

DIED, at Dover, on the 4th inst. John Vining, Esq. member of the Senate of Delaware.

—At Fort-James (Georgia) on the 1st ult. Dr. William A. M'Crea, late from Philadelphia.

—At his seat in Andover, Massachusetts, after a lingering and painful illness, the Hon. Samuel Philips, lieutenant governor of that commonwealth.

—At Barbadoes, on the 25th of December, Mrs. Hustler, wife of Mr. William Hustler, and daughter of George Mead, Esq., all of this city.

—At Georgetown, on the night of the 10th inst. Mrs. Rebecca Stoddart, the wife of Major Benjamin Stoddart, late secretary of the Navy of the United States of America.

—At Baltimore, on the 15th inst. Mrs. Ann Eleanor Williamer, aged one hundred and three years, three months, and fourteen days!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Lines on the Winter of 1796,"—"Elegy to the memory of the Author's Father,"—"Sonnet to Hope," and other poetical effusions will appear as soon as possible.

"The Commentator, No. 25," and "The Lazy Preacher," will be given in succession.—Morality is good, very good,—most excellent; but in a publication such as the Repository, variety is indispensably necessary—hence the delay.

T. W. de la Tienda's reply to J. C.'s last communication on the subject of the Muses, does not appear to throw any new light upon it: in fact the subject seems to be exhausted, and its further prosecution would only prove tiresome to the reader.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 17th payment of 25 cents, will be collected on Saturday next by the Carriers.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

The following poetical effusion was not the mere exuberance of imagination, but occasioned by a matter of fact; and as such I present it to you. If you think it worthy a place in your useful Repository, the insertion will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

ADDRESS

OF A MOTHER TO HER INFANT.

SLEEP on my babe, in gentle slumber sleep,
For lo! thy mother sits attendant by,
To guard thy couch with watchfulness, and keep
From thee, each fly that hovers buzzing nigh.

Thy youthful breast as yet to care unknown,
Soon must the poignant sting of sorrow swell;
For who can claim that happiness their own,
Which gen'rous souls can't find tho' acting well?

When first thy mind begins like Sol to shine,
And ope with splendor as his morning rays;
Then shall the pleasing, tender task be mine,
To teach thy lisping lips a song of praise

To HIM, who ever bounteous, ever good,
Dispenses blessings with "unsparing hand;"

Who fills the mouths of ev'ry one with food,
And scatters plenty o'er our happy land.

To guide thy steps in wisdom's sacred walk,
Shall ever be thy mother's sweet employ;
Thy infant pleasures and endearing talk,
Will cause her grateful heart t' o'erflow with joy.

"PARENT OF SEASONS" with thy beam-
ing eye,

Look on my little boy, do thou him guard
From ev'ry harm, from ev'ry danger nigh,
And let him claim thy tender, kind regard.

For oh! his father, cruel and unkind,
Scorn'd the bright dictates parent nature gave,

Deserted, left his wife and son behind,
Sought flight, but found a gaping horrid grave.

AMELIA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

— LINES ON MUSIC.

MUSIC has pow'r to raise, or to controll
The various passions of the human breast;
To swell to rage the feelings of the soul,
Hush them to peace, and lull each care to rest;

Add glowing fervor to devotion's fire,
Above the world to raise the mind of man;
To kindle in the bosom soft desire;
Or fiercest anger's deadly flame to fan.

When the shrill trumpet's sound invades the ear,

The warrior's breast with brighter courage glows;
When the soft breathings of the flute we hear,
Thro' all the soul, the gentle influence flows.

When slow the master strikes the tuneful strings,

The yielding breast the soft impulse obeys;
A soft, a low, a mournful strain he sings,
And saddest feelings in the bosom raise.

Th' obedient soul is wrapt in deepest gloom,
The solemn sounds call forth the rising sigh;

But let him livelier, quicker strains resume,
And joy and transport brighten ev'ry eye.

But who, unmov'd, can hear the pleasing sounds,

Which oft at midnight burst upon the ear?
When ev'ry feeling heart with rapture bounds,

While fav'ring silence reigns thro' all the air.

When cloudless is the sky, tranquil the plain,
And sweet and fragrant blows the balmy gale,

Oft do I listen to the pleasing strain,
Till balmy slumbers o'er my senses steal.

Oh! could I strike the tuneful strings with skill,

Then, while the summer's gentle gales prevail,

When nature's wrapt in sleep, and all is still,
Sweet sounds should float upon the midnight gale:

And as arose the sweet, melodious sound,
Borne on the air towards the glittering skies,

Light-wing'd fancy through the air should bound,

And on her wings th' aspiring soul should rise.

CARLOS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

— A TALE.

'T WAS when the winter frown'd severe,
And lower'd in the sky;
When frozen streams and leafless trees
Struck sullen on the eye:

When herds and flocks no longer graz'd
Upon the cheerless plain,

And all the songsters of the woods
Had quite forgot their strain:

Maria heard the voice of grief

Steal softly on her ear,
Which said, in feeble accents sad,
Oh lady stop and hear!

The lovely maid, of whom distress
Ne'er ask'd relief in vain,
Who never heard the tale of grief
With coldness or disdain,

With kindness turn'd to view the wretch
Who thus assistance sought,
While ev'ry feature of her face
With heav'nly love was fraught.

Forgive me lady, then she cried,
That I implore relief;

But save a widow from despair,
And me the child of grief.

She long with sorrow, long has striv'd,
And now is pinch'd by want;
The freezing blast blows thro' her hut—
Oh then assistance grant.

Maria heard, nor heard unmov'd
This simple tale of woe,
And while she gave relief, she let
The tears of pity flow.

And where, poor hapless girl, she cried,
Does thy poor mother dwell?
In yonder cot, the girl replied,
Which borders on the dell.

Then let us go, Maria said,
To see your mother there—
And will you go? she cried with joy,
And save her from despair.

Oh thank you lady—let us haste
For I've been long away,
And my poor mother has not eat
A morsel yet to-day.

Rough was the road, bleak blew the wind,
As they their path pursu'd,
The wretched hut was near in sight—
Sad, cheerless, low and rude.

The wintry storm had torn the thatch
To ruin going fast,
While in the casement many a hole
Gave entrance to the blast.

Arriv'd, Maria view'd with pain,
The sadness spread around,
The barren wall, the cheerless hearth,
The damp and chilly ground.

On the cold earth the mother laid,
And seem'd the ground to hug,
Her feeble limbs were cover'd o'er
With one poor tatter'd rug.

See mother, see! her daughter cried,
The money I possess,
And there the blessed lady stands
Who pitied our distress.

Alas my child! the mother cried,
It is too late I fear,
Grief long has press'd, now famine threatens,
The grave I trust is near.

But who, ah who! she faintly cried,
My orphan child will shield?
Ah Henry! Henry! where art thou—
Fall'n on the hostile field.

She could no more—Maria gaz'd,
Nor could her heart controul;
The feeble voice, as if well known,
Had deeply touch'd her soul.

Do not despair, she sweetly said,
Nor yet reject relief,
Heav'n yet may send, in kindness send
—A balm for ev'ry grief.

Rous'd by the sounds the feeble wretch
Rais'd up her grief-swoln eyes,
And on Maria piercing gaz'd
With wonder and surprise.

Almighty Pow'r, she quickly cried,
Whence was that well-known sound?
It is, it is, my sister—yes—
Then swoon'd upon the ground.

CLIO.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,



AND

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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

WHETHER it was on account of having been interrupted, or through the vanity of displaying before Barclay, I cannot say, but Mrs. George Pawlet gave him plenty of time to recover from his confusion, by turning round to the Abbe Dupont, the moment our hero entered, and saying,

"Allons, Monsieur l'Abbe. De capo."

To which he replying,
"Vedontiers, Madame"—

they all began again, and Barclay was left for a quarter of an hour longer with his hands before him, looking about in a very sheepish but inquisitive way.

He had now a fair opportunity to reconnoitre, and he did not neglect it. The first person of the four that attracted his notice was the Abbe, who, it seemed had a *passee par tout*. His knowledge of music was a sufficient introduction for him to the good graces of Mrs. George. He sat with a violincello between his legs, thrumming away close to a grand piano forte, at which Mrs. George presided, whom Barclay instantly recognized to be the whimsical looking, little, thin lady he had seen at Oxford; and by her side, playing on the flute, stood the identical overgrown, clumsy youth, who had accompanied her flither with Penelope. The fourth person who completed this amiable quartetto, was a young lady, his sister, who played on the harp. I would willingly describe

her, but I fear I can never do her justice. She was somewhat more than four foot in height, a foot and a half of which were devoted to her face, and of that six inches for her chin, and six for her forehead.—"Of her physiognomy," to use the words of Barclay's mistress, "you can have no idea, as there is nothing in your mind to which you can compare it, and without comparison we can have no ideas." Of her countenance I can merely say, that it was that of a satyr, and of her form, after mentioning her height, I have only to observe, that she was *as crooked as the rib from whence she sprung*; and so far a type of her mind, which was satirical, envious and perverse. She seemed, indeed, to verify in herself what the *Talmud* says of the whole sex.

From the manner of the players, Barclay could easily perceive, that the Abbe had, in telling the news of the village, informed them of his arrival, and of their meeting the night before. Mrs. George, and her son, master Stephen, eyed him whenever they came to a rest. The Abbe, whose face was directed towards him, had once or twice, when he caught his eye, grinned graciously, and honoured him with a gentle inclination of his head. But Miss Phillis, who sat with the harp between her knees, and stretched out her long thin arms to embrace it, looking in that attitude for all the world like a father-long-legs, in particular, kept her large eyes goggling on him with evident delight.

At length the piece was finished, and Barclay rising, approached Mrs. George, and begged pardon for having disturbed what he called "her excellent and delicious harmony."

At this compliment she smiled, and requesting he should resume his seat, asked him, instead of the cause of his visit,

which seemed to be the most natural question, "whether he played on any instrument?"

"No, madam," replied Barclay, "I am unfortunate enough not to have had any opportunity of learning;—but still no man enjoys more than I do what the poet terms,

The mazy running soul of melody.

THOMPSON.

"A great pity that indeed!" cried she; "how education is neglected in this country, monsieur l'Abbe?"

"Etonnant!" ejaculated the Abbe.

"Well, thank heaven," continued she, "my children will not be able to complain of me on that account."

"Non madame,—*jamais, never!*" cried the abbe; then turning round to master Stephen and his sister, he said, "See dere vat it is to have de cood moder!"

Though Barclay's mind revolted at the servile flattery of the Abbe, yet seeing she was so well pleased with it, that not to acquiesce would be to insult, he adopted the most conciliating mode.

A short silence now ensued, that is, a short silence of tongues, but not of sound, for during the time Mrs. George was conversing with Barclay, she kept her fingers continually on the piano, running up and down the keys with great velocity, and to herself with much apparent satisfaction. Our hero took advantage of the cessation of speech, and said, "But it is time, madam, that I should inform you of the cause of my intrusion. I have a letter from my friend, Mr. Von Hein, which I wish to deliver to Mr. George Pawlet, your husband, I believe."

"Yes, yes," she replied, "you are right—he is my husband, but a heavy man, no soul for music, sir! One of those men who

who ought not to be on earth, and will never go to heaven."

Barclay looked at her with surprise.

"You seem astonished, sir," continued she, "at what I assert, therefore I'll explain myself. You know that Shakspeare says, 'that he who has not music in his soul is fit for murders, &c.' of course, then he ought not to be on earth; next, as we are well assured that in heaven there reigns the most perfect harmony, and that all the inhabitants join in perpetual songs, it of consequence follows, that as he cannot sing a single note, he will never go thither."

Here Monsieur l'Abbe, Mrs. George, and her hopeful children, burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, the abbe exclaiming,

"Don, ton!" He no sing, and he will never go didder."

Though shocked at their unbecoming levity, Barclay could not help smiling at the manner in which the parson's wife and Mrs. George Pawlet had contrived to exclude their husband's from heaven, because the one did not understand Hebrew, and the other could not sing.

During this loud laugh at Mr. George Pawlet's expense, he opened the door. Barclay immediately knew him to be the stranger he had travelled with in the stage, and rose from his seat, so did the abbe, but the rest took no notice of him. While still holding the door in his hand, he saw Barclay, and made a motion to signify that he should follow him, which he instantly did, bowing respectfully as he withdrew.

C H A P. XXVI.

Mr. Pawlet opens his family affairs to Barclay.—The origin of his misfortunes.—A perfect man and wife.—The merchant's dislike to music well accounted for in an epigram.—He thinks of two things he never thought of before.—Consolatory advice.—Religion.—its beauties.—The Trinity.—Observations on it.

"I AM glad to see you sir," said Mr. Pawlet, as he led Barclay through the hall into the garden; "I take it kind of you to come so soon. I was just going to visit you. I suppose you described me to my brother, and he told you that I lived here."

"No, sir," replied Barclay, "this meeting is owing to a different cause, which this letter will explain."

Here he presented him with his friend's recommendatory epistle, which Mr. Pawlet took and perused. When he had finished it, he offered our hero his hand, and giving him a friendly shake, he said,

"You are welcome, Mr. Temple: I'll do what ever I can to serve you. I was

prepossessed in your favour before, but now you come so strongly recommended, I hope you shall be friends."

Barclay bowed, and replied, "That he was highly sensible of his goodness."

"I wanted a friend!" said Mr. Pawlet.

"That," rejoined Barclay, "is no uncommon case."

"True," continued he, "but I am miserably at a loss for one in whom to confide. I am, sir, a stranger in my own family. No one loves, no one cares for me,—I have no comfort; all abandon me!"

As he uttered these words in a tremulous tone, Barclay perceived the agitation of his feelings from the distortion of his lips; but his eyes were free from tears. "You affect me sir," said our hero, "and I know not what to say to relieve you."

"Alas," he replied, "there is no relief for me. It is now too late to think of any. I am an unhappy man, and so I must remain."

We are but too fond of dwelling upon our sorrows, and pouring them into the ear of every one we meet. Mr. Pawlet could not withhold his from Barclay. His misfortunes, like many other men's, originated in a woman. His marriage with Mrs. Pawlet was the cause of all his present complaint. While employed in his commercial concerns, he had occasion to go to Florence on some urgent business. He was then about thirty. During the arrangement of his affairs, he indulged, like all other foreigners, in the amusements and gaieties of the place. Here he met with his wife. She was an English woman, and had married a man of fortune in England, where they had two children, when her husband falling ill, and being advised to go to Italy, they left their children behind them, and set off for the sake of his recovery. After consuming some years in different parts, her husband died, leaving her only a small provision; but provided very amply for the two children. She had imbibed all the manners of Italy, and with the assistance of the best masters, had made herself a great proficient in the practical part of music, with some little smattering of the theory. When Mr. Pawlet first saw her she was a widow, full of spirit, mirth, and good humour. Her execution on the piano enchanted him; and her voice, like that of the Syrens, enticed him into the gulph of matrimony.

No people were ever better calculated to be what is emphatically, and pointedly, called *man and wife*;—They were alike in no two things on earth. She was a little

thin woman, with all the airs of a foreigner: he was, on the contrary, a man of the true *Bull-breed*; about five feet three in height, his head large and round, his face flat, a protuberant belly, thick, but well-formed, legs and thighs, broad shoulders and of a solid but not very sensible countenance. She was entirely for music and expence; so was he when he was in love, at Florence; but in England he was for tranquillity and frugality. Indeed he was parsimonious to a fault. He knew what it was to work hard for his money; and his affection therefore for it was as great as his antipathy to music, which constantly put him in mind of Florence. As he was so partial to gold, perhaps his dislike to music might be traced to another cause. I remember an epigram, written in Latin by a modern epigrammatist, the substance of which I shall just put into verse, and then leave the reader to judge.

EPIGRAM.

A miser, who had oft been told
Of all the wonders music did of old,
Would never suffer music near
The chest that held what most his heart felt dear.
"For if," said he, "with logic good,
It made the dancing trees to quit the wood,
Who knows, when they begin to play,
My chest and guineas may not hop away?"

However, as it should be in all families (that is, if "whatever is, is right"), the wife soon gained the ascendant, and managed the house according to her inclination. The children she claimed as her own property. He was not permitted to have any will in their education.

"She educated them," said he, "in her own way, and according to her own model. They are now, the boy two-and-twenty, and the girl one year older. They have been taught nothing but dancing, a smattering of French, and music without end. If they read any thing it is foolish novels." (Than which the reader knows nothing can be so silly.) "They are independent of me," continued he, "and treat me, consequently, not only without affection and kindness, but with neglect, and often with ridicule. My wife supports them in every thing; and I am not master in my own house. To oblige her I quitted business, and took this place. I did it for peace and quiet; but I have found none. I am now tormented by outward and inward plagues. Solitude and want of employment have brought me to think of myself, and religion; two things that never before entered my mind. Finding no pleasure in this world, I have gradually begun to ponder on another, which till now I never

thought of. These have filled me with *en-kai*, hope, fear, doubt, and distraction."

Barclay having heard his complaint, and entreated him to view his situation in life on its bright side; and not to drive himself to despair, by continually keeping his eye fixed on that which was dark and discouraging. Every station in this world," said he, "has its inconveniences, and yours is comparatively enviable, very enviable! What you complain of in your family is trifling, when set by the side of that which afflicts many virtuous and well-deserving families. All your lamentation is occasioned by too much solitude; which is neither good for the happiness of life, nor the well-being of religion. You dwell on things of no moment until you swell them into importance, and founding your complaint on the conjuration of your brain, believe you are miserable and unhappy."

"There may be truth in what you say," replied Mr. Pawlet, "as it respects my worldly concerns; but I do not see how solitude can be inconsistent with religion."

"I do not say that it is," rejoined Barclay, "when used with moderation; but I say that too much solitude is dangerous to it; for it often misleads men, and makes them gloomy and discontented: than which nothing can be further from the intention of religion. It is her glaucous province to lead mankind in the right path, and to make their hearts cheerful and content. Our religion does not force us into melancholy solitude, but bids us enjoy life; and, what is more, furnishes us with the means of enjoying it to the greatest advantage,—with a peaceful conscience! Without which pleasure, is not pleasure, nor joy, joy. Read, sir, the New Testament, and follow its dictates. If you do not believe it will make you happy in the world to come, at least believe, what never can be doubted, that it will make you happy here below. Independent of its divine origin, it is the pure stamp of what every good man would desire to be, and being so, is surely the true example for every man to pursue who wishes to obtain a state of peace and happiness."

"I have," said Mr. Pawlet, his countenance brightening as he spoke, "I have but one thing further to be removed, which I dare say you will do with as much facility as you have used in removing, in a great degree, my other doubts, and difficulties. I find some trouble in reconciling the Trinity to my understanding. How is this?" "Sir," Barclay replied, "not only in religion, but in all his works the Almighty has left many things above the comprehen-

sion of man. In every grain of sand, it has been said, there are ten thousand more questions than the wisest philosopher that ever lived could solve; still men know sufficiently about it to serve all the concerns of life. So in our religion, it is enough for us to know that we are expected to believe in the Trinity, without entirely comprehending it. We might as well doubt that the grain of sand exists, which we are told contains so many things that are hidden from our knowledge, as that the Trinity exists as we are taught, because we do not perfectly understand that in it which God, as in the grain of sand, has thought fit to conceal from us. The stupid peasant would perhaps doubt that any such effects could be produced, as men of science can produce from chemical processes, or mechanics; but are they the less so, because the peasant's ignorance and obstinacy will not allow him to believe in them? A native of Jamaica having never seen a fall of snow, may doubt that there is any such thing; but does his stubborn infidelity annihilate its existence? Man is a finite being, and cannot comprehend things that are infinite; but that such things are, is still as sure as if he did. In a word, without impiously searching into the inscrutable ways of providence, which is as it were striving to leap beyond his shadow, man knows enough for the comfort and convenience of his sublunary condition; and if he is wise, for his everlasting happiness!"

At this instant a servant appeared to inform them that the Rev. Mr. Pawlet and Penelope were waiting for Barclay to return home. They rose. The merchant pressing Barclay gratefully by the hand, said, that what he had told him that day should rest on his mind, and be the subject of his continual contemplation. "If ever I enjoy happiness," he exclaimed. "I shall owe it all to you!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Characters.

NO. V.

A MUSICIAN

Is like an echo, a retail dealer in sounds. As Diana is the goddess of the silver bow, so is he the lord of the wooden one:—he has an hundred strings to his bow:—other people are bow-legged, but he is bow-armed; and, though armed with a bow, he has no skill in archery. He plays with *cat-gut* and *kit-fiddle*. His fingers and arms run a constant race, the former would run away from him, did not a bridge interpose, and oblige him to pay toll. He can

distinguish sounds, as other men distinguish colours. His companions are Crotchets and Quavers. Time will never be a match for him, for he beats him most unmercifully. He runs after an Italian air open-mouthed, with as much eagerness as some fools have sought for the philosopher's stone. He can bring tune over the seas, and thinks it more excellent because far-fetched. His most admired domestics are Soprano, Siciliano, Andantino, and all the Anos and Inos that constitute the musical science. He can scrape, scratch, shake, diminish, increase, flourish, &c. and he is so delighted with the sound of his own viol, that an ass would sooner lend his ears to any thing than to him: and, as a dog shakes a pig, so does he shake a note, *for the ear*, and never lets it go till he makes it squeak. He is a walking pillory, and crucifies more ears than a dozen standing ones. He often involves himself in dark and intricate passages, till he is put to the shift, and is obliged to get out of a scrape—by scraping.—His viol has the effect of a *Scotch fiddle*, for it irritates its hearers, and puts them to the *itch*. He tears his audience in various ways; as I wear away my pen, so does he wear away the string of his fiddle. There is no medium in him—he is either in a flat or sharp key, though both are natural to him. He deals in third minors, and major thirds—proves a turncoat, and is often in the majority and minority in the course of a few minutes.—He runs over the flat as often as a race-horse;—both meet the same fate, as they terminate in a *cadence*;—the difference is, one is driven by the *whip-hand*, the other by the *bow-arm*; one deals in staccado, the other in staccato. As a thorough-bred hound discovers, by instinct, his game from all other animals, so an experienced musician feels the compositions of Handel or Corelli.

TIMOTHY CATCUT.

Perhaps there is nothing in which people err so egregiously, as in the manner of carrying on conversation. In those who value themselves on superior talents and information, there is often an *eagerness* to be attended to, that defeats their purpose of being either instructive or agreeable. To bear an *equal* part in conversation, without hurting the *self-love* of others, to allow that *reciprocity* of discourse that gives to every one an opportunity of being heard, and which is the great charm of society, is the effect of *that something* we have agreed to call good breeding. And to be really well-bred, requires good sense, which enables us to enter into the characters and sentiments of others.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN answer to your correspondents, *Ten Love* and O****, I would say, that the motive alone constitutes the criminality or innocence of an action. Taking this as an axiom (and it is certainly an incontrovertible one) the playing at BILLIARDS, going to balls, plays, &c. is either good, harmless, or sinful, according to the motives with which they are done. The doing any of these things, "merely to spend an idle hour" is wrong, because idleness is sinful. No person, let his station in life be what it will, ought to have an idle hour: we are sent into this world to perform uses, and our whole life ought to be a life of usefulness. If it is not, it is the contrary, useless, and consequently sinful. If these things are done for amusement, they may be right; for amusements are necessary by way of relaxation to the human mind, after having been employed on matters of moment; but if amusement be made the chief business of life, then it is sinful; we ought therefore, before we perform a single act, to consider minutely the motive, though the consequences must not be neglected, as an act performed from a good motive, may be productive of evil, which should always be avoided.

Variety in our occupations is absolutely necessary to the health of the mind; on this ground I must object to O****'s assertion, that "it is well known a child can pursue but one object at a time with avidity and profit," if by time he means in the course of the same day or week; for I assert, that a child will pursue ten different objects in the course of as many hours, with more avidity and profit, than if he is confined to one or two. The pursuits of children must be varied, and they must have a great deal of amusement to relax their tender minds from the severer duties of study.

Of amusements I know of none more useful than plays, when those conducive to morality are represented. But it is much to be lamented, that, owing either to the managers of Theatres, or the degeneracy of public taste, immoral plays are too often introduced. Dancing may be allowed, consistent with innocence and mental improvement, if only a small portion of time is allotted to it; but I think with O****, that it occupies too much of the attention of young people in general.

But as for music, I am clearly of opinion, that every person who expects to become an inhabitant of heaven, ought to

learn music; as we are credibly informed in the word of God, that it forms a considerable part of the joys of heaven, and surely they who are well acquainted with music here, will have the advantage of those who have it to learn when they arrive there. Music, if undertaken in a regular and systematic manner, may be learned with advantage to those studies which qualify young ladies to become good wives, good mothers, &c. and young men good citizens. Music is very useful in softening the temper, and preventing many vices which young people are apt to run into. One hour's attention every day for one year, will enable any person of a moderate capacity to play very agreeably on almost any musical instrument: This time may be taken from the hours devoted to relaxation; as the study being so pleasing, it will be felt and will operate as such.

One word more to *Ten Love* and I have done:—He says, "he must be a very weak mortal, who has not command of himself to refrain from that which he knows to be a crime." I say we are all such weak mortals, if we trust in our own strength to resist temptation; the safest way is to keep aloof from it.

J. I. H.

ANECDOTE

OF

COLLEY CIBBER'S DAUGHTER.

COLLEY CIBBER the elder had a daughter, named Charlotte, who also took to the stage; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, afflictions, and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read: she was at this time a widow.

Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, in the parlous of Clerkenwell Bridewell, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleansings of the streets.

The night preceding, a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the Muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present fashionable style of half boots. We knocked at the door (not attempting to pull the latch-string), which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gen-

der. A perfect model for the Copper Captain's tattered landlady; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of *Rule a Wife*. She with a torpid voice, and hungry smile, desired us to walk in.

The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delph plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin, and a black pitcher with a snip out of it.

To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion, sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle piece, by a fire merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving.

On the hob sat a monkey, which by way of welcome, chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect! and at the author's feet, on the founce of her dingy petticoat reclined the dog, almost a skeleton! He raised his shagged head and eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. "Have done, Fidele! these are friends."

The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humble and desolate; a mingled effort of superiority and pleasure—Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked! A magpie perched on the top of her chair, not an uncommon ornament! and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows; the pipe was gone, an advantage in their present office, they serving as a succedaneum for a writing-desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her inkstand was a broken tea-cup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one! A rough deal board, with three hobbling supports, was brought for our convenience, on which, without further ceremony, we contrived to sit down, and entered upon business.—The work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid hand-maiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck, with an eye of anxious expectation!—the bookseller offered five!—Our author did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however, some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopoliism, and the state of authorcraft. He seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance, the wary baberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal, with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety, and run one half the risk, which was agreed to.

Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously acceded to. Such is the story of the once-admired daughter of Colley Cibber, poet laureat and patentee of Drury Lane, who was born in affluence, and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, and with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train; yet, unmindful of her advantages, and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"Laying it over with vermillion, and with paint, colouring it with red."

THESE words of the Preacher may justly be applied to the fine ladies of the present day; who, not contented with the complexion bestowed on them by nature, call in the assistance of art; paints and perfumes, are lavished to hide the ravages of dissipation, or to restore to the aged coquette the blooming graces of fifteen.

In the early ages of the world, before the refinements of luxury were introduced, the princes and rulers of the earth tended their own flocks; their wives and daughters were not ashamed to draw water at the well's mouth, and carry it to the cattle for them to drink. Would a prince now stoop to such servile employments?

When first the citizens of Rome, extending their conquests to the remotest regions, discovered the island of Britain, the inhabitants were painted, not only on their faces, but over their whole bodies; yet so far were they from thinking it an ornament, that it was done with the express view of terrifying their enemies. The aborigines of America in like manner painted themselves; but it was with the same intention as the Saxon warriors. How would one of those hardy sons of nature have smiled at seeing the face of a modern lady or gentleman, painted with vermillion, to heighten their beauty?

How strange is the progress of what mankind term improvement, but what with more propriety, might be called the perversion of nature. By the fashionable and polite circles night is turned into day; whilst the whole animal creation are enjoying in peace the blessings bestowed by

"Th' d' nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,

many people crowd together, and spend the night in shuffling and dealing cards. And what adequate advantage do they obtain for the loss of their health, which is dissipated in those nocturnal employments? perhaps a little gold, and certainly a great deal of anxiety: they watch the turning up of the cards with as much interest as if the fate of nations depended on their success. The natural and unavoidable result is a faded complexion, debilitated frame, and premature old age. The infatuated victim continues the same round of folly; and to conceal its effects, has recourse to painting and cosmetics, and thinks to hide their withered cheeks under a fashionable coat of *rouge*;—thus they continue until the poisonous particles contained in the paint, joined to the baneful effects of dissipation, accelerate their journey to the grave.

O! you who are in danger of being irrecoverably lost, fly from the city; if you wish your emaciated figures to assume the plumpness and roscate hue of health, seek the pure atmosphere of the country: There, by a strict and unvarying temperance, you may possibly retrieve your shattered constitutions, and be restored to vigour both of body and mind.

THE LAZY PREACHER.

WINTER TRAITS.

AN EXTRACT.

"INTENSE, severe, and cold, the frost sets in, and deeply penetrates the porous earth. . . .

"The adventrous skaters, poised on sharp-edged steels, wave in graceful circles o'er the transparent plain, despising mean pursuits, and all the flimsy pastimes of the timorous fops.

"The timorous horseman chaffs the fretted steed, that pants and foams along the slippery road; trembling and stepping o'er the treacherous ice, like mincing lass that dreads the impending fall.

"The breathing footman skips o'er the rugged path, pitying, and jeering as he heedless bounds, the miserable plight of a sighing, shivering, downcast, stumbling traveller, who, mounted on his frightened hackney, feels the horrors of approaching fate.

"The rugged roads and paths are smothered by frequent passage. The winter nymphs, more lovely than the summer dryades, disdain the help of fire, and seek for health and warmth in the adventrous walk. At first, they shivering, creep along the plain, pale and half-starved with

fear and nipping air, till soon the accelerated blood rushes impetuous through the veins, painting with crimson die their polished cheeks, and sending the heart-felt rapture to the admiring swains.

"Gay and delightful is this happy seasons that gives to human kind the elastic powers, and shames the summer months with joys more firm and stable." . . . But "all things pass away, and changes ever wait upon the sons of men, in this their variegated state of joys and griefs, of plagues and comforts, and all the mingled happiness and misery that alternate take their course—Stern Boreas ushers from the north, a settled gloom, that, spreading far and wide, at once o'er shades the lively, sprightly, blithsome scene of seeming never-fading lustre; and the world is instantaneously involved in deep, surrounding, dark and dreary melancholy.

"A pause of expectation and dismay brings on at last the whirling sleety tribes of congealed and flaky waters, white and flimsy as the down on the swan, but cold and chilling as the disdainful shafts that pierce the rueful lover when his mistress frowns.

"All comfortless the traveller appears a frightful spectre; while the clinging snow unfolds his body, and waves in one continued transverse flux of varied, broad, and thickening concourse; loading and lighting the saddened earth with a deep and dazzling substance.

"The fierce and cutting north wind rises, and drives before it hosts of pelting snows, that fret the embarrassed journeyer in his way, and falling, raise against the obstructing hills huge heaps in figures curious and romantic: or passing furious o'er the nodding heights, are snatched in eddies down the retiring vales, and stop, with vast collected drifts, the course of commerce and the adventrous traveller.

"The world being thus involved in deep and vivid horror, and all the wide extensive plains being one continued glare of painful, chilling white, no transports rise but from the crackling fire, and never-failing, hospitable board. The warm and sparkling hearth, the winter tale, the humming spirit, and the sprightly dance, make Boreas join in chorus at our doors, a welcome guest thus fenced from farther mischief. He roars in vain, no entrance will be given, save when he rudely shocks the shuddering sinner that venturous dares the opening of that portal.

"In this sharp cutting time how hard the fate of poverty and want. No comforts

spring to fence against the harsh severity of cold, nor any joys to meliorate the season. The dreary cottage seems a wretched hut, where breathes, in agonizing pains the worthiest of our race. The useful members of this wicked world seem shrunk beneath the chilling blast, unspirited and despaired.

"So fares this harsh and cruel season, and such the general exploits which mark the manners of this nipping time; and while the chilling blasts rage o'er the barren earth, a gleam of comfort warms the teeming mind in contemplation of the coming spring.

"The north wind ceases; a milder breeze impels the softening vapours, which, from the south, pervade the flinty earth. The dripping icicles soon lose their keen support; the melting snows increase the river's tide; the ice grows rotten, melts, and dies away; the world, unlocked, resumes her wonted form, and the drizzly, dropping, splashy, sluggish times, renew their varied course, till spring returning, cheers the drooping land. . . ."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Essays on Music.

NUMBER I.

PURSUANT to my plan, as suggested in the introduction, I here commence my intended series of Essays, with a general view of the nature and effects of Music. Particular views and disquisitions, the reader will find in their appropriate places, in the sequel, according as the subject will unfold itself to his attention.

It may be proper to premise, that Music has, by some writers, been considered as an art, and by others as a science, merely because, perhaps, they have taken but a partial survey of it. I shall, however, consider it as both a science and an art;—a science, because it can be learned;—an art, because it can be practised: And as the nature of the subject will oblige me frequently to bring into review the same or similar ideas, I hope the candid and liberal will indulge me in the use of same or similar language.

MUSIC, as an art, is extensive, copious and exceedingly complicated: As a science, it comprehends, in a degree, almost every other science.

Music, Painting and Poetry, are considered as sister arts; but Music may, with propriety, be called the sister of all arts and sciences.

Music is a language; it speaks to the feelings of the heart, what words can only speak to the understanding. Her melodies and harmonies combined, and duly performed, comprehend and surpass all the powers of rhetoric.

The poet, in all his sublimest strains, is embellished, invigorated and impressed with energy and strength, by the skill of the musician.

The painter is also limited and bounded. In his light and shade, he is exceeded by the loud and soft, which may be called the light and shade of music: in his background, by the deep and sonoric bass; in his picture or design, by the melody or subject; and in his decorations, by the inner parts, which complete and fill the harmony: These, when blended and united by the skilful musician, far exceed all the beauties and elegancies of painting.

The time of the mensuration of the melodies, and the combinations of the harmonies, exceed all the calculations of the mathematician.

All nature produceth sound, all solid bodies, and all fluids, either by action or repulsion, and echo and re-echo the praises of the Creator; and the utmost stretch of human philosophy can never fathom the depths of the nature of Music.

The architect is surpassed in his designs, arrangements and proportions, by the modulations of the melodies and harmonies, in their designs and proportions, when judiciously arranged by the skilful musician.

And lastly, with Theology, Music, unites and goes on hand in hand thro' time, and will continue eternally to embellish, illustrate, enforce, impress and fix in the attentive mind, the grand important truths of Christianity.

PYTHAGORICUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Go, wondrous Creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun.

POPE.

TO all who have ever reflected on the affections of the heart, very little argument is necessary to prove, that it is much easier to find fault, and tender unnecessary reproof to others, than attend to the eradication of errors at home. He who wastes his midnight lamp, in railing at the trifling vicissitudes of human life: instead of correcting the foibles of his own character me-

rits the fate of the Critic in the fable, and ought to receive chaff for his pains.—A Correspondent under the signature of O*****, in the Repository of the 29th inst. appears extremely dissatisfied with the education, manners, and fashionable propensities of the present race; his invectives however are principally directed towards the female sex, and he bewails with canting regret, that parents "do not train up their children in the way they should go; but that their time is spent in learning to be musicians, dancers, attending the play-houses, and other trivial amusements."—Is this sage observer of life so stern a Timon, that pleasure never dissipates the care-worn wrinkles of his brow? Is he of so stoical a temperament that joy never illuminates the apathy of his countenance? Or is he some "grim-visaged" bachelor, whose soul is tortured by prejudice, and disappointment, that he inveighs not only against the amusements in general, but even insinuates that the proper sources of "honour, industry, honesty, probity, benevolence," &c. are dried up. It is lamentable that this Timonoid should have lived in these degenerate days; better would it have been for his wishes had nature ordained him a competitor of Solon or Lycurgus, or Zoroaster, more suited to his laudable gravity, and profound ideas of human conduct. But I am afraid contentment would have avoided him even in that situation; for dancing, music, plays, and even games, were allowed notwithstanding the austerity of law-givers, and simple ideas of the people. But how has this battle-critic's penetration deduced, that "honour, probity, honesty, benevolence, and industry," are supplanted; because the balls, the theatre, and the concerts are attended?—Can there be no dancing without sacrificing honour and probity? Cannot honesty and benevolence receive their required solicitude altho' the theatre is visited? Cannot industry remain unimpaired admitting that a knowledge of music is acquired? Sophistry, armed at all points, is obliged to admit these conclusions.—Besides, is it possible that human nature can continue ever studious? The mind requires rest from intense application, equally, if not more so, than the body. Variety and innocent pleasures often give a spring to dormant inclinations. Time on hands without any amusement to cheer the gloomy moments of despondency, is apt to be applied to purposes of dishonour, and disgrace.—Hence the necessity of relaxation.

But O***** (the reader may exclaim oh! emphatically) asks, "who would pre-

fer a woman for her dancing and music, to one of a well-informed and sentimental mind, and a discreet house-wife."—If the acquirement of one or both, was subversive of knowledge, then indeed the study would be disadvantageous, but as the contrary is the effect, this is a *negative position* of my opponent. Yet this acute Tyro, of unbending authority, wishes, I presume, that our young women should soar in the regions of philosophy with Herschell or Jefferson; debate in the forum with Bayard or Morris; or be like Messrs. Dacier and Chatelet, converse fluently in the languages of the ancients, and hold literary disputes with Boileau and Voltaire—This will hardly be the case, I fear, even when O***** accumulates liberality enough to atone for wanton and unfounded attachments of consequences to subjects productive only of rational amusements, pleasurable sensation, and the improvement of health. Inclination will not suffer a further exposure at present of all the numerous *negative positions* of O*****, and I leave his somniferous subjects; for the more ecstatic delight of hearing a Concerto on the violin.

FRANK LIBERAL.

The Dessert.

SONNET XX.

THE FAREWELL.

Adieu! Adieu! Adieu! Remember me.

SHAKESPEARE.

To their Worship the FAULT-FINDERS,
commonly called CRITICS.

YE MOMUSES, a tender-hearted crew,
Tho' of hag-visages, of ghastly scowls,
And night-eyes emulating bats and owls,—
Here, Twenty Sonnets I devote to you.

'Twere shame, that merit such as your's
should starve;
And starve it must, without such wights
as I:

Therefore, tho' poor I give to poverty—
Come, then, *sans ceremonie*, cut and carve.

Nay, thank me not—Pity the boon be-
stows,
As Hunger, if not fed, will gnaw e'en
stones—

All I request is, that you pick my bones,
Gorge your gaunt maws, then—growl you
to repose.

And now, ye gentle, tender-hearted crew,
I bid Farewell to Sonnets, and to You.

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 27, 1802.

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

MY first revers'd you oft have seen adorn,
The face of nature in a vernal morn,
With all the colours of the rainbow's rays,
And splendours that surpass the diamond's
blaze;

My second, which deriv'd its abject birth,
From the torn bowels of the wounded
earth,

Serves as a guard to watch the miser's ore,
The cloister'd virgin, and the tyrant's store:
My *schole* denotes what has the power to
bless,

And give both sexes life's true happiness;
While their glad bosoms glow with joys di-
vine,

And round their heads unfading honours
shine.

Marriages.

Happy the pair whom love and reason join,

Where Virtue sanctifies the bond divine;

To them a paradise on earth is giv'n;

And when from Time they go, they rest in HEAV'N.
AMYNTOR.

MARRIED....On the 18th inst. by the
Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Isaac Adleman, to
Miss Maria Thompson.

Deaths.

Each hour DEATH warns us by an awful call;

Each hour our fellow-mortals round us fall:

FATHER OF LIEGHS! Oh guide and guard our way,
Thro' life and death, to HEAV'N's eternal day.

AMYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 17th inst.
Mr. John Lynn, in the 84th year of his age.
He was a native of this city, and son of Mr.
Joseph Lynn, one of the first shipwrights that
arrived here with the proprietary....On the
24th inst. Mrs. Hannah Alberti, consort
of Dr. George F. Alberti....Same day,
Mr. William Clifton, an ancient and re-
spectable inhabitant of the District of
Southwark.

.....At Lancaster Borough, on the
13th inst. James Alexander, sergeant-at-
arms for the Senate of this state.

.....At Annapolis, (Maryland) on the
8th inst. Mrs. Eleanor Harris, consort
of Thomas Harris, Esq. of that city.

.....At Port Republican, on the
13th of November last, of a bilious fever,
Capt. James Smith, late of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication referred to by our correspondent
Lindor, either did not come to hand, or has been mis-
laid, otherwise it would certainly have been notic-
ed.

"*Bachelor's Hall*," from *Clis*, is acceptable.

The answer to Mr. N. Major's question, and "*Stanzas
written on the evening of Monday last*," will appear
next week.

"*The Author*,"—"Verses on the Snow-Bird," and sun-
dry other articles are also received.

Several Poetical effusions, that have been already no-
ticed remain due; so unnecessary delay of their pub-
lication will take place.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET TO HOPE.

But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

CAMPBELL.

CHEERFULL enliv'n'd the lonely hour,
"Primeval Hope!" thy influence impart,
A healing cordial to my wounded heart:
And lead me trembling to thy sacred bow'r.

How oft when fever's rack'd my weary head,
Didst thou support my fainting spirits up;
And pouring comfort from thy balmy cup,
My wand'ring thoughts to heav'n's high port-
al led.

Oh! bear me gently on thy gilded wings,
From this vain world of sorrow, pain and
care;

To where, sweet joy and bliss, my soul
will share;
And pleasure's never ceasing fountain springs.
There shall contentment ever placid reign,
And piety unfading honours gain.

EUGENIO.

REV. 1800

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

LINES

ON THE WINTER OF 1796.

STERN Winter rules—pass'd are those scenes
which please;

A gloomy sullen sadness reigns around,
The hollow wind roars thro' the leafless trees
And trackless snow o'erspreads the frozen
ground.

The birds no more their varied notes combine,
But cheerless chirp, and hop from stem to
stem:

Nor dread the finny tribe the angler's line,
The frozen surface, proves a shield to them.

Sad is the scene, save where, with rapid flight,
The skater steers his deviating way;
Save where the crusted snow, that dims the
sight,

Affords a passage to the tingling sleigh.

Bleak blows the wind, where, on th' unshelter'd waste,
The brute, unpitied, joyless meets the storm;

While man at ease, is cover'd from the blast—
For him even winter wears a pleasing form.

What tho' without sad desolation scowls,
And strikes with dull monotony the eye;
What tho' the welkin frowns, the tempest howls,
With cheerful home, he may the storm defy.

There all around the faggots glad'ning blaze,
Age tells with glee the oft repeated tale;
While active youth its Christmas tricks displays,
And joy and merriment alone prevail.

Bless'd is their lot, unruffled and serene!—
From them I turn, and turn with lingering eyes,

To where the ocean, with enraged main,
Lifts its huge billows, to the angry skies!

Where near the Cape,* which constant tempests beat,
And, giant-like, seems two fierce foes to brave,

The two vast seas, with dreadful fury meet,
While dire destruction rides on ev'ry wave.

How great the dangers of the awful deep!
Like some fierce tyrant, reverend with age,
It now reclines in a deceitful sleep.
To wake and foam with but redoubled rage.

Intrepid, bold, the seaman meets the storm—
Which murr'ring comes, and threatens from the skies;

The sea so calm, assumes an angry form,
While fast before the gale the vessel flies.

Stern winter lends its most terrific blast,
That drives with furious haste the black'ning clouds;

The foaming billows rise above the mast,
And the hoarse tempest roars amid the shrouds

Increasing still no more they keep their course,
The jarring elements all art confound,
And with tremendous and impetuous force,
Rush o'er the deck, and spread destruction round.

Sad is the scene,—despair frowns 'mid the wreck;
Hopeless, benumb'd, worn out, they strive in vain,—

Death on a tow'ring wave breaks on the deck,
And hurls them to the bottom of the main.
Black sullen winter! monarch of the storm!
At thy cold touch all nature shrinks aghast,

Thy icy footsteps all her scenes deform,
Thy garb the blackest clouds, thy voice the loudest blast.

From the broad deep, I once more turn my eyes
T'where winter scowls with less disgur'd mien,

To view the earth that in his fetters lies,
And mark his influence o'er the sylvan scene.

All nature mourns,—no more industrious toil
Reaps her rich harvest; with a smiling hand
No more the ploughshare furrows up her soil,
Nor verdant scenes smile beauteous o'er the land.

* Cape Horn.

Within yon hut that stands upon the waste,
Where through the thatch, the storm has forc'd its way

There the cold hand of penny is trac'd,
And winter reigns in all its dreaded sway:

The labourer's hands no more the store supply;
Hard is the season, pitiful their gain,

While their lov'd children ask, with hollow eye,
* For bread to eat,—but ask alas! in vain.

The fireless hearth, the floor all damp & cold,
In ev'ry object want and sadness speak;
Poor tatter'd rag their shivering form unfold,
And sorrow weeps upon the wasted cheek.

Afflictive scene! oh may the muse prevail,
For them the tears of pity to secure,—
Ye sons of wealth, oh listen to their tale,
Nor scorn the sorrows of the suffering poor.

Let not the charms of fortune steel your breast,
Nor think that for yourselves alone you live:

Shall man behold his fellow-man distress'd,
Nor yet with feeling heart assistance give?
Must *hells* and *plays* your constant care engage?

Can they alone your roving fancy please?
Will their remembrance cheer declining age,
And sweetly smooth the pillow of disease?

The wealth that you expend on tawdry dress,
On spurious joys, amid the crowded room,
The cheerless hut of wretchedness would bless,

And save perhaps a victim from the tomb.
Oh pause!—let generous pity rule your heart;

With tender feeling view the poor man's woes;
With willing hand the lib'ral boon impart,

And taste the joys *benevolence* bestows.
CLIO.

* This picture is not imaginary; the author of these lines has found more than one or two families without bread to eat, even in this mild winter.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A TALE.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

Alarm'd, Maria flew to raise
Her sister's feeble frame,
And by her tender care at last
Her wand'ring senses came.

Oh blessed hour! Maria cried,
Once more my Ann to see;
Praise be to HEAV'N that thou'rt restor'd
To thy lov'd friends and me!

Oh cheering sounds, Ann faintly said,
So long to me unknown—
But does my sister love me still,
And call me still her own?

And does my honour'd father too,
In me a daughter see,
Will he forgive my varied faults,
Wash'd out by misery.

Forbear these thoughts, Maria cried,
We long have mourn'd thy fate;
But say, my Ann, what cruel cares,
Have brought thee to this state?—

Alas! thou know'st against his will
I left my father's home,
With Henry, husband of my heart,
On hostile plains to roam:

There long he fought his country's foes,
Until one dreadful day,
A fatal stroke pierc'd thro' his heart,
And snatch'd my all away.

Ah dreadful hour! what were the pangs
With which my heart was torn—
Ah who can paint my wretched lot!
Sad, destitute, forlorn.

Yon lovely babe was left, alas!
Its mother's griefs to know;
With me to tread unfriendly climes,
To trace the path of woe.

For many a long and ling'ring day
My journey sad I press'd,
While famine star'd me in the face,
And grief a constant guest.

At length, thro' many a danger past,
I gain'd my native shore,
And sought my aged father's home
Forgiveness to implore.

But quite exhausted with my cares,
Deploping my sad lot,
I sought to shield me from the blast
In this deserted cot.

My lov'd Maria knows the rest,
And blessed be that Power,
That led her to this wretched hut
In this despairing hour.

Maria heard the mournful tale,
With sympathy sincere,
While pity glitt'ring in her eye,
And shed the sacred tear.

Ah my lov'd Ann, she sweetly said,
How great have been thy woes,
And trust me, that my heart, unchang'd,
With pure affection glows.

But let us leave this cheerless hut,
A father's heart replete,—
For soon, my Anna, shalt thou hear,
A parent's pard'ning voice.

Her words like heavenly balm descend,
And cheer'd the mourner's soul;
While Hope, the comfort of the griev'd,
Spread round its blest controul.

And soon they left the wretched cot
Their father's house to find,
While Anna on Maria's arm
Her feeble frame reclin'd.

And now arriv'd, her heart was sad,
And heav'd a long drawn sigh;
She long'd, and yet she fear'd to meet
A lighted parent's eye.

But soon each anxious doubt and fear,
From her cheer'd soul depart;
Forgiveness smil'd upon his face,
And joy play'd round his heart.

With kindest words he sooths her soul,
And ev'ry aid bestows;
While all her errors were forgot,
Amid her various woes.

Bless'd with a father's love, her heart
Felt grateful and resign'd,
And tho' her Henry caus'd a pang,
Yet peace possess'd her mind.

CLIO.

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, March 6, 1802.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

C H A P. XXVI.

Mrs. George's whim.—Company.—Music.—Miss Phyllis's bon mot.—Remarks on village visiting.—The odd fear of an ever-righteous dame.—Zimmerman's second essay on solitude.—An invitation.—Nath's comment on Mrs. George's arithmetic.—A reward for singing psalms.

"WHAT ravishing tones! I never heard such celestial sounds in my life!" said Barclay to the merchant, as they were proceeding towards the house. "Enchanting! How it rises and falls; how it swells, and then softly and sweetly passes away upon the breeze! What enchantment is this, sir?"

"Some of my wife's," replied Mr. Pawlet; "I wonder you did not hear it before; but the wind is just up, and they have begun."

"What has begun, sir?" inquired Barclay.

"The harps," he answered; "and I fancy if you heard so much of them as I do, you would not find them so enchanting. My wife has placed about a dozen small Æolian harps in different parts of the ground; so that the moment I leave the house, to avoid being pestered with music, I am saluted with it on every side the garden, if there is the least breath of air stirring."

Barclay smiled.

"However," continued he, "I am not so much displeased with this whim of hers,

because, tho' unintentionally on her part, it is of some use. They serve instead of rattles, to frighten the birds away from the cherry-trees."

They now entered the house, and found a large company in the parlour; there being three ladies, besides the parson and Penelope, paying a morning visit. Some music being requested, out of politeness, Miss Phyllis played two or three pieces on the harp, and her mother, a long concerto on the piano; at which the parson's dog howled exceedingly, and the "little inharmonious being," as Mrs. George called him, was consequently turned out of the room. After this Penelope was entreated to sing, which she did with such sweetness as to delight all the company, except the musical mother and daughter, who complained very much, with an affectation of pity, that she sung sadly out of tune. Master Stephen on the contrary, paid her many awkward compliments on her singing, and professed, that though he had learned music of his mother, he should come to her to learn the graces of execution. This was said in a way that exposed his excessive vanity, and plainly discovered that he believed himself the object of Penelope's tenderest affection; for he concluded by saying, that perhaps *Science* (meaning himself) and *Grace* might some time or other perform a duet together.

For the sake of the amusement of Mrs. George and her daughter, one of the visitors, who was known to play very ill, was now asked to favour the company with a little of her skill on the piano. She complied, to the great entertainment of the musical junto, and Monsieur l'Abbe, who signified their pleasure to each other by winks and nods. Our hero, sitting by Miss Phyllis, inquired of her whose music the lady was playing.

"'Tis the Battle of Prague," she replied, "by Kotzwarrow, the man who hung himself."

"Ay," said Barclay, "pray what induced him to do so?"

"Why, I cannot say precisely," she replied, in a whisper, leaning towards him, "but probably he had heard this lady play his battle-piece!"

Here she tittered very audibly, and the poor lady, coming to a passage she could not execute, begged to be excused from proceeding. The two other ladies then rose, and the three visitors took their leave. They were no sooner gone, than Mrs. George, her daughter, and Master Stephen, fell upon them without mercy—"And Mrs. What's-her-name to pretend to play," exclaimed the mother, "why, lord, she knows no more of music than—than my husband there. Why she does not know a minor key from a major, or even a third from a fifth. Then her fingers—did you ever see such fingers? they are not fingers, but toes!"

A laugh ensued, and, after a great deal more scandal on the departed visitors, whom the parson endeavoured to defend, our friends rose to return home.

I cannot pass by this opportunity of saying a word or two on visiting, as it is carried on by the principal families in villages. It is disgraceful to all the common, and to all the nobler feelings that should obtain in the breasts of human beings.—There is no good fellowship in it. No love. No kindness. In fine, they are occasioned by idleness and pride, and eked out by calumny and slander. The absent at these meetings are always scandalized; and it is wonderful to me that those who are present, being rational creatures, should be so dull and blind, as not to see that they are treated in the like manner the moment

their backs are turned. When I see three old women sitting round a tea-table; I think I behold the Eumenides, or Furies, daughters of Acheron and Night, seated round the realms of Pluto in Hell. They are Envy, Hatred, and Malice personified.*

After our friends had taken leave of the musical family, and the merchant had privately informed Barclay that he hoped he should often be favoured with his company, Miss Phyllis ran up to her mother, and whispering in her ear, she turned round to the parson, and said,

"Brother, you know you and your family are engaged to dine and spend the evening here to-morrow, to commemorate our wedding-day!"

As she said this, she looked at her husband—he sighed, and she proceeded:

"I hope you will not forget to bring Mr. Temple with you. I trust he will not refuse to join our band."

Barclay bowed respectfully.

"Yes, yes, you must come;" cried the merchant.

That he would be welcome was evident in the looks of every one present, but those of the Abbe; who viewed him with a jealous eye, but was still servilely obsequious.

"I am much flattered by your politeness," replied Barclay, "and shall certainly do myself the honour of waiting upon you."

Penelope, Barclay, the parson and his dog, now quitted the seat of harmony, and directed their way homeward. They had not gone far, however, before their ears were saluted by a hymn; sung, it was very clear, by no heavenly choir, but by some of nature's children, as far removed from angels as heaven from earth. Barclay

* One of these ancient and over-righteous dames, who dwelt in a petty place in Switzerland, told Zimmerman, that "she did not express any indignation at the wickedness of her neighbours, as it was evident to her that remembrance would be lost on such incorrigible sinners; but it grieved her to the soul to think that she must appear at the resurrection in the company with such wretches."

Zimmerman observes in his second Essay on Solitude, that "in the unvaried stillness and stagnation which reign in small and remote country places, too frequently lie buried an acrimony and rancour of the passions, rarely observed in great cities." He then remarks on "the mean subterfuges they court to save themselves from the wearisome discontent for ever impending over them: the extreme drench of their ideas; the avidity with which they resort to the card-table; and the patient and indefatigable vigilance with which, from morning to night, they act the spy upon the uninteresting inanity of each other's lives; and chronicle the most trivial and indifferent actions!"

looked at Penelope, as much as to say, "What in the name of wonder, is this?"

She smiled;—the little dog barked; pricked up his ears, and stood still.

"What are you afraid of," said the parson, speaking to the dog; "you silly little thing, don't you know your old friend Nathan?"

As he pronounced these words, they turned a corner, and saw Nathan, the sexton, followed by four uncount-looking clowns and three boys, chaunting, like Virgil's shepherds to deceive the way. The moment they espied the parson, they all left the path and stood in the road, with their hats off; while Sternold and Hopkins's pious strains died away upon their lips.

"Well, Nathan," said the parson, "so you are a going to my sister's for her instruction."

"Yes, sir," replied Nathan, "we be main perfect now in the psalm, but the anthem (I think she calls it) which madam has given us we can't touch at all. Dang it, there is such running up here, and running down there, as you never heard in all your life. I do think, sir, as how that it can't be religious. When Madam, Miss Phyllis, and Master Stephen sung it, it seemed to me much more liker a country dance than a psalm-tune.—Didn't it, Giles?" continued he, addressing one of the choristers.

"A mortal deal, Master Nathan," replied Giles, "indeed; but I be sorry we couldn't learn them too, 'cause of madam's promise!"

"What did she promise you?" asked the parson.

"Why, an please you, sir," said Nathan, "she promised us as much ale as we could drink, if we learnt it well; but now we can't sing a note of the anthem, we shan't taste a drop of the beer."

"Well, there's no great harm in that," rejoined the parson. "But I am sorry to see that my sister impresses you with the idea that you are only worthy of getting drunk when you sing psalms well. However, go to her, and if she does not give you any ale because you cannot sing the anthem, come to me; and I will take care, if you behave well, that you shall not want as much as will do you good."

THE END OF VOLUME I.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on our's.

The Commentator, No. 25.

..... Invertitur contritus Aquarius annus.

HORACE.

UPON saluting the reader after my long absence, I conceive it unnecessary to offer an apology for my silence, as it is very possible that he may have wished I had continued for ever mute. For my own sensation, I can assure him, that on returning to my moralizing occupation, I feel a considerable degree of pleasure. This pleasure may be said to originate in vanity, and that sentiment of self-complacency which finds its gratification in seeing our own productions handsomely printed on a beautiful paper with a neat type, and all the other little decorations, the application of which the shrewd typographer so well understands. The remark may be made with the appearance of justice. But in reply I will simply observe, that from the circumstance of my being *incognito*, the sphere in which my vanity can indulge itself, must be very contracted.

This is the season when Aquarius saddens the inverted year, and when, by the established laws of custom, the world launches out into all the follies which are comprised under the comprehensive term *fashionable*.—Balls, assemblies, and the long train of *et ceteras*, mark the new world as rapidly advancing in the path of folly to an equality with the old. It is true; that we have not so refined upon fashionable amusements, as to invert the whole order of nature, and turn day into night, and night into day; but we are but a grade beneath those nations of Europe, whose business is folly, and whose principle is frivolity. A tour through some of the New England states has evinced, that in a southern climate, and a fertile soil, the weeds of fashionable follies flourish with more vigour and greater luxuriance, than in the less favourable atmosphere of the north. In the sterile soil of some of the states which are classed under the common name of *New-England*, benevolence and the social virtues experience a greater growth than where they are choked by luxury and pride, generated by idleness.

To say, that our eastern brethren are deficient in politeness would be palpably false; but they are free from that species of cold formality which characterises their *refined* southern brethren. Yankee cunning and sagacity have been proverbial. Yankee hospitality ought to be no less so. No illiberal sentiment, the offspring of prejudice, against those large and populous states, which form the southern extremity of our territory, are harboured in my bosom;

but I have somewhere met with an observation, which is, in my opinion, very just—that “*where slavery abounds, vice will predominate.*” Admitting this to be true, it must be naturally inferred, that hospitality, liberality of opinions, and all the virtues which are bestowed upon mankind, to counteract vice and to harmonize a diversity of dispositions, are to be found in a greater proportion among those states where liberty is not a mere phantom but a reality.

A stage coach has been the scene of many a ludicrous adventure, and the variety of characters which are there thrown together, as it were by the hand of chance render it a vehicle of amusement, to the mind that can sufficiently abstract itself from interested concerns to investigate the different subjects which the company present. It was not merely expedition or amusement that induced me to select the stage as the most suitable conveyance in my late journey,—it was a due attention to the state of my finances, which would not permit my travelling in state. When I left the city, it was so early in the morning that I could not discern the features of any of my companions; but two of them who sat immediately before me, soon discovered themselves, by the skill with which they handled sundry law-terms, to be members of the learned fraternity of lawyers.—They were, however, interrupted by the entrance of a person, as we were departing from the stage-office; but the cessation was but momentary, for the coach setting off with velocity, communicated a sympathetic motion to the tongues of the two learned gentlemen. It was to me a phenomenon in natural philosophy, that the component parts of an animate body should experience a motion corresponding with that evinced by an inanimate object, whose motion is caused by compulsion. The aforesaid gentlemen continued to talk with rapidity proportionate to the progress of the stage, and their tones were modulated agreeably to the noise occasioned by the grating of the wheels over the stones, always taking care to exceed it. The din occasioned by these discordant sounds was tremendous. The person who had entered last had discovered very evident signs of uneasiness, from the commencement of our route, and having rode some distance without finding any cessation, he began to cooiferate a drinking song with the lungs of a Stentor. The clamour this occasioned was almost deafening, but it was only momentary, for the law-gentlemen, were, on astonishment, almost instantaneously

silent. Pleased with his success, the stranger, who had so effectually silenced his talkative companions, interrupted the calm by entering into conversation with one of them on the comparative merits of the two rival cities of New-York and Philadelphia. Of the former city he was an inhabitant, and with much vivacity asserted its superior advantages over the latter, in every respect. Its trade, its hospitality, its situation, were alternately the theme of his declamation; and every individual point was as warmly contested by the two lawyers. The New-York advocate finding the volubility of the practioners of law exceeded his own, endeavoured to compensate for the deficiency by increasing the tone of his voice, until I was really afraid I should be under the necessity of recurring to his own remedy, and once more restore silence by adding to the tumult. However, by a few well-timed concessions, the boisterous inhabitant of our sister city was restored to his good humour, and the rest of the journey past away in tranquillity.

The partiality of either party, to that place whose very disadvantages, by long custom, had become habitually endearing, was extremely natural, and threw me into a train of pleasing reflections, which occupied my mind the greater part of the way. Local attachments, though founded on prejudice, are the concomitants of a contented and unambitious mind, and the beautiful lines in *Goldsmith's Traveller* forcibly recurred to my recollection:

“This is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam—
“Our first best country ever is at home.” J.

REMARKABLE INGENUITY OF RATS.

BARON NEWLUND, a nobleman of Guelderland, and a captain of a man of war in the States General's service, being sent to Spain in the time of war, to convey some merchant-men, the surgeon of his ship, finding it was to no purpose he every morning counted the eggs which he kept for his patients, carefully locked up in the hold, as many of them were daily missing, he at last suspected his servants of having a false key, and stealing them: accordingly he struck one of them, who had given him a saucy answer on this occasion. He not being used to such corrections, resolved to find out the thief, and actually brought it about. Having told the discovery to his master, he would not believe him, and was going to strike him again. The poor fellow almost distracted, applied to the captain, namely, the baron himself, who proved as credulous as the surgeon. However,

his obstinacy, in affirming what he had seen at last prevailed upon the baron. He accordingly ordered the closet, where the eggs were disposed, to be bored through in several places with a large gimblet, and he with several others, went down about midnight, and posted themselves each at his peep-hole. A few minutes after they saw three large rats coming to a barrel, wherein the eggs lay, (which was half empty) and had the satisfaction of seeing their whole contrivance in conveying them away. One of the rats went down into the barrel, a second got up and posted himself upon the edge, and the third stayed without at the foot of it. It was impossible for the spectators, though there was a lamp burning in the closet, to see what the rat in the barrel was doing, but he that stood upon the edge seemed to stoop into it, and draw up something to him, raising himself up gradually; the other, that was without, got upon the hoops, and raising his head as high as he could, received into his mouth something from that of the other upon the edge; upon which the last plunged once more, and drew again something, which he gave over to the rat on the hoops, and this proved to be the tail of the rat in barrel, whom they were drawing out of the barrel. His whole body appeared at last, with his head downward, and holding an egg in his fore paws. Then they having him in equilibrio, and upon the edge of the barrel, still holding fast the egg, the one took him by the tail, and the other by one of his ears, and thus gently from hoop to hoop brought him down to the ground. This done, and he being still upon his back, and having his prey between his paws, they dragged him along by his tail towards a private place, where the spectators lost sight of them; but they soon after came back, and in less than a quarter of an hour played over the same felonious trick, at least three times, and thus carried off as many eggs.

CAUTION

Given by the Royal Humane Society.

“In great sinking of the strength, especially in the end of fevers, and other acute diseases, patients frequently lie in a state resembling death. If the bed cloaths be removed, the heat of the body will be immediately dissipated, and every spark of life destroyed. By not attending to this important circumstance, it is feared that the lives of thousands of our fellow creatures have been sacrificed, and their bodies committed to the grave, who by a more humane conduct, would have been restored to life.”

[The following story, copied from an European publication, was bandied in by a correspondent. It is written in the true terrific style, and.....but the sequel will disclose the secret.]

STORY OF AN APPARITION.

IN the vicinity of Chamberry, a town in Savoy, stood the ancient mansion of the Albertini; round it were several little buildings, in which were deposited the cattle, poultry, &c. &c. belonging to the family. A young gentleman by name Barbarosse came to the chateau on a visit for a few days; he was cordially received, being of a pleasing lively disposition; and an elegant room in the east wing was prepared for his accommodation.

The family and their young guest spent the day very agreeably; and after supper they sat round a comfortable fire and diverted themselves with songs and stories: the former as is generally the case, were some of the tender and pathetic kind, and some were sprightly; but the latter were for the most part, of the melancholy cast, particularly those which related to preternatural occurrences.

The social party separated at half past twelve o'clock, and Barbarosse retired to his chamber. It was a handsome room on the first floor, having three doors; two of these belonged to two little closets; one on the right that overlooked a farm yard, and another more to the left, that presented through the window, a view of a large romantic wood; the third door was that by which he entered his room after traversing a long passage. Your youth had visited the rooms in the morning, and looked out of the windows to enjoy the prospect for a great while.

As he entered this apartment with his mind full of the diversion just left, he put his candle down upon the table, and looked about him; there was an excellent fire in the chimney, with an iron grating before it, to prevent accidents; a large elbow chair stood near it; and not being at all sleepy, he sat down, reflecting on the amusements of the day, and endeavouring to remember the tales he had heard. In some he thought he perceived strong traits of truth; in others he discovered palpable fiction and absurdity. Whilst he was deliberating upon the various incidents, the watch bell tolled two; but Barbarosse did not attend to it, being deeply engaged in his contemplations; he was suddenly aroused from his reveries by an uncommon rustling sound, issuing from the closet on the right hand, and listening attentively, he heard distinct taps upon the floor at short intervals!

Alarmed at the circumstance he walked slowly to the bed-side and drew forth his pocket pistols from under the pillow; these he placed carefully upon the table and resumed the elbow chair. All was again as still as death, and nought but the winds which whistled around the watch tower, and the adjacent buildings, could be heard.

Barbarosse looked toward the door of the closet, which he then, and not till then perceived was open, and hanging upon a jar. Immediately a fierce blast, forced it wide open—the taper burned blue, and the fire seemed almost extinct.

Barbarosse rose up, put forth a silent, hasty ejaculation of prayer, and sat down again: again he heard the noise! he started up, seized the pistols and stood motionless; whilst large cold drops of dew hung upon his face. Still his heart continued firm, and he grew more composed; when the rustling and taps were renewed—Barbarosse desperately invoked the protection of Heaven, cocked one of the pistols, and was about to rush into the potentous apartment, when the noise increased and drew nearer: a loud peal of thunder that seemed to rend the firmament, shook violently the solid battlements of the watch tower, the deep-toned bell tolled three! and its hollow sound long vibrated on the ear of Barbarosse, with fainter and fainter murmurs, when a tremendous cry thrilled him with terror and dismay, and the long dreaded spectre stalked into the middle of the room, and Barbarosse overcame with surprise and astonishment at the unexpected appearance sunk down *convulsé* in his chair.

The phantom was armed, *de pied en cap*, and clad in a black garment. On his crest a black plume waved majestically, and instead of a glove, or any other lady's favour, he wore a blood red token. He bore no weapon of offence in his hand, but a gloomy shield made of feathers of some kind of bird was cast over each shoulder, he was booted and spurred, and looking upon Barbarosse with ardent eyes, raised his feathery arms and struck them vehemently against his sides, making at the same time the most energetic exclamation!

Then it was that Barbarosse found that he had not shut down the window of that closet in the morning, from which neglect it happened, that a black game cock had flown into the closer and created all this inexpressible confusion.

* Lest any of the faculty should wish, ineffectually, to be informed what species of convulsions affected Barbarosse, I think it proper to satisfy their truly laudable curiosity by anticipation, and to assure them, *Jois d'homme d'honneur*, that his disorder was a convulsion of laughter only.

Music! Dancing! Billiards!

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

DETACHED SENTENCES

For the admirers of FRANK LIBERAL'S Doctrine.

IT may be remarked, that a *quantum sufficit* of libertinism is concealed under the specious grab of Frank Liberal's stile.

Mr. Liberal appears to stop at nothing; he is at least a bold champion for dissipation.

It is not to be wondered at, that the votaries of pleasure have their advocates—her disciples are innumerable; many indeed are "rakes at heart," who outwardly have the semblance of religion.

Frank's sophistry can only be equalled by his temerity.—In both he is unparelled.

Such writers as Frank may obtain a momentary triumph; but, truth is mighty and will finally prevail.

The way to obtain rest after severe mental or bodily fatigue, according to Mr. Liberal, is to go to a ball, and there, of course, dance until 11 or 12 o'clock. Even the girls laugh at this idea; indeed the morning after such repose, they sometimes grin from the effect of sore limbs; for even the alert and agile female is accessible to fatigue.

SENEX.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SIMPLE QUESTIONS,

Addressed to PARENTS.

WOULD it not be advisable for little Misses to learn to read before they learn to dance?

Is it really one of the wise modern improvements, that dancing is considered as an adequate substitute for mental improvement?

Is it consistent, that the professors of Christianity should attend balls and dancing assemblies?

Does not the great increase of dancing schools argue an increased and alarming degeneracy of manners and morals?

Is it probable that children early initiated in the rites of dissipated assemblies, where pleasure is the only object sought, will ever be able to bend their minds to the acquisition of useful knowledge?

VERUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN your two last numbers, I have seen a question stated, which, though of very great importance, has been very superficially treated by two of your correspondents, viz. *Ten Love* and *J. I. H.* The subject of disquisition, is the BILLIARD-TABLE, or playing at Billiards.

Ten Love wishes to be informed or determined, whether there can be any sin in spending an "idle hour" at Billiards "for amusement," when there is no bet laid? It is very well known, that there is not a single game played at Billiards, but there must be money lost or won, whether there be a "bet laid" or not, for it is an invariable rule that the loser always pays for the table;—consequently every one is "flushed with hope," (and indeed, with every concomitant emotion) the moment he begins, and of course will find himself as much interested, and as eager for success, as if he had a wager depending.

The gentleman confesses, "that if any sum of money whatever be staked upon the game, that it becomes a crime, because it then becomes gambling." I have already shewn, that there is always money staked; and no matter whether it be little or much, or whether there be any extra sum by way of wager, still there is money at stake, and nothing alters the position; therefore I look upon it as gambling, in every sense of the word. It must then be allowed, that this is *one step*; and all who have studied human nature, or studied themselves, will own, that to take but *one step* in this or any other amusement or vice, without perceiving the evil, or being aware of its tendency, will naturally lead to another, and another, and so on, by a quick succession or gradation, till it becomes habitual; and what appeared at first to be wrong or sinful, will, by our being continually exposed to, or witnessing, lose in a great measure its effect upon the mind; as is generally the case with those who have become habitual swearers: It then appears less criminal,—innocent,—an accomplishment, &c. "until at last it may end in their total ruin." But supposing, though not granting, that it were not evil or criminal, in itself, simply or abstractly considered, yet we are commanded to avoid all appearance of evil! How far we obey this command in frequenting the Billiard Table, will be further shewn.

I have every reason to believe, (and I suppose it will not be denied) that the greatest proportion of its votaries are per-

sons of loose morals, and one cannot attend it without mixing in their company; which is being exposed to more temptations than one. Is it not then very strange to assert, that there can be no impropriety in associating with professed gamblers, &c.? or to suppose that our hours for relaxation, can be either innocently or profitably spent in such company?—It is a subject that ought to be considered collectively, that is, we ought to consider the motive, action, and tendency, or consequence; as indeed we ought in every action, and every pursuit, whether of pleasure or profit.

One of the arguments adduced by *Ten Love*, to prove the innocence of his favourite game of Billiards, is its similarity to the "childish play of marble:—" but this I look upon as a very slender support; nor do I think it can be properly applied, for what is innocent in a child, will, or may be criminal in a man. The proportion of our sin rises in proportion to our advancement in the knowledge of good and evil. *Ten Love*, in advancing this argument, seems only to consider the action in itself, which, as I have stated above, is wrong, because he loses sight of its consequences: Now the same consequences cannot attend, or be attached to this amusement in children. This I presume the gentleman will allow; and if he is not already determined, I shall be glad to hear his further doubts and scruples, whenever he can spare an "*idle hour*," from business, or from the "Billiard Table."

I have read over *J. I. H.*'s answer to O**** and *Ten Love*, but I cannot find any thing decisive in his arguments,—his "one word more to *Ten Love*" in the close of his epistle, is the only thing he seems to have either written, said, or "done" to the purpose. Respecting music "I am clearly of opinion," that our becoming inhabitants of Heaven, does in no degree depend on our learning music while in this world. *J. I. H.* however, appears to be of a different way of thinking; at least he asserts something diametrically opposite. I would just beg leave to ask the gentleman, whether he is "credibly informed of *this* in the word of God?" That "it forms a considerable part of the joys of heaven" I shall not dispute; but that they who are well acquainted with music here, will have the advantage of those who have it to learn when they arrive there, is beyond conception erroneous: nay, I am surprised, that a man who, I suppose, calls himself a Christian, would advance such a gross absurdity; it is a doc-

trine that ought to be treated with every possible contempt. I wonder when this learned gentleman was informed, that the same music which is sung here, would be sung in heaven; for if he cannot prove this, I can prove that all who "arrive there," will be on a par, not only in this, but in every other respect.—He has indeed found a way to exclude from that blessed place, the greater part of mankind, and that by means entirely new, and before unheard of.*

Nay, he has even had the cruelty to exclude a great part of his own relations or ancestors, (which I think is rather inconsistent, if he has the least spark of regard remaining for them); for I am much mistaken if they all are, or have been connoisseurs in music.

"One word more to" this *great man*, and I have done." If he finds, or pretends he finds proofs for his assertions in the word of God, I must say, he has a strange way of perverting the Scriptures, or rather, he must be entirely ignorant, not only of the spirit, but of the letter of sacred writ.

G.

* The writer is certainly mistaken in this observation:—Mrs. George Pawlet's sarcasms for excluding her husband from heaven, in the story of *Old Nick*, shews that *J. I. H.*'s sentiments on this head are by no means novel.

Another correspondent speaking on the above subject, has the following remark:—"When he (*J. I. H.*) dies, I advise him to give strict charge to those who have the care of his funeral, to bury his musical instruments with him (for I suppose he is a musician); for if his opinion should prove well-founded, he may have use for them, as it is full as likely he may want instruments, as it is that a knowledge of the musical art will prove useful to him in a future state." *ED.]*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*Go, woud' you rest ner! go where danc'g rules,
Go, see, if thou find' wiser men th' re, or folk;
Instruct those youths, who in this orbit run,
To see their folly, and the dang'r shun.* POP.

"Touch the gall'd jade on the sore and she will wince."

IT is ever to be observed, that the guilty mind is the first to declare its innocence; and the person who is conscious of his deficiency of any virtue, will be the first to affect the possession of it: hence I conceive my friend Frank (whom I must acknowledge is *Frank* indeed) has assumed to himself the surname of *Liberal*; but he has fully discovered that however the other may correspond with his real name, *this* at least is fictitious. If my friend Frank had really been *liberal*, he certainly would have treated the subject with some degree

of liberality; instead of which he discovers great soreness of nerve, as well as ill nature, by descending to the vulgar means of bestowing on his opponent the opprobrious epithet of "Timon, Timolean, grim-visaged bachelor, halflike-critic, accute Tyro, &c." From this specimen of argumentation, it would appear, that this *liberal champion* for dancing, has picked up a good deal of his honour, probity, benevolence, and the other social virtues, either at a dancing school, or at the University of *Billingsgate* or *St. Giles's*. If instead of such knock-down arguments as abuse, and the application of foul and uncharitable epithets, my friend Frank had treated the subject like a gentleman; he would have given a more substantial proof, that "dancing may be acquired without sacrificing the amiable virtues of honour, probity, benevolence, and especially liberality. From the mode of his defence I conclude he can be nothing less than a *dancing master*,—otherwise he would not so soon have lost his temper, and have discovered so much passion. He seems to write like one much alarmed; like Demetrius of old, who, when he saw his craft in danger, cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" But this stickler for dancing is not content with shewing his prowess in defence of that science, but he turns critic too! forgetting that the necessary qualifications for discharging this duty are a little more profound than the stepping out a minuet, or tormenting the catgut. I confess, if Frank is correct, he has made a new discovery, at least to me, when he calls dancing "a vicissitude of human life!" But when a man is in a passion, we ought to overlook these little inaccuracies, notwithstanding they proceed even from a critic. But to have done with his criticisms, as well as his witticisms, let us attend a little to his profound logic; for he has certainly discovered that he is also a logician. He asks, "can there be no dancing without sacrificing honour and probity?" to this important question I will not hesitate to answer, yes;—what then? does this prove that too much attention may not be paid to this accomplishment, to the neglect of more valuable acquisitions?—He then asks, "cannot honesty and benevolence receive their required solicitude, altho' the theatre is visited?" Altho' "unarmed at any point by sophistry," I am not obliged to admit this conclusion, much less "that industry can generally remain unimpaired, admitting that a knowledge of music is acquired." If Mr. Frank can produce but one lady who makes a constant habit of go-

ing to the theatre, and is well acquainted with, and practises music, who attends to the domestic concerns of her family, and to the happiness of her husband as she ought, I will admit that he has, so far as an individual can establish a general principle, carried his point: but this is not enough, he must prove that this is *generally* the case; and that visiting the play-house, and learning music are no kind of obstacles to the attainment of other beneficial accomplishments.—Again, my friend happens to be unfortunate in the choice of his argument, when he asks "is it possible that human nature can continue ever studious; the mind requires rest from intense application equally, if not more so, than the body." Granted; but what studies does my friend allude to? surely the study of honour, honesty, benevolence, &c. is not here intended; these are generally acquired more by habit than by intense application. I think this intense application is more generally employed in learning music, because as a science that has the greatest variety of any, and certainly must require intense application; so much so, as to exclude in a measure every other study in which the youth, at this season of life, ought to be engaged. I suppose then my friend Frank means to say that when the young ladies are tired of playing music, they ought to relax a little by having recourse to the ball, and when their bodies are also fatigued, they ought again to relax a little by going to sleep; and then they will be disposed to act the same beautiful variety of pleasures over again, to the exclusion of every other important acquisition. Is it not so Frank?—Before I conclude I shall just notice Frank's liberality once more, in his attempt, by a clumsy falshood, to enlist the female sex on his side—He says, "O's invectives are principally directed towards the female sex, and that he bewails with canting regret, &c." for my own part I confess I have read O*****'s piece with some degree of attention, but cannot discover any such thing as "invectives," much less any thing partially implicating the female sex, but rather the contrary, they are held up as having the greatest claim to our solicitude. Now supposing, as I do, that Frank is a *dancing master*, and that his living depends on this science, I can *frankly* forgive him for what he has already advanced in the Demetrian as well as the Billingsgate stile, and hope he will resume the subject, and give a full scope to his liberal soul, in those beautiful effusions which so eminently adorn and grace his last piece.

AN OLD DANCER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

HAVING heard a good deal of the strong mental powers of Miss C. a scholar of Mr. Neal, only ten years old, I was determined to satisfy my mind by trying her talents, both in prose and poetry. I, therefore, proposed several subjects for her sentiments extempore; and was astonished to find her equally ready at all, at the same time exhibiting a penetration, judgment and accuracy, which are often looked for in vain in persons of maturer years. This observation is verified by the inclosed, on *Content*, which was composed in a few minutes; and which affords a striking proof, not only how much quicker is the maturation of the minds of females than of males, but also how important it is to cultivate the scion of genius in its tender infant state, especially if we ever expect or wish it to bud in beauty, bloom in sweetness, and bear the fruits of knowledge and of wisdom. Specimens of this kind will by parents be viewed with delight, by pupils with emulation, by the liberal with pleasure, by adepts in composition with admiration, and by the critic himself (whose true characteristic is, or ought to be *candor*) with approbation, indulgence, and even patronage.

B.

ON CONTENT.

CONTENT is a treasure of inestimable value: and virtue, knowledge, and content, are the principal things, that are requisite to make a person happy. Though we possess riches in abundance, and all our acquaintance flatter us with professions of friendship; yet, bereft of Content, we are miserable; and all mankind cannot prevent our being so, if we possess not this blessing. Costly furniture, though it may at first glitter and please the eye, yet, after we have viewed it a few days, it becomes familiar to us; and what we once viewed with delight, we now turn away from with disgust. Content, in a great measure, enables us to submit to the will of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, without murmuring, in whatever situation he is pleased to place us.

JUNIA.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

FOR THE RHEUMATISM.

Take of garlic two cloves, of gum ammoniac one drachm, blend them by bruising together, make them into two or three bolusses with water, and take one at night, and one in the morning; Drink while taking this recipe, sassafras tea, made very

strong, so as to have the tea-pot filled with chips. This is generally found to banish the rheumatism, and even contractions of the joints, in a few timestaking.

FOR A SORE THROAT, OR LUMPS IN THE THROAT.

To one gill of the juice of pressed nettle-root well strained, add of rose-water and white wine vinegar, each one spoonful; put them into a tin saucapan, over a good fire, for about a quarter of an hour, then set it by to cool, and when you mean to use it, make it pretty warm, and soak a strip of flannel in it, then scrape a little nutmeg over the wet flannel, and apply it on the outside of the part affected: this you are to repeat twice in 24 hours, when it will most certainly complete the cure. Roll a strip of dry flannel over the one applied to the part.

PHILADELPHIA,

MARCH 6, 1802.

Solution to N. MAJOR'S Question,
IN PAGE 111.

BY transposing $x^2 + z$ in the first equation, we have $y^2 = a - x^2 - z$, and by transposing $z^2 + x$ in the third equation, we get $y^2 = c - z^2 - x$, hence $c - z^2 - x = a - x^2 - z$, from which $x = a - c + z^2 - z$, and by putting $a - c = 102 = d$, completing the square, &c. gives $x = \sqrt{d + z^2} - z + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}$, which squared, gives $x^2 = d + z^2 - z + \sqrt{d + z^2} - z + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{4}$, this substituted for x^2 in the second equation, gives $y + 2z^2 - c + d + \sqrt{d + z^2} - z + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{4} = b$, and by subtracting we have $y = b - d - \frac{1}{2} - 2z^2 + z - \sqrt{d + z^2} - z + \frac{1}{4}$, put $b - d - \frac{1}{2} = 86\frac{1}{2} = e$, then $y = c - z^2 + z - \sqrt{d + z^2} - z + \frac{1}{4}$, which squared gives $y^2 = e^2 - 4ez^2 + 4z^4 + 2z^2 - 4z^3 + 2z^2 + d - z + \frac{1}{4} - 2e + 1 + z^2 - 2z \times \sqrt{d + z^2} - z + \frac{1}{4} = c$, and by subtracting we have $4z^4 - 4ez^2 + 2ez - 4z^3 + 3z^2 - z - 2e + 1 + 4z^2 - 2z \sqrt{d + z^2} - z + \frac{1}{4} = c - a - e^2 = \frac{1}{4}$, which reduced gives $-43 + 2z - \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{d + z^2} - z + \frac{1}{4} = 85.75z^2 - 4.5z + 3z^4 - 1864$. This squared and reduced,

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

UPON sending a servant the other evening to attend to a very violent ringing of the bell, the following letter was found thrown into the entry, addressed to **.

*****. The circumstance is so singular, and the style, method, &c. so original, that I cannot forbear requesting a place for it in your useful Repository. Perhaps a more selfish motive than the gratification of your readers, induces me to make it public, as I wish hereby to inform Miss AMANDA, that if she will leave her address with you, or with any other person whom she may think more proper to trust the secret with, it shall be most punctually attended to. It may not be amiss to remark, that this is the second letter on the same subject, received in the same manner.

A SUBSCRIBER.

To **. *****.

GOOD Doctor, with a piteous face,
I come to tell my hopeless case;
Since you have such amazing skill,
That you can cure me if you will.
I love, alas! too well I know,
I love a most enchanting Beauty:
The sad disorder grows apace,
And clouds with care my every grace.
I'll state my feelings first of all
To know if these your symptoms call—
Know then a most tormenting pain,
Shoots frequent thro' my heart and brain—
My mem'ry's short my spirits low,
I dream of Cupid and his bow—
For several hours I sit and sigh,
And the tear trembles in my eye—
Whene'er I pass a shady grove,
I think upon the swain I love—
A feat beneath a willow tree,
Is quite a paradise to me.
Wakes the soft impulse in my breast,
And robs my sickn'd soul of rest—
And now, good Doctor, pray prescribe,
And I'll prepare the glittering bribe.

You did not think it worth your while to answer my left, but I hope you will not neglect this—Please to send your answer to me, and direct it to Miss Amanda.

- “Why heaves from my bosom a sigh,
- “Why fix'd are my eyes on the ground;
- “I steal all alone, and then cry,
- “To banish each care with a song.
- “I lean on my hand with a sigh.
- “My friend: the soft sadness condemn;
- “Methinks, yet I cannot tell why,
- “I should hate to be merry like them.”

But I live on the sweet hope of seeing you once before you leave this place.

AMANDA.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE

IN PAGE 127.

THE silver dew-drops in the beauteous spring,
Or e'er the lark ascends aloft to sing,
Bespangle o'er the grassy meads and plains,
Inviting forth the early rising swains.
Presenting beauties which no mind can trace,
Unless contemplated on Nature's face:
Where liquid diamonds glitter and display,
Splendors superior to the rainbow's ray.
From the torn bowels of the earth we find,
Ascend metallic ores of every kind;
Abject indeed, at first—is iron ore:
But soon it forms a LOCK to keep the }
door,
And lock the coffers of the tyrants store.
The first revers'd, and to the second join'd,
Will shew, for what the cloister'd virgin pin'd— {know,
The happy state of WEDLOCK, which we
Exceeds all other bliss enjoy'd below.

OLIVIA.

Marriages.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 4th inst. by the Rt. Rev. Dr. White, Mr. Henry Nixon, to Miss Morris, daughter of Robert Morris, Esq.

Deaths.

DIED...In this city...On the 26th ult. Mr. Francis Mason, a native of England.... On the 27th, after a lingering and very afflictive illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Chalk, wife of Mr. John Chalk, proprietor of “Chalk's Circulating Library”...Same day, Mr. Peter Knight, Aet. 80....Same day, Joshua Porter, by a fall from the wharf at Arch Street, on a spar as it lay in the dock; he has left a wife and 5 small children.

—At Bordentown, (N. J.) Mrs. Ruth Allison, Aet. 73.

—At New-York, on the 24th ult. Mrs. Frances Brodey, wife of Mr. Alexander Brodey, (formerly of this city.) For the information of the friends of the deceased, the printers in the southern states are requested to publish the above.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Clio meets our approbation—his several communications will be faithfully attended to. We'reish Sanchez's wit, and invite his future correspondence; but a quantum sufficit on the subject appears in the present number. His “General Orders” remain under consideration. “In Love” is offered: he will find his remarks chiefly anticipated by “G.” and will at the same time have the collected arguments of his opponents before him. In “Lorenzo” we recognize an old correspondent, though in a dress he does not often assume; but which very well becomes him. Few subjects seem too high for “Carlos's” daring muse, —“The War Horse,” not excepted.

Gives { $310865.0625z^2 + 11129z^3 + 171.526 + 2z^7 - 157756.25z^2 - 10977.5625z^4 - 259.5z^3 - z^8 \} = 3285435.75$,
which solved gives $z=6$, from which $x=12$, and $y=9$, as required.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET TO PITY.

"....Perish all, whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe!"

POPE.

OFFSPRING of Love and Sorrow, gentle
pow'r!

Whose pearly tears, pellucid, fill thine
eyes!

Whose bosom heaves a sigh when Virtue
dies!

Oh! come with me t' employ the vacant
hour.

In search of haunts of woe, of deep distress;

In misery's gaping wounds, to pour relief;

To calm the troubl'd mind, surcharg'd
with grief;

Comfort the widow and the fatherless.

Grant me thy native energy divine,

To weep at folly, vanity and pride!

Kindred emotions may I never hide,
Sweet Maid! for such alone are thine.

So cause my eyes at Sorrow's tale to flow;
For Pity's tears can soften ev'ry woe.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ODE TO AN INFANT.

THOU little harmless, tender bud of love,
Welcome, thrice welcome! With parental
care

By day we'll watch thee, and by night will
prove

That we in all thy little griefs do share.

Little charmer, why, ah! why

Force that agonizing cry?

So soon dost thou taste of trouble,

Tho' from care and sinning free—

Ah! alas! it will be double

Should'st thou taste iniquity.

If thou livest, soon shall care and toil
Wrinkle thy brow, and crush the rising smile.

Tho', helpless innocent, thy wants be few;
Tho' cares and fears for dark futurity;

And dire misfortunes, can't thy soul subdue;
Or time's possessions all disquiet thee:

Yet of grief thou hast a taste—

Seeking for the soothing breast—

Cholic-pains and stomach sick;

And too oft the careless nurse

Pierces thee unto the quick.

What still makes thy sufferings worse,
Thou can'st cry, and twist thy little hand.

But we thy language do not understand.

Ah! accidents, and potent ills around
Thy tender frame in countless numbers

press;

Even kindness' hand may oft inflict a wound,
And parents hurt thee while they would

care.

Pale disease will lend her pow'r

To destroy thee, tender flow'r.

Thus life's path is strew'd with woes;
But 'tis full of pleasures too;
Providence does interpose
Blessings numberless; for you
The AUTHOR of thy being hath prepar'd
These ills, to fit for Heav'n, thy great reward.

Thy tender mother feels for all thy woes,
Sighs for thy sigh, close to her bosom
press'd;

And often too the tear afflictive flows,
When thou by sickness art depriv'd of rest;

But when thou dost sweetly smile

Quite forgotten is her toil:

Then she tastes of all thy joy,

Claps, and hugs, and kisses gives;

Then her moments quickly fly:

All is peace;—her darling lives.

—So when the storm has rag'd o'er hill and
plain,

The sun appears, and all's serene again.

Fair Innocent! like thee, man, boastful
man,

Is but an infant whilst he here remains;
His night, an instant in the Eternal plan,

Replete with torment, dire disease, and
pains:

But the day will quickly come,

And friendly angels guide him home.

Here tho' pains a moment rage,

There, in peace we'll ever joy;

Heav'n will all our griefs assuage,

Pain shall cease—for sin shall die;

And God shall reign, the Father and the
Friend,

Dispensing peace and joy, time without end.

X. W. T.

00000000

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE STORMY EVENING

OF MONDAY, FEB. 22d, 1802.

WINTER stern at length has found us,

Snowy blasts assail our doors;

Snow increases all around us,

Howling bleak northwest wind roars.

Hark! the surly blast increasing,

Fiercely driving clouds of snow;

Now it's lulling, but not ceasing;

Now more cold it seems to blow.

Now all you yourselves enjoying,

Full of glee we may suppose;

Singing, dancing, kissing, toying,

Tasting sweets which love bestows;

Think on them now on the ocean,

Shiv'ring with the freezing blast,

Tossed by the tempest's motion,

Or on some waste island cast:

Where a dreadful death they're fearing,

Frozen fingers, frozen toes;

Famine in their faces staring,—

Death ere long must end their woes.

Happy is your situation,

Where you know no such distress;

Thankful be for such a station,

And the comforts you possess.

T. W. de la TIENDA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

[The following was received, and is presumed to have
been written during the late snows.]

VERSES

To the SNOW BIRD.*

"How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!"

THOMPSON.

THOU sweet little songster, that gladdens
the plain,

When winter spreads snow all around!

The sound of thy chirping enlivens the
swain,

Who musingly treads o'er the ground. ¶

Perch'd up on that bough, thy faint notes do
ascend

To Heav'n, as incense so meet;

Over earth now so grave, thy warblings dis-
tend

A melody, charming and sweet.

Thou plum'd child of nature, O teach me
thy art,

To banish fear, ill, care and strife!

To humbly support in distress my full part,

And dispel the dark glooms of this life!

With thee to chaunt matins each morn so
sincere,

And wake all my senses to light!

To pour out my soul in smooth accents, and
cheer

The wearisome watches of night—†

But ah! thou are gone!—thus to leave me
alone,

Is cruel, unfriendly indeed!

Thy absence, with sorrow, I long will be-
moan,—

For thy comph'ny often I need:

To learn me a lesson of wisdom sublime,

Dictated by WISDOM to thee;

That I to her ways may as freely incline,
As thou to thy bough in the tree.

AMELIA.

* A little bird that frequents our gardens, the male
of which, has (though a faint) a sweet voice not unlike
the yellow bird.

† In a calm winter night, it frequently whistles a
few plaintive notes.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

IMPROPTU,

ON MISS T.....T.

TO see good sense and beauty join'd,
I've heard was very rare;

But sense and beauty are combin'd
To form this lovely fair. C.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SNIP EXPOSTULATETH WITH THE
ENIGMA MAKERS.

STAY Gents, who forge Enigmas rare,
Nor thus inflate each lovely lass;

They're told, sweet creatures! they are
fair,
Full often by the looking glass.

SNIP.

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY;

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, March 13, 1802.

OLD NICK:
 A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOLUME II.

C H A P. I.

Drawing.—The pleasure Barclay derives from it.—
"Delicious instillations of Love."—What Mrs. Pawlet suffered.—She complains of the loss of the ancient primitive manners.—Reads the parson a lecture.—Homer mangled.—Mrs. Pawlet proud of her cowardice, and ruby.—She follows a common mode of translation.—Charity.—What they did at the parsonage after supper.

AS our friends continued their way, the parson told Barclay, that they had originally no singing in the church, but that, to oblige his sister, he had permitted her to drill a number of the most musical of the peasants for that purpose. "They make sad work of it," said he, "but, bad as it is, I believe it entices many to come to church who would otherwise stay away; therefore I pass it over as a necessary evil. It would be more bearable" he added, "if my sister would keep them to the simple church-music, but she often quits this for such as the poor fellows can never get through.—Besides, she gives them sometimes so many things to sing, that they are as long again singing as I am preaching. However, it is all meant for the best; and I let them do as they like."

Chatting in this manner, they came to the church, when Penelope observed that Mrs. Pawlet had retired from Olympus much earlier than common. The parson instantly took out his watch, and seeing

that it wanted an hour to dinner-time, was very much surprised at his wife's having left the hill so much sooner than usual;—but hoping that no accident had happened, he proposed that they should wander about the hills, and enjoy the prospects for half an hour before they returned. This was readily agreed to; and amongst other things, the parson pointed out the different views Penelope had taken from that spot. Barclay was warm in his encomiums on them, and especially praised her taste in selection, and the accurateness of her drawing.

"Indeed," said Penelope, "I have done nothing, having left the most beautiful parts undone. The view now from hence," continued she, "is the most delightful that can be imagined;—I long to have it; but it is so extensive, and embraces so many objects, that I have no skill or power to accomplish it."

"You are too diffident," replied Barclay, "but such will always be the case with true merit. If I thought you would not think it presumption in me to attempt what you unjustly fear you should not be able to perform; I could wish, since you say you desire to have it, to try whether I could execute it, so as not to be entirely unworthy of your acceptance."

"Can you draw?" exclaimed Penelope, her eyes sparkling with pleasure.

"Yes, a little!" replied Barclay.

"Oh! then!" said she, "you have been laughing prettily at me, all the time you have been complimenting my silly works!"

"No, upon my honour," rejoined Barclay, "they discover taste and genius, which might be brought to great perfection!"

"We have no master about us," said the parson, "or she should not want instruction. I hope you will lend Pen your assistance!"

"Most willingly," replied Barclay, "if I am not unworthy!"

During the period they were conversing, our hero had taken paper and pencil out of his pocket, and was delineating the surrounding scene in small, to be afterwards done on a larger scale; and, as he proceeded with great ease, the parson looking over one shoulder, and Penelope over the other, the former could not help exclaiming, "Oh! you are quite a proficient,—you must be my Pen's master!"

"Yes! yes, indeed!" ejaculated Penelope, whose thoughts were wholly taken up with the drawing. Barclay's heart leaped at the word,—he fixed his eyes on her's;—she recollected herself, and blushed.

The parson being free from suspicion, as his heart was free from guile, took no notice of the feelings of the young folks; but kept his thoughts entirely employed on the landscape Barclay was describing.

Our hero never enjoyed more delight,—Penelope was never more happy. She leaned over him while he sat on the hill, and their congenial souls seemed to mingle, and feel but one impulse. From this moment they became more intimate, and enjoyed, in a greater degree, "those calm and delicious instillations of love, which are a foretaste of immortality*."

The reader may perhaps not enter into the merits of these "delicious instillations of love;" but if he considers the situation of Barclay, occupied by one he loved, in doing that which she hung over him with delight while he performed, and yet cannot conceive the meaning of these words, but still continues to question me about them, I must reply with Rousseau, "Inquire no more! What does it import thee to know what thou canst never feel?"

* Mr. Fellowes, p. 171.

† On the word genius.

In this happy state, touching and retouching the drawing, according to his own skill or Penelope's suggestion, they remained until the parson informed them that they had trespassed considerably beyond their time, having stayed a quarter of an hour beyond their dinner-hour.

"Come, come," said he, "let us hasten home,—Mrs. Pawlet will be displeased."

They descended the hill to the parsonage. At the gate, on inquiring of the maid whether her mistress was come in, they were told, "That she had been home some time, and had been complaining ever since her return; but what accident she had met with, the servant said she could not surmise, as she had not uttered a word of English in all her lamentations."

"Bless me!" ejaculated the parson, "I feared something wrong!—Where, where is she?"

"In the parlour, sir," replied the maid; and instantly the parson and Penelope ran to learn the cause of her complaint. Barclay followed.

They found Mrs. Pawlet sitting in one corner of the room, with a book on her knees. Her mind was in its usual state of abstraction; and it was long before the parson, using every tender expression he could think of, could bring her to give any account of what had happened to her. At length she confessed that she had been robbed.

"Robbed!" exclaimed the parson.

"Yes," said she, "robbed! basely and ignobly robbed!"

"Who could it be?" rejoined the parson, "and what did they rob you of?"

"They merely came for base lucre," said she, "such are the days we live in! How different from the ancient primitive manners!"

Mrs. Pawlet entered into an elaborate account of primitive manners, and to her own satisfaction, clearly proved how much men had degenerated. And getting from the manners of men into their actions, and their size, and quoting Homer on the occasion, she read the parson such a lecture on his diminutiveness, when compared with men of former days, as lasted until tea-time. At tea, however, they obtained from her some further information respecting the robbery. It appeared that some lurking fellows had observed her daily visits to an unfrequented part of the hill, and had resolved to plunder her, which they had effected.

"They took my purse," said she, "but that I cared but little about, for it may easily be replaced; but how shall I recall

the many excellent reflections I had noted in the pocket-book which they carried off; imagining I suppose, that it contained bank-notes, or some such trash."

Barclay's humour was tickled at the mention of the invaluable memorandum-book, but he did not think it proper to let her know that she had left it behind her.

"Goths and Vandals as they are!" she exclaimed, "what was of no use to *them*, they destroyed my beautiful little pocket Homer, which I had with me, one of them opened, and not being able to comprehend it, he called me an old witch, and tearing it to pieces, strewed all Olympus with the mangled poet's limbs!"

Penelope hoped she was not much alarmed.

"Alarmed, child!" cried Mrs. Pawlet; "exceedingly! and as soon as I could, ran away at full speed. Demosthenes, Horace, Cicero, were all cowards, Mr. Temple," said she; and shall I be ashamed of being one also! I glory in it.

He that fights and runs away,

May live to fight another day.

And believe me, sir, that Xenophon, tho' otherwise a writer I much admire, was a fool, when he affirmed, that "*those who fly are sooner killed than those who stay.*"

"Your interpretation is ingenious," said our hero, "but with deference to your opinion, Madam, I conceive Xenophon's sense to be this, "*Those who cowardly retreat are more likely to be slain than those who boldly fight it out.*"

"Right, sir," she rejoined; "you are undoubtedly right, Mr. Temple; but in construing it as I did, it must be owned that I merely followed a very prevailing custom. I turned it so as to answer my purpose."

Here her face assumed a pedantic grin, and she was going to enter into a long detail of the manner in which the Jews interpreted the Bible to answer their own ends, when the servant came in to inform the parson that a poor woman who was almost dying, wished for his assistance. His humanity never slumbered; and though he had to cross the hills in not the most agreeable weather, he cheerfully obeyed the summons. Barclay offered to accompany him, but was pleased to hear the worthy parson say: "No, no; you remain here, and entertain the ladies. By the time I return, I expect you will have made great progress in the view you took before dinner. You furnish Mr. Temple with paper, Pen. and learn all you can of him."

"Yes, sir; that I will!" replied Pene-

lope, following the parson out of the room to fetch a sheet of drawing paper, pencils, India rubber, and other necessary articles to begin the operation.

During their absence, Mrs. Pawlet being inquisitive to know what they were going to do, Barclay informed her that he had studied drawing in the University at his leisure hours, and that he had taken a view from the church to oblige Miss Penelope, to whom he should be happy to afford all the instruction in his power. She admired his taste for the polite arts; and talked for some minutes after Penelope's return, of their origin and progress, till finding she could not proceed any further, she left our young friends to pursue their drawing, and retired to a distant part of the room, "to endeavour," as she said, "to recollect those scattered reflections which the villains had deprived her of by stealing her memorandum-book."

Assisted by the remarks and recollection of Penelope, Barclay continued his work. Their delight was mutual. As the objects grew into life upon the paper, Penelope exulted; and Barclay, in his turn, exulted at being the cause of pleasure in her he loved. Indeed, if there be one happiness greater than another, it is that which he felt!

Yet amidst their felicity would a sigh sometimes escape them; but it was a sigh, occasioned by the excess of pleasure, fearing for its duration.

They enjoyed the interval of the parson's absence with exquisite zest; and on his return, it being supper time, they supped; and afterwards, as it will happen in the best regulated families, they went to bed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Essays on Music.

NUMBER II.

IN my Essay, No. I. I considered the science of Music, as extensive, and comprehending, in a degree, almost every of the science. I shall in this number, consider it as copious, as abounding with a rich variety. And this indeed has, in a degree, been already anticipated: For, the extensiveness of the art shows, in part, its copiousness.

Great attention has been paid to the art of Music, for many centuries past, and great improvements have been made. Almost innumerable are the volumes which

have been written on this science; and immense quantities of Music have been produced. An attempt to give a just and full description of these publications, in a course of short essays, would be fruitless; for a catalogue of them would fill many volumes.

Thousands in different ages of the world, who were possessed of brilliant talents, and of glowing genius, devoted the principal part of life to the study and investigation of the principles of this art.

Many and various treatises have been written by eminent masters. Excellent systems have been formed by their laborious applications and preserving diligence. These systems contain pertinent and useful rules for the variation and extension of sounds, in beautiful and pleasing melodies; for the union and combination of different sounds in rich and sublime harmonies; and, for the modulation and arrangement of the melodies and harmonies, in a manner at once entertaining and delightful. Music composed according to a taste which has been formed upon such principles, and duly executed, has a powerful effect upon the mind, and will naturally enliven and animate the soul, elevate and transport the affections; and excite solemn and sublime devotion.

Notwithstanding the numberless compositions of past ages; yet, the fountain is not exhausted, nor are the streams dried. The eminent masters of the present age, have already produced many excellent new melodies and harmonies. And, so copious is the subject, that, should we suppose thousands employed in composition, and fixed in a separate situation till each had written a large volume; and should they then be collected, and every piece be compared,—the probability is, that, not two out of the whole, could be found, which would bear such a resemblance to each other, as that they could with propriety, be called one and the same tune.

Such is the abundance and fullness of Music, that finite creatures can never exhaust its sources, fathom its depths, or surpass its utmost limits.

PYTHAGORICUS.

VOLTAIRE.

WHEN a candle burns and gives light to a house, many wonderful things contribute to the phenomenon:—The fat of the animal is the work of the Creator, or the wax of the bee is made by his teaching; the wick is from the vegetable wool of a singular exotic tree, much labour of man is con-

cerned in the composition, and the elements that inflame it, are those by which the world is governed. But after all this apparatus, a child, or a fool, may put it out; and then boast that the family are left in darkness, and are running against one another. Such is the mighty achievement of Mr. Voltaire as to religion; but with this difference, that what is *real darkness* is by him called *illumination*,—and there is no other between the two cases.

SINGULAR TREE.

Dimensions of a Fir Tree, called the "DUKE," lately cut down in his Grace the Duke of Gordon's wood, of Glenmore, by the Kingston Port Company:

Length in bole 52 feet	Cubic Feet
Measured at 9 feet from the root,	
39 1-4 inches square, is	90 3-4
Do. at 33 feet from do. 28 1-4 do.	182 1-4
Do. at 42 feet, 19 do.	25
Do. one branch, 15 by 19 inches square	37 1-2
Do. do. 12 by 14 do.	16 1-2

352 feet or 9 tons, at 5l. per ton, is 45l. The tree was 270 years old, was perfectly sound, except a little at the top end, and at the small end of the branches. The tree was cut down in three hours, by two Highland lads of 18 year of age.

CURIOUS MISTAKE IN ORTHOGRAPHY.

An honest tradesman not very well versed in the belles lettres, however he might be in the ledger, was found, by his friend, giving orders to the workman to build a large stable, or rather house, comprising a single room, much larger than the whole tenement, which was but a small, that he himself occupied. Astonished at this singular act, he asked the worthy shopkeeper what his reasons were for building a place so large, or whether he meant it for a theatre? "So you really can't guess my intentions?" said the man of weights and measure: "He, he! how I shall but surprise you—look ye here," said he, with an arch and significant contraction of the physiognomy, and producing a letter—"Here it is, in black and white, signed and seal—you must know, Sir, I sent to my friend, in London, a hare and a brace of partridges, last week, and I am to receive an elephant in return, he writes me word, and this is to be his stable!" How great was his mortification, on being told, that it was an *equivalent*; a barrel of oysters, or some such thing, and not a elephant that he was to expect. The

menagerie was instantly pulled down, by the disappointed tradesman, although nearly completed.

CURIOUS SIGHT AT PALERMO,

AMONG the remarkable objects in the vicinity of Palermo (says SONNET) pointed out to strangers, they fail not to singularize a convent of Capuchins, at a small distance from town, the beautiful gardens of which serve as a public walk. You are shewed under the fabric a vault, divided into four great galleries, into which the light is admitted by windows cut out at the top of each extremity. In the vault are preserved, not in flesh, but in skin and bone, *all the Capuchins* who have died in the convent since its foundation, as well as the bodies of several persons from the city. There are here private tombs belonging to opulent families, who even after death disdain to be conformed with the vulgar part of mankind. It is said, that in order to secure the preservation of those bodies, they are prepared by being gradually dried below a slow fire, so as to consume the flesh without greatly injuring the skin. When perfectly dry, they are invested with the Capuchin habit, and placed upright on tablets, disposed step above step along the sides of the vault, the *heads, the arms, and the feet* are left naked. A preservation like this is horrid. The skin discoloured, dry, and as if it had been tanned, nay, torn in some places, is glewed close to the bone. It is easy to imagine, from the different grimaces of this numerous assemblage of fleshless figures, rendered still more frightful by a long beard on the chin, what an hideous spectacle this must exhibit; and whoever has seen a Capuchin alive, may form an idea of this singular REPOSITORY of dead friars.

THE IMAGINATION.

"The human imagination is an amphitheatre upon which every thing in life, good or bad, great or mean, is acted. In children and persons of frivolous mind it is a mere toy-shop, and in some who exercise their memory without their judgment, its furniture is made up of old scraps of knowledge that are thread-bare and worn-out. In some this theatre is occupied by superstition with all her train of gorgons and chimeras dire: sometimes haunted by infernal demons, and made the forge of plots, rapine and murder: here too the furies act their part, taking a secret but severe vengeance of the self-condemned criminal."—*Dr. Reid.*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A Hint to Orators.

IT is not with a view to criticise on those whose province it is to address the public; but to endeavour to rectify a mistaken mode which is too generally adopted by persons who deliver their sentiments in public, either at the bar, or from the pulpit. I have frequently witnessed, to my great mortification, an excellent subject, stript of its greatest energy, and robbed of its beauties, by an unmeaning pathos, and a declamatory stile of expression: and altho' I must do that justice to the gentlemen of the Bar of Philadelphia, to acknowledge, that the generality of the speakers there, deserve much credit for the propriety of their mode of speaking; yet some among them are not entirely free from that ridiculous custom of inflating, and emphaticising every word, to the total subversion of that most important distinction which a well-placed emphasis is calculated to display. In a monotony of sounds, the spirit and beauty of any language is lost; and in none more so perhaps, than the English language, where the cadence is almost as necessary to be observed as in music. But another thing no less necessary to be observed than this, is, to give the *emphatical* word its due weight; without which the nerve of the language is totally destroyed, and the oration becomes one insipid jargon of inanimate and lifeless sounds.—But how can this possibly be accomplished, while the speaker's lungs are constantly distended to their utmost stretch?—they may rant indeed; but this is not oratory, it is properly speaking, vociferation.

I have too often witnessed this mode of speaking from the pulpit, which in my opinion is prejudicial both to the speaker and hearer, and for which I can find no excuse but an over-strained zeal. But what a pity it is, that men who are truly zealous, should not study that mode of speaking which is best calculated to give the desired effect to their sentiments.—This mode of speaking is in my opinion always injurious to the cause in which it is employed, and ought never to be resorted to, except when speaking out of doors to a large concourse of people; then only is it necessary; and nothing but necessity can render it justifiable.—It has been a maxim laid down by all the writers on Oratory, that it is only necessary to speak loud enough for the whole company to hear distinctly all that is spoken: and it will be found, that when the speaker's voice is higher than this necessary

tone, (except in emphatical words and sentences) it will, to a good ear, be as grating as an instrument out of tune. It may stun the ears of some, and affect the nerves of others; but it is only when zeal and rationality go hand in hand, that a lasting impression is left on the mind by the speaker.—An inflated speech is like an inflated bladder, which as soon as the contents are discharged they evaporate, and no trace of them remains, nor any reinforcement, but the noise of its explosion when it bursts.—Altho' we that are now living have never heard the apostles speak, who were, perhaps, some of the best natural orators that ever spoke, yet I conceive it is not very difficult, to an attentive reader, to discover, from the nature of their discourse, the manner or mode in which it was delivered. In the Acts of the Apostles I can discover but two instances which have the appearance of a declamatory stile; and these were rendered necessary from the circumstances of the cases; being in a tumultuous assembly, and out of doors.—One occurs in the 3d chapter, when Peter addresses the people who had all run together with wonder and amazement to see the miracle he had wrought. The other occurs in the 17th chapter, when Paul stood in the midst of Mars-hill and addressed the men of Athens. In both of these instances we may readily see the absolute necessity of speaking in a loud and declamatory stile. But trace them in their addresses generally, and we shall see them cool, tho' zealous, deliberate, and rationally temperate in all their expressions; so much so, that it is said of Paul when at Corinth, that “he reasoned in the Synagogue every Sabbath day, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks.”

It will be said by some, that very loud speaking makes a greater impression on the hearers. I admit it; but what kind of an impression does it make? It makes the same kind of impression that the braying of an ass would, close to a person's ear. It neither informs the understanding nor affects the heart; but its force is felt on the nerves only, and when these have recovered the shock, the impression is gone.

I have thrown these cursory hints together merely to provoke a discussion of this important subject; hoping it may be taken up in a serious way by those who are better acquainted with the subject. I solemnly declare, I have no other object in view than the improvement of my fellow creatures in the use of one of the greatest gifts the All-Wise CREATOR has bestowed on his creature, man.

AN ANCIENT AND CURIOUS
EPITAPHIUM CHEMICUM.

[From a correspondent.]

HERE lieth to digest, maceate and amalgamate with clay,
In Balneo Arenæ,
Stratum super Stratum,
The Residuum, Terra damnata, and Caput Mortuum,
Of BOYLE GODFREY, Chemist,
and M. D.
A man who in this earthly Laboratory,
Pursued various Processes to obtain
Arcanum Vite,
Or the secret to live:
Also, Aurum Vite,
Or the art of getting, rather than making
Gold.
Alchemist like,
All his labour and Projection,
As Mercury in the fire, evaporated in Fume.
When he dissolved to his first Principles,
He departed as poor
As the last drops of an Alembic;
For Riches are not poured
On the Adepts of this world.
“Not Solar in his purse,
“Neither Lunar in disposition,
“Nor Jovial in his Temperament;
“Being of a Saturnine habit,
“Fœneral Conflicts had left him,
“And Martial ones he disliked.
“With nothing Saline in his Composition
“All Salts, but two, were his Nostrums—
“The Attic, he did not know;
“And that of the Earth, he thought not
Essential;
“Perhaps his, had lost it's Saviour.
Though fond of News he carefully avoided
The “Detonation, Effervescence,
Fermentation, and Decripitation of Life.
Full seventy Years his exalted Essence
Was hermetically sealed in its Terrene Mat-
trass,
But the radical Moisture being Exhausted,
The Elixer Vita spent,
“Inspissated,” and Exiccated to a Cuticle,
He could not suspend longer in his Vehicle,
But precipitated gradatim,
per Campanam,
To his Original Dust.
May that light, brighter than Bolognian
Phosphorus,
Preserve him from the “Incineration and
“Concremation,”
Empyreuma, “Sulphur vivum, and eternal
Cinistius”
Of the Athanor, and Reverberatory Furnace.
of the other world.
Depurate him, like “Tartarus Regeneratus,
from the Fæces and Scoria of this.

W.

Highly rectify, and volatilize his aetherial Spirit.
 Bring it over the Helm of the Retort of this Globe,
 Place it in a new Recipient
 Or Crystalline Orb,
 Among the elect of the Flowers of Benjamin,
 never to be Saturated,
 Until the general Resuscitation,
 Deflagration, and Calcination of all things:
 " When all the Reguline Parts
 " Of his comminuted Substance
 " Shall be again concentrated,
 " Revisited, Alcholtized,
 " And imbibe it's pristine Archeus;
 " Undergo a new Transmutation,
 " Eternal Fixation,
 " And combination to it's former Aura;
 " The new Magma Coated o'er,
 " In coverings more fair than the Magistry
 of Bismuth,
 " More sparkling than Cinabar, or Aurum
 Mosaicum;
 " And being found Proof Spirit,
 " Then to be exalted, and sublimed for ever,
 " Into the concave Dome
 " Of the highest Abudal Paradise."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,
 SIR,

IN my first address, I requested information from some of your correspondents concerning the criminality of playing at Billiards, under particular circumstances; which was mangled by J. I. H.: my answer to him you have, which, if you please, I would thank you so insert.* In your last number, our friend G. has taken up the subject, and some of his assertions I shall now endeavour to answer.

In the first place, then, he asserts, "that there is not a single game played at Billiards, but there is money lost or won." I deny the charge.—We own that the loser pays for the table, but I would wish Mr. G. to point out where it is that money is won, when no money is played for; this certainly is a paradox. Besides, Sir, Mr. G. expects to take the necessary recreations of life, and indeed, whatever pleasure he pleases, without expending a single cent;—but as he has exposed his miserly disposition, and endeavoured to support it by asserting that it is a crime to expend a single

cent on any amusement whatever, I hope he will not think that every person is of the same close-fisted disposition as himself. I ask, Sir, how are we to enjoy any pleasures without expecting to pay for them; it would be but a sorry life indeed, if whenever we expended a cent in any pleasure, we should be conscious that we were sinning. Besides, Sir, he still asserts, that money is at stake, even if no wager is depending—The man must certainly be crack'd. I ask, Sir, how can money be at stake, when no bargain whatever is made among the parties? when the pay for the table is stationary, and always goes to the keeper of the table? and when the parties can derive no possible advantage from playing the game? And even the paltry sum of 6 cents, which is to be paid to the game-keeper, he asserts is gambling;—with the same propriety might he also assert, that the 11d. he pays his barber is gambling, because he might perform the barber's office himself, and thereby throw by a few more cents to rust. I think if I can convince him of this important piece of economy, it will be of service to him. But to proceed; he asserts that the crime is the same, whether playing for nothing, (for I have shewn that the pay for the table is never played for) or whether the sum be ever so great—I would thank the gentleman to solve this enigma, whenever he can spare an idle hour from contemplating his rusty farthings.

Mr. G. asserts, that the greatest part of its votaries are persons of loose morals, but forgets to mention, that persons, that tho't as much of their morals as the gentleman himself, frequented this manly and elegant amusement; and I would advise Mr. G. to make his own propensity to mix and play with persons of those loose morals, by no means a criterion for judging other people; and think because he does evil, and sins with a high hand, that of course every other person that uses those pleasures moderately, act precisely in the same manner that he does.

You perhaps may think, Sir, that I act inconsistent with my first promise that I made, of drawing an impartial conclusion from the opinions of your correspondents; but, I beg Sir, you will not think that I should put that promise into execution as long as we have such weak arguments as we have had already. But you may depend, Sir, I will do it the moment that arguments are advanced that can bear examination,—until when, I am,

Your's,

TEN LOVE.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Camp of Venus, March 1, 1802.

GENERAL ORDERS.

WHEREAS, the province of Fashion, belonging to our royal demesne, being at this time invaded by our mortal enemies the Wantons*, who having stormed the fort of Modesty, and trodden under foot the standard of Shame, have erected on its ruins the banners of Impudence,—and fearing our lovely temple of Chastity may be razed to the level of Lewdness, and understanding that General Nakedness† having broken his neutrality, and gone over to the enemy, and that he has erected in many parts of the country such enormous Breast-works‡ as was never before seen—we command all our forces to parade immediately, properly armed and accoutred, with squibs, pasquinades, &c. and to cut, fell, root out, and destroy the said Breast-works, and to annoy the enemy as much as possible—Should that immodest general sound a retreat, we command our band called the Bashfuls, to pursue him to capitulation, and that he be banished to the desert of Darkness, and be kept confined to the chamber of Matrimony.§

CUPID, Generalissimo.

SANCHO, Secretary.

* Alluding to the present virulent dress of many young ladies.

† Naked breasts are now the rage.

‡ False breasts!—Tea Cups! &c.

§ A place we are much afraid our fashionable belles will be debarred from, by a premature exhibition of those charms which nature, intend I never to be exposed any where else. By this mistaken conduct many young ladies are fast sinking themselves in the esteem of the other sex.

THE PHILOSOPHER

WHO fancies he has sufficient strength in the energies of his own mind, for every occasion of life, will find, some time or other, that he is woefully mistaken. Common occurrences and events may pass over without notice, and the regulations of human wisdom and prudence have their accustomed success: but this is owing to the very nature of wisdom and prudence, they being emanations of the Divine Attributes; and good as naturally flows from them as mischief and sorrow from evil. The philosopher may also triumph over adverse fortune, pain, and sickness; but it is merely a strenuous and constant effort with calamity: whilst, on the other hand, Religion teaches us to bend to the stroke, and to submit with cheerful resignation, with the additional comfort of looking forward to

* This is not necessary, as most of the writer's remarks in his reply to J. I. H. were anticipated by G. in the last number. Ed.

a better world. The philosopher of the present day is a poor forlorn being, who enquires after demonstration till he wastes away a whole life without hope, and dies after all in fear and doubt.

By them every event is ascribed to its next immediate cause; they search no further; they do not consider that wisdom and prudence are the engines of Providence, placed in the mind of man for his preservation and happiness, and are derived from the first law of nature to serve his general purposes; but in the great events of life the superior management of Providence becomes visible, clearing away difficulty, turning disappointment to success, and making all things possible. But the modern philosopher is as ignorant of this intervention as the sailor, who, when his messmate returned thanks to God after the hearty meal they had just had, replied, "Thank God! for what? Is't it our allowance?" It is the same species of insensibility that makes us so often cry out in adversity, what shall I do? I am ruined for ever! nothing can save me! And in prosperity exclaim, How lucky! how fortunate! how well contrived!—till, perhaps, a few day's experience convinces us of the kindness of Providence in having sent adversity, and the folly of our conclusions on what appeared like prosperity.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*But with the friends of vice, the foes of satire,
All truth is spleen: all just reproof ill-nature.*

POPE.

Well may I exclaim in the language of the astonished Hamlet, to *Senex*, and *An Old Dancer*—

*"Angels, and ministers of grace defend me;
Are you spirits of good, or goblins damn'd?"*

BUT a truce most powerful opponents! let me engage you in rotation, and let me give each the tribute of my regret, for his dullness and vapidity. Hence, as I like to render unto Cesar the things which are Cesar's, I readily commence my scrutiny on the *detached*, and spiritless paragraphs of *Senex*, who first approaches, grey-headed, eager, and hot for combat. It is lamentably true, that prejudice strengthens with old age, and those pretended monitors of morality, never tender their snarling, and unnecessary reproofs against innocent pleasures, till time hath set his seal on the powers of gratification, and they behold in themselves with regret, the influence of desire, without the privilege of enjoyment.—Is it not then envious inconsistency to rail at those very amusements, which in their youth they gladly participated? This I am afraid is the un-

fortunate condition of *old Senex*. But gentle reader, he hath told you, I have concealed a *quantum sufficit* of libertinism under the specious garb of my stile.—Open your eyes, I pry thee *Senex*, & examine again, if perchance your perceptive powers are not robbed in darkness, and you will find, the only proposition I endeavoured to establish was, that the rational amusements of music, dancing and theatres, might be attended without impairing virtue, or ruining interest. The occasional abuse of a thing is no argument against the use of it. Would you say that attention to dancing, music, and theatres was criminal, and ought to be abolished, because one man neglected his business, another became crazy by music, or a third chose to grasp at the *Sock and Buskin*? As well might you say the practice of Law, Physic, and Divinity was criminal, because some lawyers have been rogues, some pretended doctors proved quacks, and some "rakes at heart," have cloaked themselves in the outward garb of divinity. But *Senex*, in the plenitude of his accurate apprehension, hath chosen to set down Billiards to my account, and yet asserts "that truth is mighty"—How discordant doth his example sound with his precept. Again he says, I recommend bodily exertion, for removing corporal fatigue. "How mighty is truth." However, this mistake may have originated from the novelty of his metaphysical knowledge, by which he assimilates the existence of spirit and matter.—Farewell! thou *Censor morum* of the age, I hasten to analyse the crude production of *An Old Dancer*.

"Each songster, riddler, every nameless name,
All crowd who foremost shall be damnd to fame;
Some strain in rhyme, the muses on their racks
Scream like the winding of ten thousand Jacks."

In our common intercourse with mankind, it is no uncommon spectacle, to meet with those, who arraign indiscretion, and cry down vice in theory, but unhappily, in their over-ardent solicitude for others' welfare, neglect the preservation of their own characters from rightful imputations of guilt. Hence, it is not to be wondered that *An Old Dancer*, in the laudable exertions of reprehending the harshness of my stile towards O*****, descends from the manly & respectable ground of controversy, to the indecorous and uncivil refuge of scurrility. This is a novel improvement in example, for the support of precept, with a vengeance. Silence, although a powerful advocate for moderation, and abstraction from turbulence, is not always requisite. A total indifference to the unmanly attack of prejudice, is incompatible often with philosophical stoicism, or the calm temper of peace. It is

necessary, therefore, in many cases, to dispense with the phlegmatic dictates of patience, and deign even to answer an infuriated opponent. In the pursuit of my present object, I hope I shall make no indiscreet or vague assertion, unfounded in fact, or endeavour to anticipate the motives of my opponent, as arising from interest to his profession. These I consider as unnecessary and distinct as to the present argument, and ungenerous and reprehensible as to the writer. In the first place, permit me to observe, that *An Old Dancer* has egregiously distorted my application of vicissitudes of human conduct, to dancing.—It was only noted as an occasional consequence of indiscretion produced from amusement, not as a principle. This is not however a sufficient argument of the necessity of abandoning amusement, because limited indiscretion sometimes occurs. Again he says, "I have endeavoured to enlist the female sex on my side by a clumsy falsehood, and that he hath not been able to discover the invectives of O***** towards them."—Is it any fault of mine that in reading, he cannot discover things incontrovertibly true; or that in writing, he cannot express his ideas without insulting every rule of propriety? Instead of *barking* in future against innocent amusements, one of which he acknowledges to have participated in, let him study Murray, and correct his perception at the pages of Watts. My opponent requires proof "that visiting the ball-room, the theatre, and the concert, are no kinds of obstacles to the attainment of other beneficial accomplishments." By beneficial accomplishments, I presume he means the habitual attainment of justice, honour, benevolence, &c. and of consequence, as these require, according to his own assertion, very little application, it follows then that these are not obstacles. But even if I admit that they are some kind of obstacles, it does not follow that they are material, lasting, or irremediable. My opponent is further mistaken in asserting, "that a knowledge of music is only to be acquired by neglecting in a measure every other pursuit in which youth ought to be engaged, in this season of life."—To gain a sufficient information for private persons, so as to afford pleasure to themselves, it is generally allowed that it only requires one hour's practice every day, Sunday excepted. Surely then it will not be denied that there is sufficient time to exercise *moral duties*, which are acquired by *habit*, and not *intense application*. And lastly, my opponent wishes me to identify the single instance of a lady who attended to the foregoing amusements, and neglected not the

requisite solicitude towards domestic concerns. To this demand it gratifies me exceedingly, to assert, not from a blind partiality to amusement, nor from any apathy towards moral obligation, nor from prejudiced admiration of the female character and propensities, that as far as an individual can gather information, I have observed, *in general*, an attainment of the preceding qualifications, without subverting the necessity of watchfulness to domestic concerns.—On the whole, in endeavouring to rectify error in any doctrine, it is necessary to prove that alteration embraces amendment, obliterates prior disadvantages, and that the improvement will be as lasting, as it is more important. If, however, the rage of reformation hurries Prudence for a season into the wiles of fascination, without securing utility, it is certainly just to deny countenance to the visionary schemes of Platonic innovators, and upon better judgment coincide with strict morality, that does exclude pleasure, when it is not incompatible with virtue.

FRANK LIBERAL.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

LYRIC ODE
TO THE MORALIZERS.

PRAY all ye disputers who keep such a pothorn,
"Eout Billiards and Dancing, and Balls and such stuff?
There's *Senex* and *C.*, *Venus* and another,
I'm sure in all conscience they have each wrote enough.

'Tis not strange d'ye see, Sir, that *old men* find harm in
Those pastimes, that *Franky* so innocent calls;
They, once themselves did, no doubt, think it was
charming
To fiddle and foot it, and caper at *Balls*.

Friend *J. I. H.* tells us, that *Music* is the key, Sir,
To gain a sure entrance to heaven's high court,
And that we must *learn* it below, d'ye see, Sir,
For none are admitted who don't love the sport.

But *Ten Love* confesses he thinks there's no sin in
Our spending at *Billiard's* a few *idle hours*,
Provided we are not *with hope flus'd* of winning,—
To be disappointed, good tempers oft saurs.

G. wisely hath prov'd that we *Billiard's* can't play
Without winning or losing sixpence or so;
And this if repeated an hour every day,
Will soon drain our pockets and purses full low.

Then throw by at once all your *fiddles* and *maces*,
And listen to *Senex's* wis'om sublime;
Go perfect yourselves in *Belles lettres* and *graces*,
And spend with the ladies your *subtle leisure* times.

PHILAMOR.

A HINT TO THE LADIES.

THE Spanish ladies veil their faces,
So modest all their notions are;
But here we see the *natives* grace,
Thru drapery and bosoms bare.

SNIP.

ANTEDILUVIAN FERTILITY REVIVED!

There was living in the year 1782, a Russian peasant of the name of Theodore Basily, 75 years of age, who had the very extraordinary number of 87 children, by 2 wives, viz.—By his first wife, at 4 births, 4 at each time; 7 births, 3 each time; and at 16 births, 2 each time; in all 69.—By his second wife, at 2 births, 3 each time; and at 6 births, 2 each time; in all, 18.—Total 87.

PHILADELPHIA,

MARCH 13, 1802.

THE WISH, a song Set to Music by Mr. JOHN I. HAWKINS of this City, was intended to accompany the present number; but an unforeseen circumstance prevented it. Next week, however, it may be expected.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

COMMUNICATION.

"Tis education forms the tender mind;
"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

ON Monday Evening last, a numerous and very respectable assembly of Ladies and Gentlemen were highly entertained, by the Pupils of the Young Ladies' Academy, in the Northern Liberties, under the superintendence of *Mr. William Moulder*.

The performances were preceded by an appropriate prayer, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, of the University.

The various pieces, which were of a pleasing, moral and impressive nature, judiciously selected by the Principal, were handsomely spoken by the scholars.

A band of music, which attended, occasionally relieved the pupils and the audience, by well adapted airs and overtures.

The Tuesday preceding the exhibition, an examination of the School took place, when the several Gentlemen who attended, expressed the greatest satisfaction in the proficiency the Young Ladies had made in penmanship, arithmetic, reading, book-keeping, English grammar, &c. and added their testimonial of respect for the ability and persevering industry of their worthy Instructor.

"Many daughters have done virtuously"—and those of Mr. Moulder's Academy may be classed among others, in our large metropolis, as deserving at least the same just tribute of unsolicited praise.

Much merit is certainly attached to all those gentlemen of character, who in this city and elsewhere, are devoting their time and talents in teaching

"The young idea how to shoot."

Marriages.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Ustick, Mr. Nathan Taylor, to Miss Susan Massy.

—At Yorktown, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cathcart, Mr. Robert Andrews, of Bordeaux, merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Neill, daughter of Mr. Thomas Neill, of that place.

Deaths.

DIED...In this City...On the 6th inst. Mr. Jacob Cline, *Æt.* 72.

—At New-York, on the 6th inst. Mr. John Ward Fenno, formerly of this city, of a consumption.—The deceased was a young gentleman of a luxuriant mind, manly principles, and an unimpeached integrity... On the 8th, Miss Betsey Grimes, late of this city.

—At Albany, Luther Trowbridge, Esq.—At the age of eighteen this gentleman first commenced his military career in the arduous conflict of Bunker's Hill—he was with Arnold, in the memorable march to Quebec—in all the battles with Burgoyne—with Sullivan in the western expedition; and under the banners of Washington, at York-Town.

—At his seat on Fair Forest, Union district, (S. C.) on the 5th ult. General Thomas Brandon, *Æt.* 60.

—At London, on the 28th December, Capt. Richard Lane, *Æt.* 33, commander of the ship Neptune, of New-York.

—At Burlington, (N. J.) on the 27th ult. Mr. Robert Hutchings, student of the Academy in that city, *Æt.* 17.

—At Washington, on the 2d inst. Mrs. Jones, wife of Mr. Edward Jones, principal clerk in the Treasury department.

—At Handley, in Middlesex, (Eng.) Mrs. Chapone, justly celebrated for the useful and instructive exercise of her great and brilliant talents.

—At Senegal, on the coast of Africa, on the 12th of November, after a short illness, Jonathan D. Clement, of New-York, *Æt.* 21.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Exigents*," will claim the earliest attention.
"The Commentator," & "*Lines to Shylock*," in our next.
"*F.*" is evidently a young writer—his tautology is conspicuous. But as a leading feature in our plan is to encourage youthful genius, if he will permit a few corrections, his essay shall appear.
"A Singular Character," is now so far out of date, that it would in a great measure fail to interest. The writer however has our thanks, and his future communications will we hope be acceptable.
Several articles came too late for examination, and others we must postpone noticing till next week.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET TO MORPHEUS.

"Nature's soft nurse, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse."

SHAKESPEARE.

TRY sable mantle lightly o'er me spread,
Thou gloomy god! tho' cheerful yet with-
all;

Come then invoke! haste! haste thee at
my call!

Strew magic down profusely round my head.

"Where fortune smiles" 'tis there thou lov'st
to pour

Thy opiate juice, distill'd from heav'nly
plant!

But to the sorrowing heart thou wilt not
grant

One moment's respite from the weary hour.

The captive ne'd to drag grim bondage chain,
At thy behest, in bow'rs of chaos-thought
Luxuriant revels, sets despair at nought,
And dreams he sees fair liberty again.

To realms of fancy quick my thoughts con-
vey,

There let me riot ev'ry care away.
EUGENIO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

INVOCATION TO FORTUNE.

MAY Fortune prove propitious to my
prayer,

And grant, to soothe the sorrows of my
heart,

The balm of friendship, cure for every care,
That baffles all the various pow'rs of art.

May she bestow the "first best gift of
heav'n,"

And to my aid in smiling form descend;
Waft on the sweetly fragrant gales of even,

The soothing voice of comfort from a
friend.

What tho' the proud censorious world de-
spise,

The humble garb and unambitious lays;
The soul secure in conscious worth, defies

The sneer of pride, and envy's scornful
gaze.

In sweet content may all my days be past,
And o'er my head may Peace her wings

extend;
May fortune shield me from keen misery's

blast,
And bless my wishes with a trusty friend.

I ask not affluence, nor pomp, nor pow'r—
Wealth is productive of corroding care,

Pomp ne'er will lead me to Content's soft
bow'r.

Nor pow'r bestow a bliss I wish to share.
Let others toil for opulence or fame,

And for the plaudits of the world contend;
Ne'er may my cheeks disclose the blush of

shame,
Nor my misconduct wound an honest

friend.

Upon the world's great stage I'll act my
part,

Nor cringe to power, nor bend to haugh-
ty wealth;

Proud that I have to boast an honest heart,
My riches, innocence content and health.

The insults of the proud I'll still endure,
Stodious to please, and fearful to offend;

For all the ills of life I'll find a cure,
Within the bosom of a faithful friend.

Pleasure displays her many-colour'd wand,
To lure me from the paths of conscious

truth;
In vain she beckons with her winning hand,

And smiles with all the artlessness of youth.
I see the fiend beneath the fair disguise,

And will not on her specious vows depend;
From her attractive form revert my eyes,

And find in Virtue an unfailing friend.
Thus through the world I hold my onward

way,
Tho' these dark regions to eternal light;

Religion's hand shall cast a brilliant ray
Of joyful sunshine, to illumine the night.

When life's tempestuous seasons all are o'er,
And my glad spirit shall to heav'n ascend,

I'll leave with joy this ever-changing shore,
To find in death the solace of a FRIEND.

LORENZO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE WAR HORSE.

FROM JOB.

THEN thus, to Job, the Great JEHOVAH
said,

While trembling Job a strict attention paid:
"Hast thou the horse with matchless power

made?
Hast thou his neck with thunders dire ar-
ray'd?"

Say, can'st thou make the swift-heel'd cour-
ser fear

The tramp of war, or fly the threat'ning
spear?

See from his nostrils spreads the cloud a-
round,

While in his rage he spurns the trembling
ground:

Behold, he glories in his matchless might,
Panting with rage he hastens to the fight;

He mocks at danger, ev'ry fear he scorns,
Nor from the terrors of the battle turns.

When show'rs of darts around him form a
shade,

Shields, spears, and quivers rattle 'round
his head,

His dauntless breast is stranger to all
dread;

He stamps, he foams, he bounds along the
plain,

While o'er his shoulders flies his waving
mane.

Behold he scorns the trumpet's clanging
sound,

And fearlessly hears the din of war resound;
He smells, he hears the battle from afar,

The groans, the shouts, the clanging noise
of war;

The sound of arms, the brazen trumpets'
roar

Which fill the air, and rack the echoing
shore."

CARLOS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

YE Bashy Belles, ye beauties of the day,

To you the lowliest bard presents a lay:

Though poor his verse, do not the theme despise,

Since truth is sacred in whatever guise,

Why will you thus pursue the mad career

Of crazy Fashion's every-varying sphere?

Why will you yield to its capricious sway?—

The silly changing tyrant of the day.

Can only fashion constitute a grace?

To it must taste and usefulness give place?

Ah! dare be free, and break the silken chain;

Let use and elegance their place regain.

Wear your ambition, now to dress confin'd,

Drawn forth to form the graces of the mind;

To rear those tender virtues than can cheer

The social home, and make life doubly dear;

Ah how much sweeter would your moments roll!

How much more fit for an immortal soul!

Beaux, fops and fools your conduct would despise;

But you would gain the plaudits of the wise.

Bless'd, as ye are, with charms that can impart

The dearest joy, the rapture of the heart;

Charms that can elevate the human mind,

And smoothe the rugged manners of mankind;

That can almost with heav'nly pow'r assuage

Affliction's anguish, and the passions' rage—

These are the gifts of Heav'n,—ah why then fly

To art's poor aid? Can art these charms supply?

Where is the beauty of the flowing hair,

If 'tis supplied by some smart barber's care?

Where are the graces of the blooming cheek,

If there we trust in vain for nature seek?

These spurious charms a lustre may impart,

But never, never can affect the heart.

The * Quaker girl more elegance displays,

Than you in all this artificial blaze:

Her simple dress a chaster taste bespeaks,

And gives a softer beauty to her cheeks.

She, never-changing, wears one artless mode,

Nor bears about of ornaments a load:

Tho' plain yet elegant, tho' neat not fine,

A chaste simplicity is her design.

Her hair untorn'd by a barber's care,

To make her seem more lovely or more fair;

But down her back the easy tresses fall,

Or plac'd with simple grace beneath her curl.

Her gown of awdrey colours not profuse,

Yet taste displays, altho' combin'd with ease:

Her bonnet too no needless ribbands bears,

But ev'ry where simplicity appears.

No borrow'd graces, and no art's deceit,

And if she boasts not beauty, yet she's neat—

A neatness which has charms that far excel

The finest full-dress of the finest belle.

If beauty too irradiate her face,

Her neat apparel heightens ever face.

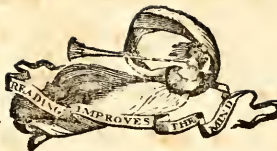
Nature in all its charms unford'd displays,

Which shine with more attractive, tho' less glaring rays.

CLIO.

* The author assures the reader that he is not a
Quaker, tho' he admires their simplicity of dress.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,



AND

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Saturday, March 20, 1802.

OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. II.

The parson with the poker and tongs — Mrs. Pawlet with Virgil. — Animals that gather children from leaves — She is attacked — Resolves to kill a bull. — Why she gives up the idea — Watts, Liccardo and Young, quoted to prove that we are the ancients. — Why we are led to think the ancients were wiser than we are. — In what instance they are so. — Description of a Roman beauty. — By whom wigs were commonly worn in Rome. — A French lesson. — The Abbe's confusion. — Rousseau and Voltaire. — An apophyegm well applied to their genius. —

AFTER breakfast the next morning, Mrs. Pawlet and Barclay, as before, withdrew to the library, there to pursue their respective studies. They had not been there long, however, before their curiosity was excited by a great bustle below stairs. Mrs. Pawlet consequently rang the bell, and was presently informed that the noise was occasioned by the parson, who had just learned from the gardener that his bees had swarmed. The moment Mrs. Pawlet heard this, she stalked up to the further end of the study, and whipping Virgil under her arm, bolted out of the room. Barclay, curious to see the bees swarm, followed her into the garden. Immediately when Mrs. Pawlet saw the parson, she exclaimed,

"Innitusque cie, et matris quate cymbala circum!"

"I have no cymbal, my dear," said the

* Mix with tinkling the cymbal's droning sound.

DRYDEN.

parson, "but here comes the gardener with poker and shovel, and that must answer the purpose."

The parson now began beating away; and the bees gradually collected together and hung from the bough of a tree. Mrs. Pawlet, having during this time seated herself on a bench, began the fourth Georgic, which she read aloud, notes and all, commenting herself also as she proceeded.

Penelope was absent.

"Is that a doubt," said Mrs. Pawlet, "with Aristotle whether the bees assembled together on hearing the sound of brass, through fear or joy. Plato and Pliny, I find, attributed it to the latter: Varro and Columella to the former. I am with the Attic Moses—I am with Plato."

"Well, well, my dear!" said the parson, who did not in the present case care what was the cause, so that the effect was good, "I see they are very quiet now, and if I could but catch the queen-bee, all would soon be right."

"Why do you call it the queen?" cried Mrs. Pawlet. "Virgil expressly says, *Rex, the king*. I know the moderns, who will always be pretending to discoveries, say that they suffer but one queen-bee;—but I am shocked at this, and prefer siding with the more modest Virgil:

"—e foli's natus et suavis herbis,

Ore legunt, ipsæ regem, par —"

Here she was interrupted by the parson exclaiming,

"Bless me! there she goes again.—There—there. She has fixed upon Mrs. Pawlet, as I live! Sit still, my dear, don't move for the world, and they won't hurt you."

* "In their mouths reside their genial powers,
They gather children from the leaves and flowers,
Thus make they kings to —"

DRYDEN.

Mrs. Pawlet had not time to inquire what he meant before her left shoulder and arm were entirely covered with bees. She was alarmed; but the parson entreating her not to touch them, and that then there was no danger, she sat still, perspiring through apprehension, until they were all settled. The parson now seized the queen-bee, and put her into a hive, whither the swarm soon followed, and relieved Mrs. Pawlet from her fright.

I should have said, however, that previous to this event she had abused the parson for taking so much pains about recovering his bees; affirming that she could produce him any quantity he pleased, according to Virgil, from the putrid bowels of bulls*. This the parson listened to with his usual temper, but still in his mind treated it with all the disrespect it deserved. However, Mrs. Pawlet declared that she would kill a bull at her own expence, to cure the scepticism she saw in her husband, notwithstanding his manner; but this late accident had given her such a surfeit of bees, that she resolved to have nothing more to do with them.

Being clear of the swarm, she shut her Virgil, and returned with Barclay to the library, conversing on the obstinacy of those presuming moderns who prefer themselves to the sagacious ancients.

"An author," said Barclay, "whom you justly esteem, the pious Dr. Watts, has this observation, 'It is granted that the ancients had many wise and great men among them, and some of their writings, which time hath delivered down to us, are truly valuable, but those writers lived in the infant state of the world; and the philosophers, as well as the polite authors of our age, are properly the elders, who have seen the mistakes of the younger ages of mankind, and

* Georgic iv. v. 855.

corrected them by observation and experience.²⁷⁸

Although opposed, Mrs. Pawlet heard Barclay with delight, for the character she had received of him, made her hold him in great respect. Not being able to refute Dr. Watts's argument, she took her memorandum-book from her pocket, and attacked it in a different way.

"I recollect the passage very well, Mr. Temple," said she, "but let us examine whether the idea it contains belongs to the doctor. I think I can prove the contrary." Here she stood still, and opening her tablets, read, "At page 47, vol. i. *Lionardo de Capoa* has these words, *Noi veramente siam da dire i vecchi, &c.* To speak the truth, we are the elders, and the ancients who are born in the old world, and not those who were born when the world was in its infancy and youth, must by experience have known less than we do.† Eh," cried Mrs. Pawlet, exultingly, "is it not so?"

"So it appears," replied Barclay, "but surely the repetition of the same sentiment disproves nothing!"

Mrs. Pawlet made no reply, but pursed up her mouth, and raised her eye-brows; as much as to say, I believe you're right.—Barclay proceeded:

"I am apt to think," continued he, "that the little regard some men have for persons of their own age arises from a vanity inseparable from the weak, (such alone treat slightly the wisdom of any age, remote or present) which inclines them to think themselves as wise as any of their contemporaries, and feeling that they are not so shrewd as the ancients, consequently imagine that none can be so that exist with them. Added to this, they see the best of those who are dead, and none of their faults; whereas they have an opportunity of contemplating the frailties of the living, which draws a veil over their beauties, and in a great degree destroys the relish for their works. They cannot esteem the precepts, however noble and good, of a man whose life and conduct give proof that he sets no value on them himself.

* Watts's Logic, page 201.

† If Watts was indebted for this thought to Lionardo, Dr. Young was probably obliged for it to Watts.

"Why should it seem altogether impossible," says he, "that Heaven's latest editions of the human mind may be the most correct and fair; that the day may come, when the moderns may proudly look back on the comparative darkness of former ages, on the children of antiquity; repeating Homer and Demosthenes as the dawn of divine genius, and Athens as the cradle of infant science. Conjectures on Original Composition p. 74.

"In this one respect, it is true, the ancients were wiser than we are, they never rejected wisdom and useful discoveries because they were new. One school rose over the head of another, and was constantly preferred; inasmuch as it exposed the absurdities of its predecessor, and displayed its superior merits to the eye of truth and reason.

—*Si tam Græcis novitas invida fuisset, Quam est nobis, quid nunc esset vetus?*"

Mrs. Pawlet looked at our hero with pleasure and amazement, as he delivered his sentiments with energetic warmth, and a quotation occurring to her mind she abandoned the argument, and exclaimed,

"*Que nunc vetustissima, &c.*† what are now believed to be the most ancient of things, were once new. Our age will grow old, and what we in the present day behold taken from examples, will hereafter be examples themselves."

Barclay apprehending that he might have said rather too much, softened it down by praising the aptness of her quotation, which pleased her exceedingly, and they returned to the library on the best terms imaginable.

This day the whole family were invited, we recollect, to pass the day at Mr. George Pawlet's, to celebrate the period of his nuptials. This being a constant custom, Mrs. Pawlet had long thought of it, and made great preparations for the occasion; but such preparations as the reader will not easily guess. They had not been re-seated in the library above half an hour, when Mrs. Pawlet sprung from her chair, and marching up to Barclay, addressed him in the following manner:

"Mr. Temple, I have a great opinion of your good sense, and of course suppose that you despise all outward embellishment of the creature—I do so as much as yourself.—Let others decorate themselves with all kinds of gew-gaws; though I put on none of these, yet shall I not be the less adorned! For as we read in Proverbs," (here she gave the original, with which I shall not plague either the printer or the reader.) "*Gold, and abundance of rubies and precious ornaments are the lips of knowledge.*" "Such I prefer," continued she, "but, in conformity to the custom I see prevalent on festive days, I mean to appear in a dress that will not a little surprise; and if there is any true and classical taste left, will, I think, not a little delight. The

• If the Grecians had been so inimical to novelty as we are, what would now be old?

† Tacitus.

‡ xx. 15.

Grecian costume is too commonly worn to deserve my attention, and I have consequently, to be as original as possible, chosen the Roman. I shall follow Petronius in every particular. I have consulted my features, and have no doubt but that I shall realize all he describes."

Saying this, she turned on her heel, and retired to perform what she had intimated, leaving Barclay smiling at her monstrous absurdity and vanity. That the reader may have some idea of the figure Mrs. Pawlet was about to make of herself, I shall translate the model she had in view.

DESCRIPTION OF A ROMAN BEAUTY.

"No words can express her beauty—whatever I say will be less than she deserves. Her tresses curling naturally, diffused themselves all over her shoulders:—her forehead was small*, and exposed the roots of her hair;—her eye-brows extended as far as the top of her cheeks, and almost joined over her nose;—her eyes were brighter than the stars shining in the absence of the moon;—her nose a little aqueline; and her mouth such as Praxiteles believed Venus possessed.—To end; her face, her neck, her hands and her feet, which were laced with a small golden bond, for whiteness eclipsed the Parian marble."

After conforming to these particulars as much as possible, she was, instead of her common, to wear a *stola*, or large vest that came down to her ancles, first twisting *fasciæ*, or thin sashes round her body, to make her appear slender: and in this particular she was sure to succeed admirably.

When Mrs. Pawlet had left Barclay, he thought himself at liberty to retire also.—He rose accordingly, without knowing precisely whether he was going;—but it may be guessed, he had a secret hope, that in straying about, he might, by chance, meet with Penelope. He descended the stairs, and opening the parlour-door without being observed, he saw the Abbe sitting by Penelope, who was reading French to him. The work they were perusing was *La Nouvelle Héloïse*; a book that breathes all the ardent spirit, and fascinating eloquence of its author.‡ They had just come

* This was considered as absolutely necessary to beauty.

† The hair was turned back to shew that she did not wear a wig, an article commonly worn in Rome by women of loose character; so much so, that when a maïron was obliged to wear one, as the former had their's made of a bright yellow colour like gold, she to distinguish herself chose black.

‡ A marble of surprising whiteness.

¶ J. J. Rousseau page 50, Vol. I.

to the end of a letter to Julia, which the Abbe desired Penelope to repeat after him.

"Ah, *c'est joli*!" he exclaimed, "dat's pretty—Now you say again," *Je ne puis plus vivre dans l'état où je suis, et je sens qu'il faut enfin que j'expire à tes pieds—ou dans tes bras*."

Barclay was behind them, and could not therefore see the expression of the Abbe's face during this repetition, but his manner was not such as pleased him.

"I hope I did not intrude," said Barclay, not wishing to be caught acting as a spy.

Hearing his voice, they both instantly turned round. The Abbe appeared confused, but Penelope seemed happy to see him, as he had been reading the loves of Julia.

"Not at all," she replied, moving her chair from the table. "Monsieur l'Abbe and I have done for to-day.

"What has been the subject of your morning's study?" said Barclay, taking the book from the table, and opening it.

"*Jean Jacques, Monsieur!*" answered the Abbe.

"The language here is very glowing," said Barclay, "*thoughts that breathe, and words that burn*"; and the descriptions not

such as I should like to put into the hands of every young lady; but Miss Penelope has so much innocence and virtue, that all these things may pass thro' her mind, leaving no stain behind."

Barclay kept his eye on the Abbe while he spoke, who felt the awkwardness of his situation, but was going to reply, when he was interrupted by Penelope, who said,

"I don't know, Mr. Temple, that this is an improper book for me to read. All I have met with in it, I am sure the heart may feel. But if it is wrong to read it, Monsieur l'Abbe is to blame, for I obey his instructions."

The Abbe now began to defend himself by saying, "Dat it was de pure French, and dat Mademoiselle no read for de matter but for de *langage*, and de *pronunciation*."

"I thank you, Monsieur," said Penelope, "but I must confess that I took no in considerable interest in the matter."

Here the Abbe found some succour by the parson's entering the room, who said,

"Well, well, now the bees are all quiet and safe, and I believe 'tis time for us to go and dress."

The Abbe took the hint, and putting his Rousseau into his pocket, made several obsequious bows, and withdrew. Barclay could not forgive him.

the greatest pains to supply, — so much so, that they cannot be better described than by an apothegm mentioned in the *Adages of Erasmus*.

Be ne curant, sed extra viam — They run well it is true, but they run the wrong way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Commentator, No. 26.

".....When befalls, he falls like Lucifer,

"Never to rise again."

SHAKESPEARE.

IN this world it is impossible for any one so entirely to divest himself of self-love as to act from disinterested motives. Engagements, which are in themselves unexpected, and will not allow me to divide my attention, compel me to retire from the post I had taken. In consequence of this the present number will be the last of the Commentator, unless at some future period circumstances should occur which would admit of their continuation. I have seen several writers who started in the same race, fall short of their goal, and give up the pursuit when hardly commenced. I have found how great a degree of virtue, of genius, and of judgment it would require, to correct the foibles of Society; and have experienced how greatly inadequate to the task I have been, had a presumptuous expectation ever been formed of my own competency. The design of my numbers has invariably been the promotion of morality, and the inculcation of sentiments hostile to infidelity. But to give force to such a publication, it is necessary that it should be read generally; and to be read generally, requires a greater portion of attractive qualities than the Commentator ever possessed. Authors who fail in the execution of a feasible project, or indeed schemes of any description, generally console themselves with the reflection, that their intentions were good. Of this consideration, I think I can with justice avail myself, as my design was perfectly pure; but the end proposed to be accomplished was too important for the humble means; and convinced as I was upon setting out of their insufficiency, I risked my justification on the consideration, that if productive of no good they would prove of no injury to morality and religion. The task of combating the efforts of the apostles of deism and the professors of the new school of philosophy, I willingly relinquish; with the hope that abler pens will be used in the vindication of insulted Christianity. The spirit of innovation has diffused itself in every quarter of the world. Its errors have been concealed with the utmost art, and it is the duty of every man of integrity to advocate the glorious cause of truth, and exert every energy to rouse mankind from a lethargy which will prove fatal to their present and future happiness.

The essays which have appeared in the course of these numbers are exposed by their inaccuracy to the attacks of criticism. I invite them, because if any errors have been advanced I most sincerely wish them to be corrected, and the specimen of critical examination which I have seen* has convinced me, that among the readers of the Repository there are some whose talents are fully competent to the task, and when exerted in a good cause, will be beneficial to society at large, and honourable to the individuals who possess them. The correspondence of Misan Riden I consign to the writer who shall first exert himself to correct the follies and vices of mankind. His last communication I had prepared for publication, but owing to the circumstances which occasion my renunciation of the pen, they must remain in oblivion. Upon taking leave of him I must remark, that his spirit appears to be too ardent, and his disposition too active, to suffer him to continue in his present train of thinking, and in all probability he will soon abandon his present re-

* See Criticism on Commentator, No. 7, by J. C.

* I can no longer live in my present state, and I feel that I must at last either expire at your feet—or in your arms!

† Voltaire, who was Rousseau's greatest enemy, confessed, to use his own word, the only ones he ever spoke in his favour, that *sa plume brula le papier*,—his pen burned the paper. I can ascribe Voltaire's enmity to Rousseau to nothing but envy. He was envious of so formidable a rival in falsehood, infidelity and irreligion. Rousseau may boast of his feelings, and his exquisite sensibility; but when I find him abandoning his infant children, suppressing all the affection of a father, and for ever dissolving every tie that could bind them together,—when I find him doing this, I say, however plausibly he may gloss it over with words, I cannot help saying that I despise his vaunted feelings, and ridicule his affected sensibility. When he took refuge in England, Hume tells us that the king allowed him a hundred a year, with which, added to a hundred louis per annum of his own, he might have lived quietly with his government, in a retreat afforded him by a Mr. Davenport in Derbyshire. But no; he could never be at ease; he fancied himself persecuted by his enemies.—Is it not probable that he was merely persecuted by the furies of his own conscience?

"To make assurance doubly sure," I shall advance another trait that can leave no doubt of the feeling and delicacy of Rousseau. In his Confessions he does not scruple to acknowledge that he and another kept a girl between them.

Talking of Rousseau and Voltaire, however, I must in justice say, that they were men of wonderful talents and genius; which excellent qualities they employed

tiement to taste in Society that portion of happiness which is allotted to mankind.

And now friendly reader, farewell! I thank thee for extending thy indulgence, and for the patience thou must have exercised. On the point of bidding thee a last adieu, methinks I feel a certain something which excites my sensible regret. The effusions which have been submitted to thee I wish had been more worthy of thy perusal, but it is now too late to amend them. I therefore crave thy compassion for my errors, and again bid thee farewell.

For the editor of the Repository I have many thanks. His attention merits my warmest acknowledgments, and to receive the approbation of the virtuous for my intentions and exertions, will be more acceptable than a crown of laurel. J.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"I, this the flight of fancy?—would it were!"

YOUNG.

THAT the greater part of the evils which mankind are afflicted, proceed from misconduct, must be obvious, I think, to every attentive observer capable of reflection, whose perspicacity can penetrate to the real state of things, and who views with an impartial eye the fluctuations of life. Man seems to be doomed to misery; from the moment he receives being, until death, pain, mental and corporeal disease, sorrow, &c. are his companions, and very little respite is allowed from their importunities. But if virtue was early inculcated in the heart, she would act as a potent antidote, to counteract, in a great measure, their violent effects, and silence their importunate clamours. Casualties, it must be allowed, will happen; and often the friends of virtue meet with severe afflictions which no human wisdom can foresee, or power prevent; but still there is a pleasing sensation arising from the consciousness of not having deviated from rectitude, and that distresses did not proceed from turpitude or mal-conduct! this brings up, and adds strength to the hopes of the upright children of affliction, and mitigates their sorrow.

An inattention to cultivating the mind, together with the force of bad example, is what leads many, indeed I may say almost the majority of mankind, into the commission of crimes and vices, which render them deaf to the monitions of wisdom, dead to every social, virtuous affection, and miserable beyond description. What pity it is, that mortals, "pensioners on the bounties of an hour," should so far lose sight of them-

selves—should so far abuse the goodness of that BEING who gave them life, as to neglect and slight his kindness, his beneficence, by persevering in a course of iniquity, which must not only make them obnoxious in the eyes of Omnipotence, but detestable in the sight of men. If, in youth amiable principles were instilled, by a suitable education by those who have the means, and those who have not by wholesome precept and example, we would find that a decrease of vice and immorality would be the resulting consequences. But how is this neglected! alas, with what pain must the friend of humanity while passing our streets testify to the truth of it! his heart must smite him on beholding objects, truly pitiable, so sunk in infamy, that commiseration, instead of alleviating, would only add fuel to iniquity, and charity protract flagitiousness. The heart is led on by imperceptible degrees in vice, until it becomes so callous, as to baffle all human attempts to bring about a reformation, and consequently every avenue is shut up through which virtue could gain admittance! humanity may dictate, friendship may bestow, but where vice's empire is established their united efforts mostly prove in vain.

Called upon some time since by an acquaintance, who is an active member of a Female Association, to accompany her on a solitary visit amongst her pensioners, I cheerfully complied. The morning was cool—we took some little necessities along with us, and commenced our route. After having witnessed several objects of distress, some of which were indeed deplorable, we came to a cluster of miserable hovels;—an alley led up to them and branched off in a diagonal line;—a house upon the right was the one wanted;—we tapped at the door for admittance, and whilst waiting until some one should open it, my companion desired me to observe with attention (upon appearance) the person she was in quest of. A female opened the door, making many apologies for detaining us so long, and requested to know what was our business. Is Mrs. B— at home? Yes! I will call her. In a few moments a venerable figure descended the stairs, dressed in wretched attire, with scarce a sufficiency on to protect her enfeebled limbs from the cold; her face denoted her to be about 70;—sorrow sat on her countenance, which upon seeing us, brightened up and assumed a faint smile;—her speech seemed to convey an idea she had seen better days. After discoursing a while, and giving what we brought along, which was a little cloathing, we took our departure. Now says my female friend,

I will tell you who that personage is; she is the sister of Mrs. M—, a respectable old lady whom you are well acquainted with! The sister of Mrs. M—! exclaimed I with surprise; can it be possible! It is truth she replied, and I will inform you in a few words the cause of all her afflictions. "In youth she of a gay, volatile disposition, fond of amusements to excess, and too often indulged in those which tend to debase the mind, and unfit it for social intercourse. An injudicious selection of companions, whose council and meretricious actions so often prove destructive to weak minds, gave a bias to her wavering principles. Her worthy parents saw with regret the change in their daughter's conduct, and endeavoured by sober reasoning to recall a sense of duty; but in vain. She married in a clandestine manner Capt. B—, who soon dying, left her with one child, a daughter. As is natural to suppose, this poor unfortunate girl, trained up without education, and influenced by the example of an unnatural mother, followed her guilty footsteps through the dircious labyrinths of vice, and thus laid the foundation of all the miseries of their subsequent lives. Yet were they not forsaken by their relatives, who strove by acts of kindness, to produce reformation, though without effect. For some time past it was not known where they were, but chance directing me to that miserable spot, I found them in the distress you have been an eye-witness to. Notwithstanding poverty with all its horrors stare them in the face, they are not fully sensible of their awful situation, but continue the wretched slaves of sensuality and depravity."

O ye, who are not so far sunk in the gulf of infamy! learn from this history a lesson of instruction. What I have related is not the excursive of fancy, but a picture drawn from real life! unexaggerated in the least. If you are not hardened against the voice of reason, listen to her dictates; recall your scattered senses, and betake yourselves for a moment to reflection; probably the practice of virtue will yet be grateful to your souls. If a course of iniquity is persisted in, be assured the vengeance of that BEING will overwhelm you,—whose smile is life, but whose frown is death.

EUGENIO.

OBSERVATION.

It too frequently happens that the principles implanted by education are destroyed as soon as we enter society, like seeds sown in a hot-house, of which the tender plants often wither, the moment they are exposed to open air.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"It is not good that the man should be alone."

THE influence of prejudice upon the mind of man, is exemplified more strikingly in the treatment which he bestows on woman, than in any thing else. It has always been the practice of wicked wits and ill-natured cynics, to make them the object of their indecent raillery and abuse. In former times these haughty "lords of the creation" pretended that females were not endowed with as strong intellects as males; and therefore treated them as beings of an inferior order. But time gradually removed the veil in which prejudice had wrapped up the character of the sex, and it was acknowledged that their inferiority was the defect of education and not of nature. Now the theme of abuse was changed, but not the object; they were charged with concealing beneath the semblance of angels, the disposition of fiends; the name of woman was but another appellation for hypocrisy and deceit; and so universally did this infatuation affect all ranks, that even one of the most grave and solemn poets of Great Britain exclaims

"Frailty, thy name is woman,"

A more liberal system of education and manners, having now nearly extirpated those opinions, the wanton wags of the day have turned their artillery against the dress of the ladies. The followers of fashion cannot avoid being hurried into some ridiculous extravagances; but are the men more moderate than the women? I think not. Let them therefore "pluck the beam out of their own eyes," and reform their dress by bringing it down to a rational standard; they will then be better qualified to act the part of censors upon the gowns and petticoats of their wives and daughters.

Man, when under the influence of no controlling power, suffers his passions to acquire an absolute dominion over him. The various circumstances and revolutions of his life, plunge him into the most gloomy despair, or exalt him into the most rapturous joy; he is a stranger to the mildness of Contentment, and his breast resembles the ocean when convulsed by the raging of contrary winds. In short, from a minute review of the general character of the Bachelor, we may deduce this sacred truth, "It is not good for the man to be alone."

Notwithstanding all the sarcasms and sneers of libertines, against marriage, no man can be happy, unless he enters into that condition. The married man, when

outward anxiety or distress annoys him, seeks relief in the bosom of his wife: for the gentle minds of women are peculiar designed by nature for administering consolation. Has he a secret, her breast is it's repository; he pours forth his whole soul to her, unrestrained by the cold maxims of prudence, which influence his conduct with respect to his own sex. His wife is his only firm and unshaken friend; for it is almost impossible that friendship should exist with purity and fervor betwixt man and man. Ambition, rivalry and contrariety of opinions too often produce a mutual coldness, which soon degenerates into apathy. I think therefore I am justifiable in asserting, that true and genuine friendship cannot subsist except in the hearts of those whom Hymen has united; with them every reverse of fortune serves but to draw the cords of affection still tighter; and even in old age, when all the fire of youth is extinguished, they can retrace the "sadly pleasing scenes" of their more vigorous years, still blessed with the esteem and confidence of each other.

THE LAZY PREACHER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

THE last number but one of your useful Repository, presents us with a host of writers against music, dancing, &c. in whose productions it is lamentable to see such a spirit of perversion and illiberality. Is their cause really so bad that they cannot defend it with argument? or are they such poor bigotted mortals that they cannot bear any person to think differently from them?

Frank Liberal having in a masterly manner, handled *Senex* and *An Old Dancer*, I shall not trouble myself with them, neither shall I spend much time on the *simple Questions of Verus*;—every man of observation must know, that Misses in general do "learn to read before they learn to dance," and that dancing is not generally "considered as an adequate substitute for mental improvement;"—and that therefore his insinuations are false.

Every liberal-minded christian would answer his two next questions, Yes, and his last, No; because when dancing occupies so much of a person's time, as to interfere with the duties of his station in life, it becomes sinful, though in itself an innocent amusement; indeed, every amusement is sinful when it so far captivates the affections, as to take the lead of religious, mo-

ral and civil duties; but in subordination to these they are useful and proper.

G. claims more particular consideration; his first, and the greater part of his second column, I entirely agree with. Had I before known that the game of billiards is never played without something being staked, either directly or indirectly, I should without hesitation, have pronounced it sinful, as I do every species of gambling. Among the rest LOTTERIES, though sanctioned by custom and governments, are not the least sinful; for the purchaser of a ticket in a lottery, is "flushed with the hope" of obtaining his neighbour's money, without giving an equivalent; and consequently encourages in himself a covetous disposition, in direct violation of the Divine command.

I begin with G. as an antagonist, where he says, "our becoming inhabitants of heaven does in no degree depend on our learning music while in this world. J. I. II. however, asserts something diametrically opposite."—This, Mr. G. is not true; I asserted only, that music forms a considerable part of the joys of heaven; and this no Christian can deny. I then gave merely as my opinion, that they who learn it here, will have the advantage of those who have it to learn when they get to heaven; does this exclude any one "from that blessed place?" I defy G. or any of my opponents to prove this sentiment erroneous. Indeed it appears they knew better than attempt it, and were therefore determined to pervert its meaning, in order to shew their wit in turning it to ridicule; let them read my communication again, with attention, and then take shame to themselves, for their illiberality and perversion.

That songs are learned in heaven, is plain from the 3d verse of the 14th chapter of the Revelations, and many other passages; but, says G. how do we know that the same tunes are sung in heaven as on earth? Learning tunes, and learning music are two distinct things; a person who understands music, can learn a thousand tunes, while another would learn one; he therefore has the advantage; and if on earth, why not in heaven? because, says G. all in heaven are on a par in every respect.

Our Saviour says, John xiv. 2. in my Father's house are many mansions: Now if all "were on a par," they would need but one mansion, but being different in degrees of glory, they require different places to dwell in, and are appointed to different offices, according to their capacities; such as elders, kings, priests, harpers, trumpeters, messengers, &c. &c. we read also

of 144000, who sang a new song, which none could learn but themselves; surely then these had the advantage of the rest in that particular.

I had intended when I sat down, to make some remarks on the abusive and intemperate production of Ten Love, in your last number, in reply to G. but a second reading has determined me to pass it by, as not worth the trouble; every person of common sense will answer it in his own mind, as he reads it; and lament that the young man should so miserably expose his weakness.

Philamor is included with the rest of my opponents, as a perverter. J. I. H.

RECENT INSTANCE OF THE SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

NUMEROUS facts have been recorded of the half-reasoning powers of the elephant, particularly in its native regions; and though there is no doubt that a state of servitude and a removal to an ungenial climate are unfavorable for a display of its instincts and its energies, the following recent instance of its sagacity deserves to be recorded:

A sentinel belonging to the menagerie at Paris, anxious to discharge his duty, was extremely vigilant, every time he mounted guard near the elephants, to prevent the spectators from supplying them with casual food. This conduct was not much calculated to procure him the friendship of those sensible animals. The female, in particular beheld him with a very jealous eye, and had several times endeavoured to correct his officious interference, by besprinkling him with water from her trunk.

One day, when a great number of people were collected to view the elephants, the opportunity seemed convenient for receiving, unnoticed, a small piece of bread; but the rigorous sentinel was then upon duty.—The female, however, placed herself before him, watched all his gestures, and the moment he opened his mouth to give the usual admonition to the spectators, discharged a stream of water full in his face. A general laugh ensued; and the sentinel having wiped himself, stood a little on one side, and continued his vigilance. Soon after he had occasion to repeat his charge to the company, not to give any thing to the elephants; but no sooner had he uttered the words, than the female laid hold of his musket, twirled it round her trunk trod it under foot, and did not restore it, till it was twisted into the form of a screw.

Whether this put a stop to his officiousness we are not informed; but it probably taught him more caution at least.

Uncommon food of certain Indians in South America.

C. HUMBOLDT, a French gentleman, who has lately traversed the vast regions in South America between the coast, the Orenquo, Rio-Nigro, and the river of the Amazons, among other discoveries, found a nation of Indians, called *Ydapanimures*, who eat nothing but *ants dried in smoke*. Another nation, he observes, called the *Otamaguas*, for three months in the year, when the river Orenquo is very high, and they can find no tortoises, eat scarcely any thing but a kind of *fat earth*. There are some of them who eat a pound and a half of it per day; and yet, astonishing as it may seem, are healthy and robust.

Curious method of ascertaining the Velocities of LIGHT AND SOUND.

THOSE who are habituated to the use of artillery, are able to judge accurately of the direction in which the cannon is fired, by comparing with each other the two *flashes of powder*. The one from the muzzle, the other from the touch-hole. They stand on a wall, or fortification, and, observing the fire of distant cannon, say, "This ball goes to the right—that to the left. But the pointed one strikes the spot, from which they take care to leap, as soon as they see the flash. The ball passes through the air at the rate of *three miles in one second*, but the light of the burning powder is conveyed to the eye, at the rate of *198,000 miles in one second*. Therefore, they have time to see the flash, and to get out of the direction before the arrival of the ball, which would kill them before they could hear the report of the gun; which report moves only at the rate of a *quarter of a mile in one second*. In thunder storms, the burning vapour, which constitutes the flash, explodes before the clap commences. The flash is conveyed to us at the rate of *198,000 miles in a second*, but the thunder clap creeps at the rate of *12 miles in a minute*. Hence, when we hear the thunder, we know we are safe from that explosion of vapour, which must have passed off from us before the arrival of the thunder; and, by this comparative calculation of light and sound, the thunder cloud is computed to be distant about one mile, when we see the lightning five seconds before we hear the thunder.

The way Fortunes are made in this World. AN ITALIAN FABLE.

FOUR animals of different natures and humours; the stately horse; the ox, serious and full of gravity; the timid sheep; and the long-eared ass; were travelling together in a large sandy plain in search of adventures. At length, after a long journey, tired, distressed, and almost starved, they came in sight of a pleasant, green and well cultivated land. No sooner were the hungry company within ken, than each began to whet his teeth, when lo, as they drew near, they beheld the beautiful field surrounded on all sides by a large ditch and thick quickset, whilst more disastrous still, at the only entrance, sat an ill-looking, sour, brawny muscled fellow of a farmer, with a stick in his hand, thick enough and long enough to drive away all love of eating in a moment. The generous steed, as soon as he beheld the club, found a *je ne scai quoi* rising in his stomach, which very soon gave him his dinner. The sheep trembled; the ox, took time to think of it, but after a long deliberation, determined to keep at a distance from the stick. *Thus did they.*—But the ass without thinking a minute about it, gave a leap and encountered the stick. In vain did the keeper bawl out, vain were the brandishments of his weapon, and vain their repeated falls on the hide of the animal, who keeping on his steady way, in spite of the horrid tempest falling on every side of him, found himself at length running about the flowery recess. There, lifting up his head in self-exultation, and turning to his scornful friends, who looked upon the successes of the long-eared hero with envious eyes,—"*Learn of me,*" said he, with a placid and composed countenance,—"*Learn of me! Thus it is that FORTUNES ARE MADE IN THIS WORLD.*"

ANECDOTE OF JOHN BUNYAN.

WHAT we now denominate *mince pies*, were formerly called *Christmas pies*. When John Bunyan, author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was in Shrewsbury goal for preaching and praying, a gentleman who knew his abhorrence of any thing that sounded Popish, and wishing to play upon his peculiarity, one 25th of December sent his servant to the poor preacher, and desired his acceptance of a large Christmas pye. John took little time to consider; but seizing the pastry, desired the fellow to thank his master, and "tell him, I have lived long enough, and am now hungry enough, to know the difference between *Christmas* and *pye*."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO AMYNTOR.

FRIEND of the Muse! why is thy lyre
So soon, alas! unstrung?
Why have thy numbers full of fire,
Expired on thy tongue?
Has busy care thy mind possess'd,
Depress'd thy spirits meek?
Does anguish rancour in thy breast,
And sickness wan thy cheek?
O once again the Doric reed,
In sweetest cadence tune!
The yielding heart a captive lead;
Thy pleasing task resume.
Strike up thy lyre, thou child o' song!
The gentle passions move;
To thee alone those strains belong,
That melt my soul to love.

AMELIA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AN ENIGMA.

IN days of yore, if history speaks true,
Mankind my use and virtues little knew;
But in these modern and refining ages,
I've been familiar both to sots and sages.
I travel thro' the earth, and 'tis well known,
Of late I into great repute am grown;
And what seems strange, the farther I'm
remov'd,
From my own clime, the more I am belov'd;
By high and low, by rich and poor caress'd,
And when at table wait on ev'ry guest;
Yet I'm so impolite,—no deference pay,
Careless of all remarks, be what they may.
Sometimes I'm highly prais'd by every stran-
ger,
Yet still, alas! my character's in danger;
For when I'm thus esteem'd,—for me how
sad!
My mistress says she's sorry I'm so bad;
And then apologies are oft repeated,
With wishes that her friends were better
treated;
Thus I'm insulted, and my name run down,
Altho' perhaps no better in the town.
But should I now in innocence declare,
The cruel treatment that I often bear;
All must feel pity for my wretched fate,
And each my dreadful case commiserate,
When I have brav'd the dangers of the seas,
Thousands of miles intending you to please;
How cruel and ungrateful—but no matter!
You scald me like a pig with boiling water;
Then satiated with my blood and spirit,
Which ought to give me some degree of
merit;
Instead of which, for all my service past,
I'm in the street, or on some dunghill cast,

Unless friend Betty still my aid implore,
To clean the carpet or the parlour floor;
There am I smother'd in the filth and dust,
Thus end my services, and I'm accurst.
Now generous souls, your sympathy extend,
(friend;
Seek, till you find, your thus neglected
And when you've found my pedigree and
name,
Let pity rescue me from this dire shame.
OLIVIA.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

AS I consider you as a censor morum of this city, I wish to call your attention to the conduct of certain young ladies, who, by throwing aside that modesty and decorum, which are the true ornament of their sex, expose themselves to the censure, of those who otherwise would respect and esteem them.

I allude to those who make a practice of saluting almost every gentleman they meet; who, as they walk the streets, by their indecent behaviour attract the attention (not the admiration!) of every one, and make themselves conspicuous by their immodest and disgraceful conduct. Several of these ladies are of respectable families and connections.—Some ascribe their folly to levity; but most ascribe it to impudence and effrontery. There is nothing more easily lost, and nothing more difficult to be regained than a lady's character—and I candidly inform some, who continue their foolish extravagance in spite of the repeated remonstrances of their friends, and the tacit reproofs of those whom their conduct shocks, that their characters are in a fair way to be entirely ruined. A word to the wise is sufficient; but these ladies have been so often privately censured, that I fear this public reproof will have very little weight.

L.

PHILADELPHIA,

MARCH 20, 1802.

At an exhibition of the HARMONIC SOCIETY, on Thursday evening, the 18th inst. a very handsome and appropriate Address on the Science of Music, was delivered by Mr. James A. Neal, Principal of the Young Ladies' Academy, (by appointment of the Society) to an uncommonly crowded audience. The design of this Address was to exhibit the power of music over the human heart,—to shew its happy influence on society in general, and to call the attention of the public, particularly of the female sex, to its more general cultiva-

tion. We hope to see this Address published, as notwithstanding the Stentorian lungs of the speaker, not much more than half the audience heard it distinctly.

The vocal performances of the evening, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. LAW, were conducted in the usual masterly manner, and reflect the highest honour on the scientific skill of that worthy character.

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY.

TO determine a point in the base of any given triangle, from which two lines, one drawn to the vertical angle, and the other to one of the sides, shall divide the triangle into three equal parts?

N. B. This question is not to be solved by algebra.

Addition to the Enigmatical Lists formerly published.—The names of the last list will be given soon.

1. Three fourths of a huntsman's call—half of a tumultuous assembly—two thirds of a grain given to horses. A place of intrigue—one third of a nut—&c two thirds of an eye.

2. One third of a horned animal—three fourths of an unhappy king—a negative particle. One half of a kind of fuel—two thirds of a barking dog—one third of an East India weed—two thirds of the name of a member of Congress from Virginia—and one third of a most agreeable word for a lover.

3. Three fourths of an Evangelist—one half of what most men are in pursuit of—and three fourths of what landlords are glad to receive. Two thirds of a bird of the night—one half of a kiln—and one third of a galley.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. John Evans, to Mrs. Sarah Parncutt.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Adventures of an Evening," by Carlos—"Sonnet to Morpheus," by Lorenzo—"V." and "Mandensch, A Tale," in our next.

"G's" reply to *Ten Love* we are compelled to exclude on account of its length; besides, upon reflection, the writer will be sensible, that every candid reader upon perusing what has already been published, will make nearly the same remarks.

"Question addressed to Miss" with the answer, was originally addressed to the late Countess of Coventry; and since that to many a pretty Miss on both sides the water—the present proposer however, has the merit of copying it in a very handsome manner!

"Jack's" account of his friend Tom would make an excellent prologue to *Mark ado about Nothing*.

"D." will find his remarks anticipated by *The La. Preacher*.

"Table of the Population of China" will probably give some time hence.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AN ELEGY

TO THE
MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

COLIN.

DAMON what grieves? has Phillis prov'd unkind,
Or has your trusted friend betray'd your mind?
Have blating midwinters blighted all your core?
Have madd'ny floods o'er all your meadows borne
Their levelling wave? has winter's sweeping rain
Rotted your flocks and mock'd your hope of gain?
Wherever ill, O trust thy Colin's breast;
Reveal the torment and thy mind will rest.

DAMON.

Not these, tho' ill, could shake my peace of mind,
Great is the grief and of another kind:
My father dear has bade adieu to pain,
Alas! no more he'll tread the flow'ry plain.

COLIN.

Then let us grieve, I'll mingle sigh for sigh,
Till echo mourn, and all our rocks reply.
Alas! no more the live-long winter's night,
We'll hear him read, and all our souls delight
With wise remarks, to warm our rising youth
With love of virtue, innocence and truth.
Who now shall answer all our questions hard,
And prove that VERTUE is her own reward;
Compose our quarrels, all our love increase,
And cause ill-will and slander hold their peace?
We long may weep, the joy of ev'ry swain,
Alas! no more shall tread the flow'ry plain.

DAMON.

Oh Colin hadst thou known but half his worth,
And felt like me his goodness from thy birth;
Hadst known his tender, kind, parental heart,
Sincere, refin'd, humane in every part;
By him hadst thou to learning's joys been led,
Taught virtue's practice, to religion bred,
Taught too the HOLY BOOK to read and weigh,
Thy mind to judge, thy infant lips to pray;
Informed to shun the world's censorious sneer,
And all the ills in folly's mad career:
Then would'st thou know the wound which I endure,
A wound which things below can never cure.
With early morn, he taught my soul to rise
To HIM whose power created earth and skies,
And ev'ry night, bent low before the throne,
His guardian care and gracious goodness own.
Far, to my view display'd far walo's plan,
And shew'd the duty of the youth, and man;
Led me to view my MAKER and my FRIEND,
In him who no beginning hath, nor end.

Who shall now the friendly warning give,
To teach me, vagrant, how I ought to live?
He's gone—Flow'ry! How my tears amain—
Join with us he'll tread the flow'ry plain.

COLIN.

Sabbath, as I drove a field my flocks,
Him seated 'neath these aged rocks;
He cried, come near—I swiftly ran,
Full plac'd me by the good old man:

He smiling shook my hand, and prais'd my speed,
Then op'd the holy book and made me read
Th' instructive story of the splend'ful son,—
And then inform'd me, when the tale was done,
That we, like him, had from our Father fled,
By vain desires and folly's foibles led:—
Yet God, our father, stands and ardent cries,
"Be wise, return, I'll save your souls from sighs."
My heart was mov'd, again I read it through,
And all its beauty burst upon my view.
As long's this HOLY BOOK shall cheer my mind,
As long as Sabbath rests the lab'ring hind,
As long's religious love and heavenly joy
Can yield sweet peace and all my powers employ,
So long I'll mind his look, his counsel sweet,
And all his say, and wise remarks repeat:
Still to my mind dear shall these flocks remain—
Alas! no more he'll tread the flow'ry plain.

DAMON.

Last eve when near his great account he drew,
He rose, and blest, and bade us all adieu:
Forbade our sighs, nay counsel'd us to joy,
Because we knew his glorious state was nigh.
Ye know, he said, religion was my life,
Death hath no fears, I glory in the strife.—
O God I come,—then in a lovely smile,
He clos'd his course, and bade adieu to toil.

COLIN.

O Damon sweet is pure religion's joy,
It soothes our woes and quiets ev'ry sigh.
He's gone before, let's imitate his worth,
So stand prepar'd to bid adieu to earth.
While we lament he tastes supreme delight,
Eternal love absorbs sin's darksome night.
We sily mortals here most grieve and toil,
And tend our flocks whilst health and summer smile—
Winter comes on, old age too wait delay—
'Tis true—I feel my strength 'gin to decay.
But see the shadow warns approaching eve,
Let's try to be true, resign and cease to grieve;
Time's on his way, swift, swift his moments fly—
He's gone—the next may Damon be—or I.

* A literal fact.

X. W. T.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET TO GENIUS.

"The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heavens;
The poet's pen gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

HAIL! precious gift of Heav'n, great Genius hail!

To thee the muse would fain devote a lay;
O wilt thou strew with flow'rs her dewy way,
And waft upon thy wings a fresh'ning gale?

'Tis thine to trace the windings of the soul!

With lynx's beam to pierce thro' dark'nd space:
On airy-forms bestow a living grace:
And from crude matter make a perfect whole.

Immortal Newton by thy quick'ning aid

Impetuous soar'd, undaunted in his flight;
To worlds unknown, thro' realms of ether bright:
Creation's wonders saw, her native charms display'd.

O faint resemblance of th' Eternal Fire!

Grant me one spark of thy celestial fire.

EUGENIO,

TO CLIO, AND OTHER MORALIZERS.

"White er the mode be that takes place,
"Tis just the same in point of grace."

YE who dislike the reigning taste,
Who wish to see a lengthy waste:
Who think our bosoms most too late,
And seem to hate our frizzled hair:
Attend one moment to my lines,
Nor falsely blame in foolish rhymes
The pretty dresses of our times.
For modish whims in due progression
Do uniformly take possession
Of ev'ry chin and ev'ry grace,
Which hovers round a pretty face.
Now when we hear of a new fashion,
The charms and graces quit their station,
And with the self-same form and state
Upon the newest whimsy wait.

The present mode perhaps may change,
You Critics then may think it strange
If very honestly we should call
What now appears the rage of all:
The time, perhaps may not be long,
Cease then to blame what you think wrong:
Nor still pretend that to despise
Which is not leathsome to your eyes.
You should not satirize our sex
For modish forms that do not vex;
You rather should with art beguile,
And praise the taste, to see us smile.
CLIO indeed you're not the plan,
Vous itez impoli, kind of man;
Once if your rhyming I thought well,
But you no longer do excel:
Your lays no more the fair will please,
You satirize with too much ease.

Unfeelingly you blame the belles
For venturing to please themselves:
This we think, CLIO, is not right,—
Indeed, indeed 'tis not polite.

If you must scribble with your pen,
Do satirize the foolish men:

Their dresses and their manners too
Want mending, if we judge by you.
I'll not describe your ugly rass
Lest you should think me shameless;

Will only therefore now surmise,
That you too closely criticise:

That you too much are in a passion
With those who like the reigning fashion.

You should not, CLIO, blame the belles—
Sure we've a right to please ourselves:

We all do think the fashion pretty,
Their what avails your foolish ditty:

We do not strive to please the men,
Withhold therefore your saucy pen.

You're a most unpublish'd beau,
The ladies all esteem you so:

If you continue moralizing
We will insist on advertising;

And if in hand a pen we take
We'll make you out a saucy rake:

Or prove, perhaps, you're what is worse,
A married woman's greatest curse.

You seem with caution to deny
Being what some call a Quaker sly:

You do not please, be what you will,—
We cannot taste at all your pill:

Whatever your silly thoughts may be,
They have no weight with more than me,

For 'tis as clear as noon day light—
Whatever the fashion is, 'tis right.

ELIZA.

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. III.

The parson's surprise at seeing Mrs. Pawlet.—How she goes.—The post boy.—His observation on young ladies.—A letter from Von Hein.—The consequence.—Their reception at Mr. George Pawlet's.—An epigram.—A grand piece of music composed for the occasion.—Her apology for it.—Remarks concerning writers in music.—Mrs. Pawlet recommends several to Mrs. George.—Boethius, diener, and Noah's ark.

IN proper time the parson and Barclay were equipped, and waiting for the ladies to depart. Penelope soon appeared in a dress wherein chastity, beauty, elegance, and grace, seemed to contend with each other for the mastery. Barclay had not neglected his toilet, but was equally gay and engaging. At length Mrs. Pawlet made her entrée. To use the language of Petronius, which he applied to the Roman beauty, I may justly say that no words can give any idea of her appearance, whatever I shall say will be poor and insufficient to describe her.

The moment the parson cast his eyes upon her, he ejaculated,

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" and walked about the room, shaking his head from one side to the other, like a mandarine.

Penelope looked first at her, and then at Barclay, who turned towards the window, holding his handkerchief to his mouth.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Pawlet, at last, "I thought I should surprise you!"

"You do indeed, my dear!" replied the parson, "you do indeed!"

"You laughed at my former dress," said she, "and I was resolved—"

"To make us laugh more," interrupted the parson.

"Mr. Pawlet," said she seriously, "I did not expect this language from you;—but ignorance, and your—"

"My dear!" cried the parson, sorry for what he had said, "I did not mean any thing: but do you really intend to go in that dress?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Pawlet, "and if it were not for your cloth, it would be well if you would conform to it."

"Well, but my dear, how do you go?" said he; "you can't walk along the village in that robe!"

"No," she rejoined, "I shall not walk; I shall go in your gig, which I have ordered, and Peter will drive me!"

"Well, well!" said he, "e'en let it be as you like!"

The gig was at the door—the parson put her in; and Peter, with his eyes and mouth wide open, and sitting as far from her as he could, drove off.

"Heaven preserve the poor soul from harm!" exclaimed the parson, returning; "was there ever such a whim?"

Mrs. Pawlet, Penelope and Barclay now set out on foot. The little grey-hound having proved that he had no ear for music, was left at home. As they reached the summit of the hill, they perceived a boy advancing.

"Ah! here comes the post," cried Penelope, "I am sure it is a letter for me."

"Your post comes in very late," said Barclay.

"Yes," replied the parson; "owing to

our living out of the great road, we never have our letters till late in the day."

By this time they came up to the boy.

"Well, James," said Penelope, "you have a letter for me to day, I hope."

"Yes, miss," replied the lad, "I have one for you to day,—there it is! Zooks," continued the little arch rogue, "how pretty and happy you look when I have a letter for you; and how disappointed you are when I have not. Well, do you know that it is just the same with all the other young ladies in the village; when I have letters for them, they are ready to eat me; and when I have none, they are ready to kill me; so that I have often thought, do you know, of writing letters to them myself, rather than disappoint them. Well, but," added he, "I have another here for a Mr. Barclay Temple, at the Rev. Mr. Pawlet's."

"That's for me," cried Barclay.

The boy was dismissed.

Our hero cast his eyes hastily on the letter, and soon recognized the hand-writing of Keppel Von Hein. His hand trembled while he opened it. He felt that, by encouraging his love for Penelope, he had unwillingly wronged his friend! His heart acknowledged his unworthiness, and he coloured at the sight of those characters which would at any other time have filled him with joy.

Penelope had stood still to peruse her epistle; and the parson was permitted to look over it also. Barclay therefore collected himself, and proceeded to read his friend's letter, which announced, that he was, owing to some business, unable to be with him so speedily as he intended.—"But," it continued, "my heart is with you and my Penelope. Write often to me about her. Tell her, that if I leave her now for a short time, it is that when we

meet again, we may meet to part no more! Without your friendship, Barclay, to sojourn and to comfort me, and without her love to soften and endear the passing hours, I need not say that I am unhappy and forlorn! But patience awhile, and the time will come, when, in the society of you and my Penelope, in the bosom of friendship and of love, I shall find more joy and peace, than I fear my cross and untoward nature will suffer me at all times to participate."

Barclay wept as he read. Every word of his love for Penelope, every word of friendship which he felt himself compelled, as it were, to betray, was a dagger in his heart.

The letter then concluded with the most tender and affectionate expressions of esteem.

"Oh!" exclaimed Barclay to himself; "oh, my friend! could you find no less cruel way to kill me than by your kindness? It tears me to pieces!"

A postscript followed, which was taken up with the complaints of Gregory, who was represented as having been in a continual state of restlessness and uneasiness, ever since they had parted, and constantly begging to be permitted to come to him.

"Well," said the parson, interrupting Barclay, who stood with his eyes fixed on the letter; "well, I hope you have good news from your friends, Mr. Temple? By the letter Penelope has received, we learn that we shall soon be favoured with the company of a very amiable visitor."

"Yes, the most amiable woman in the world," added Penelope.

"I beg pardon," cried Barclay, looking up, at the sound of Penelope's voice, "excuse my inattention;—I was entirely taken up with what I have just been reading."

"Nothing unpleasant I trust?" said the parson.

"Oh, no!" replied Barclay, rallying, "it is from my friend Von Hein. I was thinking of the affection of an old servant of my father's, who has been very miserable, he tells me, since I left him, although we have not been separated more than a week."

"Poor soul!" exclaimed the parson; "well, but when shall we see Mr. Von Hein?"

"He laments," rejoined Barclay, "that he cannot be with you as early as he intended, but he desires to be remembered to you all, especially to Miss Penelope. I will read you what he says if you will give me leave."

Here he placed himself opposite Penelope, by the side of the parson, whose attention he directed to the letter by pointing to the part he was reading, which was what has been already related. As he read, he ever and anon cast his eyes on Penelope, whose face was quickly covered with blushes.

"Very prettily expressed, indeed!" said the parson, when he had done; "there, my dear Pen. you hear how like a true-hearted lover he writes."

Penelope held her head down;—the parson stooped to see the effect it produced on her countenance, and observing her blushes, put his hand under her chin, and smiling, said,

"Well, bless you both; I hope you'll be happy."

The worthy clergyman did not perceive the tear that dimmed the lustre of her eyes, and ascribed the glowing of her cheeks to a very different cause from that which produced it.

Barclay's happiness was overcast by cloudy thought, and a few moments had turned all his joy into sorrow, and affliction of heart.

Penelope and Barclay were silent, while the parson persevered in talking of Keppel Von Hein until they came to his brother's mansion. Here the scene was changed.—They had no sooner entered the gates than their ears were saluted by the voices of Nathan and the choristers, which accompanied them to the house. They sung, it appeared, an epithalamium, set to music by Mrs. George. The words were by Miss Phyllis, who was the great poet of the family. I cannot oblige my readers with the epithalamium that was sung on this occasion; but that kind of composition was not the author's forte. Her talent was satirical, in the exercise of which few of her neighbours were spared; and, amongst others, the parson's wife came in for a very handsome share. I shall introduce a short epigram on the latter person, by the way of a taste; but I must first premise, that Master Stephen passed off all these productions of his sister for his own, and was weak enough to be very proud of them. This was on a certain defect in Mrs. Pawlet's vision, vulgarly termed squinting.

EPIGRAM.

Unsocial eyes! there placed within her head,
Like man and wife, when six months tucked in bed;
If this but moves, as "Let's be friends," 'twould say,
'Tis to its utmost limit runs away.

Though there was no great point in this, and there were few better from the same

mint, yet they answered the purpose of displeasing the individuals they were written to ridicule, and that was deemed sufficient recompense for the pains of inventing them.—Still, that the above is a correct description of Mrs. Pawlet's eyes, I must confess.

When they entered the parlour, the mirth and astonishment at Mrs. Pawlet's appearance had a little subsided, as she had been there some time before them, owing to their delay. The musical family, however, were not more surprised at Mrs. Pawlet's dress, than our friends were at Mrs. George's, which was as outrageously absurd as the other's, being a complete Italian habit of the old school, which the wearer had brought over with her from Italy some twenty years before.

After the common civilities of meeting were at an end, and the merchant had taken Barclay by the hand, and led him to the window-seat, and engaged him in conversation, his wife proposed till dinner-time to entertain the company with a grand piece, which she had herself composed for that day.

Not so much from inclination as politeness, this was agreed to. The harmony was by the Abbe, who had also, to please Mrs. George, made out the parts for a band. The Abbe was absent at the Hon. Mr. Buckle's, as she informed them, and therefore she could not do it so much justice as she hoped to do it in the evening, when she expected his assistance. "Even then," said she, "you will have but a very imperfect notion of what effect a band would produce; however, we must do the best we can. I shall now," continued she, "endeavour to give you, by the means of my various stops, the best ideas of it in my power." She then began a horrid *melange*, that lasted five and twenty minutes, exclaiming every minute, "Here my horns—flutes—violins—clarionets—bassoons.—Now my full!" And here she thundered away so as to deafen the whole assembly. Presently she requested the attention of the company to some particular movements.—"Now *gracioso—esspressivo—fortissimo—pianissimo—agitato*—And here," said she, "I introduce a *figue*; and then I go, at once, from the key of C natural into seven flats, with several running fifths and eighths. That's singular, but we modern composers take these liberties. Novelty, difficulty, and effect, are every thing with us!"

Shortly after, crying, "Now my full again!" she concluded, greatly satisfying her friends that she had come to a conclusion.

During the time she had been playing, the parson's wife had suffered a violent attack of envy, which never failed to assail her whenever any one, especially one of her own sex, seemed, or pretended to understand any thing better than herself. She prided herself on being equally great on every subject, and was resolved not to let her sister's arrogance, as she conceived it, pass without a proper rebuke. To begin, therefore, she hinted at the aid the Abbe had given her, and ended by saying, "That she was entirely ignorant of the theory, and only knew the practical part of music, which any infant or animal might almost learn."

Mrs. George defended herself, and said she had studied many works on thorough bass.

"Nonsense!" cried the other, "there is not a man now a day who, if he comprehends any thing about music, can express himself so as to be intelligible to any body. I have seen plenty of your modern writers on music, and I believe no books contain so much ignorance and unintelligibility.—Every one professes to do more than those who have preceded him, and he does so; but how does he do it? By being more obscure than the obscurity he pretends to elucidate. Each new treatise by these gentlemen is "confusion worse confounded."

Mrs. George confessed that they were not so clear as she could wish, but that still something might be learnt from them.

"Yes," exclaimed Mrs. Pawlet, "confusion! No; if you wish to prosper in your study of music, read Aristoxenus, Euclid, Nicomachus, Alypius, Gaudenius, Quintilianus, Bacchius, and Capella, with the profound and instructive commentary of Marcus Meibomius."

"I had rather be excused," replied Mrs. George, smiling; "I leave them to you, sister, and shall content myself with less learned, and more homely authors."

"The obstinacy of ignorance!" cried the other; "you may learn as much music as can be learned by the fingers, but that which is acquired by the head you can have nothing to do with. You may produce harmony, but you will never comprehend what it is."

"Well, I am sure I am more excusable than you are then," said she, "for you comprehended it, and never produce it. But pray what is harmony, sister?"

"Boethius de Musica tells us," replied Mrs. Pawlet, "that harmonia est—"

"No Latin, pray!" cried Mrs. George.

"Well, then, 'harmony is a faculty ex-

aming the differences of acute and grave sounds, by sense and reason." But the *sense* and *reason* of music, and of every thing else indeed, seem entirely out of your sphere."

The servant at this moment announced that dinner was on the table.

"That's well!" exclaimed the parson; "that's a thing which generally puts an end to discord, and promotes *harmony*. Come! on such a day as this it should reign in perfection, and I hope it will."

Now, according to custom, he led Mrs. George by the hand into the dining room: the merchant and the parson's wife, Master Stephen and Penelope, Barclay and Miss Phyllis, followed, pair after pair; conforming to the example given by the inhabitants of Noah's ark, at their first entrance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Mandonoch.

A TALE.

"I ASK no favours from you, nor indeed can you bestow any, for life has now no charms, and I shall be happy in reposing in the grave,"—were the words of the convict Mandonoch, when the judges, who were about to sentence him to death offered him a pardon if he would discover his associates in guilt. His proud soul disdained to accept a favour when offered conditionally, much less would he avail himself of one when it was to be obtained by a violation of his word. The man who had brought himself to the verge of destruction by a breach of the laws of his country, had still too nice a sense of honour to forfeit it for the paltry reward of existence. "You see before you," continued Mandonoch, "a man who through all the vicissitudes of his life (and they have been many, very many) still preserved the consciousness that he was a man. He has infringed the laws of society, and he is ready to lay down his life as a reparation for his offence; but he will never sacrifice the companions of his fortune to secure that which he has long considered a burden." The judges then consulted among themselves and after a pause of a few moments the eldest arose. The court was wrapped in silence. Not a whisper disturbed the solemnity of the scene, when the awful sentence was pronounced. Mandonoch listened with calm attention. His features preserved their serenity, and the frown of majesty, which generally dwelt on his brow,

gave place to a faint glow that illuminated his countenance.

When the judge was reseated, Mandonoch bowed profoundly, and thus replied—"To you, sir, who have, in the performance of your duty, pronounced my fate, I return my thanks for the impartiality with which you administered justice. To die is what I wish; but to die an ignominious death!"—he shook his head, his features were momentarily convulsed; but he recovered his firmness and resumed—"An ignominious death must be hateful to every one who has ever been held in estimation by his fellows; but it is the work of an over-ruling Providence, and I submit. If it will not be an intrusion on your patience, I will relate the most momentous occurrences of my life." The judges bowed assent, and he went on. "Born to an honourable station in society, educated beneath the eye of affectionate parents, my prospects were as flattering as youthful fancy can paint. Alas, soon, very soon, were they clouded by misfortune. My parents died ere I arrive at the age of maturity, and left me to the guardianship of a man whose ruling passion was *avarice*. He cheated me of my fortune, trepanned me on board a ship bound to India, and they exposed me to the greatest hardships. I was treated by the persons to whom I had been consigned with the greatest severity."

However, some time after my arrival in India I escaped. Returning to England I found my guardian revelling in the possession of the fortune which was mine, and enjoying the luxuries of life while the rightful possessor of his wealth was exposed to all the ills of poverty. My absence from my native home had been several years, as the difficulty of returning retarded my departure from India. From being exposed to the inclemency of the weather in different climates my countenance was considerably altered, and the wretch baffled all my attempts to reinstate myself in my fortune, and treated me as an imposter. Without funds to enable me to force him to resign his wealth, which he had so infamously obtained, what could I do?—My heart panted for revenge. I watched my opportunity and sent my villainous guardian to his native hell. Having gratified my revenge at the expense of my peace, I fled again to sea. But the ocean seemed to have conspired with fortune to rob me of the least taste of enjoyment and content. The vessel to which I belonged was wrecked on the coast, and every soul but myself perished with her. I was taken up by a party of smugglers, who conducted their illegal trade on the coast; and,

disgusted with society, I readily acceded to their proposition to join them. Active and enterprising, I obtained their favour, and after a residence of some years among them, was appointed their chief. Our band was numerous and daring. The quantities of goods which were through our means introduced into the country, attracted the notice of the officers appointed to prevent that illicit trade. They led troops out against us, and many severe conflicts ensued. The fame of Mandonoch and his hardy band spread far and wide; for I feared not death, and to preserve the companions of my late I was actuated by love, and gratitude. It was for them I conducted the fight,—it was for them I engaged in a sanguine, though a partial warfare with my countrymen;—but never for myself, the life I led I abhorred; but I had no alternative. At length larger bodies of troops were dispatched against us. I was outlawed, and a price set upon my head. This I well knew, and all my followers were well acquainted with it; but they were faithful, and I believe would have sacrificed their lives to preserve mine. Shall I then basely expose them to death, because I dread its approach. No; it comes as a friend to release me from the tormenting fiend, *recollection*; and the soul of Mandonoch is too proud to preserve existence, were it ever so dear to him, when the lives of his friends in misfortune must be the forfeit. Often, when night had cast her congenial shadows over the face of nature, did I wander among the craggy cliffs which form the battle-vents of England, and in conversation with myself pass away the tedious hours. My friends never intruded on my lonely musings. They observed my sorrows, and while they lamented them, held them ever sacred. In one of these nocturnal rambles, fortune led those who were in pursuit of me to the place where I indulged my melancholy. I was taken a prisoner. Their triumph was great, although they had only to boast the capture of a man like themselves,—but that man was Mandonoch! You have taken me, but yet there remain eighty men, who pride themselves on their independence, and who will lay that down only with their lives. Severity will never succeed, unless they are extirpated. Lenity might induce them to return to a state of obedience to the laws, if they can live in society independent; but if you attempt to force them to resign their liberty, I see nothing before you but blood and slaughter among those who ought to be brothers, from being the offspring of one common country."

Here Mandonoch ended. He bowed with manly firmness to the court, and retired to his dungeon. The next morning he was conducted to the place of execution; where, attended by thousands of spectators, he prepared to meet his fate with fortitude. The crowd admired his firmness; and while they condemned his life, they could not but pity the man who was above their compassion. His countenance was unmoved, and without uttering a word he mounted the ladder. His step was firm, and his whole conduct manly: Inasmuch that no one among the throng but wished his reprieve. Mandonoch seemed for some minutes in silent prayer. He turned to the crowd, and with haughty condescension bowed to them as they gazed upon his majestic form;—then gave the signal, and his manly soul fled for ever!!!

RICARDO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

AMONG the many follies with which the present age abounds, there is one which, though not quite so often held up to the ridicule of the public, as many others, is in my opinion, fully as reprehensible. What I allude to is, the habit to which many people are addicted, of catching at with avidity, and treasuring up the most out-of-the-way stories, for the purpose of retailing them again to their acquaintances: the less plausible and the more incredible they appear, with so much the more eagerness are they sought after.

I imagine this foolish practice must have originated in this way:—When the topic of conversation is exhausted, and languor and listlessness begin to pervade the company, most of the party feel themselves so unpleasantly situated, that frequent attempts are made to rouse the spirit of conversation. In polite companies, however, where the parties generally are possessed of wit and good sense, this is not often the case, as they are seldom at a loss for a subject to converse upon; but in common life, where persons do not possess these advantages, when the minds of the company begin to grow faint, and the fund of small talk is exhausted, they have so few resources to which they can apply, in order to preserve good humour, that the above expedient is frequently resorted to. And when this mode of story-telling is once broached, the parties generally endeavour to out-do each other in relating those that are monstrous and incredible.

I know a man of this description, who

after having related some story, so wonderful as to be beyond belief, if any person should happen to express a doubt as to the truth of it, will immediately tell another, which in improbability infinitely exceeds the first. It is true, when he has finished one of these stories, he might easily perceive, by the countenances of his hearers, that not a syllable of what he had said was credited; yet the habit is so confirmed, by frequent practice, that he is often exposed to ridicule and contempt.

A person ought to be cautious how he relates things of a marvellous nature, which are even well attested, and which he knows are founded on truth. He should also consider the degree of information possessed by the person to whom he speaks. For instance, was a person to attempt to convince a peasant of the truth of some of the wonders of nature, (and there are many which surpass common belief) without being able to back his arguments by ocular demonstration, he would find them to be entirely unavailing, and perhaps to have quite a different effect from that which they were intended to produce; though the circumstances might be of such a nature that possibly most people of common information were well acquainted with them. Indeed, it will be difficult for one of these story-telling gentry to retain a character as a man of probity. It will naturally be supposed, and perhaps justly, that a man who accustoms himself to study and relate things incredible, when he is at a loss for something of the kind that is true, will, to gratify the expectations of the company, be induced to narrate circumstances which have no other foundation to rest upon than his own fancy.

Upon the whole, it is certainly a most ridiculous practice. Such persons frequently exclude from conversation subjects that are better, and of far more consequence,—and at the same time materially lessen themselves in the estimation of the more sensible and sober part of the community; since no one can think well of that man who makes it his only business to converse on things which so nearly border on extravagance.

V.

Recipe for a Cough.

Take one tea-spoonful of Elixir Paregoric, one tea-spoonful of Sal Volatile, mix these in a wine-glass of spring water, and take it the first thing in the morning, and the last at going to bed. If the cough is very troublesome, you may take it in the course of the day.

The following very singular case, as related by Dr. CHEYNE of Bath (Eng.) in his Treatise on the English Malady, will afford speculation to some of our readers, and be a matter of curiosity to all.

"*The Case of the Hon. Colonel Townshend.*—Colonel Townshend, a gentleman of excellent natural parts and of great honour and integrity, had for many years been afflicted with a *nephritic* complaint, attended with constant vomitings, which had made his life painful and miserable. During the whole time of his illness he had observed the strictest regimen, living on the softest vegetables and lightest animal foods, drinking ass's-milk daily in the camp; for common drink, Bristol-water, which, the summer before his death, he drank on the spot. But his illness increasing, and his strength decaying, he came from Bristol to Bath in a litter in autumn, and lay at the Bell-inn. Dr. Baynard, (who is since dead,) and I, were called to him, and attended him twice a-day, for about the space of a week; but his vomiting continuing still incessant, and obstinate against all remedies, we despaired of his recovery. While he was in this condition, he sent for us early one morning: we waited on him, with Mr. Skrine, the apothecary: we found his senses clear, and his mind calm: his nurse, and several servants were about him. He had made his will, and settled his affairs. He told us he had sent for us to give him some account of an *odd sensation* he had for some time observed and felt of himself, which was, that *composing himself, he could die or expire when he pleased*; and yet, by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again; which it seems he had sometimes tried before he sent for us. We heard this with surprise, but as it was not to be accounted for upon *common principles*, we could hardly believe the fact as he related it, much less give him any account of it, unless he should please to make the experiment before us, which we were unwilling he should do, lest in his weak condition he should carry it too far. He continued to talk very distinctly and sensibly above an hour, about this, (to him) surprising sensation, and insisted so much on our seeing the trial made, that we were at last obliged to comply. We all three felt his pulse first: it was distinct, though small and thready; and his heart had its usual beating.

— "He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a

clean looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nicest touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least soil of breath, on the bright mirror he held to his mouth; then each of us, by turns examined his *arm, heart, and breath*, but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this *odd appearance* as well as we could, and all of us judging it inexplicable and unaccountable, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far, and at last were satisfied that he was *actually dead*, and were just about to leave him. This continued about half an hour, by nine o'clock in the morning, in autumn. As we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently, and speak softly: we were astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him, and among ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but confounded and puzzled, and not able to form any rational scheme that might account for it.

"He afterwards called for his *attorney*, added a codicil to his will—settled legacies on his servant—received the sacrament—and calmly and composedly expired about five or six o'clock that evening.

The doctor goes on by saying, the body was opened, and his complaints were found to have proceeded from a *nephritic* cancer, and concludes with the following strong testimony; which, from a man of his character, must be deemed conclusive as to the truth of his statement.

"I have narrated the *facts*, as I saw and observed them deliberately and distinctly, and shall leave to the philosophic reader to make what inferences he thinks fit: *the truth of the material circumstance I warrant.*"

AN OPPOSITE.

DRYDEN and Otway lived opposite to each other in Queen-street, London. Otway coming one night from the tavern, chalked upon Dryden's door, "*Here lies John Dryden, he is a wrr.*" Dryden knew his hand writing, and next day chalked on Otway's door, "*Here lies Tom Otway, he is OPPOSITE.*"

The following remarkable story may perhaps give some general idea of the character of the negroes of St. Domingo,—those principal actors in the late horrid scenes transacted on that ill-fated island. The facts are supposed to have happened about forty years ago.

THE STORY OF MAKANDAL.

BORN in Africa, in one of those countries which border on Mount Atlas, this Makandal appeared to have been of an illustrious rank, as he had received much better education than what negroes generally have. He could read and write the Arabian language, and he is not the only negro, reduced by bad fortune, to a state of slavery, who has possessed the same talents. Makandal had also a strong natural turn for music, painting and sculpture; and though only twelve years of age when carried to the West-Indies, he was well acquainted with the medicine of his own country, and the virtue of plants, so used, and often so dangerous in the torrid zone.

Transported to St. Domingo, and sold to a planter in the neighbourhood of Cape Francois, Makandal soon gained the esteem of his master, by his knowledge and industry, and made himself respected by his fellow slaves, on account of the care which he took to procure them amusements, by multiplying their festivals, and to cure their disorders, after they had baffled the skill of the European physicians. In a short time he was the soul of all their assemblies and dances, and from one end of the island to the other, the sick who were deemed incurable, invoked the name of Makandal, sending to ask from him the leaf or root of some herb, which for the most part relieved them.

Young Makandal was known then only by his beneficence, and his great taste for pleasure. Happy! had he always employed his talents for innocent purposes; but they soon became the source of the greatest crimes.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen, love began to inflame his breast, and to rule with the most astonishing impetuosity. He did not, however, entertain an exclusive passion for one object, and every woman who possessed any charms, received part of his homage, and inflamed his senses. His passion acquired energy and activity in proportion as the objects which inspired it were multiplied. In every quarter he had a mistress. It is well known, that among the negroes, enjoyment soon follows desire; and satiety and indifference are the usual consequences; but Makandal on the

contrary, appeared a'ways to be more enamoured of those who had contributed to his felicity, and with a proud jealousy defended the empire of his love.

The overseer of the plantation to which he belonged, fell in love with a beautiful young negro girl, who had attracted the notice also of Makandal. The reader may readily imagine how much embarrassed such a female must be, to fix her choice between a rigorous and despotic master, and the most distinguished of all the negroes in that part of the country; her heart, however inclined towards her equal, and the offers of the overseer were rejected.

Enraged at this affront, he discovered that Makandal had been the cause of it, and he vowed to be revenged; but Makandal, notwithstanding his nocturnal peregrinations, and the time which he devoted to pleasure, discharged his duty with so much punctuality and zeal, that he was never exposed to the least chastisement; a circumstance rather astonishing in a country where the lash is so continually lacerating the bodies of the unhappy negroes, and where the soul of the European not yet inured by custom to the most horrid spectacles, is filled daily with both terror and pity.

The overseer, eagerly desirous of surprising Makandal in some fault, redoubled his vigilance, but in vain; the slave was always irreproachable.—His rival, however, seeing that he could find no cause for punishing him, endeavoured to invent a pretext; and one day, in the middle of a new plantation of sugar canes, he ordered him to be stretched out on his belly, and to receive fifty lashes. The pride of Makandal revolted at this act of injustice. Instead of humbling himself, and imploring the prayers and intercession of all the other slaves, who were filled with astonishment and pity, he disdainfully cast his implements of husbandry at the feet of his rival, telling him, that such a barbarous order was to him a signal of liberty, and immediately running towards the mountains, escaped, in spite of the overseer's fury, and the pretended pursuit of the negroes, who gave themselves little trouble to overtake him.

When he had thus saved himself from the unjust punishment of an European despot, he united himself to the maroons; that is to say, runaway slaves, and twelve years elapsed before he could be apprehended. He still, however, kept up a correspondence with his former companions; never was a festival of any consequence celebrated, at which he was not their Coryphæus. But how came the negroes to betray their friend, their comforter, and their prophet?

for he had address enough to make them at length believe that he had supernatural virtues, and divine revelations. Having carved out with much art upon the head of a stick made of the orange tree, a small human figure, which when pressed a little on the back part of the head, moved its eyes and lips, and appeared to be animated, he pretended that this puppet answered whatever questions were put to it, and uttered oracles, and when he made it predict the death of any one, it is certain that he never was mistaken.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

AS my last in answer to *Ten Love* was too long for publication, I intended now in a more concise manner, to have pointed out the fallacy and inconsistency of his arguments; but my attention has been drawn from this, for the present, by the more candid epistle of *J. I. H.* who, I observe, has again made his appearance in defence of his former arguments on the subject of music, and who, (though he has, like the porcupine, pointed a quill against every opposer,) has thought proper to honour me with his "more particular attention."

I am happy to find he is now so correct in his ideas respecting billiards, gaming, &c. I give him credit for what he adds about lotteries, and perfectly agree with him on this subject. I trust we shall likewise very soon be agreed on the subject of music, for I assure him, I am no enemy to sacred harmony, or to the science in general, only I wish to have it kept in its *proper place*.

But I beg leave to tell him, that I neither did nor wished to pervert his words or meaning; and if he has advanced opinions which he cannot maintain, it certainly can be no fault of mine. He denies having asserted, that our becoming inhabitants of heaven, depended on our learning music: he tells us to read his communication *again*; be pleased, *Mr. J. I. H.* to take a peep at it *yourself*, and I believe you will find this expression: "I am clearly of opinion, that every person who expects to become an inhabitant of heaven, ought to learn music." Now, if there be any meaning in words, this certainly implies that we are not to expect the one without the other! Nothing can be more plain; and I have no hesitation in again

saying, that nothing can be more absurd and erroneous; its absurdity being so evident, that I need make no further remarks upon it. The gentleman, indeed, gives up the position, and proceeds thus, "I asserted only, that music forms a considerable part of the joys of heaven:" this, Sir, is already granted; I never denied it. He next goes on to prove his favourite sentiment, *viz.* that those who learn music here, will, in heaven, have the advantage of those who do not, this he defies us to prove, erroneous; but has he himself proved it from Scripture to be true? No! the reason is obvious; it was impossible! What proof has he given us? Why none, none at all! He has, to be sure, quoted a passage from the Revelations, namely, "And there were sealed 144,000 of all the tribes, &c." But the gentleman does not seem to understand the scope of this passage; we apprehend it signifies a *perfect number*; it signifies that the number of the redeemed will be complete and full, and that by this perfect and complete number, is meant as including or comprehending *all the elect*, which will be gathered out of every nation, kindred and tongue, &c. Their song is indeed *new*, and will be *new* to all eternity! even angels will never be able to sing the anthem of the redeemed! for it is an anthem or song, which only they can sing! and no man, no, not the greatest adept in music that ever lived, can learn this song, unless he be among that number. But after all, what does he gain by this quotation? he dare not say, that even the number of those, as they stand upon record, were all individually taught the science of music while in this world? No! I may in my turn defy him to prove this. But I think it is altogether in favour of my argument, because it is evident that no man, whether learned or unlearned, knows any thing of this song, unless he be taught of God; and it is no less evident, that all, without exception, who are thus taught, will join in it. But further, it is said, John xxi. 15. "Have ye never read, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" Thus we are told, that the praises of God are *perfected* out of the mouths of babes! perfected, I say, without any assistance from *science*; for it is not our singing systematically, but our singing with a perfect heart, that can be acceptable to God. Does *Mr. J. I. H.* indeed believe, that when all the elect are raised up to eternal life, and made *perfectly* blessed in the full enjoyment of God, that any of them can *possibly* be incapable of singing his praise! of joining in the same glorious anthem, because perhaps they have

not studied music scientifically while in this world?—Away with such preposterous notions!

In his sixth paragraph he perverts my words, by changing what I termed *music*, into *tunes*.

I have not room to treat his seventh paragraph so fully as I could wish, I will just notice two or three things; and first, I observe what he says respecting the different degrees of glory of the saints, and their being appointed to different offices. Here again he labours under a mistake, for they will be all and every one of them kings and priests, &c. "this honour have all his saints." But let him read the 2d, 3d, and 1th verses of the 15th chapter, and from the 9th verse to the end of chapter 7th of the Revelations: In the first we find that John saw "them (*viz.* all them) that had gotten the victory," &c. and in the second "a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations," &c. Here we have their cloathing, their attitude, their songs, and their exercise described; but does there appear any degrees or distinctions among them? No; they all join in the same song of praise, and not one of them is silent.—But why need I seek for proofs, or make extracts, to convince J. I. H. of his errors? I would rather advise him, if he wants information, to read the whole of the sacred volume with more attention. G.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET.

Written at a Country-seat in the month of January last.

Congea'd and gloomy is the sable ground!
Leafless and barren are the late green trees; (breeze,

Grim winter shakes the mansion with his
And cheerless desolation spreads around.

But soon shall spring her wonted sweets
reveal,

And Sol rejoice glad nature with his ray;
The feather'd choir their native notes
display:

Contented minds heav'n's blessed influence
feel.

For me, alas! spring's lost her many charms!
Her roseate flow'rs no more delight the
eye;

Pensive alone, I wander, weep and sigh:
Banish'd for ever from my Mira's arms.

Farewell dear girl, thy lover bids adieu
To worldly happiness, content—and you.

EUGENIO.

TO FORTUNE.

Fortune! how oft I thy smiles believ'd!
How did thy prospects my fond bosom warm!
But ah! how oft too have I been deceiv'd!
So is fair sun-shine follow'd by a storm.

Henceforth in thee no more I put my trust;
To me, indifferent is thy smile or frown:
My hope and bliss—they spring not from the dust;
My soul thy tempests never can cast down.

Should friends grow fickle, and their smiles decline,
My steady mind can every ill endure;
I rest alone on PROVIDENCE DIVINE,
For all life's ills, the true, the perfect cure.
MOLTIMA.

ANECDOTES.

AN hungry Irishman, lately in London, mistaking a barber's shop for an eating house bolted in, and begged to be served. The barber supposing from the length of his beard that he wished to be shaved, knocked off a basin of soap-suds, and placing it before him with a wash-ball, went backwards to set his razor. Pat, without waiting for grace, supped up the suds, and and swallowed the wash-ball; and on the barber returning with the razor, his guest coolly observed, "There is no occasion for a knife, honey; your soup is very good, but your turnip was not quite boiled: So paying his penny, he bade the astonished barber good morning.

Poor Paddy seems doomed to be the constant butt of every silly witting—But, dear Teague, cheer up, here's something for your comfort:

AS an American and Hibernian were riding into Boston together, they espied the gallows just at the entrance of the town. "Look ye there, Paddy," says the Yankee, pointing to the gallows, "what would be the consequence, admitting that justice was now to take place?" "What," says Teague, with a look of contempt, "why I should be after riding into town alone, and be d—d to you."

PHILADELPHIA,

MARCH 27, 1802.

Marriages.

*Happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.*

MARRIED...In this City...On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Potts, Mr. Henry Bedinger, to Miss Catharine Bostwick... On the 25th, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Stephen Clayton, to Miss Elizabeth Haydon.

.....At New Kent County, (Vir.) Feb. 27, Mr. Michael Sherman, aged 97

years and 4 days, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Eliza Poindexter, aged 14!!!

Alas that such matches we're doom'd to see,
Where youth and old age do unite,—
Oh that long and merry their day may be,
For deary, ah deary's the NIGHT!

A New-Hampshire paper mentions the marriage of Mr. Comfort Hamilton, to Miss Charity Carpenter. This charitable lady, it must be acknowledged, has a very comfortable husband.

Deaths.

*Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours dress,
Brav'd by the band of rough Misadance,
Or child of age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.*

DIED...In this City...On the 15th inst. Mr. Charles Young, Merchant, *Æt.* 51.... On the 16th, Captain Anthony Senky, *Æt.* 50.... On the 17th, one of the Indian Chiefs of the Shawanee Tribe, who lately arrived here on their return from the seat of government. His remains were interred with military honours, and his funeral attended by the Tammany Society.

.....At Washington, on the 11th inst. Mr. Narsworthy Hunter, late a delegate to Congress, from the Mississippi Territory. His remains were attended to the grave by the members of both houses of the Legislature.

.....On the 4th inst. the Hon. John Sigreaves, Esq. Judge of the court of the United States for the North-Carolina district.—He served some time, as an officer in the revolutionary war. After the peace he was chosen a Member of Congress under the Confederation. He was repeatedly elected a member of the legislature of N. C. for his native town Newbern; and for several years past he held the office of which he died possessed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Eugenio" sweet bard, in pure delightful strains,
To "Merrym" turns his softly-pleading lyre;
Correctness though the whole with beauty reigns,
And scenes long past renew the youthful fire.

"T. W. de la Tiend" is right,—the Editor is partial.... but it is to MERRY alone. However, if he thinks it worth while to call at the office, the Editor will give him the reasons of his long silence.

"Ten Love" came too late,—he has the misfortune to be again anticipated.

The Editor has taken some liberties with "G."s communication. It is hoped the writer will show his propriety without explanation.

"Hammonde" is under consideration.—"Phlamor" will be attended to.

If "Love at First Sight" is original, why introduce such characters as *Lady Betty* and *Sir Harry*—we rather suppose it is copied from some old Magazine. Did not a circumstance throw suspicion on the piece attached to it, we would say, that "The Skigh Bell" is far from being destitute of merit.

Some other communications came too late for examination.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ADVENTURE OF AN EVENING.

A TALE.

THE sun had set beneath the western main,
And night begun her solemn, silent reign;
The glittering stars shone in the azure sky,
While Cynthia shed pale lustre from oo high:
When Anna a wanderer cheerless on the shore,
And listen'd to the ocean's sullen roar;
A settled sorrow in her bosom reign'd;
Which ev'n the aid of cheering Hope disdain'd;
A sigh oft rising from her breast was heard,
And in her eye a gleaming tear appear'd,
"Ah why!" said she, "should I my days extend,
When all my sorrows in the grave would end;
When in the bosom of yon briny wave,
I'd join my heavy in his wat'ry grave:
For sure, he slumbers in death's silent sleep,
Wrapt in the bosom of the stormy deep;
Or far from home, cast on some distant strand,
He thinks no more upon his native land;
Alas! perhaps, his youthful wand'ring mind
Has long forgot his Anna left behind;
Clasped in the arms of some more happy fair,
He values not my anguish and despair.
Oh! dreadful thought!—of all my friends bereft,
If even Henry should no more be left;
Where shall I seek some kind protecting friend,
Who to affliction would assist and lend,
Who'd calm the anguish of my tortur'd breast;
(Heer my sad soul, and lull my cares to rest—
None, none their lives, no friendly hand I impart
One beam of pleasure to my suff'ring heart;
Nought but dark prospects meet my aching eye,
And I've no refuge left me but to die;
Death's friendly hand alone can end my woes,
And bring my sorrows to a final close."
This said, upon the shore prepar'd she stood,
To rush at once into the briny flood,
Then from the shelter of a neighbouring rock,
I came, and to the scowling fair one spoke,
"Thou shalt not die," with gentle voice I said,
And with bright hopes I cheer'd the weeping maid:
(In secret I had listen'd to her sighs,
Watch'd her sad steps, and seen her tearful eyes)
"Div up thy tears, thy long lost Henry's found,
This day his feet have trod their native ground,"
Then from the shore I led in all her charms,
The maid, and gave her to her lover's arms.

CARLOS.

VIRTUE AND RELIGION.

Oh Virtue! Oh Virtue! what pleasures are thine,
How blest'st dost thou ever appear,
Thy influence o'er mortals how soft and benign,
There is loveliness e'en in thy tear.
To anger, to malice, to envy unknown;
Ambition can never thee move;
Endearing affection thou knowest alone,
Benevolence, pity and love.

If adversity lowers, if prosperity smiles,
Whatever the lot thou may'st find,
Thy innocence ever affliction beguiles,
And spreads a sweet peace o'er the mind.

For ever in action, thy joy is to ease
The woe-stricken bosom of care,
The vice-enslav'd mind from its chain to release,
And aid it thy blessings to share.

Oh Virtue! Oh Virtue! what pleasures are thine,
Oh! who would thy influence miss;
Yet still their's a power thy joys can refine,—
'Tis religion must crown thee with bliss.

'Tis she that sweet confidence can to thee bring,
When toss'd by affliction's wide wave,
'Tis she that deprives horrid death of its sting,
And victory wrests from the grave.

'Tis she can enable thee only to soar
Above this poor life's narrow bound,
To see with the vision of faith that blest'd shore
Where happiness ever is found.

Thus the moon cheers the night with a heart-sooth-
ing ray,

A lustre that is not her own;
But when the sun rises her light fades away,—
She shines in his absence alone.

How trifling those pleasures that never can last
But a day in their most lengthen'd course,
And when these poor glittering phantoms are past,
Leave languor, disease and remorse.

How unlappy are those who never have known
Of peace and Religion the growth;
Who never have made yet fair Virtue their own,
But have liv'd on a stranger to both.

Who, when trials assail, have no pow'r to cope
With the sorrows which vice leaves behind,
Who cannot experience the comforts of hope,
Which Religion spreads over the mind.

Oh come then Religion inhabit my heart,
There let thy pure radiance shine;
Thy calmness and bliss to my bosom impart,
And guide me with counsel divine:

And when thro' this mixture of light and of gloom
With doubtful patience I've trod,
Oh aid me to encounter disease and the tomb,
And meet the tribunal of God!

CLIO.

TO BEAUTY AND MERIT.

AN APOSTROPHE.

My pencil, my head, and my heart,
A pierian draught has inspir'd,
Restrict'd from fiction or art,
To paint her who is more than a limit'd.
Herculean sure is the task,
All language must fail in supply,
And fancy, exhausted, must ask
New strength from a glance of her eye.
Nature, too-partial nature has giv'n,
Rival beauties in figure and face;
On her smile sits an emblem of heav'n,
Beaming youth and enrapturing grace.
E'er rich'd in refinement of soul;
Refulgent and pointed her wit;
Truth and innocence governs the whole;—
Sure perfection was never so hit.

AVON.

TO ELIZA.

YOUR writings, Eliza, may tend to amuse;
I hope there are none will that tribute refuse.
But tell me my sister, say, why should the fair,
Be vex'd at the trifling attack on their hair?
If Clio and others dislike a short waist,—
Pretend that our dresses display want of taste,
Oh ne'er let's regard them, nor ever disclose
That they in the least have disturb'd our repose.
Let no foolish rhyming our cause e'er disgrace;
Instead of our nonsense, let silence take place.
Perhaps, my dear sister, the time mayn't be long
Ere we shall all find that we've been in the wrong.
For numbers there are, who think Clio is right;
Approve of his writings, howe'er impolite:
I own it is rude, and for that I'll contend,
To tell us such truths, when they're known to offend.
I therefore request he'll politely refrain
From writing on subjects that cause so much pain.
His pills are not gilt, so they never can please;
His doctrine's too piercing to heal our disease...
If I'm not mistaken, his sight is so keen,
'The beauty thro' Eliza will plainly be seen!

LAVINIA.

SONNET TO MORPHEUS.

HENCE Morpheus! with thy leaden wand away!
And leave my senses from thy influence free;
Thy pow'r, to which e'en monarchs bend the knee,
Me only robs of pleasure's genial ray.

What tho' Euceno's chaunt thy fancy wound—
Canst thou relieve the wretch by pain oppress'd,
Canst thou give ease unto the tortur'd breast,
Or cheer the pining habitant of earth.

No! such might joy to hail thy leaden reign;
But these thy poppies never, never share;
In vain they fill with ardent pray'r the air:
Thou wilt not hear, and all their woes are vain.
Then let Euceno sing; thou ne'er wilt be
A favorite friend, or wish'd-for guest with me.

* See page 44. LORENZO.

The following ENIGMA (copied from an old London Magazine) is from a Correspondent, who requests an Answer in verse.

BEFORE creating nature will'd,
That atoms into form should fir,
By me the boundless space was fill'd,
On me was hung the first made star—
For me the saint will break his word,
By the proud Atheist I'm rever'd;
At me the coward draws his sword,
And by the hero I am fear'd!
Scorn'd by the meek and humble mind,
Yet often by the vain passet;
Heard by the deaf, seen by the blind,
Give to the trouble'd conscience rest—
Than Wisdom's sacred self I'm wiser,
And yet by every blockhead known;
I'm freely giv'n by the miser,
Kept by the prodigal alone—
As vice reform'd, as virtue fair,
The coward's loss, the patriot's gains;
The poet's pulse, the cornucopia's care...
Read—and you'll have me for your pains!

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. IV.

Mrs. Pawlet's sentiments on our animal nature.—The parson alarmed.—Miss Phyllis reprimanded.—Whether laughter is peculiar to man.—Mrs. Pawlet thinks otherwise.—Family jokes.—The Marseillais hymn.—Mrs. Pawlet's comment on it.—Variations.—Likenesses.—Who is she?—An accident, lucky of a laughable nature.—How always to keep well.—Watch way to give a voice.—Peter's legs.

AT table Mr. and Mrs. George Pawlet presided; the former sat at the bottom, and on his right hand the parson's wife, by whose side were seated Barclay and Miss Phyllis; the latter, of course, at the head of the table, had on her right hand the parson, and next to him master Stephen and Penelope.

The fare was sumptuous; and the parson in excellent spirits, with his usual good humour, endeavoured to inspire every one with the same propensity to conviviality that he felt himself.

Master Stephen was troublesomely attentive to his neighbour. Barclay paid every proper respect to his; but could not recover the serenity of his mind. Still he was not miserable, for he was in the company of Penelope; and the looks they constantly exchanged, made the festive board to them a feast of exquisite relish. The merchant, according to custom, was reserved, and said little; his wife did the same, but not for want of good will, in which she was prevented by the loquacity

of her learned sister, who refused to eat any thing, saying she had dined before.

"Like other animals," added she, "I eat when I am hungry, and so it formerly was with man,

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran!" I see not why we should do otherwise now. I am convinced that every thing animals do, to which they are prompted by nature is right. Why should we not follow them in gratifying hunger as we do in other things? In our animal nature we have all things in common with the brute creation: we eat like them, we drink like them, we breathe like them."

The parson became agitated.

"We sleep like them; we—"

"My dear! my dear!" exclaimed the parson, looking at her with a face that always disarmed her; for at the same time that it told her not to go on, it seemed to petition it for her own sake.

She stopt.

Master Stephen and his sister burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Phyllis, my love!" cried her mother, sharply, "what are you laughing at?"

Phyllis looked foolish, and was dumb.

Master Stephen, however, continuing his broad grin, Mrs. Pawlet neglected her former subject, and reprimanded his mirth as not only unpolite, but, as she expressed it, "symptomatic of idiotism."

"But perhaps," said she, "you will tell me that to laugh is the peculiar privilege of man. If you think so, young gentleman, you are wrong. I know, indeed, that Lucian observes, that an ass is not a laughing animal; but I know also that he is opposed in this opinion by another author, who declares that an ass can laugh; and from what I see," continued she, "I am much inclined to believe that he is in the right."

At these words master Stephen dropt his chin, and Mrs. Pawlet, in her turn enjoyed the triumph.

The dinner being ended, the ladies, after taking a few glasses of wine, retired, and with the rest, Mrs. Pawlet, who was fearful of exposing her learning to the pertness and folly of the young gentleman.

When they were gone, master Stephen placed himself in the chair opposite the merchant, and began to push the wine about; and the conversation being a little slack, (for the merchant was always a lost and silent man whenever any of his family was present,) he retailed several of the scandalous tales of the village, which seemed to entertain him vastly. But perceiving, for he was in no need of what Bacon calls *crooked wisdom*, namely, *cunning*, that they were not relished by his companions, he soon desisted, and the conversation became more general; which, like most other general conversation, scarcely worth listening to, and never worth reciting, I shall not repeat. They had barely time, however, to warm themselves with their wine, before they were summoned to tea. On entering the drawing-room, they were received with a profusion of bows and compliments from the Abbe, who had joined the party. The ceremony being over, he resumed his place by the side of Mrs. George, who was looking over some music. The young ladies were occupied in making the tea and coffee, in which they were assisted, or rather interrupted, by master Stephen. The parson and Barclay drew their chairs close to the tea-things, and partook of the chat of the table. At one corner of the room, in his arm-chair, sat the merchant, in a state of moody silence; and at another was seated Mrs. Pawlet, who, soon after they were met together, exclaimed,

"*Allons, Monsieur l'Abbe, le Maréchal!*"

The Abbe instantly rose, and smiling as complacently as his features would permit him, took his violoncello, and accompanied by Mrs. George at her own desire, played the Marseillois hymn, which seemed to give Mrs. George so much pleasure, that she could not help occasionally chanting some of the words, such as, *Allons enfants de la patrie, et Aux armes citoyens!* which she did so unharmoniously, as to commit a horrid violence on Mrs. George's musical ear. When it was over, she exclaimed,

"Well, I do not wonder, Mr. Temple, at the effect this martial air produced on the French nation; it reminds me strongly of that poem of Solon, beginning with, '*Let us march to Salamis*' which inspired the Athenians with courage to return to the attack of a place they had abandoned and despaired of conquering."

"Yes, madam," replied Barclay, "and such was the ardour and intrepidity excited in the Lacedaemonians, by the warlike strains of Tyrtæus, '*Our country's voice invites the brave!*' &c."

This pleased Mrs. Pawlet, and the jealous Abbe hated him for it. She now continued on the same head until the tea-things were removed, when perceiving that her sister was preparing to play, she rose, and taking a candle, withdrew to the farther end of the room, where she sat for the remainder of the evening, making diagrams in her pocket-book, without taking the least notice of any thing that passed.

The merchant, whose only amusement was a game at whist, in which he was seldom engaged, observing what was going on, looked unusually gloomy. His wife seeing this, soon hit upon a method of bringing him into a better humour.

It is astonishing what trifles will sometimes sour and sweeten the dispositions of the best-tempered, and the crossdest of men. I knew a very lusty man, of not the gentlest nature in the world, who used always to stay in the room till the last, that he might say, "*though last, not least!*" and if this jest told well, he was pleasant and agreeable for the remainder of the day. Indeed there are *family jokes* in every house, which, let the master crack, and every thing will go on smoothly. I have said that the merchant was true *bull*, therefore, though a little melancholy, he did not want his great characteristic, *humour*, which would shew itself sometimes, like the sun peeping from behind a cloud in a

showery day, but very rarely, and then not very brilliantly. His wife (and what wife does not!) knew full well her husband's weak part, and always attacked him on it when occasion required. Turning now to him therefore, she said, while fingering the instrument,

"Well, Mr. Pawlet, how shall I amuse you? I'll play as you please. Here's the *Celestina*, the *Dulciana*, and a variety of other stops. Which stop do you like best?"

"Which?" he replied, hoarsely, "why when you leave off!"

Here, though a serious man, and though he had cracked the joke a thousand times, he held his sides, and roared out, haw! haw! haw!

His wife pretended to laugh too, as did also the Abbe, although they both knew what was coming, as well as they did, that they were laughing at the merchant, and not with him. Knowing that she should now be permitted to proceed, she dashed into the piece of her own composition which she had played before dinner, and, assisted by the Abbe's violoncello, repeated it with redoubled fury.

Master Stephen and Miss Phyllis were not allowed to join; their mother's music being deemed too scientific for them.—No one was suffered to utter a word for five and twenty minutes, except our hero and Penelope, whose language not being that of the tongue, but of the heart, can very eloquently express itself by means of the eyes.

At length it terminated, when, notwithstanding the thrumming of the Abbe, who often overpowered the piano-forte, and was constantly warned with "not so loud, monsieur," the parson and the merchant were found fast asleep. Upon which master Stephen, having received a whisper from his sister, got up, and looking at the sleepers, cried,

"Who says that my mother can't compose?"

After this, a number of pieces were played, and amongst other productions of her own, Mrs. George favoured the company with what she called her *variations to God save the king*.—And she called them rightly, for they were variations in every sense of the word, since they preserved no more of *God save the king* in them than they did of *All my Croaker*.

During the long time they lasted, master Stephen, who had the vanity to imagine every woman doated on him, was very attentive to Penelope; but his attentions were rather endured than enjoyed.

On the other hand, Miss Phyllis (who, by the bye, was never so ugly as when she attempted to look pretty) was endeavouring by all the graces and winning ways she could think of, to court the regard of Barclay. It being late in the evening, they took the liberty of talking a little more than they did in the early part of it, but still in whispers."

"Don't you think Miss Penelope pretty?" said she to Barclay; and before he could reply, she added, "Do you know I think the upper part of her face exceedingly like yours."

Barclay would have dwelt with rapture on her beauty, if it had not been for the latter part of the speech; but now he could merely say,

"Oh, miss! you laugh at me, surely.—There is just the same likeness between Miss Penelope and me, as between heaven and earth!"

"No, indeed!" she replied, "there is much more. My mother noticed it as well as myself. However, I must say that she has a knack at finding likenesses between every two persons she meets."

"There is no accounting for fancy," replied Barclay, "but if it is really so, it only proves that there may be a something even in ordinary faces that may resemble beauty."

"Beauty!" cried Miss Phyllis, drawing up her neck: "I said nothing about beauty:—she is pretty, but I can say no more."

"Then her mind and disposition—in gentleness and kindness," said Barclay, "how much do they resemble the worthy and amiable Mr. Pawlet's!"

"She is good-natured enough, to be sure," she replied, hastily, and somewhat displeased; for no woman ever begins to talk of another's charms, without expecting to have her own praised as far superior.

"But," continued Miss Phyllis, with a satirical gesture, "who is she?"

Barclay was all curiosity to pursue the subject, when the music finishing, interrupted any further private conversation between them, to his great mortification.

Monsieur l'Abbe, though employed during the evening in assisting Mrs. George, and turning over the music for her, was not without making his observations; and saw, with no small envy, that Barclay had so crept into the good graces of both the young and the old ladies, as to make him tremble for the interest he formerly had in them. He was too wary, however, to shew the least displeasure or uneasiness be-

fore our hero. He knew, from the old French motto, that *patience passe science*; and was resolved to exercise his, until a good opportunity should offer itself either to get rid of his rival, as he considered him, or to destroy his credit.

Now, after partaking of a cold collation, our friends prepared to return home, Peter and the gig were in waiting for Mrs. Pawlet; but she having again got into the subject of music, the Parson, Penelope and Barclay departed without her, supposing that she would soon overtake them. But in this they were deceived. As they approached the parsonage, the Parson began to express his inquietude lest any accident should have happened. However, accounting for the delay by recollecting that he had left her haranguing, he became less alarmed. But after waiting half an hour in the house without seeing any thing of her, it occurred to him, that Peter, who was in all probability intoxicated, could not find his way home. This no sooner struck him, than he resolved to go on the hills with a candle and lantern, and try whether he could see any thing of them. Penelope and Barclay readily accompanied him, or rather followed, while he preceded, groping his way with the light.

Penelope accepted Barclay's arm, and for the moment all his cares were consigned to oblivion. They conversed together—their tongues uttering something—nothing—they knew not what; until they were interrupted by the parson, who having reached the top of the hill, cried out to them to come to him.

"Bless me," said he, "I am frightened out of my wits—I certainly heard a noise just now—listen!"

They listened, and hearing it again, presently concluded that they must bend their steps towards the mount. As they proceeded, they heard the noise louder and louder, and on reaching Olympus, or the high hill, they distinguished Mrs. Pawlet's voice at the bottom.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" exclaimed the parson; and they all hurried down as fast as they could, to her assistance. When they arrived, they beheld such a sight as never eye beheld before; for never before did lady dressed in a Roman habit, ride in a gig on mount Olympus.

It appeared that Peter, having taken a very uncommon dose of the merchant's best ale, had missed the turning which led to the parsonage, and taken that which carried them over the hills. Mrs. Pawlet was engaged in deep thought, and never perceived it, till it being dark, and Peter dri-

ving too near the edge of the mount, pitched the chaise over; when horse, gig, Mrs. Pawlet, and himself, in one indiscriminate scramble, tumbled from the top to the bottom. Which got to the end first I cannot say; but it was a good race. Mrs. Pawlet roared lustily, until

Olympus vast re-bellow'd with the sound.†

She had not been able to extricate herself from the chaise, with which her Roman vest had entwined itself. Therefore she lay with the chaise in one place, near which stood the horse, free from the traces, grazing; and not far from him was Peter, extended on his back, snoring sonorously.

The parson hastened to relieve her, which he soon effected. The damage she had sustained was very immaterial, being fortunately only a little bruised; but her fright was so excessive as to make her entirely forget her eccentricities, and desire to be led quietly home. The chaise had suffered most; it was smashed to pieces. The horse was of that description, which, though hurt never so much, is never the worse for it. As for Peter, he was drunk, and of course no harm came to him. "Keep drunk, and you'll keep well," I have heard a bacchanalian say; and indeed, experience seems to confirm the truth of this saying; but still I only recommend it to those who like it. In truth, that's my way of recommending every thing to my friends. It is also the best way of giving advice, if you mean people to be pleased with you.

Nothing now remained to be done, but to rouse Peter from his nap, and to return home. While the Parson and Penelope stayed to comfort Mrs. Pawlet, Barclay, therefore, went in search of him for that purpose.

"Halloa, my man!" cried he, shaking him till he awoke.

"I ca—can't!" muttered Peter, half-awake and half asleep.

"Can't, can't what?" said Barclay, still shaking him.

"I can't drink any more," he replied; "I can't indeed—honour!"

"No, no," rejoined Barclay, "that's not what we want. We want you to get up and go home."

"I can't," said Peter, struggling.

"No!" can't you do that neither?" replied Barclay.

"No, honour—honour—I can't."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because somebody has got hold of my legs," stammered Peter.

† Reboant sylvasque et magnis Olympus.

"The deuce they have!" cried our hero, "we'll soon see who it is."

Saying this, he ran to the Parson for the lantern, telling him that somebody had got hold of Peter's legs, and prevented his getting up.

Hurrying to his assistance, they perceived by the light of the lantern, that Peter had fallen asleep with his legs up to his knees, in a kind of bog or quagmire, which, not having sufficient strength to draw them from it, he imagined some one to be holding his legs.

This difficulty surmounted, they proceeded as well as they were able, to the parsonage. The Parson thanking Heaven all the way he went, that nothing worse had happened.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE.

With a CLIMAX.

Mrs. Souchong. I wish you would take me to Margate* my dear.

Mr. Souchong. I had much rather not, my duck.

But why not, my love?

Because I don't choose it, my sweet.

Not choose it, my darling!

I can't afford it, my precious.

Why not afford it, Mr. Souchong?

Because it is too expensive, Mrs. Souchong.

Expensive! why there is neighbour Jenkins and his whole family there now, man.

Neighbour Jenkins is a fool, and his wife no better than she should be, woman.

I think, however, you need not go to abuse my friends, Sir.

I shall not imitate the example of your friends, ma'am.

Then if you won't go, I will; that's poz. husband!

And if you go, you don't have a penny from me, that's poz, wife.

* A watering-place in England, resorted to by fashionable company.

Recipe for extracting spots of Ink from linen, &c.

Take a mould candle, the tallow of which is commonly of the purest kind; melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen in the melted tallow: then put it to the wash. It will come perfectly clear from the hands of the laundress; and the spotted part will not be liable afterwards to break out into a hole, as it generally does by the common mode of using lemon-juice for this purpose.

The Story of Makandal.

(CONTINUED.)

THE great knowledge which Makandal had of simples, enabled him to discover in St. Domingo several poisonous plants; and by these above all he acquired great reputation. Without explaining the means which he made use of, he would foretell that such or such other male or female negro, who sometimes lived at the distance of fifty leagues from him, would die that very day, or the next morning; and those who heard him utter this denunciation, soon learned with terror that this prediction was accomplished.

The manner in which he committed crimes which were not discovered till carried to excess, was as follows: The negroes in general are very fond of commerce. There are great numbers of them who go about with European goods to the different plantations, like pedlars. Among these Makandal had his disciples and his zealous partizans; and it was by their means that he executed whatever good or bad action he wished to accomplish. The negroes are accustomed also to exercise the hospital virtues with the most religious care, and to partake of some food together when they see one another after the shortest absence. When Makandal was desirous of destroying any one, he engaged one of these pedlars, who was his friend, to present the person with some vegetables or fruit, which he said would occasion death to whoever tasted it. The person, instead of imagining that Makandal had poisoned the fruit, trembled at the power of the image which he had on his stick, and executed the orders of the pretended prophet, without daring to speak to any one; the victim expired, and the prescience of Makandal was every where extolled.

His friends always found in him a formidable revenger; and his rivals, his faithless mistresses, and above all, those who refused to grant him favours, were ready to fall a prey to his barbarity. But love, which had favoured him so much—love, for which he incessantly committed crimes without number, at length caused his destruction, and brought him to just punishment.

Makandal had with him two accomplices or assistants, who blindly devoted themselves to his service. One of them was named Teyssé, the other Myombe; and it is very probable that they alone were in part acquainted with the secret means

which he employed to make himself feared and respected.

It was generally to the high mountains of Margaux that he retired in the day time, and there, with those two chiefs, he assembled a number of other maroons. Upon the summits of these mountains, almost inaccessible, they had their wives and children, with well cultivated plantations; and armed troops of these plunderers came down sometimes, under the command of Makandal, to spread terror and devastation through the neighbouring plantations, or to exterminate those who had disobeyed the prophet.

Besides this, he had gained over several young negroes, who were able to give him an account of whatever passed upon the plantations to which they belonged, and among this number was Senegal Zami, aged eighteen, beautiful in shape as the Apollo of the Belvidere, and full of spirit and courage.

One Sunday, Zami, having gone to an entertainment, which was given at a plantation at the distance of three leagues from that of his master, saw, on his arrival, that the dancing was begun. A number of slaves, who stood in a ring, were beholding with transports of pleasure and admiration a young female of Congo, named Samba, who danced with delightful grace, and who, to enchanting looks, united the most engaging and timid modesty. Her figure was elegant, and in her motions, which were graceful and nimble, she resembled the tender and flexible reed, agitated by the freshening breeze. Her sparkling eyes, half concealed by long eye-lids, shot forth killing glances; the whiteness of her teeth exceeded that of snow, and her complexion, as black as ebony, still added to her incomparable charms. No sooner had Zami, beheld her, than he felt in his bosom the first impressions of love. At the same instant chance directed the beautiful eyes of Samba towards Zami, and she was wounded by the same dart which had just pierced the heart of the young negro.

When the dance was ended, these lovers sought each other's company, and enjoyed a few happy moments together, and when they were obliged to separate, they promised to visit one another as often as they possibly could. Labour employed each of them during the day, but when the sun sunk below the horizon they met at a private place, where, amidst a grove of odoriferous orange trees, on the turf, ever crowned with verdure, under a serene sky never obscured by clouds, in the presence of the sparkling orbs of heaven, and favoured by

the silence of night, they renewed the ardent testimonies of their affection, and comforted each other by the tenderest caresses for the necessity to which their situation reduced them of separating before returning Aurora should gild the skies.

This happiness continued for near six months, when Samba perceived that she was about to become a mother. It would be impossible to describe Zami's joy when he heard this news. He was still in the delirium of his intoxication, when on quitting Samba, at the break of day, and entering his hut, he found Makandal, who was ignorant of Zami's passion and good fortune. He addressed him in the following manner: "Zami, you know the formidable power of my image. Rejoice, then, that you have found grace in its sight, and you have merited its confidence. Go to such a plantation, seek for the beautiful Samba, who has hitherto disdained the vows of all her admirers, and who, for more than a year, has mortified me with continual refusals. Ask her to partake of some refreshments with you, and when she is about to eat, dextrously put this powder into her caliton.* It will deprive Samba of life."

* Soup, which the Negroes make of a kind of plant.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue; and look, what he saith, they extol it to the clouds: but if the poor man speak, they say, 'What fellow is this?'"

From what cause proceeds that universal veneration, which men tacitly pay to wealth? We certainly cannot entertain a belief that it exalts or ennobles its possessor, because the contrary is fully established by experience. Almost every one is convinced, that the accession of riches, so far from exalting the mind, encumbers it with a load of follies, to which the poor man is happily a stranger. Of these facts we cannot entertain a doubt; yet, "when a rich man speaketh, every one holdeth his tongue; and look, what he saith, they extol it to the clouds."

How strange it is that ignorance should be transmuted into wisdom, by proceeding from the mouth of a man, who has fifty thousand dollars in his pocket. Perhaps gold possesses an inherent power, similar to that of the magnet, by which it attracts the hearts, and rivets the attention of mankind. It must be so; else why those repeated acclamations of applause, these anxious attentive looks, with which an audi-

ence accompany the words of every wealthy fool?

But should a poor man, who, as the poet says, "is unknown to fame," presume to obtrude his opinions or observations upon the public, each eye that is turned upon him darts indignation; the exclamation of "What fellow is this!" is heard from every mouth; what though sound sense, and dignified wisdom adorn his flowing periods, he is poor; and that in the world's estimation is sufficient to blast and counteract his views.

This predilection of mankind is peculiarly unfortunate for young authors; who have neither gold nor interest to support their pretensions:—tho' their works may possess intrinsic merit, they have to encounter the frowns of the public; every pretended critic lashes them without mercy; their excellencies are either concealed, or exclaimed against, as failings.

But if a young adventurer should stand these repeated shocks, unmoved, and rise superior to the malice of his enemies; should he aspire to fame, and obtain the palm of reputation; should fortune smile upon his efforts, and shower down riches on his head, how wonderful would be the change; every blemish would then be extolled to the clouds, as models of elegance and beauty. What now is unworthy of being perused, would then claim the attention of the most profound scholars and critics of the age; those passages which are now obscure, would then be considered as clear and explicit.

"The rich and the poor meet together, the Lord is the maker of them all." Surely this consideration of the natural equality of mankind, should repress the exuberant pride of our hearts, and teach us that humility and condescension to our fellow mortals, which is truly beautiful, and which best becomes us, as the descendants of one common father.

THE LAZY PREACHER.

ANECDOTE.

DURING the late war, an ox was roasted in Boston, in honour of Gen Dumourier's success against the combined powers. A few days after, the boys of Cambridge, animated with the like spirit, caught a large rat, formed a procession, and roasted him in open day. During the performance of the rites, the question of "what are those boys doing?" was asked with some earnestness; "Oh, says a gentleman, who was a spectator of the scene, they are only RATIFYING the civic proceedings of the people of Boston."

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF SUPERSTITION AMONG THE IRISH.

(From a letter of the late Rev. Samuel Pearce, written while at Dublin, in the year 1796.)

"THE inhabitants of Dublin seem to be chiefly composed of two classes; the one assume the appearance of opulence the other exhibit marks of the most abject poverty; and as there are no parishes in Ireland which provide for the poor, many die every year for want of the necessaries of life.

"Most of the rich are by profession Protestants, the poor are nearly all Papists, and strongly prejudiced against the reformed religion. Their ignorance and superstition are scarcely inferior to your miserable Hindoos. On midsummer day, I had an affecting proof of the latter. On the public road, about a mile from Dublin, is a well, which was once included in the precincts of a priory, dedicated to St. John of Jerusalem. This well is in high repute for curing a number of bodily complaints, and its virtues are said to be most efficacious on the saint's own day. So from twelve o'clock at night, for twenty-four hours, it becomes the rendezvous for all the lame, blind, and otherwise diseased people, within a circuit of twenty miles. Here they brought old and young, and applied the "holy water," both internally and externally; some by pouring, some by immersion, and all by drinking; whilst, for the good of those who could not come in person, their friends filled bottles with the efficacious water to use at home. Several I saw on their knees before the well, at their devotions, who were not unfrequently interrupted with a glass of whiskey. With this they were supplied from a number of dealers in that article who kept standings all around the well.

"Near the spot was a church-yard, where great numbers kneeled upon the tombs of their deceased relative, and appeared earnestly engaged in praying for the repose of their souls."

THE TYRANT.

MULEY Ismael, Emperor of Morocco, killed, with his own hand, during the time he reigned, forty thousand of his subjects; yet he was in a particular manner attached to justice. One of his officers complained to him, that his wife, when in ill humour, had a custom of pulling him by the beard;—the emperor was so provoked at the impudence of this woman, that, in order to

prevent her from again offending the majesty of his officer's countenance, he caused the hairs of his beard to be plucked out, one by one, by the roots. He once saw another of his officers on the road, driving a flock of sheep before him: "Whose sheep are these?" interrogated the Emperor; the officer replied, with the deepest reverence, "O Ismael son of Elcheriff, of the seed of Hassan, they are mine." "Thine, villain?" said the servant of the Lord, as the Emperor is styled, "thine? I thought I was the only proprietor in my dominion," and immediately thrusting his lance through the heart of the unfortunate sleep-driver, divided his flock among his guards. The only good deed that Muley Ismael, seems to have done in his life, was the deliverance of his empire from numerous bands of robbers; but even this only good action, bore the stamp of his sanguinary character. He ordered the massacre of all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, of a wide extent of country, round every place where a robbery had been committed. When he gave audience to foreign ministers, he was usually on horse back, in an open court; round him stood his several officers barefooted, trembling, bowed to the ground, and, at every word he uttered, they repeated in chorus, "Great is the wisdom of our Lord, and the voice of our Lord is as the voice of an Angel from Heaven." But their lord never dismissed an ambassador till he had given him ocular demonstration of his readiness and dexterity in murdering some of his subjects; and this entertainment generally concluded the ceremonies of audience.

GOOD FORTUNE OF AN ENGLISH SERJEANT.

A Serjeant of the guards now lying in the Upper Barracks at Chatham, some time since received a farthing in change for some articles he bought at one of the shops in the Barracks, which, upon examination, proved to be one of the only three which were coined in Queen Ann's reign. He was offered 50l. for it immediately, which he refused and carried it to London, where he got 4000l. and a discharge from his regiment. The remaining two farthings, it seems, have been found some time since.

[Lon. Pap.]

It was a shrewd observation of Dr. Franklin, that many one "paid dear, very dear, for their whistle."

The following remarks on PHYSIOGNOMY, will be found to contain sound philosophical reasoning, mixed with some conjecture, and a considerable portion of humour. They appear to be written by one who is pretty well acquainted with the human heart, and the secret and multiform workings of the passions, with their effects on the countenance; as well as with the power of the imagination. The application the writer makes of the whole, is interesting to all, particularly to the lovely fair,

Whose sparkling eyes should only pleasure beam,
Whose cheek, whose lip, whose every feature,
Should mildness shew;

And innocence and peace in their fair bosoms dwell.

On account of its length, we can give little more than the introductory part this week, and must defer the conclusion till the next number.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MANY have been the attempts, and earnest the endeavorers which have been used, to find out a cure for unhandsome faces: much has been done in the way of washes, patches, paints, and such like external applications, and much has been said in praise of their pretended efficacy; but said in vain: for we still meet ugly faces, and have still to lament the unavailing use of these remedies, and to blame with liberal censure the taciturnity of the happy few who possess the art of curing. The ill success of that numerous and most respectable host of male and female practitioners that have gone before us, would damp the ardour of the most confident enquirer, were it not certain that the most important discoveries have been made by accident, and consequently that it may be his good fortune to be in the way of one. As I am concerned for the more amiable sex, the nature of the motive will render my endeavours at least laudable, and the difficulty of the subject may apologize for my ill success, if my labours should be unproductive. But we must here check that exuberance of expectation, which the novelty and importance of the subject would naturally excite. We are not to hope that our remedy can revolutionize the features, and produce an immediate metamorphosis of the countenance: we by no means promise to alter, instantly, and in a sensible degree, the disproportion of noses, by elevating some into aquiline dignity, or pruning away the towering luxuriance of others; by giving more latitude to those, or elongating these into a comfortable mediocrity. We are also far from hoping to pluck up by the roots, warts,

wens, and carbuncles; nor can we flatter any patient with the hopes of acquiring a florid complexion, prominent and sparkling eye, dimpled cheek or rosy lips, nor solace her with the recovery of a single tooth,—these are all above the reach of our remedy. All we promise is, that any person labouring under the malady of an ugly face, may palliate the most distressing symptoms by a diligent use of our remedy; and not propagate the disease, in all its aggravations, to her progeny. It will be, further, a great advantage to any gentleman, who has got a vacant and unmeaning countenance, to be able to look like an alderman, a common-council man, a statesman, an admiral, a general, a poet, a philosopher, or what you will, if he rigorously conforms to our prescriptions, that is to say, he may mould his countenance by degrees into any expression, after he has been taught the right use of his face. But the cure of ugliness cannot be affected in our days: it is probable that a cure commenced immediately, and pushed diligently thro' ten or twelve successive generations, may be then so far completed, that our posterity in those days shall do honour to our labours, in having no resemblance to us. We of the present day must be content with some slight modifications of countenance, and comfort ourselves with the hope of a handsome faced posterity. For my part I already feel, or fancy I feel, an incipient retrocession in the dimensions of my nose. It is worthy of remark, that some error of my forefathers, propagated no doubt through several successive generations with increasing efficacy, has terminated in me in a most ponderous and unweildy nose, which if permitted to luxuriate through a few more generations, would acquire such redundancy of bulk and dimensions, as must inevitably overtop the whole face, and make my great grand children all nose.

Having premised these necessary observations, we now proceed, like other systematic writers, first to the investigation of the causes of ugliness, and then in order shall prescribe our method of cure.

It must be granted by the most obstinate opponents to our principles, that there now is, always has been, and ever must be an inconceivable variety of countenance in the human species: that individuals are distinguishable from individuals, families from families, nations from nations, the present generation from the past, the past from the preceding one, and so on to father Adam, by the countenance alone, and by this sufficiently, though all agree in the outlines and general structure. This cha-

racterizing difference, which enables us to distinguish any individual from the rest of the human species, may arise from the predominance of a single feature, or from a certain proportion or disproportion in the dimensions of the face, or from a particular modification of the countenance, produced by a combination of all these circumstances. By these, or some such means, no matter what for the present, every individual acquires a character of countenance peculiar to himself, which no other individual ever had, and which probably not one of our descendants ever shall have. The causes which produce, or appear to produce this astonishing variety and modifications of the human countenance, deserve our first consideration, that we may the better comprehend the extent and importance of the physical and moral advantages which may be derived from a judicious management of those causes.

It is by no means necessary, nor indeed is it in our power to demonstrate in what manner the imagination actuates the nervous system, and this the muscles; nor shall we labour to comprehend, what a modern philosopher of great eminence asserts, that the motions of the nervous system, which cause perception, are configurations of the nerves themselves, into exact resemblances and pictures of the objects by which they are stimulated: it is enough for our purpose to know, that the imagination and nerves reciprocally actuate each other, from which arise all the phenomena of tho't and musciline motions; and this we presume no lady or gentleman will dispute: we shall, therefore, leave those remote causes to slumber in the shades of darkness, and consider, what we deem of most importance to the getting a handsome faced posterity,—the proximate causes.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

*Under the London head, by the Late arrivals,
we find the following account of*

EXTRAORDINARY EATING.

Three porters were drinking together on Wednesday, when one of them, for the trifling wager of five shillings, undertook to eat the *worst stockings* which the other two had on, *fired in train oil*, and *half a pound of yellow soap*, by way of bread to the delicate ragout. Strange to tell, he won his wager. The same fellow once before undertook to eat as much tripe as would make himself a jacket; he was accordingly measured by a tailor, and the material cut out, when to the great surprise of every one, he ate up the whole in less than twenty minutes.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET TO HAPPINESS.

"True happiness resides in things unseen."

YOUNG.

Say, meek-cy'd Nymph, aërial charmer say!
Where dost thou wave thy flowing robes
of gold?

Thy hidden residence to me unfold:
O lend one ray to guide me on my way.

Dost thou at courts with vaunting pride re-
side,
Or in the hermit's antiquated cell?
Dost thou delight with roaring mirth to
dwell?

Or sport with love on Lchi's flow'ry side.

Alas! with me, as * Tantalus of yore,
Still as my hand pursues thou slid'st a-
way!

The shortness of thy fascinating stay,
But lure the senses and entice the more.

"Presumptuous Man! know this, enough
to know,

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

EUGENIO.

* In the region of poetic punishment, the fruits that
hung around the head of Tantalus, retired from his
grasp as often as he put forth his hand.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The following lines were occasioned by hearing the Ora-
tion on Music, pronounced by Mr. N. B. They are
the effusions of a very extraordinary little Miss of ten
years of age; some of her poetical effusions have already
appeared in the Repository.

ON SACRED MUSIC.

"MUSIC has charms to soothe the savage
breast,"

And lull the tumults of the mind to rest:
TO every heart a genial warmth conveys,
And tunes the soul to sing immortal praise.
In realms of bliss seraphic spirits sing
Eternal praises to the heav'nly King;
Then should not we our ev'ry effort raise,
And sing aloud the great Creator's praise?
Our strains, tho' feeble, grateful will arise,
And float aloft until they reach the skies;
The floods that warble upon ev'ry tree,
Pour forth their notes in happy harmony;
But man, deluded by an idle dream,
Despises Music as too mean a theme,
And flies its sacred pleasure;—to enjoy
The sensual pleasures which must ever cloy.
The Heav'nly Maid for ever is the same,
While joys of earth sink to an empty name.
In ev'ry nation, and in every clime,
Music is held as sacred and sublime;
Because, to it the happy pow'r is given,
To elevate our thoughts and souls to Hea-
ven.

JUNIA.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA

IN PAGE 161.

The texture of Olivia's veil,
A veil she lately o'er TEA threw,
Was calculated to conceal
That charming shurb from vulgar view.

I must confess, it baffled me,
Until a little girl, who heard
The reading, cry'd, it must be TEA,—
Carpets to clean, to soap preferr'd.

TWICE EIGHT.

Simple Method of tempering Pen-knives or a-
ny Edge Tools of too Brittle a Quality.

Plunge the blade up to the handle in
boiling fat for two hours, and then, taking
it out, let it cool gradually. It is said, that
even bone will not resist an edge thus tem-
pered.

SELECT SENTENCES.

NUMBER I.

Are we not all ready to confess our faults
in the plural? yet who does not deny them
in the singular?

There are things which we are in doubt
whether to call very good or very bad, tho'
we are sure they are one or the other. As
"wit is nearly allied to madness," so there
is but a very "narrow boundary" between
the utmost exertions of wit, and the first
sallies of phrenzy. When Milton talks of
"visible darkness," of "prodigies produ-
ced by nature," of "death that lives," and
"life that dies," we know he has reached
the last verge of propriety—we are apt to
doubt if he has not passed it—So, when Pope
supposes Newton to be shewn by angels,
as a monkey is by men, our taste is as much
in doubt about his propriety, as our judg-
ment is about that of Milton.

"Friendship is to love, what an engraving
is to a painting"—True: the brilliant
colours of the painting fade; the print al-
ways remains the same till it is annihilated.

Taste is not dangerous, except when
the pursuit of its objects is the constant em-
ployment of our time.

Persons must lose something in common,
before their love for each other can be du-
rable. What, except VIRTUE, can we
love, without fearing that jealousy, or op-
position of interests, will diminish the warm-
est friendships.

Dress is a foolish thing, yet it is more
foolish not to be well-dressed.

PHILADELPHIA,

APRIL 3, 1802.

The Subscribers to the PHILADEL-
PHIA BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, and
those who may wish to become subscribers,
are requested to meet this evening at seven
o'clock, at the school-room of the Young
Ladies' Academy, in Cherry-street, for the
purpose of choosing Officers.

Marriages.

'Tis thine, sweet power, to raise the shod sublime,
Quell each rude passion, and the heart refine—
Soft are thy bands as Gabriel's gentlest string,
Mild as the breathing zephyrs of the Spring.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 29th
ult. by the Rev. William Marshall, Mr.
Robert Craig, merchant, of Great-Britain,
to Miss Agnes Young, daughter of Wil-
liam Young, wholesale stationer, of this
city...On the 31st ult. by the Rev. J.
Abercrombie, Mr. Elisha Smith, to Miss
Sarah Paul, daughter of Mr. Jer. Paul....
On the 1st inst. at Friend's Meeting, Joseph
Richardson, of Bucks County, to Mary
Dixon, daughter of John Dixon, merchant.

Deaths.

....Man, at the hour, swift glides to his end;
His morning of infancy bawens to noon;
How vain their pursuit who for honour contend,
When the bud of perfection is blasted to soon.
What avails the wish'd day, which erst pleasing besung,
That was wont o'er the brow of his manhood to wave?
From ere he must sink to the earth's embrace he sprung,
And the dust must be forgot in the night of the grave.

DIED..In this City...On the 23th ult.
Gunning Bedford, Esq. one of the Alder-
men of this city, Æt. 83....On the 27th,
Zachariah Lesh, senior, Æt. 57.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With *Lindor* we regret, that his "spills of quill-
" should have so long smothered the cheering sounds
of the merry "Sleigh Bell;" but as those are not
of American growth, he must allow our suspicions
to have been justifiable. The season for the appearance
of his "very pretty" winter pieces is to be sure now
past, but his public muse may find ample employ-
ment in celebrating the beauties of Spring.
What object would be gained by a publication of
"Extremum Dugger's" Retort, the writer best knows
—It is believed the effect, in the end, would be
unpleasant to both parties.

"Phylonor" shall appear in our next.
"O....s" last communication will be given as soon as
we can find convenient room; and with it the con-
troversy respecting music, dancing and billiards shall
be closed.
A handsome and correct defence of the *Ladies* would
be published with promptness; but it is conceived
"Sidney's" does not answer this description.
Until "*Astoria*" learns more delicacy his "occasional
correspondence" can be dispensed with.
If "Ice is a monster of such horrid mien,
" Toat to be shun'd it needs but to be seen,"
why should "Censor" press the subject any further.
Mr. C. should remember that advice may degenerate
into persecution.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SPRING.

REFOLD! obedient to command divine,
 Refulgent Sol rolls flaming o'er the line,
 To all the world imparts an equal light,
 An equal day to all, and equal night.
 Now winter's blasts the great command obey,
 His storms are hush'd, his frosts all melt away;
 His pow'r no longer binds the frozen floods;
 Nor frosts, nor snows o'erwhelm the leafless woods;
 Returning Spring begins her genial reign,
 Glads all around, enlivens every scene;
 With blooming verdure cloth'd the fields appear,
 Triumphant at Spring reigns o'er the changing year.
 With sounds melodious all the woods resound,
 And notes of joy pervade the air around,
 Refulgent glories gild the vernal morn,
 And blooming flowers like the smiling fields adorn
 Now from the bosom of the fertile earth,
 Her richest stores are wak'd into birth;
 Warm'd by the sun, refresh'd by grateful showers,
 The valleys teem with herbs, and fruits and flowers,
 Refreshing odours float upon the breeze,
 And a feather'd songsters fill the leafy trees,
 While every heart expands with grateful joy,
 And purest rapture beams from every eye,
 The lowing herds to the green fields repair,
 And bleating flocks, beneath the shepherd's care;
 While every one begins his wonted toil,
 Some plow the arid, some till the fruitful soil,
 The busy seaman hoists the spreading sail,
 (Bound o'er the main) to catch the favouring gale.
 Bright summer's sun which with refulgence glows,
 Autumn's rich stores, or winter's storms and snows,
 Fill not my soul with rapture like the Spring,
 Dispel the winter's gloom,—of thee I'll sing.

CARLOS.

The following piece, we are assured, was written in the time of the snow in February last. "Those 'gay belov'd' who were so provident as to seize the fleeting moments of festivity, well, we believe, be gratified by a retrospection of the merry scenes attendant on

THE SLEIGH-BELL.

WHEN blustering winter, scowling round,
 Comes incanted on his northern blast,
 While streams in icy chains are bound,
 And drizley sleet and snow falls fast;
 And when the frozen traveller's feet
 To move are scarcely able,
 To merry minds the sound how sweet!
 To hear, with galling thro' the street,
 The cheery tinkling Sleigh-bell.
 See round the fire a social throng,
 The "oisin" up—safe hand'd the door,
 With lively glee, and mirthful song,
 Drowning the loud wind's hollow roar;

With truth's in ancient history seen
 Or well concerted fable,
 Of wand'ring spites, by Cynthia's beam—
 Tho' pausing oft, their tales between,
 To listen to the Sleigh-bell.

Reluctant now the young retire
 To where their lonely couches stand,
 Still thinking on the stories dire,
 Of fays and ghosts a hideous land!
 Trembling, each snatches still the fear,
 Or tricks of fairy Mable;
 Even trifling noise alarms their ear,
 Till pleas'd—"relieve"—they joyful hear
 The merry, merry Sleigh-bell.

"Good Thomas, quick the sleigh prepare—
 "We'll take the winter as it goes,
 "Safe shelter'd from the cutting air
 "We'll never heed how keen it blows!"
 And now with rapture throbbing high,
 To window flies each gay teller:
 They hear the trampling horses nigh,
 As in a breath they eager cry,
 Hark! hark! I hear the Sleigh-bell.

Like lightning o'er the whiten'd plain,
 Now see the merry sleighers glide;
 Unmindful still they dash again,
 Whether or good or ill betide;
 Till leaving the bright sparkling snow
 They seek the social table,
 Where song and jest, and laughter flow,
 And bids their hearts with transport glow,
 Till they forget the Sleigh-bell.

Returning by pale Cynthia's light,
 Of perils past they laughing tell,
 Jeering young Jane, who, in her fricht,
 In arms of driver Thomas fell;
 Till clamorous in confusion grown
 They rival that of Babel!
 And driving thence the gaping town,
 Till safe at home, in ease set down,
 They hardly hear the Sleigh-bell.

Thus tho' the storms of fate may howl,
 Fierce round the head of feeble man;
 Tho' angry winter's hideous scowl
 Should blight his hopes, so fair began;
 Still may the firm and noble mind
 His darkest frowns disable,
 And, sedulous, yet a comfort find,
 Tho' thought by some as fleet as wind,
 And trivial as the Sleigh-bell.

LINDOR.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

HOW! Lady Betty fall'n in love!
 What in the name of all above
 Could tempt her fickle mind to fix?
 That which her heaven of bliss could prove
 What e'en Prudentia's heart could move
 She saw—Sir Harry's ceech and six.

LINDOR.

STANZAS

TO MARTHA ANN R. . . . S.

WHILE flitting birds may carol forth thy praise,
 Extol thy charms in sweet melodious lays;
 Let not the voice of truth be rais'd in vain,
 Tho' no mellifluous notes adorn the strain,
 Ah in thy breast let no resentment dwell!
 I wish to shield thee and thy darts repel.
 Tho' rude my lines, and unadorn'd the rhyme,
 I wish to warn thee of the ill of time;
 I own thy worth, then let not these offend,
 Much on our early steps thro' life descend.
 What tho' the bards their utmost skill display,
 To point thy charms refuting as the day;
 Ne'er let thy mind their Syrian tales believe,
 Too oft alas th' unwary they deceive.
 In various forms will flattery's voice assail,
 Let not its poisons o'er thy heart prevail;
 But let thy sense thy passions prove with care,
 Thus in the morn of life for eve prepare,
 Oft hath the sun arose, the sky serene,
 And scarce a floating vapour to be seen;
 Yet ere its beams have spent their parting ray,
 The lowering clouds o'ercast the face of day.
 Thus tho' the opening morn of youth is clear,
 Soon may the clouds and storms of life appear:
 Tho' all around may seem serenely bright,
 Soon may distress the fairest prospects blight,
 E'en should th' afflicting hand of sorrow spare,
 Nor want of health e'er cause one anxious care;
 Soon must the ruddy streams of life run slow,
 Till chill'd by age, they quite forget to flow.
 'Tis worth our thoughts, howe'er the vain decide,
 Moments and years in quick succession glide;
 E'en rugged oaks, the pride of trees, decay,
 Youth's bloom declines, its glories fade away.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA IN PAGE 160.

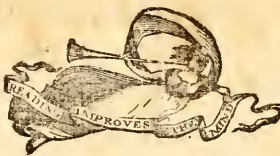
BEFORE Jehovah the creation will'd!
 When solemn silence o'er the darkness reign'd,
 NOTHING it was the boundless space that fill'd,
 And that alone the first form'd star sustain'd,
 Nothing can cause the saint to break his word,
 By Atheists worshipp'd, and its pow'r rever'd!
 The coward mind at nothing draws his sword,
 And that alone the brave man ever fear'd.
 The meek scorn nothing, as from scorn they're free;
 Nothing is often by the vain possess'd,
 The deaf they hear it, and the blind they see;
 Nothing can give the troubled conscience rest.
 Than Wisdom's self, sure nothing can be wiser,
 And nothing is to every blockad known;
 It's freely giv'd by the closest miser,
 Kept by the wasteful prodigal alone.
 Nothing's the vice deform'd, or virtue fair!
 Tho' oft the courtier's loss, the patriot's gains,
 The author's pain, the coxcomb's frequent pains,
 And that I hope you'll grant me for my pains.

AMANDA.

* None of the Answers received have satisfactorily explained how nothing is "the courtier's loss." There is either a defect in this part of the Enigma, or the idea of the original proposer is not understood.

A like Answer has been received from OTTIE, TRICE-EMONT, ANITA, and T. W. de la TRENDA;—most of whom have written well—upon NOTHING!

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, April 10, 1802.

OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. V.

The reader advised to go and take a walk. — Which is the most lost of all days. — What makes the author laugh. — The vote of September. — A horse and cart. — Which it is best to be. — Barclay's feelings with respect to the inhabitants of the parsonage. — Mrs. Pawlet proves herself to be no physician. — Why she bath her teeth filed. — She is found lying on her back in the garden. — What is most grateful to a woman in love. — Cavicatures. — How a man should talk in courting. — What is curious in honey. — A confession.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1800.

I Can't write to-day! the weather and the sun shines so delightfully into the room, that I must positively go and walk. If the reader's wise he will do the same; and as I shall not return to my work until the glass falls (for I make my hay when it rains) I would advise him to follow my example, and not to have any thing more to do with me until he is deprived of the salubrious breezes of a fine day. Wherever you are, my friend, either in town or country, I wish you a pleasant walk, and agreeable thoughts. For my part I am going to lounge in the streets of London, and to tell you the truth, I prefer them to the fields of the country. I am for nature's best works, and like to study mind rather than matter. Men, women, and children, are therefore always more acceptable to me, than all the hills, dales, and limpid streams in the universe. I admire the man who exclaimed, "I have lost a day!" because he had neglect-

ed to do any good in the course of it; but another has observed that "the most lost of all days is that in which we have not laughed;" and I must confess that I feel myself greatly of his opinion. Farewell then, I go, and fear not, whilst I saunter in the busy haunts of men, that I shall have to complain of having lost a day because I have not exercised my risible faculties. When I see more than half the world, politicians especially, seriously busied about other people's affairs, and things they do not in the least comprehend, how can I help laughing? I cannot: and the more serious they are, the more I will laugh. The moment I leave my home I shall call upon a next door neighbour of mine a very opulent man, who never sits down to table without three courses. Well, I shall find him as melancholy as a mouse in a trap, complaining seriously of the scarcity of provisions. I shall keep my countenance as well as I can in his presence, but the instant I leave him I shall give way to my mirth, and, merry as a maggot in a cheese, jog on till I come to a bookseller's shop. There I shall drop in—see some, with newspapers in their hands, debating the news of the day as if it were a matter of life and death; others looking over the new publications, probably written by their intimate friends, and abusing them with all the importance and gravity of criticism. I can't stay here long, 'tis clear, and if it were not for a little pity and indignation, that mingle themselves with the propensity I then feel to merriment, I should have brooded out long before. Adieu.

SEPTEMBER 10.

Since our hero's arrival at the parsonage, I have been exceedingly minute in every particular that has occurred each day, at breakfast, dinner, and supper. By this

means I have given, I think, a pretty good taste of the Pawlet family: but whether I have pleased by minuteness may be a matter of doubt, for as some complain if I digress, so do others if I march on in a right line, without looking either to the right or to the left. Such is the difficulty of pleasing. There is an old proverb which says, "that it is better to be a horse than a cart;" but I am of opinion that this adage needs qualification, for I think the choice very much depends upon who drives. If I am to be driven by these good folks, who are all at once flogging me to different ways, I must confess that I would rather prefer being the cart than the horse. To please every body is, in my mind, as little desirable as it is possible. There are some I do not wish to please, and there are others whom I should be very sorry to displease, a none which I include myself, and trust me, it shall be my foremost care not to offend them.

The longer Barclay lived with his friends, the more he esteemed the mildness and charity of the parson, the more he loved the amiability and beauty of Penelope, and the more he pitied the extravagance and weakness of Mrs. Pawlet. In the parson there was nothing that did not demand his admiration. Indefatigable in his benevolent exertions in favour of the poor, the sick, and the oppressed, he lived without an enemy—loving all, and loved by all beloved. By the perpetual and disinterested exercise of all the social charities of our nature, he dignified his being with almost all the perfection of which it is susceptible; since to do good as if from a natural impulse, and without any regard to self advantage, is to come as near the Deity as can be expected in our frail state; for so does God himself. The little crosses and misfortunes of life, which merely concerned Mrs. Pawlet, never disturbed

the equability of his temper, for, to use the language of Spenser,

He gently took all that ungently came.

In Penelope he beheld every thing that was lovely, every thing that could engage the mind, and win the heart. The constant companion of the parson in all his benevolent excursions, she was the beautiful handmaid of charity:—mild, but not spiritless; gay, but not unfeeling; beautiful, but unaffected; endowed with a thousand graces of mind and body, but unconscious of possessing them, Penelope was even loved by her own sex, whose envy soon lost itself in their admiration and esteem.

In Mrs. Pawlet he saw nothing that did not excite his pity, although he was often irresistibly compelled to smile at the strange follies her mistaken education led her to commit. By her fall she received a few bruises of no consequence, and she would soon have recovered every ill effect of the accident, if she had not had recourse to a medical knowledge, and clearly proved herself to be no physician, by physicing herself with inward and outward applications, which, for some time, made her really and truly as sick as she had thought herself. Her whims were infinite. Whatever she read about, however absurd, or unnecessary, she would instantly put in practice. Shortly after this affair, she saw, in some treatise on optics, that the eyes were preserved by glasses; and instantly pretending that she could not see without, ordered several pairs of spectacles, which she wore for a long time—then she would smoke, because some of the learned are partial to a pipe, and whenever she was caught in a shower, she would never run, because she said, it was inimical to the dignity of the creature; and one day the servant being sent to call her out of the garden to dinner, returned in great consternation, saying, “he believed she was either in a fit, or dead, for that she was lying all along upon her back, without motion.” They ran out, greatly alarmed, and found her in the same situation the servant had left her, from which she begged not to be disturbed, as she was taking the height of an elm tree. “you see that stick standing in the ground, at my feet,” said she; “well, when my eye, as I lay on my back, is, as it is at this moment, in a line with the head of the stick and the top of the tree, then from the stick to the base of the elm is just its height. Let’s see,” continued she, rising and measuring the distance with a rule.—“Ah, forty-three feet, twelve inches, and a half!”

“Bless me!” cried the parson, “do come to dinner.”

To repeat all her vagaries would be endless. It will be sufficient to say, that she was every day what the reader has hitherto found her. Though the Polyglott went on but slowly, yet Mrs. Pawlet was very well pleased with our hero, whose modesty and silence before her, unless when an opportunity offered to distinguish himself, gave her the highest opinion of his wisdom and learning.

During the time the old lady was physicing herself, Barclay had more liberty, and being now on familiar terms with Penelope, he was almost constantly with her, under the pretence of instructing her in the art of drawing; and the merchant, stealing from home, would now often come to the parsonage to enjoy our hero’s company, and, in the course of the evening, play a rubber at whist. Frequently Barclay and Penelope were partners—happy partners! With them there was no complaining of “you played that card badly,” or “you ought to have done this,” or “you ought to have done that;” they were content to lose or win, so they lost or won together! The merchant on these occasions, being free from his family, shook off much of the gloom and melancholy that hung about him, owing to ennui, arising from a want of pleasurable resources within himself. His conversations with Barclay were of a serious nature, and, though they were consoling to him, would not be entertaining to readers of such works as the present, therefore I shall not relate them.

Our hero, if he had possessed no other, would have had a great advantage over his friend Keppel, by living continually with Penelope. In love there are many things that are very agreeable to women; but I think I may confidently assert, that attention is more grateful to them than any thing else. It is this wins their love. It is this preserves it. Does a married woman complain of her husband, all her complaints are comprised in his want of attention. Do you see a beautiful woman wedded to a very ordinary man, or one preferring a plain man to a Narcissus, rely upon it that attention has prevailed. The “vantage ground” that it gave Barclay over Von Hein may then be easily imagined. He was, however, both happy and unhappy. Happy in the company of Penelope, because he thought he saw that she loved him; and unhappy when his mind dwelt on his friend, because, at best, he felt himself obliged to act an ungrateful part. Deceiving himself, however, with his hopes, he yielded himself up to the enjoyment of the present.

In their drawing, Penelope and Barclay would sometimes indulge in harmless caricatures; such as depicting an English woman in the extreme of the fashion, and by her side a Chinese in the gayest costume of her country. They would then entertain each other by their doubts which was the most preposterous or ridiculous, concluding that, at any rate, the one was as laughable an object for the Chinese, as the Chinese was for the other. In all his conversations with Penelope, except now and then on the subject of love, when it may be dispensed with, Barclay constantly addressed himself to her understanding. Indeed it was his opinion, and I think it just, that a man should not always talk frivolously to her he loves, for, if she has any sense, she must conceive it as an insult:—On the contrary, to talk rationally to a female, in some degree argues sense in her, and is consequently a compliment. They were now upon such intimate terms, that they would occasionally have their little momentary quarrels. Penelope was full of spirits and vivacity, which would sometimes cross Barclay in his tender fits, and cause him to accuse her of cruelty.

“But,” he would say, “so it is throughout nature. The sweetest things are not without their obdurate qualities—even honey, we are told, contains iron*”; and thus I account for the least sign of cruelty in Penelope.”

At this period nothing interrupted Barclay’s felicity but Keppel’s letters, and the task of answering them. One day, when they had finished drawing, Barclay said he was going to write to his friend, and begged, with an enquiring look, to know what he should say from Penelope.

“From me?” said she, hesitating.

“Yes,” replied Barclay, “I have constantly read your Keppel’s kind remembrances, and you never tell me any thing to say in return.”

“Oh!” cried she, recovering herself, “Mr. Pawlet does that for me!”

“But, as my friend requests it,” continued Barclay, “why should I not be honoured, sometimes, with what you have to tell him?”

“And do you really wish,” said Penelope, looking archly at him; “do you really wish me to tell you some kind thing to write to Mr Von Hein?”

Barclay looked at her, but made no other reply.

“Ay, well you may be dumb,” she cried; “for it is all your fault, that poor Mr.

* M. Lemery discovered that honey, in virtue of its vegetable nature, contains iron.

Von Hein is to have nothing kind said to him."

"My fault!" exclaimed Barclay.

"Yes, your fault," she repeated, smiling. "Do you not tell me that he desired you to intercede for him, and to guard my heart until he comes? A pretty watchman you are, truly, to steal the fruit you were appointed to protect."

"Lovely girl!" cried Barclay, seizing her hand, and pressing it to his lips, "I have not stolen your heart, but exchanged mine for it."

"Well, then," said she, drawing her hand away, and running to the door, "since you acknowledge you have got my heart, I leave you to consult it about what you are to write to your friend.—If it is as true a heart as it was when I had it, it will not tell you a falsehood."

With this she left the room.

"Happy, miserable man that I am!" exclaimed Barclay. Penelope! Keppel! oh! that love and friendship should, like bitter enemies, conspire against my happiness! To have found such a woman, and such a man; such true love, and such unfeigned friendship; and yet find in them the cause of misery, is grievous, is calamitous, indeed!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following Original Letters on Marriage are transmitted to you for publication in your entertaining Repository. If they meet your approbation, their insertion will probably oblige more than one

SUBSCRIBER.

Original Letters on Marriage.

FROM A MARRIED LADY TO AN UNMARRIED GENTLEMAN.

SIR,

YOUR friend T. who is now on his return to the city, will hand you this letter. I am sorry you are so destitute of a spirit of gallantry, as to suffer your 40th summer to return without a matrimonial connection.

You know how often you have incurred the ridicule and contempt of our sex, in resisting this powerful impulse of nature, and more especially, as you could never adduce any conclusive arguments to shew the advantages or propriety of a single life.

Your abilities to support such a connection are indisputable. You are possessed of affluence; you have devoted your years to the pursuits of literature, and besides

the connoisseurs of our sex have uniformly acknowledged your beauty and accomplishments, which have excited a spirit of rivalry among them. I am therefore surprised that you should suffer your reign of triumph to pass unimproved, without consummating that union from which alone the greatest portion of earthly happiness is to be derived.

Yours, with respect.

CAROLINE T****N.

ANSWER.

MADAM,

I HAVE received by the hands of Mr. T. your admonitory letter, and as we have been in the habit of correspondence, I shall make a few remarks by way of answer to extenuate the charge you have brought forward against me, and to apologize for that state which is considered so extremely reprehensible in the eyes of your sex.

It is not surprising to find women such violent enthusiasts, such indefatigable advocates for the nuptial tie, because they appear to be not only under the dominion of more ardent passions than men, but matrimony is a species of speculation from which they derive not only their consequence, but the most permanent advantages of life. The man therefore who opposes this state, incurs the imputation of treason against the sex, in whose estimation his character is naturally contemplated under a variety of hideous forms. It is no wonder, therefore, that women are so vehement in their criminations, so virulent in their aspersions, and so prone to arraign the motives and dispositions of those who profess themselves advocates for a state of celibacy,* in which the hard destiny of human nature has dispensed to mankind that portion of happiness of which they are essentially abridged by conjugal connections.

I know I am adducing arguments in direct repugnance to the dictates of our nature, and advocating a state that would prove inimical to our political interests, retard our national glory, and divest us of those obligations towards the female sex, which custom and our sensibility have so forcibly imposed upon us. But as there is little stoicism in the world, and men are so universally under the dominion of their passions, the female sex have little danger

* Some facetious bachelors have derived the word *celibacy* from *celi*, a Latin word, which signifies of heaven, and *beatus*, male happy; while others say it is derived from *celui* and *beatus*, beaten or scourged, signifying a man scourged of heaven.

to apprehend from the prevalence of celibacy; and therefore, why need they evince such clamorous hostility to the advocates for that state?

By their influence, and by the dispositions of men who are naturally subservient to their passions, prejudices, and the promotion of their interests, the bachelor soon finds himself the object of their united odium and execration; his character becomes the target at which the shafts of ridicule and contempt are aimed; every species of obloquy and detestation is showered upon him, and they are unusually ingenious in inventing epithets of ignominy and reproach, to represent him as a monster divested of all the benevolent affections and attributes of human nature; but the bachelor who has experience for his guide, sees and derides their motives, proceeds with circumspection, and avoids the snare into which artifice is unusually diligent in her attempts to circumvent him.

Such is the imperious ascendancy of our passions, which are radically implanted in our natures, and such is man's propensity for paying homage to the fairer sex, that I imagine it would be discovered by investigation, that no man of forty years of age, whatever his condition might have been, ever passed his life without an attempt to unite himself to the mistress of his affections. Hence we may ascribe a state of celibacy to disappointment, to coquetry; and those repulses which seem the evil destiny of some men, who are destitute of the advantages of a prepossessing exterior.

Why then are you sex so liberal in their reproaches against a certain class of men, when they themselves are the remote cause of that state which they so devoutly deprecate? Besides, why should they attempt to subvert the dominion of reason, and to seduce the judgment of those whose situation in life precludes the possibility of supporting the expenses of a rising family?

To those who possess the advantage of affluence, of beauty, and of such an insinuating address as to gain the object of their wishes with scarcely an effort, matrimonial connections are perhaps laudable; but when so many are deterred by the prospects of penury, or baffled in their fondest expectations by a cruel repulse, which plants an envenomed dagger in the soul, why do you augment their misery by your ridicule and reproach?

Your situation in life has, no doubt, enabled you to judge of the troubles and inconveniences that are incident to matrimony,—a state which many deem the very

extinction of their liberties. The petulance of wives, who generally become morose and peevish when they feel the pressure of family concerns, have induced many a man of sensibility to seek refuge in a tavern, in order to get rid of her clamours, where he has gradually been converted into a drunkard. Add to this the laborious task of rearing an offspring, and the disobedience, the perverseness, the excesses and disgrace, even of the best educated children, have deterred many of a phlegmatic cast from forming matrimonial connections.

Another cause of celibacy, which originates with ourselves, is the extravagance and dissipation of wives, who seldom have a sufficient stock of prudence to circumscribe their wants within the bounds of their husbands' income. It is less mortifying, however, to be arraigned of prodigality than a defect of genius; for in the estimation of men of learning, women have frequently been regarded as a subordinate race of beings, in consequence of the great disparity in learning between the sexes. You extenuate the imputation by insisting that men are more indefatigable in the pursuits of literature, and have more pains bestowed upon their education than women; while scientific characters confute your doctrines by adducing evidences of your superior advantages in point of leisure, and an exemption from all servile and laborious employments, which, by the customs of civilized nations have devolved on men. They ridicule the natural volatility of your dispositions, which, they say, incapacitates you for literary attainments; represent you as fair deceptions, which dazzle the eyes like painted bubbles; observe that you are fonder of decorating the outside than the inside of your heads, and that the love of dress, which seems so radically implanted in your natures supercedes, or absorbs every inclination for mental improvement.

In this catalogue of foibles I am sorry to assure you, that I suspect you often sacrifice the soft impulses of nature to pride, avarice, and ambition, in order to gratify a mercenary propensity for the support of pomp and splendor, which seem incompatible with the soft attributes of your sex. This truth I conceive will be forcibly illustrated by the following narrative, which is a sketch of my own life, by which you may judge of the extent of this crime of celibacy, which has been imputed to my charge.

I was descended of wealthy parents, and inherited a liberal patrimony, by which I was enabled to form an advantageous mercantile establishment, which for a time

proved lucrative beyond my most sanguine expectations. I had acquired pretty extensive learning, possessed from nature a just symmetry of form and beauty of countenance, which I soon found were themes of rapturous encomium among the women.

As Mira was a young lady in whom all perfection seemed concentrated, I was soon captivated, paid my addresses to her, and from the reception she gave me, soon exulted in the assurance that a reciprocal attachment subsisted between us. Eugenius was my professed rival, and Mira's partiality soon excited his utmost enmity towards me. He was rich, and possessed a figure by no means despicable; but his countenance was homely, and his disposition impetuous.

My prospects of happiness were, however, soon obscured. My affairs became unexpectedly embarrassed, and when I could no longer endure the insults and importunities of my creditors, I sought refuge in prison, from whence I wrote Mira many affecting letters, that portrayed the furious emotions of my soul; but you may judge of my phrenzy and desperation when I received no answer from her fair hand, nor a single line either of friendship or condolence, during seven week's imprisonment. Such an agonizing reverse of fortune furiously tempted me to the desperate expedient of terminating my own existence; but a certain indignant hope that rose within my soul, rescued me from the impending danger.

At length I was liberated from imprisonment, and I found, to my satisfaction, that the monies arising from the sale of my property, were more than sufficient to pay the demands of my creditors. With this surplussage, and the assistance of some of my friends, I was soon again established in an advantageous line of business.

Immediately after my liberation from confinement, I ventured, though with little expectation of success, to renew my visits to Mira, but you may judge of my feelings, when I received repeated information that she was not to be seen. In fine a marriage between Mira and Eugenius, which I had gloomily anticipated, was soon consummated with unusual pomp and ceremony. Then did my cup of bitterness seem to overflow; but I soon resigned myself to this rigorous dispensation of heaven.

At the expiration of about a year after marriage, Eugenius suffered imprisonment in his turn, and was stripped of all his property; the sale of which, however, was not sufficient to pay his creditors. Inconceivable was Mira's mortification and dis-

tress at so disastrous an event; but this was not the only calamity she had to encounter—her husband became a drunkard, and treated her with every mark of outrage and brutality that the malevolence of his disposition could suggest.

In the mean time, by the unexpected arrival of a vessel from the East-Indies, which was reported to have been lost, and in which I was extensively concerned, I was put into possession of a sum exceeding 70,000 dollars, which restored me to my former affluence and respectability.

My resentment, however, would never suffer me to visit Mira in her adversity, and I spent more than a year without setting my eyes upon her.

In the mean time, I often visited a farm I had purchased in the country, which was airily situated, and surrounded by romantic clusters of trees, of the most luxuriant foliage. One evening, about sun-set, while I was seated upon a terrace at the inmost recess of an avenue, pensively listening to the sound of two clarinets, from an adjoining farm, that warbled in unison a plaintive air, the emaciated figure of Mira prostrated itself at my feet, and in the most moving accents implored my forgiveness. I raised her from the earth; she shed a torrent of tears upon my breast, and the powers of her utterance were suspended by the most inexpressible emotions.

She assured me of the inviolability of her attachment to me, and confessed that the imperious dictates of pride and avarice which had subdued the force of nature, were the sole causes of her unparalleled barbarity towards me;—a crime for which she had been justly punished, and for which death alone was a sufficient atonement.

I assured her of my perfect forgiveness, removed her to one of my apartments, and used every art to console her; but she became frantic and delirious, and died a victim to remorse and despair. L.

The Story of Makandal.

(CONCLUDED.)

ZAMI, struck with these words, threw himself at the feet of Makandal, and bursting into tears, said, "O! Makandal, why shouldst thou require me to sacrifice to thy vengeance the most perfect beauty, and the purest heart that can honour our country? Know that I adore Samba; that I am tenderly beloved by her and her love will soon give the unfortunate Zami a title to the appellation of father."

Whilst he was uttering these words, he embraced the knees of the ferocious Makandal, who, fired with indignation at seeing a happy rival, had drawn his cutlass, and would have doubtless sacrificed him to his vengeance, had he not heard the voices of some Europeans, who were calling the slaves to their labour. He had time, therefore, only to save himself with precipitation, and, without reflecting on the consequences, left the poisonous powder in the hands of Zami.

Zami immediately resolved to make a full discovery to the overseer; but he still feared Makandal, whose image he dreaded, and on that account he thought it prudent to be silent.

The day appeared to him to be insupportably long. He was oppressed with sadness and uneasiness; but, at length, when his labour was ended, he flew to meet his beloved Samba, and repaired to the orange grove.

Samba had not yet arrived. Her lover waited a long time with inexpressible impatience, agitated between hope and fear. Every moment he imagined he heard the sound of her steps; the least noise, the slightest agitation of the trees, heightened his illusion, and made his heart beat with joy. But perceiving that the hour of appointment was past, the most dismal forebodings took possession of his soul; he gave himself up to the most terrible conjectures, and he at length lost all hopes of seeing the dear object of his love, when the great bear announced that it was midnight. Stimulated by impatience, he hastened to the habitation of Samba; the fear of alarming a strange plantation did not repress his ardour, and he could no longer delay to inform himself what was become of his mistress.

But who can describe the terror, the grief, and the despair of the unfortunate Zami, when, on approaching the hut of his adored Samba, he heard the lamentations of several negro women. He entered, and beheld Samba stretched out on a mat; he threw himself towards her, upon which, lifting up her dying eyes, she stretched out her hand and expired pronouncing the name of Zami.

Zami fell motionless by her side; he was carried away senseless, and was not informed till next morning that a female negro hawk had been on the plantation, and had dined with Samba. He then discovered what he knew of Makandal's design, and he shewed the powder, which a chemist at Cape Francois examined, and found to be violent poison.

It was then suspected what had been

been the cause of the immense number of sudden deaths which happened among the negroes. People shuddered at the thoughts of the danger which threatened the whole colony; the officers of justice were dispersed through the country to seize Makandal; but they despaired of being able to succeed, when Zami offered to secure him.

He armed himself only with a club made of the wood of the guava tree, and lay hid to watch him in a narrow pass of the mountain, to which Makandal had retired. There he waited for five days, but on the sixth, before the dawn of day, he heard him marching along with two maroons. Zami immediately started up, knocked down Makandal's two companions; Makandal drew his cutlass to make a stroke at Zami, who, with a blow of his club, made him drop it from his hand, and immediately rushing upon him, held him fast, and having tied his hands behind his back with his long girdle, conducted him to the Cape.

Some of Makandal's accomplices were arrested also, and when put to the rack, confessed the secret of the poison. They did more—they declared that Makandal's intention was to destroy privately the greater part of the planters, or to ruin them, by poisoning all those slaves who appeared to be attached to them; and lastly, to exterminate the whole race of white men by a general massacre, which would render him the deliverer and sovereign of the whole island. The truth of this dreadful conspiracy was confirmed by the evidence of several other confidants of Makandal, but he himself would never confess any thing; he retained his audacity and fanaticism even in the midst of the flames. He declared haughtily from the top of the pile, that the fire would respect his body; that instead of dying, he would only change his form; and that he would always remain in the island, either as a large gnat, a bird, or a serpent to protect his nation. His discourse made the ignorant negroes believe that his image would save him; a singular circumstance appeared for a moment to favour this opinion. A post having been driven into the earth, around which a pile of faggots were raised, and he was fixed to the stake by means of a wooden collar. The efforts which he made when fire was put to the pile, were so violent that he tore up the stake, and walked ten or twelve paces with it in the midst of the spectators. All the negroes immediately cried out, a miracle! but a soldier, who happened to be near, soon shewed, by a stroke of his sabre, that he was more powerful than the pretended prophet; and he was

once more thrown into the pile, where he suffered the punishment which he so justly deserved.

Such was the origin of the devastations occasioned by poison in the island of St. Domingo, where such practices are become more rare, tho' they are not yet entirely eradicated.

As for Zami, when he had avenged the unfortunate Samba, he put himself to death, in hopes of meeting with a lover, without whom he considered life as an insupportable burden.

Remarks on Physiognomy.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY anatomy we learn that there are on the human face many muscles of various sizes, and variously disposed; that, while some of them are in a state of contraction, others are in a state of relaxation; and that by the separate or combined actions of a few or many of them, the countenance undergoes various degrees of distortion, elongation, constriction or dilatation, corresponding with the motions of the muscles. But these changes never occur in perfect sleep, when the countenance is relaxed and open, and are observed to arise only when the imagination is known to be exercised by some passion, affection, or idea. These then may be allowed to be the remote causes, which, we know not how, accutate the nerves, and these the muscles of the face; which last, by their contractions and relaxations, produce all the variety of expression observable in the human countenance. The actions of the muscles, therefore, which are subject to the controul of the imagination, is the *proximate* cause of all the modifications of the countenance, and consequently, though slowly and remotely, of the beauty and deformity, and of the innumerable degrees of each in both sexes. For if this were not the case, to what then can we impute the striking difference of the countenance of a rustic from that of a citizen: in the one we contemplate an open serenity, which indicates either habitual apathy or vacancy of mind, while we can trace in the countenance of the other, the complicated effects of envy, jealousy, ambition, avarice, &c. But that such a wonderful variety of countenances should obtain will not be thought mysterious, if we have recourse to the analogy which the muscles of the face bear to the alphabet. This, it is known, consists of not more than twenty-six sounds, which

are susceptible of such innumerable combinations, that not only all the words of our language, but of all the languages that have been yet known, or may be hereafter invented, are and may be composed of these twenty-six original sounds. In like manner the muscles of the face, by separate or combined contractions and relaxations, and by innumerable degrees of these in respect of comparative tone and duration, are capable of expressing all the passions and affections of the mind, and all the degrees of each, and possible combinations of the whole.

Thus far we may seem to have accounted for the innumerable changes which the countenance is liable to suffer from the passions, but we have not yet learned in what manner the permanent and distinguishing characters of every individual countenance is formed. For the illustration of this point, on which the practicability of a cure chiefly turns, we must again have recourse to analogy.

A young lady, who has learned to play on the piano with elegance and ease, can support a conversation with a companion, while she plays a tune on the instrument: here her attention is fixed on the subject of conversation, and consequently not directed to the succession of notes which compose the music. How then is it possible for her to perform such a connected and intricate series of motions as compose a tune, without any effort of her attention? I conceive that by frequent attempts in learning the tune, she has connected all the parts into a regular train of successive ideas in the mind, and by practising on her instrument, has established a corresponding and connected series of muscular actions in her fingers, so that nothing more is necessary for her in this case than to touch the first key, and the successive muscular motions follow in order as they have been connected, like the trains of ideas, which pass in review before the mind, the first suggesting the second, the second the third, and so on to the end of the series. Thus the passions and affections of the mind are to the muscles of the face what the ideas that correspond to the notes of a piece of music are to the muscles of the fingers, and a connected series of muscular actions, may and does obtain in the former as certainly as in the latter. Nothing then but frequent exercise of particular passions in the muscles of the face is necessary to produce a connected series of muscular actions, corresponding to, and expressive of these particular passions, and when the passions have subsided, the configuration of countenance, which has been

produced by their influence on the muscles of the face, will continue by the force of habit, and association of muscular actions. Thus every individual acquires a permanent and distinguishing character of countenance from the influence of some predominant passion or affection, and transmits it to his children. It is in this way, and in no other, that a woman, who exercises pretty freely her scolding talents on her husband, gradually acquires a settled sourness, or masculine fierceness of face, while other ladies give strong assurances of their *inward excellence* in the *habitual and expressive mildness* of their countenance.

It must be acknowledged that most families have a common interest, and consequently common feelings in some things. The passion or affection which chiefly governs the heart, will operate in some degree on the children and domestics, who are always ready to run into the manners of those to whom they are subject, and whom, thro' ignorance and weakness, they are disposed to regard as fit models for imitation. If, therefore, parents will suffer their faces to be distorted by habitual and inordinate envy, avarice, jealousy, revenge, and such-like passions, they may expect to find their countenance gradually acquiring the settled characters which express those passions, and their children, from the mere principle of imitation, will inherit a good part of their ugliness, without the passions which caused it. In this way ugly faces may be traced back to a long fit of envy, avarice, jealousy or revenge, perhaps in the fifteenth century; and declining beauty of the present day, shall, by successive, thro' insensible deviations through a few generations, terminate in downright deformity. It is therefore our interest, and a duty we owe to posterity, to exercise the amiable affections of the heart, in order to preserve our present stock of beauty, and transmit to our children, with some increase, what we have received from our parents, by correcting such disgusting features as appear;.....and this is to be done only by correcting the passions which are known to have produced them. E. C.

Essays on Music.

NUMBER III.

IN my former essays, I considered Music as extensive and copious. I shall in this number, consider it as exceedingly complicated, and indeed this has, also, in a degree, been already anticipated; for extent and copiousness show that it must be complex and abstruse. It cannot be supposed that any art very extensive and

copious in itself, should not have its foundation deeply laid, and beyond the reach of a transient view; that the investigation of its principles should not be attended with intricacy and perplexity; and that, in fine, it should not require deep penetration and laborious researches, to discover the grounds upon which it stands.

The science of music, as it is connected with other sciences, involves the knowledge of those sciences with which it is connected.

The musician, must be acquainted with the language, in which he writes, in its extensive sense, which includes the art of rhetoric or persuasion. He must feel the powers of poetic numbers, and be able to unite these with those of music, in a manner which shall give double energy to the truths contained in the poetic strains. He must be master of the light and shade; of the image; of the pillars and decorations of the painter; and also be able to unite all the graces and ornaments of his art, and to paint in lively colours the picture or subject of his song. He must measure his sounds with mathematic skill; he must combine the sounds in harmony, with a knowledge of nature; he must regulate his proportion with a knowledge of architecture; and lastly, he must understand the great truths of Christianity; and feel, in his own heart, their reality and importance: he must, in short, be a linguist, an orator, a poet, a painter; a mathematician, a philosopher, an architect, a Christian, a friend to God and man.

Many important discoveries of the nature, properties and effects of sound, which have been brought to light by men of eminent abilities, have been done by actual experiment, and by laborious exertions in exploring the dark abyss and secrets of nature: and those principles, which have been discovered are evidently grounded on the foundation which was laid by the great Author and Creator of all things.

The science of Music, in its connection with other sciences, is dark and mysterious; and it is difficult to comprehend it. Therefore to dissect it, to view all its parts in a separate, and in a combined state; to view it in its relations to other sciences; in its connections and disconnections; in its dependence and independence; in its similarities and dissimilarities;.....would require the grasp of a most capacious mind; a mind possessed of peculiarly strong powers, of a lively imagination; of an attentive and persevering inclination; and a length of time, far beyond the limits of man in his present degenerated and imperfect state.

PYTHAGORICUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

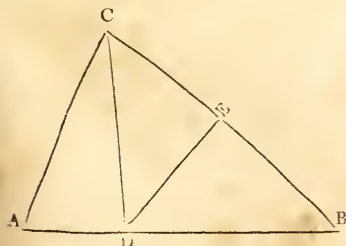
AN ENIGMA.

BEFORE the earth was delug'd by the flood,
Or e'er on its foundations it had stood;
Before the sun, or moon, or stars gave light,
Or darkness veil'd the mundane space with night;
Before the first arch-angel being had,
Or e'er Jehovah had one creature made;
I boast existence;—yet how strange to tell,
I'm doom'd in humblest garb on earth to dwell.
My post, a common error in the street,
And scorn'd almost by every one I meet;
Yet thus degraded by the human race,
I hold with *Deity* the highest place:
When *He* the highest heavens did prepare,
It is a fact that I was also there:
But now, alas! I hold a meaner place,
And wait attendance on the human race.
I bear a fruit more beautiful than gold,
Yet for the meanest trifle I am sold;
But those who know my worth the sale decline,
Because they know I make their faces shine.
I'm bought, I'm sold, rejected, scorn'd and hated,
Yet still by you me kindly are entreated,
T' accept my boon, the greatest earthly treasure,
Which neither knows, nor worth, nor bounds, nor measure.
Riches and honour, I would fain bestow,
And lengthen out your span of life below;
Your nights in sleep should sweetly pass away,
And safely I would guide you thro' the day.
But crooked and perverse, you still remain,
And spurn my wooted offers with disdain;
Farewell then Philadelphians;—time will show,
How folly while you sojourn'd here below.
But e'er I bid an awful last farewell,
To all who in this favour'd city dwell;
Let me again excite each seeking mind,
To persevere,—nor rest till you me find.
And when you find me, you will prize me more,
Than all the blessings you had known before:
Ten thousand worlds for me you'd think too small—
Had you a million, you would give them all.

OLIVIA.

Answer, by N. Major, to the Question in Page 151.

CONSTRUCTION.



LET the triangle ABC, represent the given triangle, AB being the base, consequently the angle ACB is the vertical an-

gle, then let AD be made equal to $\frac{1}{2}$ of AB, bisect the side EC in E, draw the lines ED, and CD, the point D in the line AB is that required.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN.

I beseech thee to let the following (perhaps weak attempt to define why nothing is the courier's loss) find favour in thy sight.

THE courier oft in deep design,
Will clothe his views with subtle art;
The noble rights of man resign,
And seal by flattery to the heart.
Virtue he's none to fear a stain;
Of venal tribute he's profuse;
He grasps at all he can obtain,
Nothing can such a courier lose.

EMMA.

PHILADELPHIA,

APRIL 10, 1802.

MR. VALENTINE KETTERING, an inhabitant of Dauphin County, Londonderry Township, has lately addressed a letter to the Speaker of the SENATE of this state, communicating an efficacious cure, for that dreadful malady, the BITE of a MAD DOG, either in man or beast, which he says has been known and used by him and his ancestors for the space of 250 years, in Germany and Pennsylvania.

The Committee, to whom this letter was referred, have made the following interesting Report, That they have conferred with the said Kettering on that subject, who informed them, that he uses the herb, called Red Chick Weed, which, when ripe, or in full bloom, he gathers and dries in the shade, reduces it to powder, and gives a small table-spoonful at one time to a grown person, in beer or water, in weight one drachm and one scruple; for a child, an equal dose, but given at three different times, or it may be eaten on bread with butter, honey or molasses, as the person chooses. For a beast, a large spoonful; if by weight too drachms, and one scruple. When used green, for a beast, cut the herb fine, and mix with it bran, &c. When given to swine, mix the powdered herb with meal of any kind (dose as above) in little balls.

He assures us he has given it to persons many weeks after they were bitten, and never knew it fail; and never gives more than a single dose, unless to children, as above. He further says, it is an excellent cure for cuts and wounds on the human body.

When green, mash it, drop of the juice into the wound, and bind the herb so mashed on. That the proper time to sow the seed, is about the beginning of April, and it should be sown thin.

He also informs us, that he is now seventy-five years old; was born in Germany, and came from thence, with his parents, to Pennsylvania, when eleven years of age; that his mother brought the seeds of the herb among her garden seeds; that he has presented to our committee for the use of the members, a quantity of the herbs and seed; and says he will give of the seed to others who will please to call on him for that purpose.

They also learn, from the Rev. Henry Muhlenberg, that it is an annual plant known in Switzerland and Germany by the name of *Gauebbel*, *Rother Meyer*, or *Rother Hinderdarm*; in England, *Red Pimpernel*; by botanists, as he is informed, *Amagallis Parnassica*. That it should be gathered in June, when in full bloom. In Germany, he understands, the usual dose was thirty grains of the powder, taken four times a day, and continued one week, in smaller doses; the

wound washed with a decoction of the herb, and some of the powder strewn on it. That the plant is cultivated in many gardens, and grows near Baltimore and Havre-de-Grace, spontaneously, in great plenty.

Dr. POTTER has made a number of exceedingly curious remarks on the changes of appearance which happen in the lime walls of dwelling houses in the city of Baltimore. His remarks, carefully made, shew that walls grow yellowish, crumble and peel off in flakes during the prevalence of the sickly and yellow fever season in autumn. If houses are shut up, this does not happen; nor does it happen speedily, except during the prevalence of a kind of atmosphere which accompanies this endemic sickness. On examining this crumbling wall, he has found it to afford crystals of salt petre. Hence it is conclusively inferred, that from the holes, paddles and receptacles of corrupting things which unavoidably collect in cities, there is produced an unwholesome air or gas, which, while it invades the health and assails the lives of the inhabitants, is convertible by lime into nitre. This fact is a key to the mystery of pestilential air.

A Spanish poet, describing his passion, says, That in thinking of his mistress he fell into a river, where the heat of his passion had such an effect on the water, that it bubbled up, and boiled the fish, inasmuch that those that came to take him out, were diverted from their object by the delicacy of the fish, which were swimming about ready cooked.

Deaths.

"Death is the privilege of human nature;
"Tis better the poor, the prisoner, and the mourner,
"Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down."

DIED....In this city....On the 4th inst. after a tedious and painful illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Desmarie,—one of those unfortunate inhabitants of the French islands, who were obliged to fly for the safety of their lives, and leave their property to destruction.

A negro man died a few months ago upon Mr. Jouet's estate, in the island of Jamaica, called Montague, who perfectly recollected the great earthquake which destroyed Port Royal in 1692; he was then married, and had several children. He retained all his senses, except his sight, to the very last.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Address to Clio,"—"Sonnet to Junia,"—"Lines to Manning,"—"Acrostic to Fulton,"—"Translation of the 15th Ode, *Wald. Book of Horace*," &c. will appear in due time.

"Inconstancy" is incorrect in several places.
"Milo" is not forgot.

The editor thanks the correspondent who favoured him with a copy of "*Monticromeny, a Fragment*;" but compassion towards those whose nerves are weak, and respect for the minds of youthful readers, induce him to decline publishing it; as the scenery throughout the piece is far beyond the bounds of nature, and the imagery terrific to an extent.
"E." in our next.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO MEMORY.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
"Gaudia,"* JOURNAL.

WHAT musing pow'r is that which moves the soul,
To gentle ecstasy or dread?
Spreads bright effulgence round the head?
Or sinks the spirits under strong control?
'Tis Memory, sweet celestial maid!
Who calms the passions, to her aid;
Waked by her touch, those faculties of man,
Cinquantal play, and lengthen out his span.
In age how strong her power! how radiant move
Her rain-bow rays to glid life's troubles o'er!
By her true friendship, and the charms of love,
Retain their force till time shall be no more.
'Tis she revives past pleasure and past pain,
Calls scenes of youth to mind, and acts them o'er again.

Observe that verdant, how his glistering eye,
Shouts fiery lustre at the tale,
Of ancient heroes clasp'd in mail:
And thinks he sees their form, and hears their cry,
'To arms! hence Ajax, chief of
Of Trojans, sows a deadly blow;
'The god-like Hector waits the storm,
Fire in his eyes, and terror in his form.
Quick dies his thoughts to times that now are o'er,
When he to aid his country took the field;
Heard the dread clash of arms, the cannon roar,
And saw the in-ading foe submissive yield.
Thou Memory in the mirror of my mind,
Pleasing recollects what time's swift foot has left behind.

The once gay Negro, now alas a slave!
A fancy-view of Gambia's plain,
Lies drop the hard sugar-cane,
And stains his eyes across the azure wave,
O dwelling of my sire! my wife!
Why torn from you? ah! why with life?
My lovely babes look out and mourn,
To hail their father's glad return.
But ah! in this deserted clime I'm chain'd!
Far from the view of your enchanting smile!
To misery a prey, by tyrant's main'd;
Condemn'd to pass my life in Cuba's ste,
Come all complaint! life's toll will soon be o'er,
And Mango ban his friends on Gambia's happy shore."

Far from the gay, tumultuous scenes of life,
Why does Alonzo loathe to rove?
Why reverse the lonely grove,
Blending his sighs with howl's continual strife?
To court thee, Memory, in the gloom,
And to wake with tears his Mute's tomb!
He thence hies at silent eve,
The world and all its follies leave!

What is't that renders gloomy thoughts so dear?
Ask the fond lover, and he soon will say—
"I would not part with melan-holy's tear,
For all the wealth of Algier's haughty bey.
"Memory, that hush'd in sable garb of woe,
"Concepts extra joys I never will forego."

How far th' enchanting view of youthful days!
When Hope's bright visions fill'd the breast,
Lull'd every rising sigh to rest,
And cha'm'd the heart with sweetly-melting lays.
Great power of the soul, you bind,
That wondrous faculty, the mind!
And bids her follow where you lead,
Or thro' the stormy flood, or flow'ry mead.
Swift as the lightning, at thy sonorous horn,
On wings of wind man's thoughts run o'er life's space!
Riot in pleasures of his infant morn:
Ere innocence to subtle art gave place,
How does the retrospect fresh exultation unfold!
Stamp on th' impressive heart in letters of pure gold.

Haste Memory, with thy tender, friendly aid!
The moments of puerile years,
When forethought and the world's dull cares,
In my pure breast no deep incision made.

Hither, I say, ah! hither bring,
With yielding sweets of youthful spring;
Wake the sports around the green,
Where top and ball betimes were seen;
The winding rabbit-chase thro' swain and wood,
The cunning arts to gull the partridge near,
The angling in the pure transparent flood,
The fairy haunts where tales amuse'd my ear.
Such were the charms that sunshin'd on my heart,
But now, alas! they're gone,—the pleasant hours are
Fled.

Again, O Memory, I thy aid implore!
To similar scenes I fain would rove,
When first my heart was fill'd with love!
When first its tender strains I whisper'd o'er,
To Mira, fairest of the fair,
With ruddy cheeks and auburn hair;
Bring to my sight her smiling face,
Her lovely form, and virgin grace.
The period when with trembling voice I said,
Mira! on you alone my hopes do rest;
When fondly answering, the blushing maid,
Smile, yielding, conquer'd, on my raptur'd breast.
Heavens! how my bosom glow'd with ecstatic fire,
Th' hidden flame grew bold,—energies d' with pure de-
sire.

Hark! sure ethereal symphonies I hear!
Now gently swelling on the ear,
In sweetest cadence soft and clear,
'Till by degrees they fill the ambient air;
Again they die away; my soul aching
To know what moves the heavenly-vocal throng!
But stop, Urania tunes her votive lyre;
Assuasive strains I feel in her melting song.

"O Memory, thy charms I sing,
"To me: touch the trembling strings;
"Wake all thy pleasures ever blest,
"Wake joyful tumults in my breast.

"Genius from thee receives her pow'r,
"And contemplation's silent hour,

"More sacred seems with thy kind aid;
"Thou fair, auspicious, blooming maid.
"The languid soul oppress'd with cares,
"Or burr'd with a host of tears;
"From thine exhaustless mine receive,
"Lest which thou alone can give.

"From chaos thou thy flight began,
"Dispensing joys so supremely bright:
"Preserving for the use of man,
"All that could charm, support, delight.

"When Nature shakes convuls'd with dread,
"And Universe with fire is spread;
"When Hope by Faith is swallow'd up:
"Thou iron from thy ne'er exhausted cup,
"Will pour a sacred balm around;
"In Heaven thy altar thou wilt raise,
"Where angels, seraphs, with their lays,
"Hail thy approach in notes of sweetest sound."

EUGENIO.

THE FAREWELL.

AN ODE.

WHEN sad I think upon the fatal hour,
That soon will come to urge me to depart,
I almost impiously accuse the pow'r
For placing in this breast a feeling heart.

And must I leave the charming maid I love!
For whom my heart with transport beats alone,
And all the pains of cruel absence prove,
Those pains which hitherto have been unknown!

While gazing on my Delia's sparkling eyes,
Where sweetly mingled, love and softness dwell,
Shall I be able to suppress my sighs!
Shall I find utterance for the word, farewell!

Ah! yes, my Delia will relieve my pain,
Will soothe my drooping spirits with a kiss,
And bid me think we soon shall meet again
To spend our future days in endless bliss.

PHILAMOR.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

WHEN in contempt of Cupid's laws
M' Celia pleads for friendship's name;
Such eloquence adorns her cause,
So love's shines the holy flame—
Convinced, subdu'd, I only bend,
Ambitious to be Celia's friend.

But as we view her heavenly charms,
Her speaking eye—her matchless face,
While the lov'd theme her bosom warms,
And brighter glows each heighten'd grace—
Oh! then we own love's pow'r divine,
And bow with raptures at his shrine.

'Tis thus my fair the god of love
Can with us teemle maials play—
While you our breasts to friendship move,
And force to reverence all you say,
He, unobscured, with curious art
Lights thence his torch to fire the heart.

LINDOR.

* Many of the unfortunate slaves in the West Indies, maintain an idea, that, at death, they return to their native country, to enjoy an interrupted felicity.

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

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OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. VI.

How men judge erroneously of themselves.—A list of false judgments.—Universities.—Honesty and cleanliness in public.—An expedition.—Barclay like Anacreon's dove.—His commission disclosed to him.—A journey according to nature.—An odd conversation between Barclay and Mr. Addlehead's servant. The success of his disputation.

THE world is too apt to judge by the rule of contrary, and hence we have so many mistakes in the opinion men form of themselves.

Because Aristotle tells us that a man of a great soul is a free speaker, every impudent demagogue thinks himself a man of a great soul; again, because men of genius are remarkable for their idleness and imprudence, every idle, imprudent fellow believes that he is a man of genius; again, because it is the part of a patriot to exert himself for the advantage, honour, and glory of his country, each unprincipled, designing scoundrel, who is perpetually meddling with politics, and taxing ministers, whether justly or unjustly, with the ruin and destruction of the country, calls himself a patriot; again, because religion assumes an air of sanctity, every one who puts on a sanctified appearance, esteems himself religious; again, because poets write verses, every man who writes verses thinks he is a poet; again, because authors of great talent have been neglected, each scribbler, who is with justice neglected,

believes that he is an author of great talent; again, because our universities have produced some dignified and learned men, every silly coxcomb, who can say he is of Cambridge or Oxford, esteems himself a learned and dignified person; again, because adultery and duelling are, by some, reckoned the actions of gallant and brave men, the villain who debauches his friend's wife, and afterward, by the way of satisfaction, cuts his throat, holds himself to be a gallant and brave man; again, because honest men will complain of the villainy of the world, every knave, who complains of it, considers himself as an honest man. I must here say a word of honesty. Cicero observes, that if you are not stimulated by honesty itself to be good men, but by interest or gain, you are knaves, and not good men—for what will he not do in the dark, who fears nothing but a witness! In truth, I think little of the honesty or cleanliness of that man, who does not practise them as much in private as in public. He who dresses himself very neatly to go into company, and whenever he remains at home, is careless of his dress, to dirtiness, is, in my opinion, cleanly only for the sake of form, and by disposition a sloven.—So of honesty. I fear too, that they are not few who would privately act like rascals and poltroons, to appear publicly as honourable and brave men. And I know there are authors who will descend to the most servile degradation, and the most contemptible meannesses in secret, to obtain a breath that shall trumpet them forth to the world as *men of noble and exalted minds*. But, to return, to terminate what has no end, namely, the false judgments we form of ourselves, I shall come to Mrs. Pawlet, who, because learned men are full of their follies and eccentricities, thought, by indulging in them also, she might claim a

right to be ranked amongst the truly learned. With these principles in her mind, she was, as I have said, full of never-ceasing freaks and caprices.

Our hero had not been more than three weeks at the parsonage, when one night, after supper, as they were sitting very comfortably round the table, Mrs. Pawlet suddenly exclaimed,

"That's well thought of! This is the time, and you must go, Mr. Temple. My friend told me that if he did not transmit them to me, I must send for them. He has not transmitted them, *ergo*, I must send for them."

Barclay did not comprehend her meaning, but he nevertheless inclined his head in token of assent, for he was resolved to do nothing to displease her.

"Where are you going to send Mr. Temple, my dear?" inquired the parson.

"To ———," she replied.

"My dear," cried he, "that's above ninety miles off, across the country. Indeed I think you had better let Peter go."

"Indeed, I think you had better leave my affairs to my own management!" said Mrs. Pawlet, warmly. "Mr. Temple does not object to it, and why should you? I will trust nobody but him. If he does not choose to go, I will go myself."

The Parson was silent.

Our hero now signified that he could have no objection to comply with any wish of Mrs. Pawlet's. Wherever she desired to send, he was ready to go.

Mrs. Pawlet appeared highly pleased with his obedience, and told him that she would give him his instructions in the morning, as she expected him to depart the next day.

"It being across the country," continued she, "I shall advise you, to prevent delay, to take a chaise. You need not be absent more than three days."

At these words 'three days,' Barclay and Penelope, as if moved by one impulse, fixed their eyes on each other, with a look that, at the same moment seemed to say, 'What, shall I not see you for three whole days?'

'There was a time,' cried Barclay, when he had retired to his room; 'there was a time when I should have spurned at this servile employment, but if Omphale could bring Hercules to the distaff, where is the wonder that Penelope, to whom the Lydian queen was poor in charms, should make me, in every thing, obedient to her will? To her will, I say, because, however it may appear to others, I am not Mrs. Pawlet's slave, but my Penelope's! Slavery, more sweet than liberty! Like Anacreon's dove-am I!'

"She may love me, if she will,
"Yet I'll stay and serve her still."

Next morning after breakfast, Barclay was closeted with Mrs. Pawlet, when he was informed of the important business he was to be dispatched on. She first pointed out the route he was to take, on the map, and then presented him with a letter.—'Now,' said she 'I will tell you what you are going for. The gentleman to whom this letter is addressed is a great biblical scholar, and friend of mine, who has promised me some remarks on the Prophets. I am very anxious about them, and beg you will use the utmost care in bringing them safe home.'

Barclay was then dismissed to prepare for his departure. Having packed up such things as were necessary, and given them to the servant to take to the chaise, he went down stairs, and entering the parlour, saw Penelope alone, standing with her face towards the window.—'Penelope,' said he, in a soft voice, 'must we part?'

Receiving no answer, he went up to the window, and leaning forward, saw that she was weeping.

'What is this!' he cried, 'whence these tears?'

'Tis foolish to cry, isn't it?' said she, affecting to smile; 'but I can't help it.'

'What has happened, Penelope?' he exclaimed; 'indeed I cannot leave you thus!'

'Then you must never leave me at all,' said she, 'for I shall always weep when you do.'

Barclay was sitting in the window-seat, holding Penelope by the hand, when she uttered this speech. He was no longer master of his actions, but rising hastily, he caught her in his arms, and clasping her to

his heart, muttered, while he imprinted a thousand kisses on her cheek, 'Dearest, loveliest of women, we will never part.'

At this crisis of the tenderest sympathy of unaffected love, they were interrupted; but the parson, whose little dog preceding him, just afforded sufficient notice of his approach to prevent an eclatissement, that would have given great uneasiness to the worthy rector.

'I am ashamed,' said he, seeing Barclay; 'I am really sorry and ashamed, Mr. Temple, that my dear should give you so much unnecessary trouble. To send you such a distance! But what can be done?'

'Don't mention it, my dear sir,' cried Barclay, 'I shall soon accomplish it, and I dare say it will not happen again.'

'You are very good,' said the parson, taking him kindly by the hand, 'you are very good—isn't he, Pen?'

Here he turned to Penelope, who had not time to answer before Mrs. Pawlet came in, and after giving Barclay a short, unnecessary lecture, dismissed him to proceed on his journey, which he now almost loved for the effect it had produced.

Some readers are very much displeased if the hero of a story stirs an inch without some surprising adventure; and yet these very people complain of authors being unnatural. To please them both ways is not very practicable, I allow, but to do so on the score of nature, will, I think, in the instance before us, be exceedingly easy. I take it, that, in England, nothing in the world can be more natural than for a man, whether a hero or not, to travel in a good post-chaise for ninety miles, without the most trifling accident, or unexpected occurrence;—and so did Barclay, arriving at his journey's end late in the evening, of the same day.

Being then unable to perform his business, he supped, and went to bed, resolved to do it early in the morning, flattering himself that he might reach the parsonage again by the close of the next day. In this pleasing hope, and in fond dreams of unutterable joys, arising from the impression made on his senses by what had happened to him before his departure, he passed a most agreeable night.

Breakfast being over, Barclay sallied forth from the inn, in search of the abode of Mr. Addlehead, the name of the gentleman to whom Mrs. Pawlet's epistle was addressed. He was presently directed to a large mansion, the best in the town, which, as he approached, he perceived to be shut up, as if the family had left it. However, not doubting but that he should get some information from a remaining servant, the house-

keeper, or some one, he knocked at the door, which was speedily opened by a clownish looking fellow, booted and spurred, with his long, lanky hair hanging, like mournful cypress, on each side of his fallow, sanctified face. Barclay could scarcely refrain from smiling at his appearance.

'Is your master at home?' he enquired.

'Who be he, Sir?' said the man.

'Is not this Mr. Addlehead's?' Barclay rejoined.

'Yes Sir, yes!' replied the other.

'Well then, whether he is your master or no, is he at home?'

'Which do you call home?' said the man.

'Why what the deuce are you at!' cried Barclay, 'is he in this house?'

'Yes, he be!' he replied.

'Well then, can I see him?'

'Na, you main't.'

'Well, but can I see any of the rest of the family?' said our hero.

'Na,' replied the man, 'they be all gone except I.'

'What is the reason I cannot see Mr. Addlehead?'

'I munna tell—but you main't.'

'Well, what shall I do then?' said Barclay, 'I have a letter here which I wish him to have.'

'Gi it to me then,' replied the man, 'and when I sees him, I'll gi it to him.'

'Well, there it is—but the answer,' said Barclay.

'Come towards evening or so,' said he, 'and I'll see what I can do for ye. If we be gone, (looking at his boots,) I'll leave answer for ye in the hall here.' Saying this, he waited for no reply, but shut the door in Barclay's face, leaving him in great doubt how to proceed, or what to think of his reception.

The delay gave him the utmost inquietude.—However, he waited till the evening, and then called again. His old friend, equipt in the same manner as before, received him as he had done in the morning, but with more brevity, for saying, 'I hanna seen him—you must coom again!' he closed the door, and retired.

Not liking to set off without accomplishing the purport of his journey, and in constant expectation of doing so, Barclay danced attendance on Mr. Addlehead for two whole days, without obtaining any other satisfaction than the gentleman in boots and spurs, (for so he always appeared) had given him at first. He had now been three days absent from the parsonage, and was so restless and unhappy, that he resolved to call there but once more; and if he failed, then to return home, without Mr. Addle-

head's remarks on the Prophets, whatever might be the consequence.

Early on the fourth morning he knocked at the door for the fourteenth time. It was opened, and the man, with remarkable politeness, (for he had never shown any before,) begged he would walk into the parlour. Barclay willingly obeyed, and entered a very handsome room, the beauty of which, however, was scarcely visible, only half of one of the shutters being unclosed; still he could see that it was elegant, and was much surprised to perceive in such a place, a variety of trunks and packages, all prepared for removal.

'Sit ye down, sit ye down,' said the man shewing him the example by placing himself on one of the trunks; here be your parcel—I ha gotten it for ye with a main deal of trouble, I can tell ye.'

'What,' said Barclay, 'am I not to see Mr. Addlehead then?'

'Na, he maunna be seen by nobody never no more.'

'How so, my friend,' inquired Barclay; 'what is the reason?'

'Well, cum, I'll tell ye,' replied the man. 'I sees you belong to somebody who's friendly towards him, and I'll tell ye. He bain't no longer my master now, nor this bain't our hoam. Our hoam be in another place where there be no masters. To tell ye the long and short of it, he and I expects every moment, to set off for Jerusalem. You see I be all ready, and ha gotten things pretty tightish together. I don't kna what he'd do, when he com'd there, if it weren't for I, for ever sin he ha made the prophecy, as he calls it, he ha sotten in a dark room, with his chin upon his hands, without making any preparations whatscumdever.'

Barclay made no answer, but stared at the fellow with amazement.

'Well, there be your parcel,' he continued, 'when he g'd it tho't, he bid me say as how it would be of no use, for the world would be at an end in the course of this week, and all the prophecies out, and over. There, cum, goo—I canna stay longer with ye, for I expects to start every minute.'

Here he led Barclay to the door, and pushing him out, left him with Mr. Addlehead's remarks on the Prophets in his hand, almost doubting the existence of the strange infatuation he had witnessed. 'Oh, Mrs. Pawlet! he exclaimed, as it were involuntarily. 'why, why were you not Mrs. Addlehead!'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

Notwithstanding the controversy on dancing and music has been spun out to a great length, and to very little purpose, yet Sir, I think I have a claim on your indulgence, to be heard once in my own defence, after remaining so long silent, and listening so calmly to all the virulent reproaches that have been so copiously heaped upon me.

My name, Sir, is O****, whose some time since, dropped a hint in your Repository, relative to the evil consequences attendant on the present mode of accomplishing young ladies for their future stations in life. I suggested the too great attention which I thought was paid to *dancing and music*. I can assure you, Sir, I had no sinister views whatever in dropping this hint—It proceeded from the purest motives that could possibly stimulate a person to action; little expecting that my feeble attempt would have called forth so much furious animadversion. This, however, Sir, does not in the least displease me. I am rather gratified to think that I hit the mark so well, as to cause so much alarm. It is to me a sure test, that when persons apply to invective and scurrility, they want the better weapons of reason and sound argument to effect that, which they essay to do by a subterfuge of this kind:—just like the coward, who afraid to engage his antagonist fairly, will stand aloof and throw dirt. If Frank Liberal had not descended to this mode of warfare, I should have thought much better of what he has advanced: but this is sufficient testimony for me that Mr. Liberal was conscious of the badness of his cause. I must not fail to acknowledge the obligations I owe to *An Old Dancer* for the part he has taken, as well as *Senex Verus*, &c. all of whom espouse my cause with such arguments as Mr. Liberal has not yet been able to refute. He has attempted to answer some of them, it is true; but not much unlike one "armed at all points with sophistry." I regret that he had not the good sense to hide his chagrin, and not so clearly discover the interest he feels in the perpetuity of vice and folly. This is at least presumable; but I will defy Frank Liberal to charge me with even the shadow of self-interest in my address, which so ardently roused all the energies of his mind and brought him forth the champion of onmanly invective. Frank seems to have forgot that *truth and reason* are the only supports a good cause requires. If he had recollected this, he might have saved the impious quotation from Hamlet; and as to that from Pope, the application

had better have been made to himself, where it would have had its full force.—If instead of misapplying these quotations, Frank had candidly answered the questions of *Verus*, he would have met his opponent like a man; but this he knew was impossible, and therefore he ransacks the poets, if peradventure he may find something that might appear like a substitute for argument.

"Thus borrow'd clothes the fopling will put on,
"And boast and strut, and think himself Sir John,
"But when dismantled of the robes he wore,
"He's just the blackhead that he was before.

I do not pretend to say that this will apply to Frank, it was an idea that presented itself to my mind at the moment, perhaps from my reflections on what had just preceded.

I had some thoughts of going over the whole ground of opposition, and exposing the weakness and fallacy of the arguments that have been brought forward in favour of dissipation. But, Mr. Editor, I am afraid of tiring your patience, and that of your readers—I cannot help, however, noticing the *nice and easy* manner in which Mr. Liberal has given *Verus's* pungent questions the go-by; and congratulate him upon the facility with which he slipped from *Senex to An Old Dancer*.† J. L. H. It is true, attempts to supply this deficiency of his friend;‡ but he does it in a truly SIMPLE MANNER—Yes and No may suit his purpose, because it appears he could do no better; but these *simple* answers will scarcely produce conviction. They will not disprove the self-evident truths couched under the questions of *Verus*, viz. that many young ladies learn to dance before they have well learnt to read—that an over-strained attention to dancing, &c. is detrimental to, and a poor substitute for mental improvement—that it is inconsistent with their duty for professors of Christianity to attend balls and dancing assemblies—that the increase of these argue an increasing degeneracy of morals,—and that youth early initiated in the rites of dissipated assemblies, where pleasure is the only object fought, will seldom be found able to bend their minds to the acquisition of useful knowledge. Until these truths are disproved, or until it is shewn that they do not apply, in an alarming degree, to the state of society in this city, I must beg the gentlemen's pardon, for considering myself on the right side of the question. Facts are not wanting to elucidate them; but the detail would be unprofitable—To me it is a sufficient proof of the public taste, to know

* Page 132. † See page 142, second col.
‡ Page 149.

that 1000 dols. has been subscribed for a public concert in the course of a few hours, and that dancing assemblies are to be found in almost every quarter of the city,

Where beaux and belles in sweet confusion roll—
Eclogue the body, and destroy the soul.

Mr. Editor, I am neither a musty old bachelor, nor a disappointed churl, who has no taste for innocent amusements, or pleasure consistent with duty; but a man in the middle walks of life, and a parent: I hope therefore, that Mr. Liberal and his friend J. I. H. will pardon me for addressing those in the same situation with some degree of seriousness. Let me ask any reflecting parent, whether, if the child should die when she has just accomplished herself in the supposed qualifications alluded to, he would not feel much poignant sorrow and remorse, for having preferred these fashionable attainments, to the more sterling accomplishments of the mind, which alone can properly fit us for living, or dying! Altho' this argument may not touch Frank's mind with conviction, yet I am certain every parent, who loves his children, will, on weighing it, feel its force. But it will be said, that it may be expected the children will not die at that time of life: suppose they do not, that will not alter this truism, that what is right to be done when dying, cannot be wrong to do when living; since that which best fits us for dying, will also best fit us for living, in every station of life. The Infidel may sneer at this; but I defy the Christian to do it.

But Frank says, that there is no necessary qualification omitted by an attention to music and dancing.—I wish he could prove this; but unfortunately we have only his bare word for it. I am still clearly of opinion, that whatever may be done, music and dancing is not attained without the neglect of more in potent qualifications.

“One word more to” J. I. H. “and I have done.” This writer very gravely observes that “he knows of no amusements more useful than plays, provided they conduce to morality.” But he pathetically laments, “that owing to something or other, immoral plays are too often introduced.” Here his own remark is an ample refutation of what he attempts to support. And as it respects dancing, he thinks “it may be allowed, consistent with innocence, &c. if only a small portion of time is allotted to it.” But here again he destroys his own arguments, by acknowledging with O*****, that it occupies too much of the attention of young people; which is certainly granting all that O***** conten-

ded for. Here J. I. H. has shewn himself more liberal than Frank Liberal himself.—But his idea of an acquaintance with music fitting us for heaven is certainly a charming one; for all the fiddlers, kettle-drummers, bagpipe-players, &c. according to his doctrine, will cut a very conspicuous figure in the regions of immortality;—no doubt but an orchestra will be built for their especial accommodation.

Forgive me, O ye, my serious friends, who may think me too trifling on this glorious subject! who can restrain his risible faculties, or be serious in replying to such an idea of heaven as this?

O * * * * *

The following Anecdote of a CAT is extracted from a Report lately made to the Athenaeum of Lyons by Citizen Martin, a physician of that City.

ON the 22d of Messidor, at 8 o'clock in the evening, I was called in by the justice of the peace to make a report respecting a murder committed on the person of a woman named Penit. Having obeyed his summons, I repaired with him to the habitation of the deceased, where I found on the floor the body of a young pregnant woman, extended lifeless and weltering in her blood. A spaniel lay at her feet, licking them from time to time, and uttering piteous moans. At the sight of us he arose, did not bark, came up to us, and then returned to his mistress. A large white cat likewise attracted my attention: he was mounted on the cornice of a cupboard at the farther end of the apartment, were probably he had taken refuge at the moment of assassination. There sitting motionless, he had his eyes on the dead body—his attitude and his looks expressing horror and affliction.

After slight examination, I retired, having promised to the justice of the peace that I would return at ten o'clock the next morning with one of my brethren of the faculty, to open the dead body in his presence, and before the persons who were accused of the murder. Accordingly, the next day I returned to the spot in pursuance of my promise. The first object that caught the eye of Doctor Martin, who accompanied me, was that same cat which I had observed on the preceding evening: he continued in his former station, in the same attitude, and his looks had acquired so strong an expression of horror and rage, as to inspire my colleague with a fear that the animal was mad. The apartment was soon filled by the officers of justice and the

armed force: but neither the clattering of the soldiers' arms, nor the noise occasioned by the loud and animated conversation of the company, could divert the attention of the cat, or produce any change in his menacing attitude.

I was preparing to take from the womb of the unfortunate victim, another victim whom the same murderous act had deprived of life before it had enjoyed the light, when the accused persons were brought in. As soon as the cat, whose motions I attentively watched, observed the murderers, his eyes glared with increased fury, his hair bristled up, he darted into the middle of the apartment, stopped for a moment, then went and laid down under the bed beside the spaniel, evidently sympathising with him in his indignation at the murder, and his faithful attachment to his mistress. Those mute but alarming witnesses did not escape the attention of the assassins, whose countenances were disconcerted at the sight, and who now, for the first time during the whole course of the business, felt themselves abandoned by their atrocious audacity.

This trait has removed the antipathy which I had entertained to cats. Henceforward I shall no longer fear their carresses, since the scene which I have witnessed authorises me to believe them susceptible of gratitude and attachment.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IT has become extremely fashionable, within a few years past, to asperse the characters of those men, who, by their writings, are supposed to have contributed to the diffusion of what are called the doctrines of the new school. Justice, however, requires that their names should not be vilified beyond the bounds of truth and candid criticism, and that when a fair apology for, and honest extenuation of, any part of their conduct can be offered, it ought to be done.

I was led to these remarks by the perusal of a note to the story of Old Nick, in one of the late numbers of the Repository, where the principles, conduct and character of the celebrated Rousseau, are treated with great severity and much censure. As I am persuaded you can have no objection to publish any thing which can be fairly urged in his vindication, I have taken the liberty of sending you the annexed extract, from the pen of the sensible and well informed author of *Vindicie Gallice*, with

a hope that you will give it a place in the Repository. As my motives for making this request, are solely those of truth and justice, I cannot doubt of your ready compliance with it. E.

"Again must I encounter the derision of Mr. Burke, by quoting the ill-fated citizen of Geneva (*Rousseau*) whose life was embittered by the cold friendship of a philosopher, and whose memory is proscribed by the alarmed enthusiasm of an orator."

"I am not intimidated from quoting Rousseau by the derision of Mr. Burke, Mr. Hume's report of his literary secret, seems most *unfaithful*. The sensibilities, the pride, the fervor of his character, are pledges of his sincerity; and had he even commenced with the fabrication of paradoxes, for attracting attention, it would betray great ignorance of human nature to suppose, that in the ardour of contest, and the glory of success, he must not have become the dupe of his own illusions, a convert to his own imposture. It is indeed not improbable, that when rallied on the eccentricity of his paradoxes, he might, in a moment of gay effusion, have spoken of them as a sport of fancy, and an experiment on the credulity of mankind. The Scottish philosopher, *insensible to enthusiasm*, and little susceptible of those depressions and elevations, those agonies and raptures so familiar to the warm and wayward heart of Rousseau, neither knew the sport to which he could be excited by gaiety, nor the ardour into which he could be exalted by passion.—Mr. Burke, whose temperament is so different, might have experimentally known such variations, and learnt better to discriminate between effusion and deliberate opinion."

[Mackintosh.]

SENTIMENTAL HISTORIEtte.

DURING the last French war but one, a young English officer whom we shall here call Clermont, that had been wounded in a skirmish, was brought into Brussels and billeted upon a gentleman, where he was taken the most humane and tender care of; the gentleman was a married man, and his wife and daughters were in the house, the youngest of the latter being a professed Nun, though, on account of the troubles in the country, as is usually the case, she had left her Convent, and came to reside at her father's.

This young lady was of an order which particularly obliged to care and attendance of the sick; in consequence of which she administered to Clermont, who was not only wounded, but had an after attack of a

violent fever; she gave him all his physic, sometimes even dressed his wound, which was in his breast, and not unfrequently sat up with him whole nights to relieve his nurse and his other attendants. As he grew better, the care of Maria, for so we shall call this lady, slackened; but it began to make great impression upon the patient; he saw every day his beautiful attendant, and soon grew sensible of her charms; and by the time he was able to walk about his chamber, his passion grew so violent, that he could no longer contain it within the bounds of secrecy.

At length, her service being no longer necessary, the lady appeared no more. Every person that came to him, he enquired of for Maria, but still received vague but civil answers: a week passed; he saw nothing of her. He was no longer able to bear the deprivation of her sight. Clermont was the eldest son of an opulent family in England, in present possession of an handsome fortune, and in expectation of a very considerable one: he found that Maria's father was, with regard to fortune, but in a middling way; he resolved to disclose himself without further hesitation. accordingly, having one morning desired to see him in his chamber, after having returned him many thanks for the great civilities and friendship he had experienced in his house, he began to give some account of his fortune and connections: he told him he should never enjoy his life (which, under God, he owed to his care) nor his possessions, with half the satisfaction, as when both were devoted to the happiness of one belonging to his kind host and benefactor; in short, the fair Maria had cured him of the wounds given by the enemies, but she had left a wound behind, which none but she could cure; he was willing to make what settlement the father pleased, or to enter into any other terms of agreement, and begged instantly his permission to make her his wife.

"Sir, it is impossible." Good God! how so? "My daughter is a Nun." The fatal consequence of this reply was immediate; young Clermont was seized with a deep melancholy, which was succeeded by a relapse of his fever, that soon reduced him to extremity. The regiment he belonged to, of which his uncle was Colonel, was now at Brussels: he had every thing brought to his nephew that could be procured; but as the principal root of his disorder was inquietude of mind for want of a beloved object, the physicians declared that there was no hopes for the patient, unless his former fair doctor returned to

help him. The young lady was not yet gone back to her nunnery, but at an uncle's near the city, where she had assumed the habit of her order; her father, with much entreaty, was prevailed on to suffer her second attendance upon young Clermont, and she came in her habit. His delirium, before very violent, abated almost immediately; but, alas! as he recovered, the unfortunate Maria began to shew the symptoms of the distemper, which she had catched from him; in a word, she sickened, and the third day expired.

During her illness, Clermont could never be drawn from her door, except when by absolute force he was obliged to go to bed. However, when he heard of her death, which could not be concealed from him, he received it without any extraordinary emotions, only he entreated to see the corpse, and at length he obtained permission; he stood at the foot of the bed gazing upon it for a few minutes, then left the room, and from that time never exchanged a word with any one, either in question or answer, but always imagined he was in company with, and talking to the deceased. When he went to meals, he always set a chair for her and a plate, helped her, drank to her, and on retiring seemed to wait for her at the door till she was ready to follow him: nay, when he was alone, people have listened and heard him hold long conversations, sometimes grave and sometimes merry; and when any one came into his room, he was immediately silent, unless he spoke to the object of his idea.

In this melancholy way he was brought by his uncle to England, where he remained some months in his father's house, without appearing to have the least remembrance of any one; when spoke to, he only answered with a down look and a deep sigh; he performed yet all the functions of nature like a man in perfect health, and his family took every care to indulge his fancy, seeing there was no cure for his distemper.

About this time, a young lady came to visit at a neighbouring gentleman's, who was a very striking likeness of Maria; young Clermont's uncle saw her, and tho't she might be of some use in restoring his nephew to his senses; for this purpose, having brought her to his father's, they provided her a dress like the religious habit that Maria wore, and one night, while young Clermont sat at supper, she came and seated herself opposite to him; he looked earnestly at her for a moment, then turning to the chair at his side, he cried, "There are two," and expired!

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

THE other evening, I was reading a story of a man on the eastern side of the Atlantic, who took it into his head that he was sent into the world to enlarge human souls, by stretching them on his Tenters.

Immediately after perusing this curious passage, having laid aside my book and my spectacles, and fallen asleep, as I often do, in my great arm-chair, I was visited with the following remarkable dream.

Methought this curious artist (as many other Europeans had done) had crossed the ocean out of pure regard to my dear countrymen, and having set up his trade among us, and taken his stand in a spacious plain, that a vast concourse of various classes of people resorted to him, for the purpose of trying his Tenters. In the first place, I beheld in my dream, a company of rich, close-handed men, who had done but little or no good in the world; and that, no sooner had they been stretched on the Tenters, than they freely held out the hand of charity and became patrons of useful learning and benefactors to the public. There was indeed among them one single exception, a shrivelled old man, that they called by the name of Gripus, whose heart by the long habit of extreme stinginess had become contracted to a mere point, and was scarcely visible, inasmuch that it was impossible to put it on the Tenters; and he was accordingly set aside as incurable.

Next, methought, there came forward a mixed multitude of serious people of different religious sects, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, &c.—I observed, that as they advanced they eyed each other with looks of suspicion and contempt; but that, as soon as they came off the Tenters, their countenances brightened, and they shook one another heartily by the hand.

Among the last mentioned throng I perceived two learned Divines who had a long and angry dispute upon the question, whether the mantle, that fell from the prophet Elijah, was made of silk or Camel's hair; but, after having both of them been on the Tenters, they mutually agreed either to drop this dispute entirely, or else to conduct it with candour, and without bandying any more in each other's face the odious name of heretic.

I farther beheld in my dream, that there came up a group of violent political partisans, and that, at every step they shook their fists at those of the opposite sect, and calling them by the name of rogues, villains, traitors, &c. but after an expansion on the

Tenters, they concluded, a political intolerance to be both despotic and wicked, and declared their purpose to live in good neighborhood with their opponents.

[Hudson Balance.]

STOICISM.

.....Who has a stronger mind than *Leon*? He laughs at every thing, and fears nothing. By nature, by study, and by experience, he is superior to any event, however extraordinary. One night, while we were walking together in his garden, and the moon was shining in full lustre, I said to him, "I am persuaded, *Leon*, notwithstanding your strength of mind, that you would be mightily surprised if this orb above our heads were to assume a threatening aspect, and we saw it on the point of falling to crush us."—"Not at all," replied he, "for though that globe is in truth the next neighbour to ours, there is still so immense a distance between us, that although it were possible for the moon to fall, she would be so long on the road, that we should have time enough to perceive her descent, and avoid the impending danger." But suppose, my good friend, she should fall instantaneously, and without stopping on her way, should not you, in that case, be terribly frightened."—"No," replied he coolly, "I know that the globe which we inhabit is much larger than that of the moon; and tho' she should fall in the manner you mention, the idea of its alighting upon our heads would not for a moment give me any uneasiness. She would find room enough for her purpose, I warrant you, without doing us the smallest injury. Suppose, for instance, she were to fall in the Indian Seas, what would we have to apprehend?" "It would cause a terrible earthquake, at least," observed I, with a smile. "Not so terrible as you imagine," rejoined the modern Zeno, and thus our conversation ended. Soon afterwards *Leon* entered his closet, and began to write a letter. On a sudden I heard a violent exclamation, which appeared to proceed from my friend's apartment. I hastened to the spot, and perceived the courageous philosopher starting up from his chair in extreme agitation, which he had overturned in the act of rising.—"The devil," he faintly and tremulously articulated, "has this moment appeared to me." I found it was nothing more than a large spider, that, dropping suddenly on the letter he was writing, had thrown him into this strange disorder. I could hardly refrain from bursting into a fit of laughter at his weakness;

but in compassion to the nerves of this determined stoic, I left him as soon as possible, not a little amused at the accident, which had convinced me, that he who could stand undaunted amid "the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds," was yet liable to the same weaknesses and alarms which are felt by women and children, and which are scarcely pardonable even in them.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMA

IN PAGE 175.

WRITTEN ETEMPORE.

WISDOM existed long before the Flood,
Or earth, fix'd on its firm foundations stood;
Ere sun or moon shone on the azure skies,
Ere darkness reign'd, or morn was bid to rise;
Ere one arch-angel stood before the throne,
Or man, or creature had existence known,
She did exist; but now, 'tis strange to tell,
In humblest stations she is doom'd to dwell.
Thou art, 'tis true, a cryer in the street,
But not despis'd, I trust, by all you meet;
Thou dost attend the throne of God above,
In times of bliss, of harmony and love.
When God from chaos bade the world arise,
Made the vast ocean, spread abroad the skies,
The whole creation shows thou didst attend;
But now mankind thou wilt dost despise.
More beautiful than gold's the fruit you bear,
Yet sold for trifles, sought with little care;
But who will sell thee if thy worth they know,
And all the blessings which thou dost bestow?
Tiro' toil and danger who would dread to go,
In search of thee, thou best of all below?
Ah! wouldst thou deign to dwell within my breast,
To grant my prayer, and cease thy unceasing rest;
Attend my steps, in error set me right,
Glow in my mind, and shed around thy light;
Blessed would be my lot, more happy far,
Than conquerors in the flaming ranks of war....
Then heavenly maid, oh! bid us not farewell,
While in my bosom still thou mayest dwell.

CARLOS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ACROSTIC TO FASHION.

FOUR EST idol of a foolish world!
Abject creature of Disease's brain!*
See how thy imperious reign has bur'd,
Hurl'd from their seats fair Reason's train.
In pity play no more the fool,
O'er Nature's sons let Nature rule,
Nor let us stray from her plain school.

PHILAMOR.

* The greater part of our fashions are generally thought to originate in some disease, or natural defect of the jura.

PHILADELPHIA,

APRIL 17, 1802.

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY.

$$\text{Given } \left\{ \begin{array}{l} x + y + v + u = 32 \\ x^2 + y^2 + v^2 + u^2 = 266 \\ x^3 + y^3 + v^3 + u^3 = 2288 \\ x^4 + y^4 + v^4 + u^4 = 20256 \end{array} \right. \begin{array}{l} \text{to find} \\ x, y, v, \\ \text{and } u. \end{array}$$

MR. HOGAN.

Some years ago I remember to have read the following ENIGMA, but have never seen the Solution; nor been able to solve it. If you think it of sufficient consequence to occupy a corner in your paper, you will much oblige me by inserting it. MARIA.

Fire and water mixt together,
Add to this some salt and tin;
Tell me, Ladies, tell me whether,
In this mixture there is sin?

MAMMOTH appears to be the fashionable term of the day; *Literary Mammoths*, Mammoths in Politics, in Physic, &c. are terms now generally understood. Peale's Museum contains the skeleton of the real *Mammoth* tho' *Sceptical Mammoths* doubt that ever such an animal existed;—it is said the *Mammoth Ox* will shortly be exhibited for sale at the horse-market;—a *Mammoth Eater* at Washington lately devoured 42 eggs in ten minutes; and in that city, among the national archives (as some wags assert) is deposited the *Mammoth Cheese*. The ladies have long exhibited *Mammoth Breasts*, the parsons, some of them, *Mammoth Wigs*; and so we might go on to evidence the *mammothical* jargon in vogue....A late Connecticut paper gives the following account of a curious

MAMMOTH BIRD.

On the 3d instant Doctor *Preserve Wood* of Brookfield, in Fairfield county, caught in a steel trap a very extraordinary bird. The bird is of the vulture kind, of a blackish colour, his bill resembles that of a parrot, his legs are as large as a middling sized man's arm; his talons are about three inches long; his wings, when spread, measure nearly eight feet; his body is much larger than the largest turkey's; his feathers about the head are much lighter than on his wings or body; his legs near his talons are yellow; and the quills in his wings are almost as large as a woman's little finger. This bird, in the course of a week, had killed three last spring cows, and four sheep, belonging to said Wood. The bird is now at the store of Amos Wheeler, esq. in said Brookfield, where those who have the curiosity may examine it.

USEFUL.

Mr. Briggs has ascertained the sourness of the putrid Pickle of Beef, by a plain and instructive experiment. To a parcel of stinking brine remaining in the bottom of a barrel he added some common ley. A brisk effervescence immediately ensued, the liquor was neutralised, and the offensive vapours were instantly repressed. It is estimated that this operation of alkaline salts will have an extensive and wholesome application in a multitude of cases.

AT one of the late meetings of the *Franklinian Society*, the following interesting question was discussed at considerable length, viz. *Would it not be productive of both moral and religious improvement to dispense with kissing the book in taking an oath?*—In the course of the debate it was clearly proven, that this custom had its rise in Pagan idolatry, from the practice of idol worshippers kissing the lips of the idol when they took an oath, which was considered as symbolical of the god whose image they kissed being at peace with them;—that for several ages prior to the Reformation, this mode was transferred to the sign of the cross, with the right hand laid on the *Corpus Christi*, from whence arose the term *Corporal Oath*;—and that this again, at the Reformation was replaced by the Gospels, from a mistaken affection of the Reformers to the Holy Scriptures, arising from their having been for so many ages deprived of the use of these invaluable writings. The bad effects of this mode of swearing (exclusive of its idolatrous origin) was argued, from the little regard that is paid by many persons to an oath taken in this way; from society in general being composed of persons holding different sentiments, Jews, Deists, &c. as well as Christians, and therefore, that the mode most likely to bind the conscience of every one ought to be adopted;—that the most natural action in taking an oath, is by a direct appeal to the Deity, with an uplifted hand, and that this is justified both by Scripture and reason. The few objections offered to these arguments were satisfactorily answered,....and the question unanimously decided in the affirmative.

THE Subscribers to the PHILADELPHIA BENEFOLLENT SOCIETY are informed, that their weekly meetings will in future be held at Mr. Getty's school-room, adjoining the Presbyterian church, the corner of Arch and Third-streets, precisely at 7 o'clock, on Saturday evenings.

N. B. Subscriptions or Donations from the charitable and well-disposed, will be thankfully received. By order of the society.

RICHARD WEVIL,
Secretary, pro. tem.

LONDON FASHIONS.

THE *Donquixian Hat* is coming into vogue; it consists of white or salmon coloured satin, in the form of a helmet, surrounded with a wreath of laurel, and worn much on one side.

Plain white chip hats, in the gypsey style, without any ornament whatever, tied carelessly under the chin, with pea-green or pink ribbon.

The *Archer-dress*, a petticoat without any train, with a border of green or blue; a blue or green sarsenet bodice, vandyked at bottom; loose chemise sleeves, and a handkerchief. The head-dress, a small white or blue satin hat, turned up in front.

Brown, grey or olive silk stockings, with yellow or orange clocks, are worn by the ladies to walk in.

Feathers and flowers continue to be much worn, and wreaths of roses on the hair for full dress, in preference to more cumbersome ornaments.

Small watches are worn by a few dashing belles, on their bosoms, not bigger than the round of an half-guinea.

Marriages.

MARRIED....On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Charles Jones, to Miss Mary Alloway, both of Lower Merion Montgomery county....Same day, at the Friends Meeting, Mr. Robert Smith, of Burlington, to Miss Mary Bacon, daughter of the late Job Bacon of this city.... On the 10th, by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. Michael Baker, to Miss Elizabeth Wilt, both of this city.... On the 11th, Mr. John Johnston, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss Elizabeth Price of Chester county.

Deaths.

DIED...In this City....On the 8th inst. after a lingering illness of near four months, which she bore with the utmost Christian fortitude, Mrs. Elizabeth Devis, wife of Mr. Devis, brass-founder....On the 12th, after a severe illness, William McDougall, *Æt.* 50.

—Suddenly, on the 31st ult. in the 73d year of his age, James Moore, Esq. Associate Judge for Chester county.

A waggish Correspondent thus Parodies the Anecdote of the Hungry Irishman, in page 139.

I'm sorry Paddy you mislaid
A dish of suds for turnip soup;
The ball tho' hard your teeth wistened,
And hunger made it very good;
But had it been a Yankee's lot,
He would have perished on the spot;
Because his gums, as you'll observe,
Has left in place of teeth to serve.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ADDRESS TO FANCY.

SWEET FANCY! with what magic pow'r,
Thou can'st the troubled mind compose,
Disperse the clouds that darken our,
And hush each sorrow to repose!

Thou' fortune all her ills dispense,
To part from bliss thy oceans roll,
Thou to the lover's sick'ning sense
Can'st call the charm that sways his soul.

When wrapt by thee, in airy dreams
We muses, lost in thought profound;
And while he feels thy kindling beams,
To him what is the world around?

Thus oft do I confess thine aid,
When in each native beauty bright,
The image of my angel maid
Returns in visions of delight.

I see that from which all adm're,
Where gracefulness each motion guides;
Which can provoke each self-desire,
While virtue o'er the wish presides.

I see those eyes with softness gleam,
Where Cupid points with fire his dart;
From whose benign, yet potent beam,
Nor frozen age can guard his heart.

I see, where o'er her forehead fair
The seven ringlets wanton stray,
And shade those cheeks, whose blooms declare
Of health and innocence the play.

I see those lips—the rest with dew
Suffused, deep blushing on the eye,
In vain would imitate their hue,
In vain would with their sweetness vie.

I see that breast of mount'ain snow
With tumult swell—and joy to see
Th' emotion there, for well I know
The swell tumultuous is for thee.

Columbia! on thy happy shore,
Where freedom, truth and honor reign,
Content and peace their blessings pour,
And independence glads the swain;

Where patriot-pride del'ghted tells,
Thy daughters ev'ry charm possess,
Virtuous and fair,—the maiden-dwells,
Whose love my frequent sighs confess.

O, Fae! my ardent pray'r befriended!
Give me (while tears of rapture start)
Again to tread my natal land,
And clas, like Iza to my heart!

SONG.

MARY'S MY THEME.

WITH vain alarms why heaves my breast?
Why aye my spirit sunk so low?
What is it tells my mind of rest,
And urges pleasure to forego?
These various tumults plainly prove,
A soul enslav'd in chains of love.

Th' embrosial sweets which Flora throws,
From her green-lap around the vale:
The fragrance of the blushing rose,
Vie not with Mary of the dale.
Mary's my theme from grove to grove!
"Tell me my soul can this be love?"

At early dawn in æther floats,
The gay-plum'd lark on vent'rous wings;
But he, tho' fam'd for charming notes,
Excels not Mary when she sings.
She is more gentle than the dove!
Her charms have fill'd my soul with love.

Come, Mary come! we'll tread the dew,
While yet it sparkles in the grove;
And at the close of day renew,
Our mutual vows, our plighted love.
Echo the voice of love shall ring,
And life be one perennial spring.

EUGENIO.

ADDRESS TO CLIO.

BLESS'D be the muse who Clio's lay inspires,
And o'er his pensive saddening pen presides;
Bless'd be the man whose glowing heart aspires,
To realms beyond the reach of fortune's tides.

No flattering poet form'd in fancy's school,
To sketch in glowing hues the human heart,—
To deck in time'd garb each wealthy fool,
And vanish vice with fiction's varied art;

Inscribes these humble and unstudied line,
The tribute to superior merit paid,
Where join'd with genius smiling virtue shines
In dazzling light, a heav'n descended maid.

Altho' a stranger, Clio, yet I know
The many virtues of thy honest breast,
And oft have mark'd the rising sigh of woe
Swell in thy bosom, but as oft suppress'd.

When hostile pirates with their daring band
O'er all the ocean held unbounded swar,
The breeze which bore thee from thy native land
Convey'd to them an unsuspecting prey.

Their hearts were strangers to compassion's pow'r,
Their hands were wont to wield the reeking sword;
They liv'd the despots of their transient hour,
And o'er the waves their countless myriads pour'd.

Beneath their tyrant-hands full well I know,
What pain and anguish 'twas thy lot to feel;
And while the tear of sorrow scorn'd to flow
Thou mourn'd'st the sad reverse of fortune's wheel;

That by its varying ever-changing pow'r
Now gilds our prospects with a glowing beam,—
Now bid the clouds of disappointment lour
And mark with gloom life's transitory dream.

The motley visions airy fancy draws
In vivid colours to the mental view,
Gains from the youthful heart a warm applause,
While every shadowy form she paints is new.
But when by steady time's criterion tried
Their beauties vanish, and their colours fade;
Experience shows where fancy's buoyant tide
Amongst rocks and shoals in sparkling eddies play'd.
Youth's rapid current rolls its headlong course,
By fancy aided, and without controul,

Folly supreme presiding at its source,
Bids its swift wave in folio-windings roll.

Wisdom in vain restrains its rapid haste,
And caution all her frigid influence tries;
Prudence and virtue their exertions waste,
While o'er their mounds th' impetuous torrent flies.

It still remains for able pens to cure
The growing evils of our hapless land;
To scourge the vicious, to applaud the pure,
To combat vice, and all her arts withstand.

The wild vagaries of these wayward times,
Demand an Addison's superior art,
To banish vice to some far distant climes,
There to exert her influence o'er the heart.

With joy I see a Spartan censor rise
To curb despotic fashion's tyrant pow'r;
To earn of active worth th' glorious prize,—
The recollection of a well-spent hour.

In Clio's lays I recognize the fire
That erst inspir'd the noble Roman's heart;*
Whose breast inflam'd with patriotic fire,
Rescued his country from luxurious art.

Accept this tribute by a stranger paid
To talents, virtue, diffidence and worth;
Thy prospects may no gloomy envious shade
Again obscure, till "earth returns to earth."
Then when stern death in gloomy pomp appears,
May thy glad spirit upward take its flight,
Joyful to leave this "pilgrimage of tears,"
To soar to realms of everlasting light.

LORENZO.

* CATO the Censor.

A second Answer to the Question, Why Nothing is the Courtier's loss?

WHO, with a soul of worth, would deign
To herd among the courtier-tribe?
Would he, whose mind without a stain,
Scorns both the monarch and his bribe?
Proud honor's attitude erect,
And all the value virtue brings,
Belong not to the courtier sect,
Who meanly stoop to flatter kings.

Though fortune on them smile or frown,
No worth her smiles or frowns can give,
Though now she lifts them to a crown,
Though now she but permit to live:

What though they bear a nebrecare
And uncontaminated blood,
And fill by rill, the stream can trace,
Thro' all its windings to the flood?

Though from their hoary-drooping tongue,
Restless eloquence may flow;
Though talents dignify the throng,
Though fortune wealth and pow'r bestows;
Talents, and wealth, and pow'r acquire
From virtue only, all their worth;
With her, the peasant may aspire
Above the essay host of birth.

Since virtue only worth bestows,
Be fortune niggard or profuse,
Sure NOTHING can be lost, by those
Who bought of value have to lose.

AMANDÉ ANATOR.

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, April 24, 1802.

OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. VII.

An unexpected meeting.—A barber's shop.—An explanation.—A stranger.—A child.—Where pny lies buried.—A chance of going to heaven.—The effect of grief.—The author's sentiment with respect to children.—Mathematical beauty.—John Clark's censure on some books not applicable to the present.

"CAN I believe my eyes?" exclaimed Barclay. "Surely it cannot be!" What think you that he saw? Well, "Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question* next, say," GREGORY.

Having left the chaise at the inn on entering the village, about six in the evening, he was proceeding with Mr. Addlehead's remarks on the Prophets towards the parsonage, his heart beating with joyful expectation that almost put wings to his feet, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the appearance of Gregory, who was sitting, smoking his pipe, at the door of a barber's shop. Barclay was on the opposite side of the way, and had scarcely uttered the above exclamation, before Gregory espied him, and throwing down his pipe, ran over to meet him. Gregory was so overjoyed to see his old master, that he could not say a word, and Barclay was dumb with surprise, and from not knowing whether he ought to be angry or pleased. However, prompted by a secret feeling, he

could not help putting forth his hand, which entirely overpowered Gregory, who seized and blubbered over it like a child.

Barclay was not insensible to the strong expressions of affection that burst from Gregory, and rendered him, perfectly speechless. But being unable to satisfy himself about his appearance, and wishing to have that matter cleared up, he made a motion to quit the public way, and entered the barber's shop. The moment he was in, Gregory, who followed close behind, ran to an old fashioned, but comfortable, arm chair that was in the corner of the room, and dusting it with great care, lifted it forward for Barclay to sit on. Barclay could not comprehend all he beheld; but seeing, with pleasure, that they were alone, he at length began, while Gregory stood respectfully by him;

"How came you here, Gregory?" said he.

"I beg pardon, sir," he replied, "and I trust you will forgive me for all I have done, when you hear me out."

"Well, let me hear.—Tell me what business you have in this shop."

"Business!" cried Gregory, looking round the place with an air of authority; "what business has a man any where else, but where his shop is?"

"Your shop" exclaimed Barclay.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "and I hope you'll excuse me for taking it; but I did so that I might be no burthen to you. I never shall, sir, indeed—if you will be so kind as to let me stay, and see you sometimes, and know that you are well, and in want of nothing."

Barclay felt his kin'ness.—In a few moments he said, "But, where is Von Hein? Did you come with his consent? And where is the old man who lived in

this shop when I went away?—Tell me the truth."

"As I live, I will!" replied Gregory. "When I deceive you, Master Temple, cast me from you for ever. It will kill me, but I shall deserve it. I had long been plaguing Mr. Von Hein to let me come to you. He always told me it was impossible. At last, however, I got leave, by teasing him, to come down to see you, and if I could not manage to stay, with your permission, I promised to go back, and so I will, if you insist upon it. But I hope you won't—will you, sir?"

Barclay made no reply; but Gregory, encouraged by his look, proceeded thus:

"I came down on the outside of the coach, and arrived here the very day you set out. The first thing I did was to inquire for you, and knowing from experience, that a barber's is the best place for information, I called here, and, as an introduction, let Williams, the old man, who lived here then, shave me. Did he ever shave you, sir?"

"Yes," said Barclay.

"Without vanity—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Barclay, "you shave better than he does. But go on with your account."

Gregory bowed, and, pleased to have his merit acknowledged, went on:

"After he had shaved me," said he, "as he called it, though he had left a fine crop of stubbles, I entered into talk with him, and soon learnt that you were absent. I then told him that I had once been in his trade. The consequence of which was, that we were soon seated, with our pipe's in our mouths, and a pot of ale before us. Now we began to be great friends, and hinting at his age, and that I thought it time for him to leave off business, he told me he should have no objection if anyone would buy all his in trade. I was delight-

* [Grave-digger in Hamlet.]

ed at hearing this, and we quickly came to terms. After going so far, I inquired for the parsonage; and waited on the Rev. Mr. Pawlet, told him that I had been your father's servant and that I had a letter for you from your friend. Blessings on him! The moment I mentioned your name, and said that I was Gregory, he treated me more like a brother, than a servant and a stranger. He introduced me to all the family. The old lady looked a little queer at me; however, she said something about Grecian hospitality, which I did not understand, and she desired that I might be taken care of. But the young lady, the sweetest, beautifullest angel I ever saw, or expect to see—she was even more kind to me than Mr. Pawlet. We were left alone for five minutes, and how we did talk of you—the time was gone in a moment! She pressed me to take her purse, lest I should want any thing before you returned. I refused it, because I had money; but I was sorry I did so, for it seemed to make her unhappy. Oh, she is the dearest, loveliest creature on the face of the earth!"

"Why you appear to be in love with her, Gregory!" said Barclay.

"In love with her!" cried he, "I love the ground she walks upon. Don't you love her, sir?"

Barclay smiled, and said, "Go—go on with your story."

"Well, sir," continued he, "Mr. Pawlet wanted me to sleep and live in his house; but I told him the scheme I was upon, and he no sooner heard that, than he set off with me to old Williams—settled every thing for me—and gave me his custom. I shave him, and carry home his wig, every morning. I mounted a new pole at the door—he recommended me to all the parishioners, and I was appointed barber general. Since then I have, by his desire, spent every evening at the parsonage in the kitchen, where I have experienced nothing but kindness. My happiness is now complete; but, if you do not choose that it should continue, you have only to say the word, and, let what will happen, I'll not disobey you."

Barclay remained silent for some time, taking the circumstances in every point of view. He knew Gregory's honesty, and felt a joy at having some one to whom he could confide the secrets of his heart. Seeing, therefore, as matters stood, no kind of objection to letting him stay, he at last made Gregory happy, by telling him that he might, if he pleased, remain where he was.

"But," added he, "I shall expect good conduct from you. If you give loose to your passions, you will disgrace both me and yourself."

"Indeed, sir, I won't," cried Gregory. "I won't, indeed! But you must know that I have made a little bit of a connexion already, since I have been here."

"Ay!" said Barclay.

"Yes, sir," continued he, "Miss Penelope's maid, Nance. She and I are very good friends, and I hope you won't be against our courting a little. I promise faithfully that things shall go no further."

"I take your word," replied Barclay, in a serious tone; "if you break it, we separate for ever. At the parsonage we both have received the greatest favours, and it would be the darkest ingratitude to dishonour any one within its walls—I should not forgive myself for doing it, and I will not forgive you! Stay here," added he, mildly, and I will often come and visit you. At first I did not know what to make of your appearance; but, now that every thing is explained I must confess, Gregory, that I am glad to see you."

Here he took him by the hand, and, after joking a little about the shop, left Gregory in a state of happiness bordering on frenzy.

It was nearly eight o'clock before Barclay reached the parsonage. The instant Mrs. Pawlet beheld him at the gate, she rushed out, and, before he could say a word to any one, led him away to the library, where they were closeted for an hour. At length having satisfied Mrs. Pawlet, he was permitted to descend to the parlour, where he was received with a hearty shake of the hand by the parson, and by Penelope with looks that very plainly discovered how pleased she was at his return.

"Mrs. Buckle," said the parson to Barclay, moving his hand toward a lady who was sitting with them—"Cousin, give me leave to introduce you to Mr. Temple!"

This ceremony being over, they soon began to talk of Gregory.

"Poor fellow," said the parson, "we have done what we could for him."

"He's a worthy creature," cried Penelope.

"I am much indebted to you both," replied Barclay, "for your attention to him. He will never forget it, nor shall I."

"Oh, say nothing about it!" exclaimed the parson; but let us hear what detained you, and what adventures you met with in your journey."

Barclay now recounted all that had happened, to the surprise and entertainment of the company. Mrs. Buckle put some questions, and seemed to enjoy the story; but there was in her mirth, still evident marks of depression of spirits, contending with an inclination to sociability and good humour. In figure Mrs. Buckle was diminutive, but

elegant, and of the most amiable and engaging manners. The melancholy that continually sat upon her brow, and mingled itself with all her actions, made her in the highest degree interesting to every feeling mind. Barclay felt himself much affected by her appearance, and wished, anxiously, to know what was the cause of a gloom which seemed so little congenial with her nature. This wish was gratified, but not till the following day.

After dinner, a little boy, in petticoats, was ushered into the room, whom Barclay presently perceived to be Mrs. Buckle's son. He ran to his mother, who caught him up in her arms with all a parent's fondness, and, as she almost devoured him with kisses, the remembrance of some past event came across her mind, and the tears trickled down her cheeks upon the infant.

"*Lyfe is dede,*" says Chaucer, *and buried in gentyle hertes.*"—Such were the parson's and Penelope's, and they never saw this without sympathy. No one, indeed, could behold it without a painful feeling;—that is, no one but Mrs. Pawlet who, like many other abstruse students, looked upon all the frailties of our nature, and the emotions of the heart with contempt. She had learned not to feel! If the reader envies her, he may—no matter—I would not give the fiftieth part of a quarter of a devil for such a fellow. But, perhaps, he may still go to heaven. For "*Not to speak prophetically,*" I should think even the devil himself would have nothing to do with him.

"Don't give way to grief," said Mrs. Pawlet, "you don't know the consequences. You will never recover your beauty by that means, for it is well known that grief produces paleness of the skin, and oedematous complaints, and scirrhus of the glandular parts."

"My dear," cried the parson, "don't talk so to her—pray, don't!"

The little boy now went round the table, prattling to every one, as little boys will when they are introduced by their parents; a custom which many people decry, and, among others, married folks themselves, who never fail to have their own in, whenever they have company at home. For my part, I have no objections to children, so that they keep their noses clean, their mouths shut, and belong to other people.

"A fine boy, indeed," said Barclay, playing with him as he sat on Penelope's knee.

"Yes, Mr. Temple," replied Mrs. Pawlet, "the child is handsome, I own; but how could he be otherwise? The father and mother were so, and therefore he is so mathematically."

"Mathematically?" repeated Barclay.

"Yes," said she, "as thus—If one cubic number multiplied by another cubic number produces a third cubic number, why should not the multiplication of two beautiful animals produce a third beautiful animal?"

Barclay could say nothing to this; he therefore bowed, and Mrs. Pawlet and Penelope rising, withdrew taking the boy with them. They were no sooner gone, and the parson and Barclay had drunk *The Ladies* in a bumper, than the former, unasked, began to relate the cause of Mrs. Buckle's melancholy, of which an admirable report is preserved in the succeeding pages. I never keep my reader in the dark but am always enlightening him; therefore my book does not come under John Clarke's censure on some works, which he says are "fit only for the fire to warm, since they can't enlighten us."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[The following remarks on the useless matter contained in Almanacks, lately appeared in the LADIES MONITOR, printed at New-York. Their pertinency is obvious. Judicial Astrology in particular, is nothing but an imposition on the ignorant, while it is the ridicule of the intelligent. Originating in the dark ages of superstition, it has been handed down to us in the same manner that many foolish habits and customs are.... perpetuated by we know not what folly or weakness of the human mind. Every printer, as well as his intelligent reader, smiles at the supposed influence of the stars on morals or the human intellect, and knows that his readers are as capable of judging what kind of weather will be next year as himself, that is, they know nothing about it. The subject is worthy of attention....Unanimity and good understanding among the printers of Almanacks would, in one year, totally eradicate those abuses, with perhaps little or no injury to the trade, while it would be rendering a material service to the public.]

ON ALMANACKS.

MR. EDITOR,

THERE are few subjects in which a man may find more room for speculation than an almanack. I lately experienced the truth of this remark in a very forcible manner. Last month, walking in the wilds of New Jersey, I was overtaken by a storm and obliged to seek shelter in the hovel of a fisherman. Looking about for something to employ my thoughts and beguile the hour, I espied, hanging by a piece of pack-thread from a nail, an almanack. I took it down, opened it, and turned over the pages in search of some information or amusement. The receipts for curing several de-

seases in men and horses, the moral precepts, and the quotations from Joe Miller, scattered through it, were all read with much gravity and deliberation. At length I closed the book, and turned to the good woman who sat near me, and who was busy in darning a worsted stocking. Pray, said I, what use do you make of this thing?

Why, said she, with a good deal of hesitation, why—I don't know—it's an almanack.

True, said I, and what use do you find for an almanack.

Why, she answered with an air of increasing perplexity, we look at it now and then to—to—to tell the day of the month.

And what need have you to discover the day of the month?

Why—I don't know, I am sure—One likes to know what day of the month it is sometimes. One must pay one's rent quarter-day, and one doesn't know when it comes round without an *Obinick*.

That, said I, happens four times a year; so that once in three months you have occasion to look into this book: but there is much besides the days of the week and month. I see, continued I, taking up the book again and showing her the page, I see there are eight columns. One of these shows the days of the week; but here the letter G occurs on every Sunday; what does that mean?

Lord love your soul, cried she, how should I know?

The next space is filled with various particulars. First, there are the names of saints. I suppose Nicholas, and Stephen, and Mathias, and Sylvester, and Benedict, and Swithen, are saints: What use do you make of them?

Why none, to be sure. What are these folks to me?

Here are likewise sundry hard words: such as Quinquagesima, Epiphany, Ascension: What do the y mean?

La! suz, don't ask me.

And what are these uncouth characters, squares and circles, and crosses; and the words, elongation, southing, apogee, Sirius and Arcturus, and Bull's eye, and Crab's foot? What did the almanack-maker mean by giving us all that?

I can't tell, not I. I looks for nothing but the day of the month and the times that the sun rises.

Now I thought proper to put an end to the dialogue. I could not help reflecting on the abundance of useless and unintelligible learning which an almanack contains. There are scarcely a family, however ig-

norant and indigent, without one copy hanging constantly in sight, and yet there is no production which fewer understand. The sense it contains is not only abstruse and remote from vulgar apprehension, but it is exhibited in the most scientific and concise form. Figures, initials, symbolical characters, and half words every where abound.

A stranger who should meet, in every hovel, with a book, in which the relative positions of the planets, the diurnal progress of the sun in the zodiac, the lunar, and solar eclipses, the wanderings of Sirius, Arcturus, and the Pleiades; of Occulus, Tauri, and *Spicia-Virginis* were described in a way the most technical imaginable, would be apt to regard us as a very astronomical and learned nation. That the volume should be bought annually by every family, should be considered as an indispensable piece of household furniture, and be so placed as to be always at hand, are facts that would make his inference extremely plausible. He would be not a little surprized to discover, that the book is bought for that which the memory and skill of children would suffice to find out, of that which costs the compiler nothing more than the survey of a former almanack and a few strokes of his pen; and that these celebrated computations, these mystic symbols, this adjustment of certain days to certain holy names, are neither attended to, nor understood by one in ten thousand.

The eye roves over them, but the question, what do they mean? never enters the mind. Being accustomed to certain figures and arrangements, we are dissatisfied if they do not appear as usual. My father hung his almanack on this nail, and I must do as my father did. A book of this kind being compiled and published anew every year, we take for granted that every new year, demands a new almanack.

Habit will account for the continuance of a certain practice, but not for its origin. One would be naturally lead to think, that when almanacks were first invented, mankind were more conversant with the stars than at present, that every cottager was interested in the planetary revolutions, in the places of the moon, in the solar progress, and in the birth days of hermits and confessors.

This is partly true; but the source of curiosity respecting the motions of the heavenly bodies, was merely a belief that the incidents of human life were connected with these changes. That tract in the heavens which the sun apparently passes in a year, was called the zodiac, and was divid-

ed into twelve portions, which were called signs, and each of which received a fantastic name. A connection was imagined between the different members of the human body and the signs of the zodiac. Hence it was requisite to state minutely the zodiacal place of the sun, that men might be aware of the accidents to which they were most liable at certain seasons. The frontispiece commonly exhibited a figure, explaining the connection between constellations and limbs; and this frontispiece is still generally retained.

Stellar influence, tho' strong, was rightly supposed to be inferior to that of the planets. The relative position of the fixed stars is apparently unchangeable. Not so that of the planetary bodies: hence curiosity was busy in ascertaining the places of the latter, the prosperous and adverse state of man, being supposed to be swayed by the oppositions and conjunctions of these orbs; and hence compilers of almanacs bestowed particular attention on this circumstance.

There was a time when festivals and religious observances were connected with the anniversaries of the birth of apostles and martyrs. It was therefore necessary to inform the people when these anniversaries occurred. A change of religion has taken away this necessity, at least among ourselves. Swithen, Margaret, Magdalen, Michael, and Denys, are names which the reader overlooks. He never dreams of making a distinction between the days opposite to which these names appear and other days. To us, therefore, or at least to some of us, they are wholly useless and impertinent; but still they are annually printed, and their omission would create, in many persons, disapprobation and surprise.

It can scarcely fail to occur that almanacs might be made the instruments of much general improvement. Custom has introduced them into every family. There is generally a space set apart for miscellaneous information, and in filling this space the compiler is at liberty to exercise his own judgment. The popularity of almanacs will thus afford him an opportunity of imparting wholesome truths to thousands, whose audience he could never hope to obtain in any other way.

In the form of tables, and in place of much of what is now introduced, facts in physical and moral science might be happily substituted. What is now occupied by Crispin and Gregory, by the perigee and apogee of the moon, by the risings and descents of Sirius and Arcturus, and by the

vagaries of the planets, might surely be supplied with much more useful matter.

The happiness of mankind depends not so much upon the progress which the sciences, abstractedly considered, have made, but on the diffusion of the knowledge which already exists. A thousand truths are to be found in the books and meditation of the wise, of which mankind have profited nothing, because, in general they remain ignorant of their existence. It seems as if a man, truly enlightened, should employ himself not in advancing the various branches of physical and moral knowledge to perfection by solitary experiments, and closest speculation; but in contriving and executing schemes for making simple, intelligible, and concise, the sciences in their present state of improvement; in making cheaper and more commodious, in cloathing in more popular and attractive forms, and putting into the possession of a greater number the knowledge already ascertained, and which is most conducive to their welfare. I cannot conceive an instrument more useful to this end, and an opportunity more favourable to the dissemination of truth and happiness than an almanack affords.

The advantages of this expedient have not been wholly overlooked. In Germany it has been more extensively employed than elsewhere. History, botany, mineralogy, agriculture, and domestic economy, have all been moulded into this form, and with admirable skill and efficacy. Two improvements have likewise been observable in our own country. One consists in noting the date of principal events of our own history, and the other in assigning a column for exhibiting the degree of heat, as observed on Fahrenheit's thermometer, on each day of the preceding year. The last improvement I have seen only in the almanacks published by Mr. Poulson, in Philadelphia.

This letter is already too long, or I would state some obvious improvements, of which I think this kind of publication is susceptible. Perhaps you will hear from me hereafter.

R.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

THERE is a writer in your paper on the subject of music, I mean Pythagoricus, who I think has made some assertions which it will be hard for him to prove. He makes a great flourish about the copiousness, extensiveness, inexhaustibleness, and what not, of music; and seems to insinuate that none can teach it but those who have

learned it scientifically or methodically. Now, Mr. Hogan, a writer stands in his own light, by advancing such positions—he should be more on his guard than to do it, before he had consulted experience to see whether that would warrant it; for experience is the touchstone of truth. Let us then come to experience—let this flourisher look abroad through this city, and examine the number of singing-schools taught in it; and out of all of them he will find it difficult to pick three, perhaps even two, whose masters have scientifically studied music according to his plan. And yet, as Mr. Jefferson says of Religious Societies, they are all good enough,—they all sing well enough,—they all teach well enough,—the citizens are or appear to be well enough satisfied,—and what is more than all this, the ministers of the several congregations appear to be not dissatisfied with the music in their respective churches. Indeed, if this was not the case, one would expect to see them come forward to improve their music; and likewise see the citizens attempting some reform, either according to Mr. Pythagoricus, or some other such innovator. Mr. Hogan, it is sometimes a very hazardous, often a very foolish thing, to attempt to oppose the popular current—that current bears down all before it: And besides, is it not just to conclude that the good old way is best, as well in music as politics? Surely Mr. Pythagoricus don't wish to make us all philosophers—Pretty indeed would it be that I must study and study and study, and after all not to be able to sing as musically as one of Nature's artless feathered tribe!—Away, then, Mr. Pythagoricus, with your sciences, your systems and your rules—we can do without any—and take my word for it, you may write and preach yourself to death in vain; for *you'll never be able to alter us one jot or tittle either in LEARNING, TEACHING OR SINGING.*

TRUTH.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

FINDING that many of your intelligent readers feel much interested in perusing the productions of JUNIA, which seem to be the effusions of nature, I am induced to send you the inclosed on *Sympathy*; which appears to me to bear more unequivocal marks of originality than any I have seen. It was her *Composition Exercise* on Saturday the 6th of March last; and is her own, as she wrote it, *verbatim et literaliter.*

ON SYMPATHY.

THE tear which proceeds from Sympathy indicates a humane heart. For a person who could see the calls of nature unsatisfied, without feeling one sweet sensation of pity, must possess a heart that is either chilled by the cold hand of Adversity, or one that has ever been a stranger to the sweet delights that arise from mutual sympathy. To sympathize with the distressed, visit the house of mourning, and administer comfort to the afflicted, will produce such approbation of our own conscience as will compensate for any little trifling amusement which we may have lost, and which can never give more than momentary satisfaction. If while we have time before us, we do not improve it, we will in another day regret it, when convinced of our error, the stings of conscience penetrating into the inmost recesses of our heart, and filling it with anguish not to be described. And we will then involuntarily exclaim, that we have mispent our time, and having no friend to comfort us in our affliction, and console us with the sweet advice of Virtue, we will every day feel more and more the stings of conscience, which having probed our heart sufficiently to make us wretched, we will at last expire in misery and despondency; having our last moments embittered with the painful remembrance of what is past.

JUNIA.

- Junia, on the Monday following, at my request, gave me this version of the preceding sentiments, which she made in my presence, with great apparent facility, while in school, and without interruption to her usual school exercise and learning. *Qui videt, credit*, says the proverb.

SYMPATHY.

THE tear which sympathy has caused to flow
For others' grief, and melt at others' woe,
Betrays a heart to pity not unknown,
In which the seeds of vice are yet unshown.

If cold Adversity, with chilling blast,
Should penetrate into the heart at last,
Then sympathy is banish'd from that heart,
And all the sweet emotions pity can impart.

If while in youth our time we idly spend,
When youth is gone and we are near our end,
No friend we then will have with feeling heart,
The sweet advice of Virtue to impart.

JUNIA.

I transmit the preceding as a stimulus to that laudable ambition for improvement, the exercise of which leads to all that is praise-worthy and honourable. It will shew what may result from an early and

sedulous attention to the cultivation of the youthful mental faculties; and will tend to excite (as some of Junia's productions have already done) in the minds of the young of both sexes, that generous spirit of emulation, which never fails to meet with a happy reward.

G.

SONNET TO JUNIA.

(Received some weeks ago.)

"Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet;
"And young as beautiful! and soft as young!"

YOUNG.

BEHOLD the god of day on glitt'ring car,
Forth from the burnish'd east majestic move!
In his bright train come ruddy health and love:
T' enliven man, and winter chase afar.

At his behest the blushing maiden spring,
With amber locks distilling lucid dew,
Her various-colour'd mantle spreads anew,
And wafts a gale of fragrance from her wing.

Thy worth, sweet Junia! like the glorious sun,
On April-morn, enchants us with its ray;
Thy youthful numbers, fraught with sense, convey,
Charms like the spring when first her course begun.

Ah, still delight us with thy tuneful lyre,
And our blest task shall be to gaze—admire.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

[The urbanity and candour alone, with which the following criticisms are written, induce the editor to publish them. It may be remarked, however, that some of the first writers might be criticised upon in the same way. The few errors that have escaped in the beautiful ODE TO MEMORY, only serve to shew the impossibility of perfection in composition; but will not affect the judgment of the public, already formed, that EUGENIO, as a poet, has perhaps few contemporary superiors.]

OBSERVATIONS ON EUGENIO'S ODE TO MEMORY,

IN PAGE 176.

*Nec virtute foret clariorque potentius armis,
Quam lingua, Latium si non offenderet unum—
Quem pae potarum linac labor & mora.*

Hor. Art Po.

IMITATED.

Columbia's sons in Freedom's glorious cause,
Have from surrounding nations gain'd applause:
As high in honour will her poets shine,
When they, with care, correct each flowing line.

MR. HOGAN,

I HAVE not met with a piece in the Repository for a considerable time, that pleased me more than the beautiful *Ode to Memory*; it indeed made me, as the author feelingly expresses it, act over again those

scenes by which I have in youth been so highly delighted. But as a few lapses have inadvertently escaped the writer, I hope I shall not offend by pointing them out. I can assure Eugenio, that nothing prompts me to the task but a sincere desire that he may in future not suffer such trivial inaccuracies to escape his notice.

"What musing power is that which moves the soul?"

This introductory line is most happily conceived, and when applied to Memory, musing and moving the soul, shews that the author is not a careless observer of the powers of mind; I am therefore unable to account for the error, that, through inattention, he has suffered to find a place in the seventh line:

"Wak'd by her touch those faculties of man,"

It would appear from the construction, that those faculties in this line referred to *passions*, in the sixth line; but the author well knows, that faculties are not passions. With this exception only, the verse is easy, harmonious and picturesque.

In the second verse the picture of the veteran is feelingly drawn—no person who has a taste for the beauties of poetry, can read it unmoved. The author shews that he is no stranger to the operations of human nature, and the effects produced from an association of ideas; in the last line, however, a small error occurs—"reflects," is in the third person, while "thou Memory," is in the second.

The third verse is beautiful, the scene highly interesting, and the working of a humane, benevolent spirit is discerned thro' the whole: the soliloquy of the negro natural, and the language appropriate. Perhaps the two last lines might be improved; if they be a continuation of the negro's feeling speech, there should be no period at *ride*; if the author's advice to Mungo, he ought not to have hinted the idea of his returning to Gambia after death. Without the period the sense would be excellent, thus, "But my reverend sire, my much loved wife, and my darling little babes cease to complain; soon shall my life and toil end, and that moment my spirit, freed from its chains, shall spring to your embrace on the happy shores of Gambia."

In the fourth verse the three first lines are correct and very pretty; the fourth not so pleasing—it would perhaps have read better,

"Blending with sighs the owls continual strife."

In the 8th line I am sorry to find another grammatical inaccuracy:

"He hither hies at silent eve,

"The world and all its follies leave,"

If he considered *leave* in the infinitive mood, then the *to* ought not to have been left out, for the verb *to lie* cannot permit that licence; and if the construction be, "and leaves the world and all its follies," it is still incorrect. Ninth line, "What *is't*," this word *is't* is not carefully chosen; I think the line would have read better thus, "What cause can render gloomy thoughts so dear?" What *is't* can only be admitted in burlesque poetry.

The fifth verse is well written, the figures well conducted, and the verse flowing; only in the seventh line, where *bids* ought to have been *bid*. Perhaps if the personification had been preserved in the solemn style throughout, it might have produced a better effect.

The sixth and seventh verses are in my opinion, very correct. What effect they may have on others I know not, but on my own mind I feel their power.

In the address to Urania, 3d verse, 3d line, we find *receive for receives*; and in the 5th verse I am constrained to mark a theological error, "hope swallowed up by faith" is a new thought; divines say faith shall be swallowed up by vision, and hope by fruition; and with them I agree. This verse is somewhat loose in its composition. *Universe* ought to have *the* always placed before it, the period after *caps* is by no means admissible,* and the *will* in the next line ought to have been *wilt*.

Mr. Hogan, I have glanced over the whole poem, and do pronounce it a beautiful ode; the little faults marked out might have been very easily corrected, but we are too apt to pass over our own productions in a careless manner; we ought to consider that the world will not so easily forgive, or so soon forget our peccadillos as we will ourselves. Hence results the necessity of every man who writes having a foe or a friend at his elbow. From the pieces I have already read signed *Engenio*, I congratulate you on having such a correspondent, and in the next ode he writes, I hope to see his poetical genius expanding her power without a single grammatical error. AMICUS.

* This was an error of the press.

Great Distresses often prevented by Slight Disappointments.

"ALAS! how capricious is Fortune!" muttered a Venetian merchant, whose name was Bartolezzi, as he returned home after his usual fatigue in the hurry of business on the Rialto; "ten times this very day," continued he, "have I been upon the point of a lucky hit, either in the mer-

cantile, or the domestic way, and some cross circumstance or other has still broke in upon my schemes. What signifies all our caution, or industry, or integrity?—They can neither prevent ill success, nor secure good. Chance will, after all have the most to do in our affairs; and therefore he that trusts most to chance is the wisest man. For my part, I shall depend upon nothing but being disappointed in whatever I depend upon for the future."—With these, and many more remarks of this sort, did the fretful Bartolezzi amuse himself, till he had, by degrees, argued and convinced himself out of every good quality he carried about him. And though he was in general a very honest and rational man, he might justly have been deemed, at the moment when he went to rest that night, as abandoned a knave and infidel as chagrin and ill-humour could make him.

His eyes were scarcely closed, when fancy, by an operation very common in sleep, put his life (if I may be indulged the expression) twelve hours backward, and set him going again just in the temper and situation in which he began the unlucky day he had been complaining of. The first person he had seen that morning, was a messenger, who informed him that a storehouse of his had taken fire, and that the merchandise in it, which was to have been put on board a ship to sail that day, must wait for some future opportunity! This was the real fact, and it was one of those lucky hits which the merchant was so angry to have missed. But this dream promised much better fortune: it brought the same messenger, to tell him that the goods were actually sailed in that very ship; and as imagination frequently crowds the transactions of a long time into a few minutes. Bartolezzi received advice from the captain of a prosperous voyage. The ship had arrived at the port: the sailors had begun to unlade; and things went on very smoothly 'till a fatal letter blackened all the prospect, and told him that a passenger on board had contrived to carry with him a parcel of contraband wares, which he offered for sale; that the cheat had been discovered, the ship and cargo confiscated by the laws of the country, the commander and the whole crew confined in prison, and the names of all concerned in freighting the vessel made infamous upon the public mart, by a solemn proclamation. "Alas!" cried the merchant, "would to heaven my goods had perished, ere I sent them on this unhappy venture!—Who would have thought it?—My credit ruined!—My name made infam-

ous!—Oh! that I had seen my goods burnt in the port of Venice!" added he, with an emotion which waked him; and which made him happy in recollecting, that, instead of all these misfortunes, he had only lost a slight piece of building, and the mere opportunity of sending by one convenience, what he still had in his power to send by another.

Bartolezzi's mind was too much agitated by what had passed, and seemed to pass, to admit of any reflection: he awoke just to be relieved from the solicitude his dream was pregnant with, and then sunk a second time into slumber. Before he had continued long in that situation, a person of very open countenance, corrected with a decent gravity, appeared to approach and accost him: "Signior," said the stranger, "you have spent a whole day in arraigning the Providence which befriended you just as much in what you think you have lost, as it ever did in those events, which you have esteemed, and in those which really were the happiest in your whole life. If you will promise to make amends, by judging with more candour I will shew you the misfortunes you have missed to-day." The merchant was a little startled at this address; but the strong effect of his own reasoning on the subject, founded, as he persuaded himself, on experience, prevented his giving any other answer than a nod, which bespoke a sulky sort of acquiescence, rather than approbation.

"You have seen (said the stranger) in your dream what might very probably have been the result of your succeeding this morning in the first thing you proposed: but as that shewed you only what *might* have been, I shall make no application of it now. What I going to acquaint you with, has really happened already, short as you may think the time since you saw the opening of the transactions, whose event you will now see.

"You remember the two men who were in such haste to purchase a certain quantity of your goods, that they seemed utterly regardless of the price. You remember too, that the unseasonable absence of a servant, whom you had entrusted with the care of those goods, prevented their dealing with you, and sent them to another merchant, who was as much pleased as yourself with the advanced sum they offered, and put them into immediate possession of the commodities they required. This you thought a great piece of ill luck; but let me set you right in the matter. These men were errant cheats and counterfeiters: the bills they drew for payment were for-

geries: the security they gave all a fiction; and the merchant who has been so happy as to obtain the misfortune you have been deprived of, will too soon discover it. The rogues have already disposed of their purchase, in little lots, at an under rate; and there they lie in a tavern, where they have been spending the produce of their bargain, one dead drunk upon the floor, the other in the arms of a courtesan.

"Turn your eyes a little from the tavern, and you will see an ill-looking, meagre fellow, lurking in the corner of a street, with his hand upon a stiletto, which he hides in his bosom; he is waiting for a company, which he supposes to have met in the neighbourhood to celebrate a wedding. The company did indeed meet, but they have been dispersed some time; and all, as it happened, went home another way, so that the ruffian is likely to lose his labour. But tell me, do not you know that spot? Does not your rich uncle live near the place? It is even so; and I dare say you have not forgot with what earnestness you pressed your son to spend this very evening with the old gentleman, in order to ingratiate himself; and with what peevish vexation you heard him plead an engagement of his own, to excuse himself from obeying your commands. See now, what would have been the consequence: your son would have passed by the murderer's post alone; he would have had the stiletto in his heart, and you would this moment have received the intelligence of his death.—Say then, whether you have not been the luckiest man in the world, and saved, by a trifling disappointment, from one of the severest afflictions human nature is here exposed to."

The concern you expressed at the indisposition your wife complained of to-day, was manly, and worthy your regard for her, if it had arisen only from your regard for her; but you know too well, Bartolezzi, that it was mixed with a little pitiful chagrin, at her being prevented from appearing at your brother's ball to-night in the new dress which you provided for that occasion. Was it for a man to be out of temper at such a petty thing as this, and to rank it among his misfortunes? Surely not.—but if Bartolezzi chuses to take that method, let him at least make some allowance for what this very misfortune has saved him from. Look into that street, where a coach is just broken down; the three ladies who come out of it, and whom an old woman has invited into her house, were at your brother's ball, and the fourth place was reserved for your wife. The civil woman

who shelters them, is mistress of the most notorious brothel in Venice: the house is now full of young fellows, in the height of a debauch; and tho' the neighbours, whom the accident has alarmed, and who begin to gather about the place, will prevent any violent rudeness, you would scarce be pleased to have a woman of your wife's delicacy and modesty obliged to hear and see what passes in the room where those three ladies must wait till their carriage can proceed.

The merchant began to feel these circumstances to a degree which made conviction visible in his countenance; and he was prepared to receive the next discovery with more sensible humility, than he had hitherto expressed; when the stranger took leave of him in this manner: "Signior," said he, "to show you more would be only giving you the same lesson over again. What you have seen, is enough to make a man of common sense and temper easy for life. In what manner slight disappointments prevent great distresses, it is not necessary that you should know: but to know that they really do prevent them, and to be able to bring them to a balance with the common ills of life; and to live, and think, and argue accordingly, is worth all the rest of your knowledge put together. If you learn to make this advantage of your cross accidents, you will make one of the wisest and happiest, and will have it in your power to render yourself one of the best men in the world."

PHILADELPHIA,

APRIL 24, 1802.

A Townsbrough (Ten.) paper, of the 20th ult. relates the following very singular circumstance.

ON Monday evening last arrived in this town, in custody of the sheriff of Gainger, RUSSET BEAN, on Wednesday he was delivered to the sheriff of this country, and committed to prison, on Thursday he was admitted to bail, himself in the sum of 5000 dollars, and two sureties in the sum of 2500 dollars each.

About three months since, Mr. Bean, upon a supposition of his wife's infidelity, resolved on leaving her, and raising with him all his children except the one then recently born, which he contended was not his.—His conduct from that period was orderly, and becoming a man inspired by one he loved, until a few days previous to the time fixed for his departure, when he declared to a couple of gentlemen, that, as he was about to take a final leave, he wished to see Mrs. Bean and the child. Both the gentlemen accompanied him to the room where it was supposed Mrs. Bean then was; she being out, the child was taken from the cradle, and handed to him; after viewing it a few minutes, he declared it was not his. Mrs. Bean coming in at that instant, declared it was, and burst into tears finding his passion rising after a few words, she again quitted the room, upon which he declared that unless she returned, he would cut the child's ears off; one of the gentlemen went to seek her, but before he returned, Mr. Bean, in despite of the one who remained, actually put his threats into execution, and cut off both the

infant's ears close to its head, attempting at the same time that no spurious offspring should claim affinity to him without having a mark. A warrant was procured the next day, and he was apprehended, but made his escape before they got to town, all after attempts to take him, though detachments of militia were engaged in the search, proved unsuccessful. He embarked down the river, the governor having procured the assistance of the military, at the South West Point, whose vigilance prevented all possibility of escape. Mr. Bean determined to return and send his wife the surrendered himself to the sheriff of Gainger, who delivered him to the sheriff of this county, &c. The child has perfectly recovered, and is now in good health.

ORIGINAL GHARADE.

MY first is no more than a rap on the cheek;
But my second is made—manly, lose aim and neck;
My whole foras a character, who in most nations,
Have pulled down the honour of proud usurpers:
If good and sincere in his object, he's great;
If not, he's the bane and the curse of a state.

RELAXATION.

Marriages.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Blackwell, Mr. John Dove, of Portsmouth, (Eng.) to Miss Eliza Mee, of this city...Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. George Heisler, to Miss Ann Berres...On the 20th, by the Rev. Ezekiel Cooper, Mr. Ralph Smith, of this city, to Mrs. Catherine Justice, of the Northern Liberties...On the 22d, by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, Mr. John L. Baker, to Miss Mehetael Loveland...On the 22d inst. by the Rt. Rev. B. White, Mr. W. Moriel, son of John Morrel, esq. to Miss Lohra, daughter of Peter Lohra, esq.

Deaths.

DIED, at New-Milford, (Conn.) on the 9th inst. Mr. Andrew Nodine, aged one hundred and two years, wanting but 12 days.

—On the 1st Feb. at Richmond, Surry, (Eng.) aged 71, the celebrated Dr. John Moore, author of several productions of high literary reputation.

—Last February, in the workhouse, at Gaulksholm, (Eng.) belonging to the township of Todmorden, Luke Jackson, who was born March 12, 1699, and consequently nearly 103 years of age; he lived in three centuries and five reigns, viz. William & Mary, Ann, George I. II. and III. He enjoyed the perfect use of his faculties to the last; and had such an aversion to physic and physicians, that on his death bed, when the governor was ordered to procure medical assistance for him, he earnestly requested that none might be got.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following communications have been received this week. They are from old and approved correspondents, and are thankfully acknowledged:

"Address to Modesty," by Lucretia—*"Hymn," first and second by X H T*—*"Translation of the 15th Ode, in A Book of Horace," by Philomora—*"Enigma," by Carter, &c.**
"Enigma's Ode to Spring" in next.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TRANSLATION OF THE 9th ODE, 3d BOOK OF HORACE. DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE & LYDIA.

"Donec gratus eram tibi."

HORACE.

WHILE we came I could gaze upon thy charms,
And none more far our clasp'd thee in his arms,
In happiness I far outshone,
A Persian monarch on his throne.

LYDIA.

While yet no fair one more than me you lov'd,
Nor after CLEOPATRA you LYDIA lov'd,
In beauty I could far excel
Leda, the famous Roman belle.

HORACE.

With manners sweet, and skill'd in music's school,
Alas now shall the fair CLEOPATRA rule,
For whom to die I would not fear,
Provided fate her life would spare.

LYDIA.

For me no more ORNITHUS' son shall burn
With fruitless love; but meet a sweet return;
For whom I twice would die with joy,
If fate would only spare the boy.

HORACE.

What if our former love revive again,
And Venus bind us with her bidden chain?
If Chloe no more shew her face,
And you again supply her place?

LYDIA.

Though he were fairer than the morning star,
And you more fickle than the wind,
Than the raging sea more boisterous far,
Or even lighter than a bird,
With you I then could pleased reside,
With you to die would be my pride.

PHILAMOR.

MORNING.

ABOVE the red horizon Sol appears,
And with his radiant beam Creation cheers;
The verdant scenes break slowly on the view,
And gradually their wonted charms renew;
The sun with life-creating power exhales
The evening moisture from the fragrant vales;
Plung'd in his party-colour'd rays,
The dew their shadowy vintuins displays;
His slanting beam strikes on the village spire,
And gilds the leaf embosom'd wood with fire;
The straw-built cottages now receive his light,
And charms with sweet simplicity the sight;
Its humble tenant rises with the dawn,
And plods his cheerful way across the lawn,
Inhales the undisturb'd breeze,
Be rest repairs, and with a mind at ease;
The flocks and herds move slow along the glade,
And breathe the moisten'd, cool, refreshing blade;
Or to the ear in mingling sounds convey,
Their humble tribute to the new-born day;

The blooming flow'r enrich'd with dew appears,
Like radiant beauty smiling through her tears;
The grey-clad bird, just rising to the view,
The distant woods that smile with many a hue,
The vale below enmild'ed with green,
While here and there some humble cot is seen;
The glittering water fall, and placid stream,
Reflecting back the sun's reluctant beam,
Appear around, and to the eye disclose
A scene where earth in all her beauty glows:
While sounds are borne upon the gentle breeze,
Whose sweet varieties the fancy please;
The ploughman whistling cloth his way pursue,
The bee too humming as she sips the dew;
The distant echo of the sportsman's hound,
The lowing herds' more heart-approving sound;
The milk-maid blithe with peace and spirits gay,
Singing her simple unaffected lay;
The songster's notes in harmony combin'd,—
All fill the ear and elevate the mind.
The varied scene which Nature now displays,
The heart in sweet serenity arrays,
And from the humble pious bosom draws,
A heart-felt tribute to the ALMIGHTY CAUSE.

CLIO.

A SONNET.—SAME SUBJECT.

NOW rosy Morning with effulgence dawns,
And Night's dim shades from o'er the landscape flies;
Whilst Phœbus rising in the eastern skies;
With radiant splendour gilds the dewy lawns.

The feather'd songsters sit on ev'ry sprig,
With extacy they swell their warbling throats;
With melody they chaunt their sprightly notes,
And grateful hail the beauties of the day.

Now let me to the verdant fields repair,
And seek refreshment from the gentle breeze,
Which skims the plains, or whispers thro' the trees,
"Ano wafers the fragrance of the balmy air."

Sweet, pleasing contemplation fill my mind,
For in each scene is beauty's plan'd Divine.

MILO.

SELECTED.

From the *Trenton True AMERICAN*.

ELEGY ON PRINCETON COLLEGE.

BY A PRISONER.

WHERE late fair Science, like the morning ray,

Shone forth the splendour of the rising day;
Where smiling Virtue triumph'd to behold,
The gates of Wisdom to her sons unfold;
From felices remote the Student hither came,
Charmed by the Arts, and fired by love of Fame;
Nor vainly sought the golden Lore to find,
That gilds the manners, and adorns the mind,
Gives Man, distinguish'd from the brutal race,
To act with dignity, to move with grace,
In his own sphere of knowledge, and to rise,
On wings ethereal, and explore the skies,
From world to world like heaven-taught MILTON soar,
Survey immensity, and God adore.

Here many a youth, by education led,
Poured o'er the sacred volumes of the dead—
Of patriot heroes caught the zealous rage,
And drank their spirit from the breathing page.

Here LIVINGSTON, whose patriotic name,
Lives in the annals of immortal fame,
With towering science charm'd his youthful eyes,
To visit stars, count worlds, and trace the skies,
O'er wide Creation cast an ample view,
Saw flaming orb their whirling course pursue!
Devotion kindled at each burning sun,
Glow'd in his life, and thro' his numbers run,
Divine benevolence diffus'd itself abroad,
And wing'd his spirit to his smiling God.

Fain would the muse those sons of Seignior name,
That stand conspicuous on the list of Fame;
Who in the field or cabinet have shin'd,
The brightest ornaments of human kind;
Who like the seon from the lofty tree,
Drew their maternal nutriment from thee,
Whose countless virtues fill a roll too long,
To grace the numbers of my humble song.

But see what consternation! hark the sound!
What sudden tumult fills the village ground!
Wrapt in a blaze, the sumptuous mansion falls,
Leaving no vestige but the tottering walls!
Wing'd by the wind the smoky columns rise,
And bear the dismal tidings round the skies;
Then slow descending thro' the distant vale,
To gaze the hamlets tell the gloomy tale.

And is there none of all her sons to raise,
The filial pile of monumental praise?
Is there, alas! no orphan bard to pay
The grateful tribute of a tuneful lay?
Warm'd by a flame of Heliconian fire,
To wake the muse, and consecrate the lyre,
To wrest her identity from the grasp of time,
And chaunt her praises in elegiac rhyme?
From dark oblivion save the sacred prize,
Fair as the rainbow—fadeless as the skies?

Destructive Element! time-conquering Fire!
Thou dreadful vengeance of the eternal ire!
Thine thine to reign on that tremendous day!
When rocks shall melt, and mountains rush away!
When the last trump's everlasting sound,
Shall thro' the heavens, and rends the quivering ground!
The dread arch-angel, cloth'd in flames shall rise,
And lightnings flash from his devouring eyes!
Plung'd in a sea of one convolving fire,
Sun, moon and stars, heav'n, earth and hell retire?

But stay, too daring muse, nor mount too high,
On feeble pinions thro' the giddy sky;
For softer notes my numbers should prolong,
And close the subject of the mournful song.

MR. HOGAN,

Please to insert the following extract from the *Columbian Magazine*; it is a wish which probably may meet the wishes of many of your subscribers, and consequently will not fail to please them.

J. M. K.

THE WISH.

I've often wish'd to have a friend,
With whom my choicest hours to spend,
To whom I safely might impart,
Each wish and weakness of my heart;
Who might in ev'ry sorrow cheer,
Or mingle with my grief a tear,
For whom alone I'd wish to be,
And who would only live for me;
And to secure my bliss for life,
I'd wish that friend to be a WIFE.

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, May 1, 1802.

OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. VIII.

The small pox.—Mr. Buckle's cruelty.—Dionysius's ear.—Identity.—The honourable Mr. Buckle.—Barclay's visit to him.—The difference between Frenchmen and Englishmen in company.—How to please every body. Gregory and the Abbé.

FROM the Parson's account, it appeared that Mrs. Buckle was distantly related to him by his wife's side, and had married the Hon. Mr. Buckle. The instant this name was mentioned, Barclay recollected that he had received a letter from Keppel for this gentleman, which he had never delivered.

Mr. Buckle was a man of the most unbounded gallantry, to call every debauchery of this nature by a fashionable term, tho' it deserves a much worse.

"I fear," said the parson, "that he is a bad man;"—and whenever the Parson affirmed so much, it was equal to saying that he knew it. That he was acquainted with many particulars relating to Mr. Buckle's character, which, through charity or some other cause, he wished to suppress, was clear to Barclay, from his manner of recounting the different facts.

He married Mrs. Buckle for love, and she in return, was doatingly fond of him; but they had not been together above a year, when she was seized with the small-pox, which considerably impaired her beauty. This circumstance so alienated her

husband's affection, that, from that time, he not only neglected her, but used her shamefully ill.

As a village is like that subterraneous cave, called the Ear of Dionysius, nothing passing in or near it, but it is instantly known; the cruelty of Mr. Buckle was presently the talk of the whole place.

Mrs. Buckle bore her husband's ill-humour and unkindness with all the gentleness of suffering innocence, trusting to its own virtue for relief; until he at last brought another woman into the house, whom he invested with all her privileges.

She now flew with her child towards the parson, who readily succoured and protected her. Seeing no hopes of a reconciliation, Mr. Buckle, by the parson's interference, agreed to settle four hundred pounds a-year upon his wife; and they parted.—Since that period, she had lived principally at the parsonage; but still retaining an affection for her husband, she was always melancholy, and would often sit and weep for hours together.

Mrs. Pawlet would sometimes, on these occasions, take the part of Mr. Buckle, and endeavour to prove that he had done right, in separating from his wife.

"Dr. Watts observes," said she, "that when a consumption has made a man lean and pale, or the small pox has altered his countenance, we are ready to say that our friend is not the same person that he was before. Now," continued she, "as that is the case with you, I don't see that you have any claim on him. Identify is the thing; atoms are daily flying off; and you have not the same blood in your veins; for in a few months it is entirely changed.—Then the only question remaining is, are you conscious that you are the same person? Locke rests it on the consciousness."—In this rhodomantade way, Mrs. Pawlet would

talk to her, until she was silenced by a petition from the parson.

The parson having terminated what he had to say respecting Mrs. Buckle, Barclay again observed, that he had a letter for her husband from Keppel, and that he wished he could be the means of reconciling them to each other.

"I would you could," said the parson; "but I see no chance of it. He is an abandoned man; he was born in this country, and ever since his early youth, has been guilty of such kinds of gallantries as nothing can excuse. Heaven grant he may reform before it is too late."

Here this worthy man was obliged to draw his handkerchief from his pocket, to dry up the big tears that rolled down his cheeks. It was evident that he was acquainted with some secret conduct of Mr. Buckle's, which interested him in his reform, but made him fear that it would never take place.

"However," said Barclay, "I will try what I can do with him: perhaps I may succeed better than an older and more serious advocate."

"The concern you take in this affair," replied the parson, "does you honour:—may your mediation restore the peace of a divided house."

Mrs. Pawlet was now for some days entirely occupied in reading and arranging Mr. Addlehead's remarks on the prophecies: the Polygiott was therefore at a momentary stand, which afforded our hero an unusual degree of leisure time.

Next morning Barclay set off to present his recommendatory letter to the Hon. Mr. Buckle. Previous to his departure, Barclay received the welcome intelligence from Penelope's lips, that his kind undertaking, if possible, increased her love and affection for him. Under this delightful

impression, then, which would have strung his nerves for daring of greatest peril, he proceeded to attempt, should occasion suit, the piece of friendly service.

Reaching Mr. Buckle's villa, which was situated within half a mile of the parsonage, Barclay was struck with the taste and voluptuous elegance of the building, and every thing about it. A travelling chaise and four horses were standing in the tweep before the house as he approached. Desiring to know whether Mr. Buckle was at home, one of two or three servants who were standing in the hall, replied, that he was uncertain, but that if he would be pleased to walk into the parlour, he would inquire; at the same time requesting to know his name.

Barclay was not left long before he was informed by the same servant, that his master was within, but being engaged, entreated he would have the goodness to wait a few minutes. Barclay was detained here full ten minutes, which he passed in admiring the furniture and ornaments of the room; every thing in which seemed calculated to inspire and gratify the most unbounded luxury.

At length notice was given that he might ascend, Mr. Buckle being disengaged. On entering the room, Barclay perceived Mr. Buckle in a robe de chambre, sitting on a sofa, and by his side on a chair, Monsieur l'Abbe; whose complying manners seemed to confer on him the ubiquitary quality that he was here, there, and every where;—at least, so our hero had constantly found him.

They both rose at his entrance, Mr. Buckle receiving him with great ease and politeness. Barclay presented his letter. It was now very apparent, that from the moment he had sent his name up, the conversation had entirely related to him, and that the Abbe had rendered all other information unnecessary; for just casting his eye on the letter, Mr. Buckle threw it on the sofa, and with both hands came up to Barclay, and pressing his with great warmth assured him that he was extremely glad to see him.

They had not been re-seated many minutes, before they conversed together with all the intimacy of old acquaintances. This was principally owing to Mr. Buckle, who, having travelled much in France and Italy, had got rid of that stiff formality and uninviting behaviour, which characterise Englishmen among strangers. A Frenchman is as free in a company he never saw before, as if he had seen them every day of his life; and an Englishman, on the contrary, will run into a corner, twist his thumbs,

and if you can get *yes* and *no* from him, without stuttering, after he has been there for twelve hours, you may think yourself very well off. I believe that the perpetual gloomy of our neighbours arises from the freedom with which they discourse with one another, and from their running wherever they see a crowd, and pulling out a snuff-box; beginning, without any farther ceremony, to chat with every one present about what's passing: by this means they soon forget any little calamity that may afflict them; but if an Englishman labour under any, he will speak to nobody, but, hastening into solitude, mope, and drive himself into such a state of melancholy as nothing but hanging can cure.

Mr. Buckle was elegant in his person:—his countenance, though pale, was interesting, and his spirits so good, that notwithstanding he was above forty, he had not the appearance of a man more than thirty years of age.

He seemed greatly taken with Barclay; but, looking at his watch, exclaimed, "Ah, it's later than I expected! I am sorry, Mr. Temple, to leave you thus abruptly; but I have a trifling affair which presses: however, I shall expect the pleasure of your company, at five to dinner.

Barclay was going to reply.

"No excuse! I will take no excuse!" he cried, "Monsieur l'Abbe is going with me. If you don't know how to dispose of yourself till dinner-time, Madame is here, and will have great pleasure in shewing you the grounds and garden till we return."

"You are very good," replied Barclay, "and I accept your invitation to dinner;—but I have another place to call at this morning, which prevents my availing myself of your other politeness."

"As you please," said Mr. Buckle;—"my system is to please every body; and the only way to do that, is to let them do as they please. Adieu! I must positively leave you for the present."

Barclay returned to the village. From the character he had before heard of Mr. Buckle, he despised him; and so apt are we to depict in our imagination any thing we dislike in hideous colours, that he had expected to meet some monster, and not the polished and agreeable man he had been conversing with.

Barclay was almost angry with himself for having suffered himself to be pleased;—but Mr. Buckle's elegant address had such an effect upon him, that, in spite of conviction, he could think of nothing to his disadvantage while he was in his company. "Baleful fascination!" exclaimed Barclay, "to have the power to please, with the inclination

to injure and deceive." Not being in high spirits, he resolved to call on Gregory, and to pass the interval till dinner with him, in talking of past circumstances; which, tho' gloomy, were still dear to his memory.

Gregory's countenance lighted up with pleasure as he saw Barclay enter the shop; and he presently seated him on the best chair.

"Go on with your work," said Barclay, "and don't mind me: I desire you will, or I shall leave you."

Gregory was employed in making a wig. "Well, Sir, if you insist on it I must," replied Gregory, continuing his work. "Do you know, Sir, that I am making this wig for Mr. Pawlet: he does not want one, but, bless his heart, he has merely ordered it to give me encouragement."

"He is an excellent man," said Barclay.

"By-the-bye, I shall want you to go thither with a note, to let them know that I cannot dine there to-day, as I am engaged at the Hon. Mr. Buckle's."

"Yes, certainly, Sir," replied Gregory; "but pray, Sir, may I be so bold as to ask how you came to know Mr. Buckle?"

"Why do you ask?" said Barclay.

"Because," he answered, "I hear a good deal of the talk of the village, and, amongst other things, I am told that he is a bad man."

"Ay," cried Barclay, "I've heard as much."

"And," continued the other, "there is a Mounseer some'at: he lodges a few doors off; who, they tell me, is often with him. I glaved him this morning, and tho' I don't like to be severe; yet I would not have his face for all Mr. Buckle's estate. He asked a deal about you."

"About me."

"Yes; but I did not rightly understand half he said, he spoke such queer gibberish; however, I told him nothing that I won't swear to: I told him that you were a gentleman bred and born; and though fortune might have played you a slippery trick, you had a heart that was worth all the riches in the world."

"You had better be silent about these things," said Barclay.

"So I should have been," replied Gregory, warmly. "but he seemed to think lightly of you because you served Mrs. Pawlet; and I was determined to teach him to respect you as you deserve."

"Well, well," said Barclay, "I know your meaning's good, but rather avoid talking so of me. Did he say any thing else?"

"Why, after he saw me a little angry," replied Gregory, "he began to speak more properly of you, and at last asked me whe-

ther I did not think you and Miss Penelope a good match?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Barclay, "and you told him—"

"Yes, to be sure," cried Gregory, "and Heaven bless you both, so you would. After this he asked me whether I thought you had any idea of it."

"Well."

"Then," said Gregory, "I saw he was punning me, and I told him, No!—and if any body's to blame for that lie, I think he is."

"What, you thought it was a lie to say *no* to such a question?" inquired Barclay.

"Yes indeed, Sir," cried Gregory: "haven't you got eyes, haven't you got a heart?—how can you help loving her?"

"Indeed I cannot!" exclaimed Barclay, with a sigh; "I never told my love," continued he, "to any one: but I think the secret is safe with you, Gregory; you will not divulge it."

"I will perish first," cried Gregory, "if you desire it;—but why should you conceal it? Miss Penelope loves you, I am certain, by what she has said to me:—the parson loves you too; who then will oppose your union?"

"Keppel, Keppel!" Barclay ejaculated: "she has long been pledged to him, and he loves her also."

Gregory let the comb fall out of his hand as Barclay uttered these words, and was mute for some time. At last he recovered from his consternation, and endeavoured to soothe Barclay's mind, by supposing, what the other was too much inclined to flatter himself with, that Keppel's friendship would induce him to sacrifice all his claims for his friend's happiness.

Barclay now wrote his note, and giving it to Gregory, who again and again entreated him to keep up his spirits, set out for Mr. Buckle's, meditating, as he proceeded, on the conduct of the Abbe.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

YOUR copying into the last Repository, from the *Trenton True American*, the "*Elegy on Princeton College; by a Prisoner*," gave me, as I believe it has more of your readers, sincere pleasure. The productions of this unknown favourite of the Muses have been sought after with much avidity, and his poetry been greatly extolled by those who have perused it. The interest which his writings have excited among his readers, certainly has not been lessened by the novel

circumstance that the author of them is a prisoner, under the criminal code, confined in the state prison of New-Jersey. His name, and the cause of his imprisonment, are, I believe, unknown to the public. His crime, however, he has himself intimated to have been but a venial one. We may therefore hope that the time is not remote when he will be restored to society and freedom—that his genius will be duly encouraged, his merit properly appreciated, and the public become better acquainted with his history.

After these prefatory remarks, permit me to state my object for writing to you. The elegy, as you have copied it, concludes abruptly. From a perusal of the following lines, which are the *last* you have copied,

But stay, too daring muse, nor mount too high,
On feeble pinions through the giddy sky:
For *softer* numbers should prolong,
And *close* the subject of the mournful song,

we naturally expect that the elegy is yet *unfinished*, and which we accordingly discover to be the fact;—for we find it concludes with the following lines, which you have accidentally omitted to re-publish.

FAREWELL! thy desolated wall,
Thy dreary ruins tears of sorrow call!
But may the liberal sons of JERSEY raise,
Bright as thy glory—lasting as thy praise,
Another phoenix structure, that shall stand,
The choicest blessing of the ALMIGHTY'S hand.

These lines bring the elegy to a natural conclusion, and that your readers may know how the author really terminated it, I have written you this note.

There are other effusions of the prisoner which you may perhaps deem worthy of republication, and if you do, I am persuaded they will be well received by your subscribers. Another piece of poetry in the same paper from which you extracted the elegy, signed *Eugenius*, appears to me to merit a re-publication in the Repository. E.

[How the above omission took place the editor cannot now precisely say; but as the piece was cut out of the paper from whence it was copied, and the paper destroyed, the concluding lines were probably attached to the next column, and overlooked. The readers of the Repository, however, will be gratified in having this deficiency supplied thro' the attention of "E." The author of the elegy undoubtedly deserves all the praise that writer has bestowed upon him. Every benevolent mind must feel an involuntary sentiment of regret that a person possessed of genius and merit, accompanied with so much goodness of heart, as the effusions of

this unknown "favourite of the muses" discover, should be left to languish in a prison, whatever unpropitious circumstance may have brought him thither. But may we not indulge the consoling idea, that as the diamond shines with the most resplendent lustre in the thickest darkness, so "*A Prisoner's*," effusions will excite attention, and gain celebrity from the very obscurity in which the author is involved. The writer deserves, and no doubt will receive, at least, the sympathy of the public,—that sympathy which he so feelingly addresses in the following beautiful lines, copied from the *Last Nov* of the *True American*.—]

A HINT TO THE HAPPY AND WISE.

To you, who in gaudy pavilions of ease,

Where fountains of pleasure surround,

Enjoy that Elysium of virtue and peace,

Where friendship unavail'd is found:

Whose talents, devoted to Liberty's cause,

Are justly deserving acclaim;

Whose bosoms, alive to the breath of applause,

Beat high for the temple of fame:

To you, who are tasting carnal bliss,

Nor forc'd with its objects to part:

Or share the soft, innocent, rapturous kiss,

That glues a low'd maid to the heart:

Reflect for a moment—should Providence frown,

(For who from disaster is free?)

And slavery the cup of your mischiefs crown—

Then learn to compassionate me.

Profanely I hurl'd bold defiance at fate,

Secure in prosperity grown;

But ah! I discovered, alas! when too late,

My visions of happiness flown.

Let none vainly boast of the gifts they enjoy,

Nor spurn the frail sons of distress;

That God who gives blessings can also destroy—

His mercy the vilest can bless. A PRISONER.

HARRIOT—A CHARACTER.

NATURE hath made Harriot fair to admiration; she has beauty sufficient to captivate a thousand hearts, did not her excessive affection, that antidote to beauty, render her an object rather of disgust than of love. Not content with what nature and education have done for her, she thinks to refine upon their endowments by a thousand studied arts. She will not suffer a limb nor a muscle to move with native ease and grace; every attitude is forced, every gesture affected and ridiculous. Her head is continually tormented about with the awkward notions of a puppet, her excellent features distorted into grimaces, and her body writhed and twisted into every line but the line of beauty—so that many young ladies without half her personal charms, are, for the ease and affability of their deportment, preferred before Harriot.

*Grimaldi:**A TRUE STORY.*

DURING the civil war of Genoa, an Italian, of the name of Grimaldi, fled to Pisa. Money was the only thing in the universe that could boast of his friendship and esteem. He maintained, that fortune ought to be pursued in any way and at any price, and that no means were disgraceful but such as did not succeed. He that has a great store of money, he used to say, has but few stings of conscience. We readily suppose, that a man of such maxims had formed a settled plan to become rich. Accordingly he began very early to labour at the edifice of his fortune, and even in his youth he merited the appellation of an old miser. With the talent of acquiring riches, he united the far more extraordinary art of keeping them. He lived quite alone. He had neither dog nor cat in the house; because he must have found them victuals. Neither did he keep a servant, to spare himself the necessity of paying wages. Moreover, he was in continual fear of being robbed; and theft was in his estimation a crime of blacker die than parricide. He was universally the object of hatred and contempt; but when he felt himself insulted or abused, he went straightway home, cast a look at his dear strong box, and was comforted.

The frugality of his meals, and the poverty of his dress, were no deception to the public on the true state of his circumstances, as is usually the case with misers. The cloak of artifice under which they think to conceal their affluence, frequently serves but to swell it in the eyes of other men, and their avarice is only a sign hung out to invite the thief to enter.

One evening when he had supped in company, (it may be easily imagined that it was not at home) he was returning to his home very late and alone. Some one that had watched his steps, fell upon him with the intention to murder him. Grimaldi felt himself stabbed with a poignard, but had still so much strength as to take to his heels. At the same time came on a dreadful storm. Faint with his wound, his affright, and the rain, Grimaldi threw himself into the shop of a goldsmith, which was by chance still open. This goldsmith was in full pursuit of wealth, like Grimaldi, only that he had fallen upon a way less promising than that of usury. He was in search of the philosopher's stone. This evening he was making a grand projection, and had left open his shop for moderating the heat of his furnace.

Grimaldi's entrance seemed somewhat rude. Fazio, for that was the goldsmith's name, immediately knew the man, and asked him what he did in the street at such an unseasonable hour, and in such terrible weather?—"Ah!" sighed Grimaldi, "I am wounded!" as he pronounced these words, he sunk into a chair and expired!

Fazio's confusion needs not to be described. He ran up to Grimaldi, tore open his cloaths, that he might have freer room to breathe, and used every means he could think of to recal him to life, but all in vain, he was dead. Fazio examined the body, and perceived that Grimaldi had a stab in the breast; the wound had closed of itself, so that the blood could not flow out, and he died by suffocation.

Fazio, at this accident, found himself in the greatest distress. The whole neighbourhood was asleep, or had shut up their houses on account of the bad weather. He was quite alone in the house, as his wife and two children were gone to visit his dying father.

All at once a bold thought came into his head, which under these circumstances seemed easily practicable. He was certain that no one had seen Grimaldi come into his shop. In such continued rain and thunder there was no temptation for people to be gazing at their windows. Besides, by denouncing Grimaldi's death, Fazio himself might be brought into suspicion. After weighing maturely the whole of the affair, he shut up his shop, determined to turn the adventure to his own advantage; and, in conformity with his passion for transmutation, to make an experiment whether he could not transmute misfortune into fortune, as he had been trying to turn his lead into silver or gold.

Fazio knew of Grimaldi's wealth, or had always respected him to be rich. He began by searching his pockets, and found, together with some coin, a large bunch of keys. Good! thought he to himself, this is a mark of heaven; the finger of Providence is manifest in it! That such a terrible storm should come on this night, that my shop should be standing open, that Grimaldi should be wounded, and die in my chair; all this could not happen without a particular dispensation from above. He has no relation, and perhaps, even no friend: one stranger is as good as another stranger, and Fazio as good as another heir. I have even one right more. Had it not been for me, he would have died in the street, and have lain in the wet all night; who knows whether he did not come into my shop in order to constitute me his

heir. His visit supplies the place of a formal testament. I will quietly take the executorship upon me; that will be the wisest and the safest way. For, should I go and relate the whole event to the magistracy, I should not be believed. Grimaldi's body is in my house, and every man would account me his murderer; it would cost me a great deal of trouble to prove my innocence; whereas, if I bury him privately, there will be nobody to blab, as nobody will have seen it. And truly between the scaffold and a full coffer it is not very difficult to choose. Eureka! I have found what I have been so long hunting after—I have found the philosopher's stone without the help of my cursed crucibles, and my smoky heintzel!*

Armed with a dark lantern, he set out on his way. The rain fell in torrents from the clouds, the thunder rolled in dreadful peals, but he neither felt nor heard any thing of it. His mind was full of Grimaldi's hoards. He tried the keys, unlocked the doors, opened the sitting room; it was not large, but well secured. It had incomparably more locks than doors. We may easily imagine what he first looked about for. Against the iron chest he directed the whole battery of his bunch of keys, and he almost despaired of carrying the siege, as it alone had four or five different locks on the outside, not to mention those within: at length, however, he took the fort—in it he found a casket full of gold rings, bracelets, jewels, and other valuables, and with it four bags, on each of which he read with transport the words—Three thousand ducats in gold. He trusted implicitly to the epigraph, taking it for granted that all was rightly told. Quivering with joy, he seized upon the bags and left the jewels behind, as there was a chance that they might betray him. Being a great friend to order, he carefully replaced every thing in its former state, shut again every lock, and happily came back to his house with the precious burden, without being met or seen by any one. His first care was to put his four bags in a place of security; his second, to take measures for the interment of the deceased. He lifted him, easily as a feather; for the bare touch of the bags of gold, by its native energy, had imparted to him a strength which astonished himself. He carried Grimaldi into his cellar, dug a deep grave, and tumbled him in, with all his keys and cloaths. This done, he filled up the grave with so much caution that it was impossible to discover that the earth had been opened.

* The name of a chemical furnace.

Having finished his work he hastened to his room, untied his bags, and began, not so much to count as to feed his sight with the gold. He found that all was exactly right, not a single piece was wanting; but he was dazzled and giddy at the sight of so much money. First he counted it, then he weighed it; his ecstasy increasing every moment. He deposited the whole heap in a private closet, burnt the bags, and did not quit them with his eyes till the last atom was consumed, when he threw the ashes into the air, afraid lest even these might betray him. At last he retired to rest; for labour and joy had conspired to fatigue him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"Paine autant une personne qui me relève d'une erreur, qu'une autre qui m'apprend une vérité, parce qu'en effet une erreur corrigée est une vérité."

BURTON.

I love as much one who apprises of an error, as another who learns me truth, because in fact a correct ed error is truth.

MR. HOGAN,

IT was a remark, I think, of Doctor Johnson, that when once an author has awakened the vigilant eye of Criticism, he may suppose he has arrived to some degree of eminence in the literary world.

That my "Ode to Memory," should have excited as critical an examination by any one, as was bestowed on it by Amicus, was more than I had reason to expect, or its merits deserved; but still it is requisite to obviate some of the errors imputed to me, which I am entirely innocent of: and as far as my judgment concurs with his animadversions, I am willing to rectify. Faults it has, and those that are rendered conspicuous will receive ample acknowledgment.

The province of a critic is to discover latent beauties and defects, and to point out where emendations can be made with success; hence, he that writes may be considered as inviting attacks, since he comes forward with his productions and exposes them to the judgment of the public, who will not fail to condemn or applaud.

A writer ought to have, in a great measure, some confidence in his own ability, and not too slavishly conform to the advice of every one who would attempt the task of criticism; for what might be thought perspicuous by one, might be thought obscure by another, and the various parts of

composition may be modelled many different ways, still producing the same effect.

In that species of composition where imagination predominates, liberties are often taken to give a tinsel ornament to ideas, which in more sedate and formal pieces, or a narration of facts, would be inexcusable. These the critic frequently takes up and dissects in an unfeeling invidious manner, and places them in such a point of view as often to appear absurd and ridiculous. When the lamp of reason is held out, it is the duty of every one to be guided by its rays; and as perfection cannot be reached, to endeavour so to profit by advice as to adhere to the side of truth.

To commence with Amicus' remarks on,

"Wald by her touch, those faculties of man."

As imagination, memory and reason, are the faculties of the mind, I had supposed the passions to be faculties of the soul; whether they will be admitted such, I cannot say: if not, to make sense the line must read thus:

"Wald by her touch, the faculties of man."

The remark is very just on "reflects," it escaped the author's notice. The third verse, from line fifth to the conclusion, ought to have been marked with inverted commas, to distinguish Mungo's soliloquy, but was through inattention neglected. The period at "isle," is proper; the author supposed the Negro to pause, overwhelmed with grief: then suddenly recollecting himself, to receive a faint glimmering of consolation at the idea of soon being freed from the shackles of tyranny, by death, and once more embracing his friends on the happy shores of Gambia.

The fourth verse, lines seventh and eighth:

"He thither hies at silent eve,

The world and all its follies leave!"

I think the laws of poetry gave me sufficient licence to make.

In the fifth verse, the "s" at "bid" is supernumerary. In the address of Urania, Amicus appears to have discovered a Theological error, though I cannot agree with him in that point. St. Paul says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." It may be well worth while to enquire what is Hope? Hope is a sentiment of pleasure arising in the human breast, excited by the idea of enjoying future happiness. In the cup of humanity, Hope is one of the principal ingredients; 'tis she recruits our spirits when languid, and raises our wandering thoughts to the shores of immortality—but no further. Faith we are informed will procure us admittance

to the regions of bliss! "By Faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness, that he was righteous." When we obtain the fullness of our Hopes, is it not by Faith that fruition comes? surely then, in or by Faith, Hope is swallowed up, as Hope ceases to exist when the soul is satisfied with unbounded possessions.

Again: the period after "cup," as has been remarked, was a error of the press; "will" is more proper than "will."

The greatest of writers are not without their incongruities, for by incessant cogitation, the mind frequently gets supine and inactive, and glances over errors, which the perspicuity of an impartial observer, would soon discover as palpable. The Criticisms of Amicus are written with a degree of candour which I admire, and which I invite, if an occasion should offer, in future. He who will think it worth while to enlighten my mind by inculcating virtue, or to give a gentle rebuke when in error; I shall look upon as conferring kindnesses, which the treasury of gratitude will never be able to repay. If Amicus, Mr. Hogan, knew the * author of the "Ode to Memory," he would, no doubt, impute his peccadillos to the right cause: in future he hopes by strict attention, to be deserving of the meed of praise.

EUGENIO.

* He is just entered his twenty first year.

The following passage extracted from a "Tour to North and South Wales," reminds us of the impatience of Smollett, in his description of the culinary entertainment which he generally served up to his readers in his travels through France.

"AT Llannon, much dirt and little provision is to be had: the cook on our arrival here was in the suds, and, with unwiped hands, reached down a fragment of mutton for our repast: a piece of ham was lost, but after a long search found amongst the worsted stockings and sheets on the board: a little child was sprawling in a dripping pan, which seemed recently taken from the fire: the fat in this was destined to fry our eggs in. Hunger itself was blunted, and we hastened to Swansea, leaving our delicacies nearly untouched. I devoted my attention to a brown loaf, but on cutting into it, was surprised to find a ball of carrotty coloured wool; and to what animal it had belonged, I was at a loss to determine. Our table cloth had served the family for at least a month, and our sitting-room was every where decorated with the elegant relics of a last night's smoking society, as yet unremoved."

[Far. Aut.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

I observe in your last Repository an attack upon Pythagoricus, under the signature of "Truth;" and confess that I scarcely know what to make of it, because at one time the writer appears to be serious, and at another in burlesque. As, therefore, Pythagoricus may think it beneath his notice, and not answer it; and as the subject is, more or less, interesting to us all, I beg leave to offer a few comments on the piece. In doing this, I will suppose "Truth," serious and candid: of course, I will endeavour to meet him upon equal grounds of seriousness and candor.

The leading points, which "Truth," seems anxious to impress upon the minds of the community are—

1. That the essays of Pythagoricus on Sacred Music are *unnecessary*—and this he thinks he proves by alleging that

1. The Music in the several churches is *good enough*;

2. The respective congregations are *well enough satisfied* with it; and that

3. The Clergy appear to be *not dissatisfied*.

If, That the Essays of Pythagoricus on sacred music are *useless*; and the reasons he gives are—that

1. People can *learn, teach and sing*, without any *systems or rules* at all;

2. We should rather copy the *artless* music of nature, the music of the "feathered tribe," as the most *unerring and pleasing*; and that

3. Though "P. write and preach himself to death, he will never be able to alter us one jot or tittle either in learning, teaching or singing."

Let us see whether one, word or two upon these points will not only disprove "Truth's" allegations, but also prove that they have no foundation at all in truth.

To answer the 1st and 2d point of the first general head—viz. that the present church-music is *good enough*, and that the congregations are *well enough satisfied* with it, one single argument is sufficient—and that is, If this were true, there would be no singing-schools for learning and improving in the art; whereas, if we only consult that experience to which "Truth" directs us, we shall find that there is a considerable number, and that they are all attended by persons of different denominations of Christians: And with regard to the 3d point—viz. that the clergy appear not to be dissatisfied—I reply, that it is also as unfounded in truth; for, whatever

may have prevented some of those gentlemen from "coming forward to improve their music," (as "Truth," calls it) I have it from respectable authority, that several have privately, and I do myself know some, who in their congregations have generously and publicly inculcated an attention to that art, which when performed with devotion and harmony forms a most delightful and happy part of Divine Worship.

With regard to the first and second points of the second general head—which amount to this, that nature is an unerring teacher, and that people can learn to sing and teach better without rules than with—If they merit any serious attention, they may be refuted by an answer as short as the preceding. The sum total is this, that "Truth," and his adherents must have the knowledge and principles of Sacred Music implanted by nature or imparted by inspiration, and not imprinted by rules; for surely there can be no other substantial reason for the rejection of all rules and systems. Now, if "Truth" will only adduce me one solitary character of the kind in the present day, I shall be silent for ever. But "Truth," will find this enlarged upon in the conclusion. With regard to the 3d and last point—viz.—that P. will never be able to alter T. and his party one jot or tittle, either in learning, teaching or singing—I am indeed apprehensive that friend T. has the advantage of me. We all know that there are none so deaf as those who will not hear—none so dumb as those who will not learn—and none so likely to be wrong as those who are certain that they themselves, and they only, are right. Is this reason, or prejudice? PHILO.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

UNFORTUNATE GALLANT.

A YOUNG gentleman, who had been left heir to a considerable estate, took it into his head that it was necessary, in order to cut a figure upon the town, to act as a man of pleasure and gallantry. He accordingly determined to write an amorous epistle, in the best style, to the wife of a reputable tradesman, at whose house he had for some time been a visitor, and where he had been treated with the greatest politeness and friendship. A messenger was dispatched with a letter, which concluded with a faithful promise to wait upon the lady at 7 o'clock next evening, an hour at which he knew her husband would be absent.

The lady, whose person and mind were

equally amiable, upon the receipt of this letter, immediately gave it to her husband; when after enjoying a hearty laugh at the contents, it was agreed between them that the amorous gentleman should be rewarded according to his merits. At the appointed hour he came, and commenced his amorous suit in a theatrical manner, with much grace and spirit. He was, however, soon interrupted, by hearing of the husband's unexpected arrival. The lady, in an affected fright, entreated him, if he felt for the reputation of a woman who loved him, instantly to jump out of the window. He immediately took a leap, and fell into a large cistern of water prepared for his reception. His passion being sufficiently cooled, he was permitted to depart, but not without a very severe horse-whipping by one of the tradesman's porters, and a promise of receiving the same discipline whenever he came there again.

CHINESE ANECDOTE.

HAMATI, reputed one of the wisest and best of the Chinese Emperors, after having gained great advantage over the Tartars, who invaded his dominions, returned to the great city of Nankin, in order to enjoy the happiness of his success. After he had rested some days, the people who were naturally fond of pageantry and shew, expected the triumphal entry, which Emperors upon such occasions are accustomed to make. Their murmurs came to the Emperor's ears. He loved his people and was willing to do all in his power to satisfy their just desires. He therefore assured them, that he intended upon the next public festival, to exhibit one of the most glorious triumphs that had ever been seen in China. The people rejoiced at his condescension, and on the day assembled at the gates of the palace with the most eager expectation: here they waited for some time, without seeing any of those preparations which usually precede a pageantry. The lantern with the thousand tapers was not yet brought forth, and the fire-works which usually covered the city walls, were not yet lighted. The people once more began to murmur at his delay, when in the midst of their impatience, the palace gates flew open, and the Emperor appeared, not in splendor and magnificence, but in an ordinary habit, followed by the blind, the maimed, and the strangers of the city, all in new cloaths, and each carrying in his hand money enough to supply his necessities for a year. The

people were at first amazed, but soon perceived the wisdom of their king, who taught them, that "to promote virtue, and make men happy, was the summit of glory."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AN ENIGMA.

IN vain do mortals seek to hold
Me, as their greatest good;
For tho' by all I'm of eo seen,
By few I'm understood.

I'm not a dream, I'm not a shade,
But solid, real, true;
No phantom of a sickly brain,
Which paints strange things to view.

Men seek me with the utmost care,
But few can find me out;
For I'm a foe to pain and care,
Anxiety and doubt.

I never care with whom I dwell,
But still I dwell with few;
For many try to find my cell,
But the wrong path pursue.

Tho' an inhabitant of earth,
I've been since earth has been;
The highest heaven gave me birth,
And there I still remain.

With the angelic host I dwell,
Around the eternal throne,
And tho' men think they ken me well,
'Tis but to few I'm known.

Monarchs to tempt me to their courts,
Their wealth and pow'r display,
But I despise their sordid arts;
While far from them I stay.

More worth to man than all the world,
A dill it can bestow;
When with mankind I fix my place,
To them 'tis heav'n below.

Long as the universe endures,
My days shall never end,
Throughout a long eternity,
My being shall extend.

Tho' earth should quake, and kingdoms fall,
And suns and stars should fail,
Tho' flames consume the earth and skies,
I'll still survive them all.

CARLOS.

CURIOUS DUEL.

A dispute lately took place in Paris between a military man and an apothecary. The soldier insisted upon satisfaction from his adversary, and appointed a meeting next morning in the Bois de Boulogne. The next morning the apothecary waited upon his antagonist before the hour appointed, and said to him with great coolness, "You are a military, I am a medical man—you understand the use of the sword and pistol—I am only acquainted with drugs. You are the challenger, therefore I have a right to choose my weapon. Here are two pills—one is poisoned, the other is not. Do you choose one and swallow it, and I will swallow the other." The officer laughed very heartily at this proposition, and they sat down to breakfast very good friends.

PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 1, 1802.

ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMAS

IN PAGE III.

4.
EW—er's a wash basin, we know;
An obacular line is a r—ing,
Omit whose first letter, and lo!
The charming Miss EWING they'll bring.

5.
A native of the Netherlands must be
A FLEMING; hence we fair Miss FLEMING see;
Whose beautiful features and whose finish'd form,
With love each fond beholder's bosom warm.

6.
CATH—edral, a large church, mankind define;
ARI—es, of the zodiac is a sign;
NE—ap, a low tide, if rightly I opine;
COOK, among the navy-officers we tell,
As the most useful, indispensable;
Here, view Miss CATHARINE COOK, in whom combine
Grace, beauty, love and symmetry divine.

7.
CRANS—ac is a town in Guienne that is fam'd,
For waters sulphureous, and coal-pits so nam'd;
TON is a large measure, all diphtherers agree;
Hence the beautiful, the charming Miss CRANSTON we see.
Here, indeed, are united the graces and loves,
In blissful assemblage, like Venus's doves;
Whose praises for ever deserve to be sung,
The joy of the old, and the pride of the young.

8.
The initials this Enigma claims, are these:
L—ove, whose best definition is, to *glaze*;
A—bomination, to be horrid *scowl*;
S—orrow, to rend the deep-afflicted soul;
H—appiness, to excite in us a heav'n;
E—ase, to enjoy the blessings to us giv'n;
R—emorse, to feel the stings of conscience keen;—
In these initials is Miss LASHER seen.
Whose charms of person are proportion's daught;
Whose charms of mind are, a fair mind of thought;
And whose kind heart are love and virtue's throne,
While all the female graces are her own.

9.
How *z*, is a noted general's surname,
High plac'd in records of immortal fame;
L—ily's a flow'r most delicate and fair,
The beautiful empress of the bright pantheon;
And, if you its first letter double right,
A living queen more beautiful meets our sight:
Miss HOWELL's self, fair Venus's form divine,
In whom all lovely charms and sweetness shine.

10.
HAR—bakkuk is a Christian prophet's name;
EC—stasy is the fair's inspiring flame;
KER—sey, a fashionable cloth is known;
And, hence, Miss HARECKER is fairly shown.
She, whose young charms unfolding like the spring,
Admires gain, and make the poet sing.
While all around their graces they display,
Lovely and sweet as ever-blooming May.

EPIDUS.

Marriages.

MARRIED...In this City...On the 15th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Green, Mr. William Mendenhall, of Milesborough, Centre County, to Miss Eliza Kierner, of Chester County...On the 22d, by the Rev. Mr. Linn, Mr. Robert Ritchie, merchant, of this City, to Miss Mary Kelly, of New-Jersey...On the 24th, by the Rev. Mr. Linn, Mr. Thomas Humphreys, merchant, to Miss Eliza Irwine...Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Joseph Sutton, to Miss Hannah Ritter Tomlin.

Deaths.

DIED...In this City...On the 23th ult. of a sudden illness, Mr. John Stille, sen. an old and respectable inhabitant...Same day, Capt. Philip Kolck, *Æt.* 54...On the 28th ult. Col. William Coats, Esq. of the Northern Liberties...Same day, very suddenly, in the Pennsylvania Hospital, in a fit, Archibald Campbell, of Hackensack, in N. Jersey—A few minutes before his death he was walking about the house.
—At Washington, on the 17th ult. Joshua Johnson, esq. late commissioner of Stamps, and formerly American Consul at London.

—Suddenly, at his farm near Dover, (Del.) on the 18th, James McClyment, esq. *Æt.* 47.

—At Trenton, on the 27th, Richard Howel, esq. late governor of New-Jersey.

—In Ireland, the Rev. William Knox, aged 63, 45 years a preacher of the Gospel in the parish of Dunbar, and 32 years clerk of the Presbytery of Rook.

—At Frankford, on the 25th, after a lingering illness, which he sustained with uncommon fortitude, Dr. Enoch Edwards, in the 51st year of his age.

Dr. Edwards joined the American Army at the commencement of the revolution, and was appointed aide camp to Lord Sterling. His professional exertions as a physician were also very useful, until his health compelled him to quit the service. He was a distinguished member of the Convention, which framed our present state Constitution, and he afterwards held with re-eminence the office of a judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

On the 26th inst. Mr. JOSEPH S. MOORE, only son of Mr. THOMAS L. MOORE, of this city.

This promising young man was carried off in the prime of life, having not yet reached his eighteenth year. His death was as sudden as it was early—No longer ago than Thursday last he was in perfect health; but on Friday he was attacked by a violent fever, during the continuance of which he supported himself with a Christian's fortitude, retaining his senses perfectly; until at the expiration of a little better than two days, he resigned himself into the hands of his Redeemer.

He was a young man of brilliant talents—was affectionate disposition—a fond prattler of novels he had but few equals. By these good qualities he was endeared to all those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and who consequently must severely feel the loss of so valuable a companion.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO SPRING.

*"Ver novum, ver jam carorum : vere natus oris est,
Vere concordant animi es, vere nubent alites,
Et nomen comam resolvit de maritis imbribus."*
CATULLUS.

ONCE more my artless reed resum'd,
That late to MEMORY was tun'd,
And call'd youth's pleasures into play ;
Fresh scenes salute my raptur'd view,
Enrob'd in garb of motley hue,
And claim the honour'd tribute of a lay.
* Goddess divine ! O listen to my song,
Thou who erst touch'd thy tuneful harp of gold ;
And redging fair amid the heav'nly throng,
While floods of harmony around thee roll'd :
Wilt thou not lend a patient, list'ning ear,
Whilst I pourtray the charms of this delightful year ?

O yes ! thy radiant pow'r I own,
Hus fill'd my breast with joys unknown,
And rais'd my soul to ecstasy ;
On vent'rous wing I fain would soar,
(A flight I never tri'd before)
Attir'd in garb of white-rob'd harmony.
Come Inspiration ! from thy heavenly height,
With light-head'd Fancy tipping in thy train,
Pour in my soul a living beam of light,—
A vivid beam from thy never-dying flame ;
Such as thou pour'd'st into the guileless breast,
Of him,* inspired bard ! who e'er hail'd thee as his guest.

See ! from that gold-fring'd cloud descends,
(Her lovely form she lowly bands)
Gay Flora, dress'd in rich attire :
Amid her move in airy dance,
The lovesome Graces, who advance,
Chanting in concert with the sweet-ton'd lyre.
She lights ! she lights upon our happy plains,
Involv'd in fragrance and rectorious dew ;
To cheer the pensive bosoms of the swains,
And banish winter and his icy crew.
See, influenc'd by her renovating ray,
The embryo plants arise from darkness today.

Whilst dewy clouds salute their birth,
And trail along the teeming earth,
Mantling with hoar their foliage green :
The germs protruded into life,
Burst their weak bands with genial strife,
And verdant woods and blooming flow'rs are seen.
Behold ! she waves her all-creating wand,
Rank insects, reptiles, issue from torpid sleep ;
The feather'd choir obsequious at command,
Doise in the air, or skim the feaming deep.
E'en man himself, awaken'd by her horn,
Rushes at the call sonorous, hails th' ambrosial morn.

The garden's first-born child, array'd
In meekness, comes the pale-rob'd maid,

* Erato.

† Thomson.

The Snow-drop, first to grace the vale ;
Luxuriant next the Crocus comes,
Borne on her yellow shining plumes ;
And Daffodil spreads lustre round the dale.
Sweet Hyacinth, ah ! who can paint thee fair,
Fair as thou art, and tender homage due ?
The muse can only say, thou fill'st the air
With vernal fragrance, and delight'st the view :
Arising from the rosy-feather'd morn,
On gentle zephyr's wings the Violet's breath is borne.

The Pansy of a morly hue,
The Iris of an azure blue,
The Cowslip and the neat Primrose ;
The Tulip and the Daisy pale,
The meek-ey'd Lily of the vale,
And pride of ev'ry fair, the blushing Rose—
Shr, while the hallow'd due descends at eve,
Opes her rich zone and courts the lucid show'r ;
And when the shades of night their station leave,
Ambrosia's gases breathe round the verdant bow'r :
Salubrious breezes breathe round the wing,
In murmurs softly roll,—the harbingers of Spring.

Soon as Aurora gilds the skies,
Th' industrious Bees with joy arise,
To suck the flow'rs of various dye ;
The feather'd songsters of the grove,
Warble their varied notes to love,
"The mazy-running soul of melody."
Now the blithe Farmer urges straight his toil :
To turn the glebe his powerful force he bends ;
And with prolific seed he sows the soil,
Whilst renovating Sol his influence lends.
The task is done !—to heav'n he lifts his eyes,
And what his heart requests, all bounteous heav'n sup-
plies.

The buxom Milk-maid o'er her pail,
Now chants a ditty in the vale,
Echo repeats the charming strain ;
Colin inhales th' enchanting song,
Mellifluous as it flows along,
And bounds to meet his fair across the plain.
In green luxuriant meadows, see the Sheep,
Cropping the tender grass, and bleating joy ;
The frisking Lambs around their mothers leap—
No heat disturbs them, and no flies annoy.
Beasts, birds, and insects, hail Spring's joyful reign,
Each finds relief from want, each finds relief from pain.

Ye who the gloom of sickness wear,
Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
Know, Spring the wand of * Abdiel sways :
His mystic charm resolve to try,
Embrace the moments ere they fly—
Perhaps your drooping spirits it may raise.
And all ye votaries of fashion vain,
Who sport around the disk of folly's shrine ;
Your obscene mirth, your tinsel'd pomp restrain,
And rouse up reason,—oft times too saine :
Leave clam'rous orgies and dissembled joy,
Come call gay Flora's sweets—her pleasures ne'er will
clay.

Nay ! Flora's sweets are not for you,
Ye low, inert, inglorious crew,

* According to Heathen Mythology, the wand of Abdiel has the power of gratifying every wish, and obviating every fear.

Inebriate in fortune's ray ;
Quaff the rank poison of your bowls,
In sensual pleasure drown your souls—
Involve with murky clouds life's little day.
When first harmonious Nature gently rose,
Fair from the hand of Nature's bounteous Go, a,
No mischief-brooding, false, malicious foes,
Sway'd o'er the earth an iron scourging rod ;
But dove-ey'd Innocence in Eden's vales,
Mingled her plaintive notes with vernal zephyr-gales.

The lively Cock proclaims the morn,
In shrill-ton'd notes he winds his horn,
Whilst all the woods responsive ring.
Come Delia ! haste, my love appear
To celebrate the youthful year :
Thy grateful offerings with speed here bring.
What honour'd sacrifice to heav'n so meet,
As hearts of gratitude for blessings giv'n ?
Such incense only to our God is sweet :
Such claims alone the choicest meed of heav'n.
Ye village swains in choirs advance,
Your breathing instruments prepare ;
Join in the festive, mazy dance,
For pleasure is an antidote to care.
Strike up your song in matchless strains,
For see ! Aurora glimmers o'er the plains.

A I R.

Goddess of the fragrant year,
Dove-like Flora haste, appear
On thy mazy-colour'd wing ;
Bring thy genial breezes bland,
Breathe mild zephyrs o'er the land,
Sweetest treasures hither bring.
Goddess of the fragrant year,
Dove-like Flora haste, appear.

All thy choicest stores display,
Gild with joy life's darksome day.
Goddess of the heavenly mead ;
Cause pure love in man to reign—
Virtue ! may she bless our plain,
And nought but happiness be seen.
All thy choicest stores display,
Gild with joy life's darksome day.

* * * * *

Mus'ic has wond'rous pow'r to move
The yielding heart to gentle love,
And kindly languid spirits raise :
Music inspires the soul to fly
On wings of immortality,
And fits the heart for adoration...praise.

EUGENIO.

END OF SCENE

EPIGRAM.

TWO masters no man e'er could please,
In sacred wit is told ;
I fear it meant two mistresses ;
If so, the rule will hold :
Whole two ! nay, where's the man can say,
He pleas'd one mistress half-a-day ?

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AND

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OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. IX.

Madame.—Barclay and Madame in the hermitage.—What made Master Stephen first think of love.—Charlotte and Werter.—Madame lets Barclay into a secret.—Her opinion of virtue.—A story.—Injudicious severity of parents.—Boarding-school.—A governess.—A father's conduct before his child.—A cause for marrying.—Observation on old people wedding young ones.—Madame confesses her obligation to Mrs. Wölstene-craft.

BARCLAY, on his arrival, was ushered into a charming room, where he was received by the lady Mr. Buckle had in the morning distinguished by the title of *Madame*, in other words, the woman he kept.

Madame, who received Barclay with great affability and politeness, appeared to be about thirty: her figure was rather large, but well proportioned; and there was a *naïveté* and liveliness in her countenance, which could not fail to please and attract every one who beheld her. There was nothing coarse in her manner, nor did her conversation betray any want of education. After running over all the topics which occur in the company of a stranger, she asked Barclay whether he would walk in the grounds till dinner-time. He readily agreed, and giving her his hand, they descended to the garden. After viewing and commenting on the hot-houses, grottoes and other curiosities, they came to a hermitage, which they entered. She had no

sooner seated herself here, than she burst into a fit of laughter. Barclay could not conceive her meaning.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Temple," said she, still smiling; "but I can never come into this place without laughing:—you cannot imagine what adoration I have received here."

"I easily imagine it," replied Barclay. "I am sure you do not know," added she, "nor from whom."

"It might be expected from every body," said Barclay.

"But I suppose you allude to Mr. Buckle!" she exclaimed, "bless me, I should as soon have looked for adoration from the hermit who inhabited this hermitage in the time of his great-grandfather. No; from a young gentleman I dare say you have heard of; he lives in the village, his name is Stephen."

"Master Stephen!" said Barclay, laughing.

"The same," she replied; "he is ever head and ears in love with me; though, by the way, as Rochefoucault observes, I believe he would 'never have thought of love, if he had not read of it.' He fancies himself Werter, and that I am Charlotte; and writes me such long epistles as you never witnessed; then he comes here, and courts me by looks and sighs, to the great amusement of Mr. Buckle."

They were here interrupted by a bell. "That's for dinner," said she.

Barclay was surprised when they came to the dining-room, to see *Madame* seat herself at the head of the table, and without seeming to expect any body else, ask him whether he chose soup or fish."

"If Mr. Buckle is not come," said Barclay, "had not we better wait a little?"

"I never stay for him;" she exclaimed, "he may be back in a minute, and he may

not be here for a month: he would be very angry if I waited. 'Do as you please,' is his maxim; and in this I obey him strictly."

Barclay had nothing further to object, and they conversed on indifferent subjects, until the servants, having placed the wine and desert on the table, had retired. He now renewed the conversation respecting Master Stephen, and enquired whether Mr. Buckle was not jealous of it?

"He!" she cried, "he jealous! he is jealous of nothing he possesses: novelty is his deity:—he is at this moment in pursuit of some new object. My tenure here is so uncertain, that as I learn that my Werter has got a fortune of his own, I believe I shall not let him die in despair."

"Do you think he would go off with you?" said Barclay.

"At a moment's notice," she replied, "I am sure he would."

"But he seems attached to Miss Penelope."

"Ah! Mr. Temple, I see you do not understand these things so well as I do. He thinks she loves him; but he is really and truly in love with me: still, however, I understand that Miss Penelope is very beautiful—is she so?"

"As an angel of light!"

"You speak warmly: are you interested in her welfare?"

"Since you have been so candid with me," said Barclay, "I will tell you, that I would suffer death to preserve her from harm."

"Then," she replied, "beware of Mr. Buckle: he has a passion for her, and will snap her up, as sure as fate, if you do not keep guard yourself, and caution her against him."

"Good——!" is it possible!" exclaimed Barclay, pressing his forehead with his hand.

'I know it to be true,' she added.

'I thank—I thank you,' said Barclay: then recollecting himself, he cried, 'but pray do not let any one know I thank you thus, it will raise suspicion.'

'Not in my breast,' she replied, 'for I am convinced of the fact. You love Miss Penelope: I will not betray.'

'You are too good,' said Barclay, 'to be reduced to the necessity of living with so bad a man.'

'No indeed, I have no title to goodness,' she answered, 'but he is not the less bad on that account. I have never thought well of him since I saw in what manner he used his helpless, unoffending wife. I do not want feeling, Mr. Temple, though I need sense and virtue.'

'Your feelings are noble,' cried Barclay; 'and I am sure you would be glad to return to the paths of virtue.'

'Indeed you are mistaken,' said she; 'for I would not, in my present condition of mind, be virtuous for the world. My parents, though I acquit them of the intention, brought me up to be what I am: my passions are strong, and to gratify these, I renounce virtue, as to me a mere source of torment.'

'I ask pardon,' said Barclay, 'for using such words; but this is the language of an abandoned woman, and seems but ill to become one who appears to possess all her senses so well as yourself.'

'You mistake again,' she replied, 'for I do not possess all my senses. A woman's primate sense is the sense of shame; and I have long been a stranger to that. I am, indeed, an abandoned woman, but do not condemn me from appearances; do not blame the soil for producing a bad crop, when it has been sowed with unwholesome seed. I was going to tell you my story,' continued she, smiling; 'but you look so sad, that I won't tease you with it.'

'I cannot help looking sad,' cried Barclay, 'when I see so much talent swallowed up by vice and infamy, which might with proper cultivation, have made you the ornament and glory of your sex. As a favour, I entreat you to proceed.'

'My father,' said Madame, 'was a silk-mercer, and lived in the minorities, where he had, by slow degrees, acquired a considerable property. He was the very reverse of my mother; who, though not much indebted to art, was by nature a mild and good-tempered woman, while he was coarse to vulgarity, and in his own little state, tyrannical to cruelty. By my mother he had two children, myself, and a son who preceded me by two years. Although I was the favourite with my father, yet I did not

escape the cruel severity of his disposition. I believe I am naturally ingenuous, for I never told a lie till after I was not fearful for being chastised for telling the truth, when I had done any thing wrong. Indeed it seems to me that parents are to blame for beating children for candidly acknowledging that they have done amiss, especially when the error is accidental;—they surely are; for such conduct encourages falsehood, which offers itself as the only means of escape. It was that to which my brother and I constantly resorted, and that perforce; 'for, in his passion, our father would always beat us until we confessed, (often merely to put an end to our misery,) that we had done that of which he unjustly accused us. He never ceased to beat as long as we persevered, altho' in the truth; and when we did own that he was in the right, he not unfrequently continued his barbarity, as a punishment for what he obliged us to say we had done. My suffering was trifling to what my brother endured. My mother was our only consolation; she wept over us, and, in his absence, did every thing to comfort us in our affliction. My brother, finding no abatement of my father's ill-treatment, often threatened to run away from him, but was repeatedly dissuaded from it by the entreaties of his mother. He was now fourteen, when one day, for some inconsiderable neglect, my father promised, when he returned from a place to which he had occasion to send him, that he would flay him alive. My brother knew that he would be as good as his word, and never came back again; nor did we ever hear of him afterwards.'

'He had been my mother's favourite; and she was almost inconsolable for his loss. My father, too, repented of having driven him away; and I derived some advantage from it, as I was never after beaten so much as I had been. My father was at this period getting up in the world, and I being apparently his only child, he resolved to *educate me well*, as he called it, and by this he meant to send me to a boarding-school.'

'I was consequently taken from my doll, to be sent to a boarding-school in the environs of London, where I learnt a little French, more vice, no religion, and a great deal of impudence; so that, though only twelve when I went, I had not been there a year, before I was instructed by my companions to ogle the men; and instead of my wooden doll, to begin think of a living one.'

'When I returned home for the holidays, I looked with contempt on my mother, whose education had been of the most homely kind; and *only* courted my father, that I

might be allowed to do whatever I pleased. That I might not lose what I had obtained at school, a sort of governess was provided for me at home; a woman who taught such things, as I am even now ashamed to repeat. My father too, was, as I have observed, a very coarse man, in every thing he did or said; at dinner, or while smoking his pipe with some old crony in the evening, he did not scruple to crack his indecent jokes, or to converse and act in such a loose manner, as could not fail of corrupting a mind less ready to receive corruption than mine; which was roused by numberless excitements to know everything that it should not know; as a good child, I attended to *every thing my father said*.

'To school I always returned with a great accession of knowledge, gathered from my governess, and the other servants, with whom I was suffered to associate. This knowledge, or rather *infection*, soon spread amongst us; and, like tainted sheep, we contaminated each other, without knowing what we did.'

'After I had had more than four years of this *excellent* education, I was sent for by my father to take my mother's place, who had died suddenly. This was no inconsiderable intelligence to a thoughtless young girl, who had long wished to get rid of the trammels of a boarding-school. However, I had soon reason not to be much pleased at my enlargement; for I had not been home more than a month, before my father formed a connection with our servant-maid, and exalted her to the honours of sitting at our table.'

'At this time, my father, at whom I still trembled, when he was serious, not only proposed to me a rich old fellow, a friend of his, in marriage, but insisted, in the same breath, that I should instantly consent to it. I consequently underwent the courtship of an old dotard, whose age was nearly five times as much as mine, I being something more than sixteen, and he almost eighty. However, having been *told at school*, that whenever I was married, I might with safety do whatever I pleased, and being in great terror from my father, I agreed to marry him; but it is impossible to conceive how I loathed and detested him.'

'It was then, and it is still my opinion, that it is unnatural and shameful for old men to wed young girls; it is unjust too:—They have, or might have had females that were young, and they should allow their sons the same advantage.'

'It cannot be imagined, that after the *fashionable* education, and the *pains my father had taken to purify my morals*, I could condescend to pine away in the arms of age and

impotence. I have somewhere read, that 'conjugal fidelity is always greater in proportion as marriages are more numerous, and less difficult: but when the interest or pride of families, or paternal authority, not the inclination of the parties, unites a pair, gallantry soon breaks the slender ties.' Such was exactly my predicament; and my husband, who was in business, having a handsome youth for a clerk, notwithstanding all the watchful jealousy of imbecile age, the slender ties that bound us were soon dissolved. Owing to his thirst after wealth, he was obliged to attend daily at several places where his presence was necessary, then, Voltaire, were thy verses verified:

Que de dangers on essuie en amour!
On ris que helas! des qu'on quite sa belle,
D'être cocu deux ou trois fois par jour.

'You need not be surprised at my quoting Voltaire's *Pucelle d'Orleans*; it was one of the least exceptionable of those books my governess gave me secretly to take to school, to read in private, for the sake of instructing myself in the French language. I can repeat the last canto by heart, and so could half my school-fellows. I was always fond of reading, and have read much in my time. At school, however, the only book I read of my own accord, that was not professedly obscene, though otherwise sufficiently so, was Mrs. Wolstonecraft Godwin's *Rights of Women*; and I consider myself not a little indebted to it, for the assistance it afforded me in forming my mind for the liberal profession I follow.'

Madame was going on with the events of her life, when they were interrupted by a servant, who informed them that the tea and coffee were ready. Barclay being asked, and refusing to take any more wine, they quitted table, passing into another room, seated themselves, when she resumed her narrative.

C H A P. X.

*The parties ousted.—Madame's misery.—A stratagem.
—An eloquent.—The knowing one taken in; and many other things that I have not mentioned.*

'MY intimacy with my husband's clerk was very well known to every body but the person who certainly took the most pains to discover whether any thing of the kind existed. However, coming home one day unexpectedly, he caught us; and consequently turned us both out of the house. My *cher ami* continued true; but our finances were soon at a low ebb. I then, by letter, applied to my *honoured father*. My step-mother, for so our maid-servant now was, had subjected him so entirely to her will, that I presently received a letter full of af-

fected horror at the immorality of my conduct, which was made the plea to refuse to do any thing for me, or even to see me more. My only alternative now was to run in debt, and leave my *hubby* to pay the piper. I did so as long as I could, and the bills were all carried to him, which, added to his advanced age, in a very short period consigned his bones to moulder with his father's.

'During his life he was always getting, and even by his death he got something, for he got—rid of me. I however was a loser, for he left me nothing.

'I was still fond of my friend; and I believe his regard for me would have been undiminished, if I had not stared us in the face, and frightened his love away.

'A variety of changes now took place, but I was soon brought to experience a sad reverse of fortune, from which I was, however, occasionally raised, but only raised that I might sink the deeper. Calamities of every kind assailed me, and

Steep'd me in poverty up to the very lips.'

But I had no good principles in my bosom; no fear of an hereafter, no shame! My misery and wretchedness therefore only served to harden me, and to drive me to every sort of profligacy and prostitution. Thus I passed ten years of my life; sometimes courted by the rich, and decked in all the gaudy trappings of prodigality; at others herding with squalid wretchedness, scarcely covered by a many-coloured garb, that truly bespoke

'Variety of woe.'

But I was inured to vice, even from my infancy; and notwithstanding the worst, and though I saw hundreds sinking beneath their calamities, my spirits never failed me.

'No one, not even my father, I was sure, cared any thing about me, nor could I feel any affection for such a man. I know I did not; for when most pressed by want and misery, I would have rather borne them all, than have accepted an asylum beneath his roof. His griefs had destroyed all my respect for him, and his cruelty to me and my brother had implanted in my breast a lasting abhorrence of him.

'At a juncture of the latter description, when I knew not whether I should get my daily food, I accidentally heard that my father was dead. My step-mother had died before him, but not till she had ruined his fortune. However, there were still some hundreds left, which my father, on his deathbed, not having time to dispose of, came necessarily to me. I instantly forgot all that was past, and gaily set out afresh.

* Shakespeare's Othello.

Not because I grieved for my loss, but for the sake of appearances, I furnished myself with some elegant suits of mourning; and it being then high season at Bath, I went thither with an old lady, whose respectability (as it is too often the case) was entirely owing to the money which accompanied her, with a sabbath dress, fit for the character she was to perform, namely, my mother.

'It is now about two years ago, and I was affecting the *modest* with very good success, when I caught the attention of Mr. Buckle, who was passing some weeks at Bath. He was after me incessantly; at length, with excessive persuasion, I agreed to elope with him. The hour was fixed: his own chaise and four in waiting (the one you must have seen, for it is always at his door. I paid my mother handsomely for her trouble, and at midnight the gallant Mr. Buckle received me out of a one pair of stairs window, and, on the wings of love, brought me to this house, and here I have been ever since. Love is, to be sure, as blind as a beetle. With all his experience, he never discovered that he had caught a tartar; and he only neglects me for the same reason he neglects every other woman. Where this may end, however, I cannot tell; therefore I don't know but I shall let Master Stephen, my Werter, run away with me also; and when we are married, I shall be once more safe, and can begin the world again.'

Here Madame ceased to speak. Barclay lamented the depravity of her mind, which, originating from the faults of her parents, was now 'so braz'd by damned custom,' as to leave little or no hopes of reformation.

He therefore wasted no time in preaching to her the laws of morality and religion, as he saw she had never been taught to acknowledge their authority, and did not conceive that they had any claim to her obedience. His thoughts, too, were entirely engrossed by what he had heard of Mr. Buckle's passion for Penelope; and his prophetic mind stored his imagination with images full of terror, and not devoid of truth.

He had much to suffer, and the *evil hour* was not far distant.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTE.

Sir Thomas Burnet was distinguished for the evenness of his temper, of which the following instance was recorded.—Dining with a friend, the coachman, who was waiting, spilt some gravy upon his cloaths. While they were rubbed, he said, with great good humour to the coachman, "Let me advise you, friend, for the future, to grease nothing but your wheels."

Grimaldi:

A TRUE STORY.

(CONCLUDED)

SOME days after, as nothing was seen or heard of Grimaldi, the magistracy ordered his house and his chamber to be opened. All were surprized at not meeting with the master; but much more at not finding any money in the house.

Three months elapsed without any tidings of Grimaldi, either as dead or alive. As soon as Fazio perceived that there was no longer any talk about his sudden disappearance, he on his part began to let fall a word or two concerning his chemical discoveries. Shortly after he even spread a report under hand about something of a bar of gold. People laughed at him to his face, as they had already had so many examples of his having been deceived in his operations. But Fazio for this time stood firm to his assertions, prudently observed a certain gradation in his discoveries and exhibitions of joy, and at last went so far as to talk of a journey to France for converting his bar into current coin.

The better to conceal his real design, he pretended to be in want of cash for his travelling charges, and borrowed a hundred florins on a farm, which he had not yet sent up the chimney. Fifty of them he kept to his own uses, and fifty he gave to his wife, at the same time assuring her of his speedy return. This information threw her into a tremor. She feared it was the ruin of his fortune that forced Fazio to fly his country: she never expected to see him again, and thought of nothing but the being shortly reduced to the extremity of distress, and left forlorn, with her two fatherless children, destitute of bread. She begged and conjured him not to travel. She spoke with so much eloquence and pathos, that Fazio was affected to that degree, as no longer to be able to conceal his secret, notwithstanding his resolution to keep it for life. He took her gently by the hand, led her into his cabinet, disclosed to her the transaction with Grimaldi, and shewed her his golden treasure. Dost thou now entertain any doubt of the truth of my ingot of gold? added he with a smile.

We may judge of the satisfaction this gave to Valentina: for this was the name of Fazio's wife. She fell upon his neck, and thanked, and flattered him as much, as before she had teized him with reproaches and objections. A multitude of plans

were struck out of future happiness and glory; and preparations for the journey were made with all speed. But when the very day fixt for his departure was come, Valentina on whom Fazio, as we may easily imagine, had inculcated the profoundest silence, Valentina, I say, did not fail to make common cause with the rest of the family, and remonstrated against the journey as before. She pretended as if she still had her doubts, was lavish of her prayers and intreaties, and was almost dissolved in tears, without feeling the least uneasiness. Fazio passed for a fool. The whole town made game of him, and he laughed at the whole town in return.

While he was on the way to Marseilles, his wife, whom he had left behind at Pisa, continued to play the part she had begun. She was incessantly complaining of her poverty, while in private she had plenty of all things. For her husband had left with her a sum of money which was more than sufficient for defraying her necessary expences. Every one lamented her fate, and yet she had no causes for pity but what she was forced to affect.

Fazio placed out his pieces of gold, for which he got good bills of exchange on an eminent banker at Pisa, and wrote to his wife that he had disposed of his ingots of gold, and was already set out on his return. Valentina shewed the letter to her relations and acquaintance, and to all that were willing to see it: and every one that saw it was filled with surprise. The majority still doubted of the reality of Fazio's good fortune, when he arrived in person at Pisa.

He appeared with a triumphant air, distributed his embraces on the right hand, and the left, and related his success with which his chemical labours had been crowned, to all the world; not forgetting to add, that his bars on being assayed, turned out to be the purest, and the finest gold. He corroborated the verbal testimonies of his good fortune, by speaking and substantial proofs, and fetched from his banker's 9,000 gold dollars in specie. To this kind of demonstration no objection could be made. The story was told from house to house, and all men extolled his knowledge in the occult science of the transmutation of metals. The very man, who but a few months before was pronounced a confident fool by the whole city at large, was now elevated by that very city to the rank of a very great philosopher; and Fazio enjoyed at one and the same time, the double advantage, of being both learned and rich.

There was no longer any need of concealing his wealth, and therefore he gave scope

to his desires. He redeemed his farm from the mortgage, bought himself a title at Rome for connecting respect and riches together, he procured a magnificent house and a couple of estates, and made over the rest of his money to a merchant at ten per cent.

He now kept two footmen, two maid servants, and, according to the prevailing mode of the times, two saddle horses, one for himself, and the other for his wife. In this manner they enjoyed the pleasure of knowing themselves to be rich; a pleasure that is far more sensibly felt by such as have formerly been in want. Valentina, who was now a woman of too much consideration to look after the affairs of the house herself, took home to her with the approbation of her husband, an old and very ugly relation, with her young and beautiful daughter.

For living to the top of the grand style (probably it was then the fashion at Pisa, as it is now with us in capital towns) Fazio resolved to keep a mistress. He cast his eyes on the daughter of the aged relation, who, as was said, was extremely handsome. She was called Adelaide, and was in the age of love and coquetry, either of which alone is sufficient to lead a man into folly. Adelaide lent a willing ear to the overtures made by Fazio, and soon entered into so intimate a correspondence with him, as to occasion a disagreement with his wife. But ere Valentina had time to penetrate the secret, or to convince herself of her husband's infidelity, Fazio had already spent a considerably sum of money on his dear Adelaide.

Valentina was jealous of her rights to the last puntillo, and it grieved her much to see herself under the authority of a usurper. Discord broke in upon the conjugal union. Valentina, according to the ordinary course of things, became sullen, and Adelaide imperious. One day they quarrelled so violently, that Valentina turned the old housekeeper, with her daughter, out of doors. Fazio, on returning home, took this procedure very much amiss, grew so much the fonder of Adelaide and hired a suitable lodging for her. Valentina, who was very violent by nature, could no longer moderate her fury.

Fazio, having in vain tried every method to pacify or to deceive her, retired to his estate in the country, and had Adelaide bro't to him. This no sooner reached the ears of Valentina, who in her jealousy was more like a fury than a woman, than she meditated the most horrid revenge. Without once reflecting on the melancholy conse-

queens, she resolved to impeach her husband, before the magistrate, as the murderer of Grimaldi. She put her dreadful scheme into execution on the spot; and Fazio, who was dreaming away delicious moments in the company of his fair-one, never thought of the storm that was gathering over his head.

The judge, in the first place, examined into the circumstances delivered in by the informant, and then dispatched persons to dig up the ground in Fazio's cellar; where, finding the remains of Grimaldi's body, Fazio was seized in the arms of Adelaide, and carried to prison. At first he denied the charge; but, on being confronted by his wife, and she appearing as his accuser, he immediately exclaimed: "Wretch that thou art, had I loved thee less, thou wouldst not have been entrusted with my secret; I was weak from my love towards thee, and thou hast brought me hither." The torture, which at that time was so dangerous to accused innocence, extorted from Fazio a confession of all he had done, and even what he had not. He accused himself as the murderer of Grimaldi, altho' he was not; and was sentenced to forfeit his possessions, and suffer death at the place of public execution.

Valentina, on being dismissed, would have returned to her habitation, but was not a little surprised at finding it beset with the officers of justice, who had even turned her children out of it. No more was wanting than this fresh misfortune for completely rendering her a prey to despair. The stings of conscience already wrung her heart: for, her revenge being satiated, she had opened her eyes, saw the rashness of her conduct in all its extent, and had a full presentiment of her future misery. Pain and remorse now arose to their height. In frantic mood she ran about with dishevelled hair, and implored the judge to set free her husband, whom she herself had delivered up to the hangman. The sight of her children redoubled the pangs of her soul.

The whole city resounded with this melancholy event. Valentina, who was a horror to herself, had not even the poor consolation of exciting compassion. Relations and acquaintances hated and avoided her like a ravening beast.

Fazio, in the mean time was awaiting his deplorable doom. He was led to the place of execution along the principal streets. He ascended the scaffold with great composure, avouched his innocence, and cursed the impetuous jealousy of his wife. He was executed; and his body

according to custom, was exposed on the scaffold as a terror to the beholders. Rage and despair had, in the mean time transported Valentina to the dreadfulest of all imaginable deeds. She took her two children by the hand, and hurried them with hasty strides, and continually weeping, to the place of execution. She pressed thro' the crowd, who made way for her to pass, and loaded her with execrations.

But Valentina was deaf to all that passed. She reached the foot of the bloody scaffold, and mounted with her children the fatal steps, as tho' she would once more embrace the body of her spouse; Valentina led her children quite up to the bleeding corpse, and bade them embrace their deceased father. At this doleful sight, and at the cries of the poor children, all the spectators burst out in tears, when suddenly the raging mother plunged a dagger into the breast of one, ran upon the other, and stretched him dead beside his dying brother. A universal burst of horror and dismay ascended to the skies! The populace ran to lay hold of her—but, already she had stabbed herself with the poignard, and fell lifeless on the bodies of her husband and children.

The sight of the two murdered children, and the mother wallowing in their blood, filled all that were present with detestation and terror. It was as if the whole city had met with some general calamity. Astonishment and dejection took hold of every mind and heart. The inhabitants roamed up and down the streets in gloomy silence, and the crowd was incessantly running round the scaffold, where the blood of the children and the mother was mingling with the blood of the innocent father. Even the hardest hearts were melted into pity and compassion.

The judge, affected by the relation, granted leave to the family to inter the bodies of the father and mother in a place without the walls. The two children were buried in the church of St. Catharine. The tradition of this melancholy event has been preserved at Pisa to the present day, and it is still related there with visible concern.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

REPLY TO "TRUTH."—*Concluded.*

LET us now make a reflection upon the whole. And here an important question presents itself—viz. Is Sacred Music worth knowing—worth having—worth practising? If so, surely it is worth knowing in as much perfection, having in as great a

abundance, and practising with as good effect as our nature is capable. But how is this to be done? by means of those very systems and rules which you would indignantly hurl from society: What! you would not wish us to worship by rule, in offering up psalms of adoration, or hymns of praise? Most undoubtedly. Why not? Are not all the other parts of Divine worship performed with order, regularity and system, which is nothing more than the assemblage of certain rules, all tending to one point? Is not every thing in the world that is done well, done in the same manner, and upon the same principle? To go no farther than the services while in church, are they not performed in a particular mode, and upon a regular plan? And even with regard to the clergymen themselves, do they not previously consider what would be best for them to deliver to their audience; and do they not arrange and dispose their reflections into the form of sermons, which, in fact, are systems composed according to rules, and in that well-adjusted stile which is calculated to give them the happiest effects? Besides, there is one other consideration which ought to have weight in favour of those rules and regulations which are promotive of decency, and not unfrequently unanimity of devotion—it is simply this—that by being independent or careless of the manner in which we sing the praises of our God in his churches, we are too apt after to become so about the matter that calls us together; and, at any rate, it argues a disrespect to the Creator, which we would not shew even to a fellow-creature. If a fellow-creature were to ask us to sing a hymn, or even a song, we would have so much deference as to endeavour to sing it with propriety and life: Shall we offer less to our Maker.

I fondly hope that by this time my friend "Truth" will unite with me in the opinion, that what is worth learning is worth learning aright; that Sacred Music is worth learning, but can only be learned aright by system, and practised with good effect by order; that his attack upon Pythagoricus was rather premature, not having a knowledge of his whole plan; that, as every thing in the civil, political, religious and moral worlds, which is done well, is done by system and order, Sacred Music requires the same system and order; and that if these are exploded, there would be as many different tunes in a congregation as there were persons assembled,—whereby a church, instead of being a house of thanksgiving, prayer and devotion, with

union of heart and voice, would be but confusion, dissonance and harsh-grating jargon.

Let all things, then, be done IN ORDER: and let us endeavour to SING with a RIGHT UNDERSTANDING and a RIGHT HEART.

PHILO.

The editor received the following letter from JUNIA, on the 24th ult. shortly after the appearance of the Repository of that day, which contained her essay on Sympathy. The letter was written on a slate, apparently from the impulse of the moment, and is published as a corroborating evidence of the fact, that the several pieces which have appeared under that signature were really written by a girl of about TEN years of age. The publication of these juvenile effusions has, we understand, had a very happy effect among the scholars of the Young Ladies' Academy, under the tuition of Mr. James A. Neal, in exciting, to a very high degree, a spirit of emulation in Composition; a subject to which great attention is paid by that able and indefatigable teacher. Should they, in any measure, contribute to extending this laudable emulation to other similar institutions, the glow to society by their publication will certainly be greatly enhanced.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

INDUCED by motives of gratitude, I address you a few lines, to express my thanks for the kind attention paid to different pieces of my composition. Saturday being the day appointed by Mr. Neal to that study, I improve it with pleasure, by returning my incoherent gratitude for past favours. A talent for composition is a pleasing resource to the mind of the possessor, and if cultivated, will enlarge the understanding, mature the faculties, and improve the genius. As it is my aim and wish to please my instructors of every description, I have on Saturday's in particular, exerted my mental powers, and in general I have had the pleasure of succeeding so far as to gain the approbation of Mr. Neal. Thus I am encouraged to persevere in the pleasing task. The art of expressing our ideas with propriety and ease is in my opinion an essential branch of education. There is perhaps no branch of knowledge more admired by the refined part of the community. Accept, Sir, my imperfect thanks, for your kindness and attention.

JUNIA.

SELECT SENTENCES.

NUMBER II.

"I Touch the hand of the person next me," says W'rtter, "I feel it is made of wood."—Alas! how often in the commerce of the world does one find this hand of

wood! and how often in the courtesies of life! Offer your hand to Candidus, and he holds out one finger. Offer it to Clericus, he perhaps, coldly, gives you two. Præter gives you his whole hand, but it is wood—wood indeed. While Benevolus with his hand at once meets yours—there is heart and soul in the compression—there is friendship in the very touch!

To shew the dangers of ebriety, the Catholic legends tell us of some hermit to whom the devil gave his choice of three crimes. Two of them of a most atrocious kind, and the third to be drunk. The poor saint chose the last as the least of the three, but, when drunk, committed the other two. The baneful effects of this pernicious vice upon the constitution are described by Dr. Darwin in his "Zoonomia," under an allegory which would not disgrace the splendid imagination of Lord Bacon himself.—"Prometheus," says he, "was painted as stealing fire from heaven; that might well represent the inflammable spirit produced by fermentation, which may be said to animate and enliven the man of clay. Whence the conquests of Bacchus; as well as the temporary noise and mirth of his devotees; but, the after punishment of those who steal this accursed fire is a culture gnawing the liver, and well allegorizes the poor inebriate, lingering for years, under painful diseases." "O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains."

All books of maxims are said to be cold; but it is only for the same reason that bolted doors are thought to indicate an inhospitable disposition. When you bar your door against an horde of robbers, an honest man in distress, may sometimes be left to bear the pelting of the storm; and a well-founded maxim, by putting you on your guard against a thousand deceptions, may *once*, perhaps, make you appear unfeeling to the sufferings of real merit.

Origin of the application of the word LADY to every woman of fashion and fortune.

IN ancient times, in England, it was the fashion for the rich to reside, the greatest part of the year, at their mansion in the country, and once a week, or oftener, the mistress distributed bread to her poor neighbours with her own hands, and she was called by them the Loff-day, in Saxon the Bread-giver. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning is now as little known, there is too much reason to apprehend, as the practice which gave rise to this laudable custom.

Extract from the "Bloody Mysteries of the Infernal Banquet; by Mrs. Gloomly."

"STRANGER," said Frederick, "art thou of heaven or hell? Why have thy canonized bones left the quiet and silent sepulchre—the grave of thy deceased forefathers? I conjure you to answer me."—The night was dark, the moon was obscured by sable clouds, the rain descended in torrents, and the leaves of the wide-spreading larch-trees were agitated by the rising tempest. Frederick, although unused to fear, felt his mind perturbed. The spectre, for so it appeared by the transitory flashes of the vivid lightning, made no answer. Already his hand was upon the hilt of his sword. He drew it forth from his scabbard, and, with one blow, severed the head from the body.—He now discovered the object of his fears to be a—scarecrow!!

A MORAL EXTRACT.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

"AN oath is a solemn appeal to the truth of God, and should never be administered but upon some important occasion. No ignorant person should be allowed to swear that doth not regard the truth; it is of such a sacred nature, that it cannot be too well fenced. Truth is a distinguishing principle of the mind, upon which depends the validity of every other principle and quality; the least deviation from it affects the whole moral system, and destroys all confidence amongst men. A liar is a most infamous and dangerous character; and a wretch that dares venture to swear a falsehood in the presence of Almighty God, must be a presumptuous sinner indeed, and should be thrown out of all society."

PASSION.

Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was very choleric, happened to be mounted on a high-mettled horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, at which the rider became very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury. The horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, returned his treatment by kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed of the folly of his friend, said to him, coolly, "Be quiet, be quiet, and shew yourself the wiser of the two."

The Bouquetier.

NO. I.

THE ROSE:
AN EMBLEM.

..... *The Doric reed*, once more,
Will please I tune.* THOMSON.

ADDRESS TO AMELIA*.

AMELIA asks me to resume
The task I did resign:
Who could refuse fair Beauty's bloom?
Who turn from Beauty's shrine?
Now take, sweet Nymph, this opening Rose,
As pledge of my esteem
For that soft strain of thine, which flows
On me, thy recent theme.
I place it on that angel breast
Amid a thousand charms,
To be of lengthen'd life possess'd,
Secure from spoiler's harms.

Where, by the genial warmth of love
It may unceasing blow;
Where, lustre from thine eyes above
Shall make its crimson glow;
Where honey from thy balmy lip
Its sweets shall make more sweet;
While od'rous breezes round it sweep,
And with caresses greet.

There! fragrant flow'r for ever live
In that enchanting spot:
A monarch gazing, sure might cry,
How happy is thy lot!

How I myself do envy thee,
So blest a state as this!
Which, oh! to me, would ever be
A luxury of bliss.

There stay—and live, and ever bloom,
The object of her care;
Imbibe and breathe her rich perfume
Of pure ambrosial air.

Be her companion, ever near;
Be in endearment press'd,
While she, thy fond protectress dear,
Thy queen shall be confess'd.

There stay—But see! it droops its head—
Its vivid colours die!

Does envy make thy beauties fade,
When with her own thy vic?

Ah! no! its transient life is done;
Its bloom's season o'er;

And glory, borrow'd from the sun,
Gone,—to return no more.

AMELIA! in this humble flow'r,
A striking emblem see
Of man's frail life, and of death's pow'r—
—Such thou shalt surely be!

Man's but a short-liv'd flow'r, that soon
Is hast'ning to decay:
At morn he blossoms; fades at noon;
At evening dies away.

That form, so fair and goodly now,
Where grace and beauty bloom,

* See *Amelia's Address to Amyntor*, Mar. 20. page 151.

Shall die, and loathsome, be laid low,
To moulder in the tomb.

Those eyes, where live Love's soft desire,
Which beam with heav'nly light,
Too soon, alas! must lose their fire,
And close in dreary night.

Those cheeks and lips of silken red,
No more bestowing bliss,

Shall coldly lie among the dead,
And nought but marble kiss,

And, for habiliments so gay,
The pallid shroud be 'shine;...

Till God reanimate thy clay,
And call to world's divine.

Thus, shall our fellow creatures all
Their destin'd journey run:

Thus daily, hourly, thousands fall,
Till Time itself be done.

But yet tho', like the Rose, thy youth
Of bloom and beauty die.

Thy sweets of knowledge, Virtue, Truth,
Shall live in eternity.

Then happy those whom Wisdom fires
With Charity and love!

They, when life's fleeting flow'r expires,
Will bloom in climes above—

Where heav'nly Spring for ever reigns
To cha'm the immortal soul;
And God with smiles fills all the plains,
While endless ages roll.

AMYNTOR.

MAY-MORNING.

REMARK.

It is idle to attempt to talk a young woman in love out of her passion—love does not lie in the ear.

PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 8, 1802.

CHARMING ANNA, an Original Song, set to Music by an Amateur of this city, will be given next week.

Complete copies of the FIRST VOLUME of the Philadelphia Repository are now for sale—Subscribers whose files are deficient may be supplied by applying at the office.

The Subscribers to the *New-York Miscellany Magazine* are informed, that the 1st, 2nd and 3d numbers of the IIIrd volume, are ready for delivery. The numbers are now published monthly, each containing at least 40 pages close letter press, price only 12½ cents—Subscriptions received at the Office of the Repository.

The following Recipe for the drops, is communicated by a Lady, in a Charleston paper.

Take a tea-spoon full of the Salts of Tobacco, in a little gin and water (say a gill) night and morning, for an adult person: the dose to be increased or decreased, according to circumstances; for a child, half the quantity will answer; to be continued until it operates effectually by urine.

The following is the method of obtaining the Salts—Take one pound of good leaf Tobacco, and put it in an iron pot (that has never been used with any greasy substance) over a slow fire—keep stirring the tobacco until it is consumed to ashes, stir all well together, then take it out, strain it clean, and return the liquor into the same pot, to be boiled over a slow fire, until it is evaporated; you will then find thick salt at the bottom of the pot; scrape it on paper, and dry it in the shade: when dry, it will be fit for use.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Capt. Charles Eleonard le Baron, of Honfleur, in Normandy, to the amiable Miss Mary Weaver, of this city.

—At the Lazaretto, on the 2d, by the Rev. Dr. Collin. Thomas Smith, esq. of Tineum, to Miss Maria Milfin, of this city.

—On the 4th, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. John Ferguson, to Miss Rebecca Jones, daughter of Mr. David Jones, of this city.

—On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Utick, Mr. William Hedges, to Miss Lydia Worrel.

—At Bensalem, Bucks County, by the Rev. Mr. Lazaretto. Mr. Joseph Willet, son of Col. Willet, of that place, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Margaret Maria Van Horn, daughter of Col. Van Horn, of Maryland.

Deaths.

DIED, at his farm, in Montgomery County, on the 30th ult. Robert Smith, esq. in the 75th year of his age, a citizen and resident of Pennsylvania 52 years. His remains were brought to this city, and buried on Sunday last, in the ground attached to the first Presbyterian Church.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers will, no doubt with pleasure, observe the signature of "AMYNTOR" once more. The reasons of his long silence we do not presume to scan; but are content with expressing our satisfaction at his again resuming the pen; and would fondly hope, that, unless some of those untoward circumstances intervene which are always ready to cut the slender thread of human purposes, our readers may anticipate a pleasing weekly repast, for some time to come, under the title of the "BOUQUETIER,"—a title that will admit of such variety of matter and manner, as will give full scope to the brilliant fancy and fertile genius of the laid, who seldom or never leaves the beauties of his subject on the back ground.

Several favours from the votaries of the Muses, lately received, will be faithfully attended to.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following feeble imitation of the style of some of the poems of the fascinating BURNS, is at your service. The novelty of the measure (as, except two poems from the pen of Burns, I believe there have never been any written similar to it) may perhaps, recommend it to some of your readers. Yours, &c.

TO MODESTY.

SWEET nymph of pure ethereal birth,
Still may we duly weigh thy worth,

Thy blushing merit know;
May every stranger to thy pow'r
Unnoted pass each gloomy hour,
In discontent below.

From thy unsullied fountain flow
Pure joy and sweet content,
The bashful glance, the virgin glow,
The virtuous intent.

With smiling, beguiling
The tedious hours away,
Be friend us, and lend us
Thy ever-cheering ray.

The rustic maid, whose glowing cheek
Does thy mild influence bespeak,

More pleasing charms can boast
Than any city belle, who knows
No joy but that which dress bestows
On every envied toast:

Her native charms can surely most
Attract the feeling heart;
While fashion's giddy senseless host
Demand the aid of art—

She charms us, disarms us,
And captivates the heart;
While they still, betray still
Their vile disgusting art.

Then lend us once again thy pow'r
To sweeten life's unpleasant hour,

And fashion's rage restrain;
Again bestow thy cheering ray
To guide us thro' our darkness way,
Our reason to regain:

With thee we'll smile at transient pain,
And banish every care,
Despite despot Fashion's train,
Thy fanning smiles to share:

Nor care then, nor fear then
If fortune smile or frown,
Nor part for, nor want for
A miter or a crown.

LORENZO.

EX TEMPORE LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

O Welcome gay delightful Spring!
Loveliest season of the year!

Thy blessed return all nature hails,
And fates thy all-cultivating cheer.

Yon river rolls its liquid tide,
Which late was bound in icy chains—

The sun with warmth benignant beams,
And glowing verdure decks the plains.

See, all around gay beauty reigns:
The opening blossoms clothe the trees;
The dawns and plants their buds unfold,
And fragrance floats on ev'ry breeze.

Now when with rosy streaks of light,
The morning with effulgence dawns—
The rising sun with splendor beams,
And gilds with varied hues the lawns.

The plummy songsters of the groves,
With harmony and rapture sing—
Each object round which meets my eyes,
Proclaims the beauteous reign of Spring!

ORLANDO.

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

GOD IS LOVE.

THE hills and plains lift up their voice,
Earth's choirs aloud, Rejoice, rejoice,
In love our God Almighty reigns:
In him creation stands secure,
The hills majestic still endure,
And flow'rs adorn the humble plains.

The dashing waves as round they roll
From arctic to antarctic pole,

In foaming surges lift their voice;
They circling round the earth, proclaim,
That LOVE is God Almighty's name,
And call aloud, Rejoice, rejoice.

Day calls to day, and night to night,
And darkness calls aloud to light,
Light calls to all the orbs above;
They circling round loudly declare,
To all th' inhabitants of air,
That God's Almighty name is LOVE.

Shall men be mute? nay join the song,
Raise high each note, each strain prolong,
Nor let it ever have an end:

While time endures we'll still proclaim,
That LOVE is God's Almighty name,
That he's the universal Friend.

When earth and seas, and light and air,
No longer will this truth delude,

In joyous strains we'll sing above,
Whilst we behold his glorious face,
And taste the influence of his grace,
That God's Almighty name is LOVE.

X.W.T.

SELECTED.

THE NEW-BORN MAY.

BY DR. DARWIN.

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet MAY! thy radiant form unfold;
U'close thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The zills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bowers.

Light GRACES, dress'd in flow'ry wreaths,
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And LOVE, his sweet contagion breathes,
And laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life the glittering throngs,
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delight'd join their votive songs,
And hail thee, GODDESS OF THE SPRING.

0000-0000

From the Trenton True American.

THE ENQUIRY.

ADDRESSED TO "A PRISONER."

WHO is HE, that in strains such as *Virtue* might pour,
Sweetly sings from the "mansion of woe?"
Where the dreary dank walls, and the harsh-grating door
Bid the tear of despondency flow.

And say, for what crime or mishap he endures
A part in those loathsome abodes,
Where *Justice* the lawless offender immures,
Who alike scorns her counsel and rod?

But vainly I ask,—s'not the laws of the State,
Whose behests should by all be obey'd,
His imprisonment, doubtless, an adequate fate
For some criminal act have decreed.

Yet could Sympathy soften the rigors he feels,
Or obtund the keen barbs of Despair;
Could Friendship, that of mental maladies heals,
Cicatrizate the incisions of Care:

With the fleet steps of joy would I fly to his cell,
And wipe the hot tear he might weep;
Each anguishing throb with condolence quell,
And hush every murmur to sleep.

Meantime, hapless Man, my warm pray'rs shall be giv'n,
That He who rules all things below,
May direct your torn steps to some halcyon haven,
When emerg'd from that mansion of woe!

JAN. 13.

EUGENIUS.

THE REPLY.

TO EUGENIUS.

WITH mingled emotions of pleasure and pain,
Eugenius, your strain I peruse:
Of the laws of the State did I ever complain?
Or homage to Justice refuse?

For, tho' no high "criminal act" I have done,
That in this living tomb I am thrust,
With contrition I feel—with humility own,
My durance is legally just.

But, would guilt forbid Pity, with lenient hand,
The balsam of Mercy to pour?
For a slight misdemeanor, should Justice demand,
That I never see liberty more?

Ah! could I unfold what you gently require—
The source of my sorrow reveal,
Soft Sympathy's glow of electrical fire,
'T would strike from the bosom of steel!

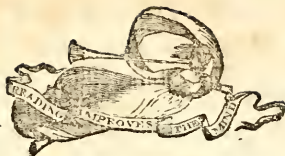
And can you, to a breast so abandon'd as mine,
The cordial of Friendship impart?
How fain would that gratitude breathe in each line,
Which warms all the nerves of my heart.

My reciprocal pray'rs to HIS throne shall ascend,
Who never refuses to bless!
Those who the sons of misfortune befriend,
Or plead in the cause of distress.

JAN. 20.

A PRISONER.

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. X.

A message from Mr. Buckle.—Reason for a man's getting tired of his wife.—Employment for Barclay.—How Le acts on hearing what it is.—Anonymous letter.—Barclay in great perplexity.

HAVING confessed so much to each other, Barclay did not leave Madame without a promise of mutual secrecy. Love was not in the catalogue of her vices; but the figure, and pleasing manners of our hero, had inspired her with that kind of regard, that would have induced her to do any thing to serve him. He entreated it, and she assured him that she would take care that he should be acquainted with whatever measures she could learn Mr. Buckle was about to take, with respect to Penelope.

The next day, Monsieur P' Ablé waited on Barclay with Mr. Buckle's compliments, "dat he vas ver sorry dat he no return home to dinner, and demand de honneur of Monsieur's companie, ven ever he vas make it agreeable."

Barclay could not avoid receiving the Abbé a little coolly, owing to his suspicions of him; however, he returned a polite answer to Mr. Buckle, resolving to make his visits there as frequent as possible, that he might discover any machinations carrying on against the peace of Penelope, and consequently against his happiness.

His alarm, on account of Mr. Buckle, was so great, as almost to make him for-

get that he had any thing to apprehend from Von Hein; but the time was fast approaching, when all those fears which he had so long been smothering with hope, would burst out with redoubled strength.

He soon re-visited Mr. Buckle, and being always treated with the greatest ease and freedom, he ventured, once, when they were alone to mention Mrs. Buckle.

"She is all amiable," said Barclay; "and you, Mr. Buckle, are a man of so much sensibility, that I wonder how you could ever avoid loving her."

"Faith, I don't know," he replied, "she's well enough to strangers, to be sure; but if you knew her as well as myself, you would not wonder as you do."

"In what can she have offended?" said Barclay.

"Why, there's no novelty in her!" he rejoined: "its always the old thing over and over again."

"Fie!" cried Barclay—"I am surprised to hear a man of your sense talk in that manner."

"It is true!" he exclaimed; "but come, I'll give you other reasons—her temper's bad."

"Really!" said Barclay. "You cannot be in earnest, Sir!—Is it possible that Mrs. Buckle could ever put herself in a passion, and use unbecoming language to you?"

"Why, no, no, I did not say that," he replied; "but she was always provoking me."

"Py what?" inquired Barclay.

"By her mildness," said he. "She never made any reply, and bore all I said and did without complaining, and that made me mad."

"And do you call that a bad temper?" Barclay asked, looking at him.

He paused a moment, and then cried,

"Faith perhaps I am wrong there. But that's only one thing."

"I should be glad to hear the rest," said Barclay.

He now proceeded, advancing a number of ridiculous reasons, of which Barclay easily showed him the futility, till at last Mr. Buckle who took every thing in good part, was obliged to confess that he did not know why he had agreed to part with her, unless Barclay would allow the validity of what he had advanced before, "that there was no novelty in her, which, though you may think lightly of, has," said he, "such weight with me, as I cannot surmount."

He submitted the more readily to this lecture from Barclay, because the time, according to the consultation he had with the Abbé, was now ripe, either to make use of Barclay, or to get him out of the way. Mrs. Buckle being in the house with Penelope, might be of great service to him, when his confidant let him know that he strongly suspected that our hero was himself attached to her. It was consequently resolved that Mr. Buckle should sound him.

After the freedom he had taken, by interfering with his concerns, Mr. Buckle thought he might in his turn use a little liberty with him. Pursuing the subject therefore, he said, as if making him his friend:

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Temple—I know I may trust you with any thing—I am by nature, or perhaps by habit, too much addicted to libertinism."

"If you would finally resolve to reform," replied Barclay, "nothing would contribute more to it than such a wife as Mrs. Buckle."

"Are you my friend?" said he.

"I would willingly be so," he answered; "but how can I be the friend of a man whose actions I disapprove?"

"Will you be my friend, if I promise to take back my wife?"

"Assuredly I will."

"Then," said he, "I will; but not at present; and I must first experience your friendship."

"With pleasure," cried Barclay warmly; "in such a cause, with pleasure, how can I serve you?"

"Oh greatly!" replied Mr. Buckle. "I know," continued he, "that vulgar morality is much against debauching women, when they are afterwards left to want; but when they are provided for, I can see no harm in it."

This was put in form of a question, but it was no sooner finished, than Barclay's mind was so taken up with the recollection of his father's words as he lay on his death-bed, that he remained in mute consideration. Seeing this, Mr. Buckle continued.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Temple?"

"Both bad—very bad!" he exclaimed.

"Come, come," said Mr. Buckle, "you are more serious than the case requires. And to be brief with you—I love Penelope."—

"Assist me to obtain her," continued he, "and I will do whatever you desire."

Our hero started from his seat—his eyes flashed fire. He was unable to conceal his swelling indignation, and yet incapable of giving it utterance: as if beset by fiends, he rushed into the hall, seized his hat, and hurried out of the house.

Till he had nearly reached home, Barclay had not sufficiently recovered his reason and recollection to perceive that he had so given away to his indignant feelings, as might lead Mr. Buckle to suspect his love to Penelope. However, on reflection, he hoped that he might ascribe his conduct entirely to his resentment at his supposing him capable of undertaking such a degrading task as he had proposed. But he deceived himself; for the Abbe was summoned immediately after his departure, and every circumstance being related to him, he found in them all, a corroboration of what he had imagined. He had now an opportunity of gratifying the dislike he entertained for our hero. His advice was at any rate to remove him, which Mr. Buckle approved. Several plans were proposed, and at last it was resolved to begin with a letter to Von Hein, to whom the Abbe knew the parson had plighted Penelope, and by rousing his jealousy, to create a contention between the friends, during which they might carry off the prize. An anonymous letter was consequently dispatched, and it succeeded too well, in speedily performing one part of what they wished.

Not many days had passed over Barclay's head, which he had spent in a continual state of tribulation and wild uncertainty of mind, when sitting one evening with Gregory, he received a note from the parsonage from which he had been absent ever since the forenoon, having dined by invitation at Mr. George Pawlet's. The servant did not wait for an answer. Barclay casts his eye on the direction, and perceived that it was the parson's hand-writing. He knew not wherefore, but his heart misgave him as he broke the seal, and to his exceeding surprize read the following lines:

"SIR,

"It is with great pain that I am compelled to forbid your return to my house. I confess that I had a great regard for you, and I thought you worthy all my esteem. I grieve to find it otherwise. My judgment is no harsh one, nor one that can be hastily set aside.—Mr. Von Hein is now here, and taxes you with the basest ingratitude. His accusation has been confirmed by lips that never yet deceived me.

"JAMES PAWLET."

"P. S. Your cloathes will be delivered to any messenger you may send for them."

Barclay was petrified as he read, and dropping the letter from his hand, remained as unmoved as a statue, until Gregory, alarmed at his appearance, snatched up the paper, and having perused it, roused him from his trance with an oath.

"D—him, I always feared this!" he exclaimed.

"Feared what?" Barclay inquired.

"That Mr. Von Hein would one day do you harm. I never told you so before," said he, "but I always disliked that cloudy look of his."—sure—

"Silence!" cried Barclay, peremptorily. "I will not listen to any insinuations unfavourable to Keppel."

Gregory was dumb.

"There is some mistake here," continued he, "or some diabolical scheme to ruin my character where I would be the most valued. I cannot, cannot imagine—But go Gregory," said he, breaking off—"go to the parsonage, as if you went for my trunks, and learn whatever you can about this mysterious business."

Gregory obeyed, leaving Barclay in a state of distracting doubt and perplexity.

CHAP. XI.

An arrival.—The alarm.—Penelope's conduct.—Mrs. Pawlet's.—She puts ingratitude in a new light.—Her advice to Keppel.—Anger.—Love.—Jealousy: their effects.—Penelope compared to a headstone.—What all mankind are in pursuit of.—A letter from Von Hein.—

Barclay's reply.—The consequence.—The merchant's behaviour.—An outpost gives notice of an attack.—How they treated the enemy.

IN about half an hour Gregory returned loaded, pitifully loaded—his back with trunks, his heart with affliction. From Penelope's maid he had gathered every circumstance of what had passed.

It appeared that Von Hein had arrived very unexpectedly at the parsonage, during Barclay's absence. His sudden visit was occasioned by the anonymous letter, which he no sooner received, than he set out for the Parson's full of rage and anger. His dark countenance wore an unusual gloom, which Mr. Pawlet quickly perceived at his entrance, and was as readily informed of that which occasioned it. The parson, however could not believe all the vile insinuations contained in the letter, to the prejudice of Barclay, accusing him of using every deceitful art to gain Penelope's affections, and to alienate her love from Von Hein. He would not believe indeed that any thing but friendship existed between them, and begged Keppel to calm his ruffled mind, and to rest assured she was as much devoted to him as ever.

"We must put that to the proof!" said Keppel. "Let me hear it from her own mouth, otherwise I will not believe it. Oh! he has acted a villain's part!"

"Nay, nay," replied the Parson, "don't think so severely of him. Pen. shall set all right again."

Penelope was now summoned to appear. She came, and with artless innocence, not knowing to deceive, confessed her love, and wept.

"There!" cried Keppel, his eye lowering as he spoke—"there, Sir, is your exculpation! I knew how it was."

The Parson fixed his eyes on Heaven, and with his hands uplifted, stood unable to utter a word.

"This is friendship!" continued he, "he was my friend: I loved him as I love—Ah, much more than I love myself! I sent him here, seeking to do him every kindness in my power; and this is the return he makes—treacherous deceitful, ungrateful!"

The parson was still lost in astonishment.

"And you, too," added he, turning round to her, as she was sitting with her handkerchief to her eyes—"you too, Penelope who have been so long plighted to serve me thus! whatever affection you may otherwise feel for him, his ingratitude to me, and to Mr. Pawlet, for the friendly asylum he has given him, should cancel it all. He is not worthy of your esteem!"

"You wrong him," muttered Penelope,

indistinctly—"you do—he is, he is, indeed!" Saying this, she left the room, blind with tears.

"Unhappy man that I am," exclaimed the Parson, "what have I done to deserve this calamity? I could not have thought he could have been so ungrateful!"

Here Mrs. Pawlet entered, and being very inquisitive to know all about what had happened, was soon informed of it by Von Hein. Tho' much attached, and very loth to part with her amanuensis, she could not avoid siding with Keppel.

"Nothing shocks me so much," said she, "as ingratitude. Among the Persians, I recollect Xenophon tells us, that every one who was found guilty of ingratitude was punished. No crime is greater. It destroys all the ties, and better impulses of our nature. To shew its heinousness, I shall put it in a new point of view. I contend that there is no natural affection in the breasts of children towards their parents. What is called natural affection, is nothing but gratitude—gratitude to the mother for having borne and suckled them; to the father for having reared and supported them. If so, what a sin must be ingratitude? No less than that at which nature recoils, and which is known by the terms *want of natural affection*."

As this speech was in Keppel's favour, he listened to it with attention; and deducing something from it to the disadvantage of Barclay, he insisted on Mr. Pawlet's sitting down and writing the letter which has already appeared. The parson could not refuse; and whilst he was employed in preparing it, Keppel walked about the room in great and evident agitation of mind, often expressing his anger by short ejaculations. Mrs. Pawlet seeing this, thought proper to give him a little advice respecting his present situation. She consequently said:

"I beg Mr. Von Hein, that you will not give way to anger; you are not probably aware of the evils occasioned by it: Ecchymoses, hæmorrhages, apoplexies, great distension of the heart, ruptured cicatrices of wounds, local inflammations, profuse perspirations, vomiting, and diarrhoea," have all been produced by it."

Keppel made no reply.

"Neither give way," continued she, "to the passions of love or jealousy. Too great desire, Haller assures us, may by causing irregular motions of the heart produce an aneurism of the aorta; and jealousy will sometimes bring on a spasm on the biliary ducts, and throw the bile into the circulation."

By the time Mrs. Pawlet had finished her medical admonitions the Parson had

written his note, which Keppel approving, was dismissed.

After a messenger was dispatched with the letter, a silence prevailed, until it was interrupted by Mrs. Pawlet, who gave a piece of advice which Von Hein thought expedient, and was of course put into effect; for poor Mr. Pawlet was so absorbed in grief and distraction, that he suffered them to do what they pleased.

Mrs. Pawlet's advice was this: "I know," said she, "that Penelope, in the present affair, like the loadstone, possesses the force of attraction; but it is ascertained by experiment, that the loadstone itself, tho' it is the attractive power, will, when, left loose in the water, follow that which is kept from it. Now if she is left loose, who knows that she may not follow Mr. Temple?—therefore, I advise that she be locked in her room."

When Gregory returned to Barclay, and imparted to him, though not thus minutely, what had taken place, he presently saw through all the arts that had been practised against him. However, the principal part of the anonymous letter was true, and his conscience smote him, for having acted so imprudently as to keep it from his friend for such a length of time: he had not therefore to complain so much of the letter as he had of himself. He had deceived his friend, and could no longer depend on that friendship for the sacrifice he thought, or rather hoped, it might be induced to make in his favour, by relinquishing all claims to Penelope. His grief was excessive, but his love was unabated. Gregory swore, prayed, and consoled in vain: he abandoned himself to sorrow and despair. Still, in his despondent melancholy, Penelope dwelt in his heart; and the remembrance that she had confessed her love, would now and then illumine his mind with rays cheerful to memory, as they cast a light on those happy hours that were gone by: but cheerless and gloomy, as they at the same time but too clearly exposed the dark and mournful prospect now before him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

(From a late London Publication.)

AN experimental farmer at Wigton, named Stamper, last year after planting the eyes cut from potatoes, deposited in a piece of ground properly prepared, the hearts and peelings, of the potatoes so left, and, in opposition to the general opinion, the fragments have vegetated nearly to the same degree as the eyes, and have already produced some very fine roots.

The following ludicrous circumstance took place, not long ago, in the parish church of W—de—h, in the hundred of of Wirral the county of Chester, and may be depended upon as a fact: During the time the parson was reading that part of of the service, from the Communion Table beginning—"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy," a boy with a large jug, and a bunch of keys, marches very deliberately into the body of the church, and, accosting the disciple of Sternhold and Hopkins, who is also a publican and sinner, said, "Joseph, Joseph, there's a mon wants a quart of ale, and here's the money for it!" When poor Joseph, forgetting the sacredness of the place, instead of complying with his request, very meekly and deliberately stretched forth his arm from the reading desk and knocked the boy down, jug and all, which had such an effect on the risible muscles of the congregation, as to produce a general burst of laughter, to the mortification of the parson, who was not able to account for their want of decency and decorum, till he saw the poor object of the clerk's resentment gather himself together; when the lad, casting a pitiful look at the remains of the jug, then at Joseph, and then at the Parson, made a precipitate retreat.

A gentleman of Bromyard, in Herefordshire, has lately invented a wig for his horse, in ridicule of those ladies who wear them, tho' they have no deficiency of natural hair.

A young lady, residing at Vauxhall, lately shot herself, in consequence of the refusal of her father to consent to her marriage with an officer. Her age was 16,—one of the most beautiful girls the eye ever beheld.

The four antique horses, supposed to be the work of Lishippus, who lived 350 years before Christ, and which successively adorned the triumphal arches of Nero and Trajan, at Rome, that of Constantine at Constantinople, and the church of St. Mark at Venice, are now placed in the Court of Invalids at Paris.

ANECDOTE.

Negligence in reading sometimes produces whimsical coincidences. A clergyman, who was reading to his congregation a chapter in Genesis, found the last sentence in the page to be, "And the Lord gave unto Adam a wife." Turning over two leaves together, he found written, and read in an audible voice, "and she was pitched with-in and without." He had unhappily got into the middle of a description of Noah's ark.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Caterer.

BY PETER DILIGENT.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the common acception of the word *Caterer*, it means one employed to provide or select provisions for a family. But as many words in the English language have different meanings, according to the place they stand in a sentence, or the application made of them by different writers; it will not therefore, it is presumed, be deemed an impropriety to apply this word to the office of providing matter for a literary repast to your readers. This being granted, I shall occasionally be at some pains to collect and arrange under the title of *The Caterer*, such a variety, as, it is hoped, will please, interest and gratify; at least this shall be my aim... Long introductions seldom please, unless perhaps they are intended by the writer to form *the body of his work*; as is often the case. Even then they appear like a bone out of joint; and generally operate upon the feelings of the reader in nearly the same manner that a long grace does upon those of a company of hungry guests set down to a sumptuous banquet.

Reader. True, Mr. Diligent; therefore do not detain us any longer with *your* preamble.

Author. This is what I expected, *Reader*; but you would not have me so impertinent as to intrude upon your notice in an unmannerly manner, like a true ***** who thinks no harm of bolting into a lady's dressing-room without knocking... But now I think of it, a lady's in the question, and LOVE, the little rogue, is perhaps nestling in her bosom.

Young Hair-brain. In her bosom! that's your sort!—Eh! let's see.

Amelia. Fye, Mr. Diligent, I should have thought, from your name, you was a sober man, and wouldn't talk about such things.

Author. Do not be uneasy, *Miss*, I shall not, I hope, forfeit your good opinion.—It is nought but the *passion*, the pure the delightful *passion* of LOVE I am going to treat of; and would have been engaged in the subject before this time, had not that *butterfly* bazz'd about my pen, and interrupted me. I must, however, candidly inform you, that what I am going to say is not my own production; for I cannot write, (at least until I learn): And besides, it is so much the better for that, because the real author understood the subject perfectly, and that's more than I do... Well then, to be serious—

"In order to elevate the sexual passion, (says an elegant writer,) and render it worthy the bosom of a rational being, it appears that sentiment must be united with sensation, and to this union of the intellectual with the sensitive powers, is peculiarly bestowed the appellation of LOVE. So universally does this truth seem to be acknowledged, that the term LOVE is applied only to the passion as it actuates the human race; and although we observe in the brute creation symptoms of strong attachment, we never dignify their affection with the name of LOVE. And pity it is that a word of which the soul of man appears jealous, as claiming by it a share of nature's most delightful influence, should ever be abused—that it should ever be applied to mere animal desire, or to the unmeaning fondness of insensible folly. On the former we often find it bestowed, not only by licentious poets, but by such philosophers as are fond of villifying the powers of the mind, and reducing all our intellectual faculties to material organism. On the latter, I mean on that unmeaning fondness of the idiot—on that unintelligible liking which the man of narrow understanding feels, in common with the rest of animated nature, we hear the term LOVE bestowed too often, even by the lips of the *fair*. But would that lovely part of our race, for whose sake both thought and action agitate our days, compare the feeble tenderness, unsupported by understanding, playing about the unsettled imagination of the *fool*, with the firm and constant passion which the man of sense feels,—ardent, because replete with numerous ideas of beauty and delight, which the impotent intellect of the fool cannot conceive; and unalterable, because united with reason: then, we should soon see presuming fully sinking to its proper level—the card-table of antiquated virginity, or the drawing-room of vanity and affectation; while our admiration would be more frequently excited by that highest perfection of human nature—the masculine power of intellect supporting and dignifying the gentle feminine attributes of loveliness and sensibility.

"It has frequently been said, that the influence of LOVE is universal; yet how small a part of mankind do we find capable of comprehending what thus actuates the bosoms of all. The thoughtless lose all sentiment in dissipation—the sedate in business; and nothing of that passion that burns in the verses of the poets, and glows the loveliest meteor of the imagination, is generally known, but animal desire, united to the friendship of interest or esteem. Yet

every body is conscious of an indescribable idea, which fascinated all other thoughts during some moments of that period which allies puerility to manhood.

"The youth whose years of opening manhood are commenced in a large and voluptuous city, loses too often that delightful sensation of the soul which peculiarly claims the denomination of LOVE, and gives away that title to mere animal desire, or at least to the natural impulse excited in him towards the first object of sexual gratification. With an imagination crowded with ideas of tender attachment, and of the delights of enjoyment—with hopes seduced by deceitful blandishment—with sensations animated with the fire of youth, and the indulgencies of beauty, the infatuated *boy* believes he feels all that passion which either raises or depresses, refines, embitters, torments, or sweetens the existence of man. Reflection, in vain, points out, during the moments of satiety, that perversion of sentiment by which he has been actuated: he believes all else, but what he has been sensible of, to be the sophistry of frigid age—the refinement of speculative mind, or the apologies of torpid impotency. He intoxicates Reason with renewed draughts of delight, and continues to desire without love—becomes attached without esteem—and forms an interested intimacy without friendship; and where this delirium is, for any length of time, suffered to debase the affections, the heart loses the faculty of contracting constant and virtuous desires: perhaps, injured to the infidelities of its object, it becomes insensible to the beauty of chastity. Perhaps, long engulphed in the vortex of dissipation, it cannot rise again to the smooth surface of domestic tranquillity; perhaps, habituated to the recesses of concealment and of shame, it cannot bear the splendor of conscious modesty, nor the dignity of authorised affection."

This is a true picture of DISSIPATION, haggard elf, that destroys *domestic tranquillity*!—foul fiend, that prepares the mind for every vice.

TURNING over a file of papers, of not a very ancient date, my attention was arrested by a No. of "*The Lunatic*," containing the following account of one of his evening rambles.

THE LUNATIC.

... "I lost the flying manners as they rise."...

THE Lunatic, in a late excursion, had occasion to reside for some days in a town of considerable eminence in the United

States; on a pleasant evening he took a ramble through the streets of this town, where he met with some adventures which he designs shall be the subject of the present number.

The first object which arrested my attention after leaving my lodgings, was a roaring voice, which bawled out at my right hand, "Spades are trumps, by —!" I turned, and saw in a tavern, about a dozen bucks of the town, seated round a table, playing *loo*: the attention of their whole souls appeared engrossed by the cards and cash, from which nothing could divert them, except the frequent return of the waiter with the glasses and decanters; sullen intervals often took place, in which nothing was heard but the jinking of the cash, the raps of knuckles, and the slaps of cards; then the whole circle would roar out at once, and from the most stentorific voices amidst this general jargon could be distinguished—"A *loo*, by —, on twenty-five dollars!"—"My deal, by —!"—"Douse your cash!"—At length, one who appeared to have "doused" his last shilling, rose from the table in a passion, swearing there had been cheating, and damning one who sat opposite for a swindler; a confused bustle immediately took place; all arose; some chose one side, and some the other; the *lie* was reiterated, with *d—d rascal, cursed villain*, and such like gentlemanly epithets; when, just as the landlord entered, with a large waiting-board, adorned with bowls, bottles, and glasses, they all fell to *loggerheads*: the lights were extinguished, the table overturned, the landlord and his apparatus upset; and I hastened off, leaving them tumbling, scratching and scrambling upon the floor, among the confused group of chairs, tables, broken crockery, cards, grog, landlord, tobacco juice, and the treasures of the *little loo*.

In passing another tavern of more conspicuity, my attention was again fixed by an unusual discordance of mingled sounds; I peeped in at a window (the Lunatic had the benefit of his readers in view) when I saw several clusters of people in the room, some standing, and others seated: some were singing, *Hail Columbia! happy land!* others, *Lord of the worlds above!* and others again, *Push about the bowl, boys!* and happy was he who could "tune his vocal nose" the highest. I left them, compounding their religion, grog, and patriotism, and pursued my perambulations.

A clamorous vociferation from different throats was the next object worthy of remark, as it appeared but a little distance

before me—I walked up, and found a number of the townsmen assembled on the green or town-plot, engaged in political disputes; one asserted that the President of the United States had blue eyes, while another affirmed they were black; with a number of other disputes of the like importance. But the grand dispute was between two *learned orators*, a Demo and an Aristo, with regard to the name of Buonaparte: one was positive it ought to be pronounced *Bu-o-na-parte*; the other declared the right pronunciation was *Buo-na-par-tee*, this dispute arose so high that a challenge was the final consequence, which was accepted, and a duel was to be fought the next morning—I walked off from this polite body of *literati*, not choosing to mingle in topics so far above my comprehension.

I still trudged along the main street, and the next article of observation was a company of mechanics, met for the purpose of coming to a coalition respecting their various occupations. They had completed their business, and were consulting what to order for supper: a carpenter chose *plumb* pudding, a blacksmith was fond of *hot rolls*, a shoemaker wanted nothing at all, a tinker swore he would have *spoon* victuals, a tailor chose roast *goose and cabbage*, a printer preferred *pie*, and a painter could think of nothing to please his *palette*. Without hearing the different choosings yet to be brought forward, I left them, and walked on.

As I passed a merchant's coffee-house, I saw the secretary registering this important resolution:

"Resolved unanimously, that we will hereafter sell goods to honest men at fifty per cent. and to rogues thirty-three and a half.

A debating society was the next important object of attention; the subject under debate was, *whether the man in the moon wore a military hat, with a federal cockade, or a liberty cap?* much learned ingenuity was displayed on both sides, in the discussion of this argument: it was finally decided by the president, who gave it as his opinion, that he wore neither, but a Turkish turban; the learned society acquiesced, and were adjourned to a future day.

The Lunatic then passed a Masonic and a Military society; he heard some speeches made, some songs sung, and some toasts drank: but he could not comprehend their *mystic* import, and so he let them pass.

As I "bent my steps homeward," I was suddenly aroused from a deep reverie by a confused sound of shrill voices, which is-

sued from an adjoining apartment; I stepped up to the place, and discovered an assemblage of ladies; I took out my memorandum-book for the purpose of remarking; but tho' I waited a full half hour, and every lady's volubility was still increasing, yet I could not distinguish a single intelligible syllable. The Lunatic looked at his watch, hastened to his lodgings, and was lulled to slumber by the mingling discordance of the midnight watch dogs.

Characters.

NO. VII.

THE SCEPTIC IN RELIGION

IS one that hangs in the balance with divers opinions, whereof no one has sufficient influence to determine him. He is a man guilty of credulity than he pretends to be; for it is out of the fulness of his belief that he believes nothing. Each religion frightens him from its contrary; but none persuades him to itself. He would be wholly a Christian, but that he is partly a Deist; and wholly a Deist, but that he is partly a Christian: and a perfect Atheist, but that he cannot account for a series of *infinities*. He finds reason in all opinions, but truth in none: indeed, the least reason perplexes him, and the best will not satisfy him.

He can find doubts and scruples better than resolve them; and is always too hard for himself. His learning is too much for his brain, and his judgment too little for his learning, and his overweening opinion of both spoils all.

He uses occasionally the religion of his country, because it is next him, yet he sees no reason why he may not take another; but he clures this, not as a better, but because there is not a pin to choose. It was his mischance to be a scholar, for it only confounds and perplexes him. He argues much in general upon the uncertainty of our opinions, and the possibility of erring deters him from searching for the truth. He is troubled with the opinion that particular religions are naturalized in different countries; that Protestantism should be born in England and Holland, and Popery in Spain and Portugal; and the worship of Mahomet in Asia. His principles and opinions are as unsteady as a weathercock, and are invariably governed not by the strongest, but the last arguments. Godwin, Paine, and De Volney, by turns, lead, or rather mislead him; and as these redoubled champions of *immutable* truth not only individually, but collect-

ively, differ in opinion from each other, he is, by turns a disciple of the three. He has a small portion of all religions, and you may sooner pick out of him a part of many varieties than one whole. In fine, his whole life is a question, and his salvation a greater, which death only concludes, and then he is resolved.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Querist.

NO. 1.

The best, perhaps the only way of getting knowledge, is to ENQUIRE AND OBJECT. CHESTERFIELD.

MR. HOGAN,

I am a plain, ignorant fellow, just come from the country, to see if I can't learn something; but the folks seem so knowing and polished here, that I almost despair of making a tolerable figure among them.—However, I find many very civil and charitable to me; for, as my great object is to get knowledge, I asked several of them, the other day, which was the best way to go about it? and was answered immediately by one, "Study the Encyclopædia, *i. e.* the Dictionary of Arts and Sciences,"—and then by another, "No; rather get Johnson's Dictionary by heart." Well, I tho't this mighty kind; so I began the latter, (bein' grather the smaller of the two,) and went on a good way with great eagerness. But, dear me! I found, before long, that I might as well attempt to hew away one of our mountains with a slinging hatchet, as to get through it. I therefore gave it up. Luckily for me, however, while I was in this state of almost despondency, and ruminating on what I should do, I cast my eyes on a volume of Chesterfield that lay open on the window; when, to my unspeakable joy, the words of my motto struck me forcibly. I instantaneously took the hint; and I find it answers the purpose wonderfully well. It not only saves me the time and trouble of poring over numerous and ponderous volumes, but procures the concentration of the reading, observation and reflection of others; while, by the exercise it gives our own faculties, it enlarges the capacity of the mind, still adds to our stock of knowledge, and lays the foundation for our thinking, judging, speaking and acting rightly.

Pardon, Sir, this preface; as you well know something of the kind was necessary to introduce me, a stranger, into the society of people of morals, manners, science, genius, taste, knowledge, &c. the only ones

that will be useful and agreeable to me in the various desultory enquiries that I may propose; because the only ones that know how to receive them with candour, treat them with fairness, and answer them with temper.

ENQUIRY I.

I have read an advertisement for a person who will teach "a few branches of the *Fine Arts*; such as Music, Drawing, Dancing, &c."—*Query*, How many *Fine Arts* are there according to the *Literati*? and, Is Dancing one?

II.

I have read of a place open for "FREE AND PUBLIC DEBATE," every Thursday evening, where the purchase of admission is only 12½ cents, which, if a man attend once every week for a year, is a tax on him of only SIX DOLLARS AND A HALF; where the speakers have been absolutely two in number, one on each side, and a few more in audience, &c.—*Query*, In this instance, what construction ought to be put upon the words, OPEN, FREE AND PUBLIC?

III.

I have read of a man who teaches the "accomplished and sublime Art of FENCING."—*Query*, How is fencing *SUBLIME*?

and to which of the *SUBLIMES* does it belong? Burke does not mention it.

IV.

I have heard it remarked that our churches and ball-rooms (strange combination!) have seldom been more crowded than at present.—*Query*, Does this argue that Divine Worship, and refined revelry, are the same, or cousin-germans? that they are inseparable companions, mutually benefitting each other? Or that the sons and daughters of Dissipation assume the pure veil of the one, to hide the deformed impurity of the other?

THE POSTSCRIPT.

A young man of fashion, lately threw himself, in a love fit, into the Seine; he was rescued from his perilous situation by a waterman, who heard him roar out most unmercifully, that he had forgot to add a postscript to his farewell letter to his mistress. [London Paper.]

THE RUE.

Last week, as some Gamblers at Norfolk (Vir.) were duping a fellow at *Pur*, in a public house, one of them appealed to an *Irishman* who was looking on, whether he had not *three Trays* in his hand? "You had all that," said Paddy, "and what is more, I saw you take them all out of your pocket."

A Statement of the INTERMENTS in the different Burial Grounds in the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, during the months of JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, and APRIL, 1802,—derived from an accurate source, and first published in Poulson's Gazette.

	JANUARY.		FEBRUARY.		MARCH.		APRIL.		TOTAL.	
	Ad.	Ch.	Ad.	Ch.	Ad.	Ch.	Ad.	Ch.	Ad.	Ch.
1 Christ's Church -	4	6	3	1	1	3	6	2	14	12
2 Saint Peter's -	3	3	2	1	6	0	1	1	12	5
3 Saint Paul's -	3	0	0	4	3	1	1	0	7	5
4 German Lutheran -	8	15	18	9	13	3	7	4	46	31
5 German Presbyterian -	5	2	3	2	3	2	5	2	16	8
6 Society of Friends -	9	6	8	6	7	1	15	3	39	16
7 Saint Mary's -	6	9	1	6	11	6	2	7	20	28
8 Holy Trinity -	4	6	1	5	1	3	5	2	11	16
9 First Presbyterian -	3	0	1	0	2	0	2	2	8	2
10 Second Presbyterian -	5	3	3	1	3	1	5	1	16	6
11 Third Presbyterian -	4	4	3	1	5	1	2	1	14	7
12 Scotch Presbyterian -	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
13 Associate Church -	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	3	1
14 Moravians -	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	1	1
15 Swedes -	4	4	1	3	0	3	2	2	7	12
16 Methodists -	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	2
17 Free Quakers -	3	1	1	2	3	2	3	0	10	5
18 Baptists -	3	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	5	1
19 Universalists -	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	1
20 Jews -	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
21 African Episcopalians -	3	0	3	0	0	1	1	1	7	2
22 African Methodists -	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	3	0
23 Kensington bur. ground -	8	7	6	8	6	4	8	24	29	29
24 Coats's bur. ground -	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0
25 Public bur. ground -	64	8	43	10	34	11	27	21	173	50
Totals -	142	75	110	60	100	47	80	38	142	240

The Bouquetier.

NO. II.

THE DEW-DROP.

Unfolding fair,.....the dew-drops sparkle!
THOMPSON.

ADDRESSED TO HOLTIMNA*.

THE opening morning greets the view:
Fresh, floral fragrance floats around;
The trees and shrubs are dressed in dew,
And various drops impearl the ground.

As the sun's "disc emerges into e,"
And scatters o'er the scene his rays,
Gay Iris, from her colours' store,
The prospect decks with Beauty's blaze.

HOLTIMNA! in this prospect see,
A host of Lovers of the Nile;
From Fancy's Sons, who top the tree,
To those who in the valley shine.

Some, fair and steady, like a gem,
Attract as with the diamond's light;
While some emit a twinkling flame,
Yet end alas! too soon in night.

Some, with a gold and silver gleam,
Strongly arrest the gazer's eye;
And lighting others by their beam,
Will seem with Heaven's bright orbs to vie.

But yonder, where the hill declines,
Behold two neighb'ring drops appear;
And as the first's fair lustre shines,
The last in radiance buries more clear.

This last we will AMYNTOR call,
Who is but by reflection known;
Whose humble light, and beauties all,
Sprang from thy glowing lay alone:

Since he, tho' least of those who throng,
Parnassus' and the Muses' shrine,
Had tun'd no melody of song,
Without such meed of praise as thine*.

Thus—compliment return'd—we'll strive,
By waving sportive fancy's dream,
Good from all subjects to derive—
And thus we'll moralize our theme—

REFLECTION.

Behold, of man the giddy race,
By various ruling passions borne;
Of some lov'd object still in chase,
Fair as the dew-drop of the morn:
But when each deems his object gain'd,
And fair would grasp the darling prize,
(As the most sanguine hope attain'd)
The evanescent jewel flies!

At first, fair shines the distant goal,
Then near, and nearer, clears the view;
Till check'd, or balk'd, the fabled soul,
Begins the self some race anew:
Or just about t' enjoy the goal
Of all her love, desire and joys,
She, for a Juno clasps a cloud,
And then—how soon possession cleaves!

* See *Holtimna's Address to Amyntor*, Jan. 16, p. 79,
which was the first of the kind that ever had the honor
of thus publicly receiving.

Imagination's vivid pow'rs,
By Hope's bright-gliding, batt'ring light,
Present us now with Eden's bow'rs,
And now with Honour's splendid height:
Fame's temple here, with chrysal crown'd;
There gorgeous wealth's resurgent fane:
Onward we press, to be renew'd—
Our expectations all are vain!

Such are the glittering dew-drops' rays,
Alluring still our wishing sight;
Eager we snatch to hold the blaze—
The illusive beam dissolves in night.

Such are the wild, the Proteus-schemes,
Of mad ambition, avarice;
The poet's airy, fairy dreams;
The raptur'd lover's paradise.

The chemist's life-preserving touch;
Philosopher's vain-sought-for stone;
Perpetual motion, and all such—
Eccentric vision's forms alone.

Even happiness, the great pursuit,
The sovereign wish of all below,
In terrene basins takes not root,
And dew-drop like, is but a show.

Hence, by transition easy, turn,
Our thoughts to more substantial weal;
To climb's where living sapphires burn,
With glory, circling Zion's hill.

There, there alone, all objects rest,
To satisfy the craving mind;
There may we be of all possest,
Exalted, boundless and resign'd.

Then, be our treasure: there—our hearts,
Our wishes, hopes, desires, delights—
Where nothing adventitious parts,
The owner from his sacred rights.

This, this is honour, wealth and fame,
To be the heirs of bliss above,
Kindred of THE ETERNAL NAME,
And objects of ETERNAL LOVE.

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 15, 1802.

At a COMMENCEMENT held in DICKINSON COLLEGE, on the 28th ult. the degree of *Master of Arts*, was conferred on JAMES THOMPSON, Teacher of Languages in the Friends' Academy of this City; and

The honorary degree of *Master of Arts* was conferred on JAMES A. NEAL, Principal of the Young Ladies' Academy, of this City.

By accounts a few days ago from Wilkesbarre, (Luzerne County) we learn, that a dreadful conflagration was spreading thro' an immense extent of woodland, to the west of that town. It was set on fire in a particular spot, by the hunters, solely with a view to facilitate their sport; but they afterwards found it impossible to restrain the flames.

The Subscribers to the *Philadelphia Repository*, are respectfully informed, that their 20th payment of 25 Cents, will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.

Extract of a letter from Chester Town, (Maryland) April 28th, 1802.

"An instance of voluntary abstinence has lately taken place, perhaps unparalleled. An inmate prison, named Horatio Carey, of Church Hill, a young Anne's courtly, Maryland, a few days ago completed a Fast of forty-four days! being determined (as he frequently declared) to out fast our Blessed Saviour.

"During this whole period, he suffered nothing to pass his lips but pure water—No relaxation whatever could prevail on him to mix milk with it. Meat, bread, &c. were repeatedly put in his way that he might take it by stealth—but it remained untouched.

"On the morning of the 4th day he broke his fast by eating one perch and two mouthfuls of conney—observing, that as his last meal was fish, his first should be the same—After this, in going to the door he told down—was taken up and put to bed; and the next day he took half a cup of coffee, and a small biscuit, which was the last food he partook of. A short time after this, perhaps one hour, he expired.

"During this wonderful fast, he rode about as usual, exhibiting a most horrid spectacle—his bones were visible thro' his skin, his lips stuck to his teeth and gums complete. He was perfectly harme, never having injured any one; he was, however, suffered to go at large. He was also remarkable for a retentive memory.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. William Richers, a native of Hamburg, to Miss Mary Wallace, of this city.

—On the 11th, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, Dr. Tobias Watkins, of Annapolis, Maryland, to Miss Mary Simpson, daughter of George Simpson, Esq. of this city.

—On the 12th, at Friends' Meeting in, Pine-street, Mr. Timothy Abbott, to Miss Rebecca Howard, both of this city.

—On the 13th, by the Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green, Mr. George Helmboldt, jun. to Miss Sarah Makin.

—On the 12th, at Friends' Meeting, Bucking-ham, Mr. John Paxon, of Bensalem, to Miss Sally Pickering, daughter of Jonathan Pickering, of Salebury: And on the same day, Mr. Evan Jones, tanner, to Miss Sarah Ely, daughter of William Ely.

Deaths.

DIED, at Roxbury, on the 6th inst. in the 59th year of his age, the Hon. John Lowell, Esq. Chief Judge of the Circuit Court of the United States, for the first circuit.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Elegy on the Death of Miss M*****," by *Eugenie*, and lines on the "Death of a Child," in our next.
"David Carbank," is a clumsy piece of wit.
"Enigma," by *Orlando*,—and
Lines to "Morning," by *Carles*, next week, if possible.

JUST IMPORTED
From London and Leghorn,

SIX elegant sets of Italian Alabaster Marble Ornaments, consisting of Temples supported by Columns, Bell and other Vases, Pyramids, &c. Fancy Devices in Alabaster Frames, and several sets for book-cases of Milton, Shakespeare, Locke, Newton, Johnson, Handel, Homer, Virgil, &c. &c. Pome, Auden, George, Buchanan, Charles Fox, William Pitt, Admiral Howe, &c. &c. Duncan & Nelson, Medals of Buonaparte and Cornwallis, all of beautiful workmanship, for sale at CORNELL WELLS' and Sons' Composition Ornaments Manufactory, No. 40, Chesnut near Second-street.

N. B. He has also on hand, a large assortment well-finished Conception Ornaments, for the decoration of the inside of public or private buildings, which will be sold at low for cash, or the usual credit.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

H Y M N S.

H Y M N II.

The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Deut. xxxiii. 27.

PROTECTED thus by thee my God,
Whom should I fear, what need I dread?
Though fearful thunders roll abroad,
And lightnings glare around my head:
Earth thou may'st move, ye rattling quails,
And mountains from their base be hurld;
Yea, air and fire a union make,
And liquidize this solid world:
To thee I'll fly, eternal God,
My refuge thou, my sure abode;
Borne on thy everlasting arms,
Secure I'll rest free from alarms.

Should kings and potentates engage,
And blood and carnage mark their way;
And pride and envy raise their rage,
To cloud with crimes the face of day:
Though friends should fall, and all deceive,
And truth and faith, and love depart;
And ruin's wide-ingulphing grave,
Receive all monuments of art:
To thee I'll fly, &c.

Should sickness seize thy active frame,
And torture every feeling nerve;
Should thither every ball start with pain,
And reason from her office swerve:
Should death at length with fatal dart,
And level true—an active friend,
Fierce through my palpitating heart,
And bid my pains and sufferings end:
To thee I'll fly, &c.

X. W. T.

The following, the Editor is informed, is the first attempt of a young poet.—If so, we are free to commend both the poetry and the subject; and invite his correspondence.

H Y M N,

WRITTEN AT SUNRISE, ON SUNDAY, MAY 9th, 1802.

LO in the east, with radiant blaze,
In glory Sol appears;
His splendour speaks his Maker's praise,
And earth and nature cheers.

O Thou, from whose creative hand,
He came "to rule the day,"
And shine refulgent on our land,
Accept my humble lay.

O from my lips let not a word,
Or any wanton jest,
Profane thy holy Sabbath, Lord—
This day of sacred rest;

But fill my heart with grace divine,
That I *that* love may know,
Which all my passions can refine—
Can every good bestow.

O tune my heart and lips to sing,
With melody thy praise;
Tha- ro thy name, my God, my King,
Loud anthems I may raise.

May I within thy temple, Lord,
With contrite heart appear;
And with attention hear thy word,
And join in worship there.

At eve, when darkness shades the plain,
And public worship's o'er,
Inspire in soul, my heart sustain,
To praise I *hex* more and more.

At night, when laid upon my bed,
And sleep has clos'd my eyes,
May angels watch around my head,
And guard me till I rise.

Thus may my days on earth still flow,
Till death shall set me free,
And I exchange a world of woe,
For Heaven's bright courts—and Thee.

J. S. W.

RURAL REFLECTIONS ON THE MONTH OF MAY,

BY A COUNTRYMAN.

MAY,—the loveliest month in the year,
Has again with its beauties arriv'd;
All nature in bloom doth appear,
From the piercings of winter reviv'd.

How delightful is all that I see!
The gay meadows their verdure assume;
And the blossoms of every tree,
Fill the air with a fragrant perfume.

'Tis the joy and delight of my mind,
To behold so enchanting a sight;
All the beauties of nature combin'd!
To mix pleasure and joy, with delight.

The vales are all deck'd with sweet flow'rs,
Of a mixt and diversified hue;
Interspersed with roscate bow'rs,
Clad in foliage delightful to view.

The Birds too, harmoniously sing,
In a strain so melodiously sweet;
That the valleys responsively ring,
While the Author of nature they greet.

So enraptur'd and I with the sound,
That I cannot find words to express
Half the pleasures that do me surround,
Nor the exquisite joy I possess.

Let the Author of all be ador'd,
Who in kindness, to us more gave birth?
And adorn'd her with scenes that afford,
To us kind so much pleasure on earth—

But let not adoration stop here,
For the blessings on each that are giv'n;
Since a scene more sublime doth appear,
In the measures prepar'd in Heaven.

There, rich pleasures unmixt ever glow,
With resplendence and lustre divine;
Where the streams of his love ever flow,
And his glories incessantly shine.

Let me look then, for bliss more sublime,
And for permanent happiness too;
Since the beauties I now see, in prime,
Must soon bid an eternal adieu,
For alas! by experience I've found,
That the happiness tasted below,
Dost with troubles and sorrows abound,
Mixt with grief, pain, and sadness and woe,
And the verdure and flowers of May,
That do now so delightful appear,
Time will speedily hurry away,
And the prospect again will be drear.
But in Heaven no change will be known,
Save an increase of knowledge and love;
There, cold Winter will never dare frown,
To deprive us of what we approve.

CALLIMACHUS.

CYNTHIA AND EMMA. A COMPARISON.

SWEET Cynthia, why not always shine;
Why turn thy face away,
Or why deprive us of thy light,
More precious far than day.

Those distant objects dimly seen,
Which fancy makes to move,
Lead on my thoughts in reverie,
And tune my heart to love.

And love I will, while Emma smiles,
So pleasant is the pain,
I'm discontented when 'tis gone,
And wish for it again.

But Emma is like Cynthia form'd,
Subject to Nature's law;
For both alike do smile and charm,
And then their smiles withdraw.

Yet not alike do they appear,
When I the cause would scan,
Why Emma frowns I can't divine,
Why Cynthia's dark I can.

Those scenes contrasted have their use,
Nothing in vain is done;
We should not estimate her worth
If Cynthia always shone.

Dim objects spring to light, when Sol
Mounns in resplendent car,
Lose half their beauty by the day,
And teach us what they are.

But Emma has another view,
She overrules her power,
And thinks, that when she deigns to smile,
'T will be esteem'd the more.

'Tis here she errs, for when she frowns,
And reason breaks the charm,
I see what love had made divine,
Is but a mortal form.

Dismiss'd of that graceful air,
Which fancy, warm'd by love,
Alone was able to create—
An angel from above.

Know Emma, reason, like the sun,
Brings foibles into day;
Then as you raise your power to charm,
Henceforth be always gay.

X. W.



PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XII.—*Con.*

THE good, the bad, the king, the beggar, the robber, and the judge, are all engaged in the same pursuit, and *Happiness* is the game which they, by various modes, endeavour to secure. But, alas! how many follow a wrong scent; how many are thrown out; how many fall in the chase; and how few are in at the taking of the object they pursue!—Barclay saw happiness in the shape of love; and though he was at a fault, he was resolved never to give up the pursuit.

It has been said, that Von Hein was as excessive and vehement in his hatred as his friendship. Whenever he felt or conceived that he was injured, he was relentless and unforgiving. His regard for Barclay, however, had been so great, that he could not entirely shake it off, as will appear from the following letter, which our hero received from him some hours after Gregory's return.

"BARCLAY,

"Once we were what scarcely each quarter of the globe can boast of—two men with one heart: our joys, sorrows, pleasures, griefs, were one; that time is now no longer. You have injured my peace and happiness; you have betrayed my friendship, and dishonoured yourself. Yet is there one way left, by which you may retrieve all: renounce every further tho't

of Penelope! You know me, Barclay: you know me resolute, fixed and immoveable! Do this, or may the earth sink beneath my feet, and heaven forsake me if we ever more are friends!

KEPPEL VON HEIN.

"P. S. If you treat my friendship so lightly as to refuse this, I caution you now to hasten from my sight. Here are the means—I feel,—but should I confess it?—I feel that I would not have you want."

Barclay perused this letter with the greatest agony of mind, but was not long before he wrote the subsequent reply:

"KEPPEL,

"Your conduct pierces me to the very soul. I would lose my life, rather than do you wrong. If you say my love for Penelope does you wrong, you are unjust, for you ascribe to me what you should ascribe to fate. I had not the power to help loving—I have not the power to cease to love.

"I return you your money, as I cannot descend to receive charity from one who is no longer my friend. Your friendship for me, Keppel, may waver, but mine for you is rooted, and will last, in spite of all the accumulated injuries you may heap upon the head of him who never did aught *where in he himself was a free agent*, that could be construed into a violation of those sacred bonds of amity, which he has ever cherished, and held inestimably dear.

BARCLAY TEMPLE."

Barclay's reply enraged Von Hein to such a degree, as to render his conduct alarming to the whole paragonage; the quiet, but not the peace of which was, however, presently restored, by the absence of Von Hein, who left it suddenly the following morning. His intentions were not made known, but they were soon apparent.

Our hero knew not what plan to pursue. He was well aware, that he could not remain long in the village, and yet he was unable to leave it. Like a departed spirit, he loved to haunt the abode of his former happiness.

Such a disturbance could not well happen any where without transpiring; but in a village, which cannot be better described, than as a monster all ear and tongue, it was in a very short period the entire subject of conversation, from the arret to the kitchen, in every house throughout the place. It afforded a rich repast to the slander and malignity of Mrs. George Pawlet and her hopeful children, Miss Phyllis and Master Stephen.

The merchant, however, took it in a very different light, and was fearful of losing Barclay, whose manners and counsel had won greatly on his affection. He sent for him, and taking him aside, desired to be informed of the truth of the whole affair.

"What I have heard," said he, "I have heard from my wife and Phyllis; but I am too much your friend, and too well convinced of your honour, to believe the infamous story they have trumped up on the occasion. Tell me the truth, and rely on my friendship."

Barclay stated to him every circumstance of what had happened, concluding by saying, that he should consider no sacrifice too great to make for his friend's happiness;—no, not even his love for Penelope, if it were possible—"but it is not!" said he, "I have it not in my power to say, I will love her no more."

The merchant having listened to his simple story, took him by the hand, and promised him his protection. Though a man, as I have said, whose attachment to money was so great, as nearly to deserve the name of avarice, Mr. Pawlet was so partial to

our hero, that he then offered to furnish him with a room in his house; and shortly afterward gave him a still greater proof of his generosity.

One day, while he was conversing with the merchant in his private chamber, they heard somebody running up stairs, in not the lightest manner, and presently a hasty rap was given at the door. Permission was scarcely allowed to enter, when Gregory burst into the room, his eyes rolling in his head, and his countenance big with some important, and not very agreeable intelligence.

"I beg pardon, sir, I hope you'll excuse my boldness," said he, bowing to Mr. Pawlet; "but—but—" Here he turned to Barclay; "Sir, you must fly directly."

"Fly!" repeated Barclay.

"Yes, sir,—yes, the bailiffs are after you; I saw, I spoke to them this instant."

"Oh, Keppel, Keppel!" Barclay exclaimed, shaking his head.

"Ah, d——n him," cried Gregory, I knew——"

"Peace sir," interrupted Barclay, with severity; "I have told you of this before, let me not hear you talk thus again. But come, say what you know, that I may act accordingly."

"Whilst I was sitting in my shop, two men came in and enquired for you. I asked their business.—'As to our business,'" said one, "that's no business of yours: we want him, that's all."—"Ay," cried the other, "and we'll have him too."—I then instantly began to suspect what they were after, so I said, indeed I can't tell where he is gone at present, but I know he'll be here in about half an hour; and if you'll leave any message, I'll tell him. "Very well," was their answer, and they left the shop. I followed them with my eye, and seeing them enter into the Red Lion, as I suppose, to wait for your return, I set off instantaneously to give you notice. Now you may either stay or go, which you like. If you wish to stay, I must go back, and I'll be bound for it, I'll soon get some one to help me to lick them, so that they shan't be able to come abroad for a week; but if you choose to go, I'll take care of your things, and follow you as soon as possible."

While Barclay was musing on what he should do, the merchant shewed his esteem by generously offering to bail him, for which he had Gregory's blessing, not only in his words, but in his heart.

This, however, Barclay, always fearful of dependence, positively refused.

"No," said he, "that I cannot agree to; but your kindness, Sir, will nevertheless live in my memory. It will be best for

me to go. I know that I can soon get out of this country; and I shall then be free from the writ these fellows have out against me. You, Gregory, will take care of my trunks, and you say you will come to me——"

"Yes!"

"But you must return."

"I'll be——"

"Don't swear," interrupted Barclay; "you shall do as you please."

Our hero found himself abandoned by all, and wanting some one to support him, he could not refuse Gregory's offer. There was now not a moment to be lost. He told Gregory the village he should stop at, and shaking the merchant by the hand, hurried, by his directions, thro' the garden to a back lane, which led him a near way into the road he was about to take.

C H A P. XIII.

The author vindicates himself.—The danger of using the word pedantry, and of expressing a dislike to the Classics.—How Barclay travelled.—Gregory's account of what happened after his master left him.—Who the bailiffs arrest.—Gregory's advice to them.—What he brought from the village.—What he undertakes to do.—How Barclay employs himself during Gregory's absence.—Gregory's success.—How they acted afterwards.—The advantages of London.

HERE I stop! I will not budge an inch further, until I have vindicated myself against a charge which I have some presentiment may be unjustly brought to my prejudice. It should have been advanced before, perhaps; however, as its rather impudent, the reader will, in all probability, think it comes quite soon enough.

There may be folks who will object to my having introduced several classical quotations which they are unable to expound; and some will call it too great a display of learning; others, less liberal, pedantry; by which word, something not very different from the words ass and fool are commonly signified. But let me ask these good-natured critical ignorant souls, whether they do not often meet with pages, and whole chapters, in works of this description, which, tho' written in their mother tongue, are perfectly Greek to them? Surely I have a right to possess my unintelligible parts as well as other authors of my stamp, and I think that my unintelligible Greek is better than their unintelligible English, since I can answer for mine being sense, altho' they do not comprehend it.

Before I conclude this argument, I shall just observe, that the word pedantry would not be in such frequent use, were people to recollect, that to employ that term reflects as much, if not more, on the user of it, than on the person to whom it is applied, as itin-

stantly proclaims his ignorance;—for to talk learnedly to the learned, is no more pedantry, than it was pedantry in Diogenes to talk Greek to Alexander.

It was now the month of June, and Barclay had set out with a very heavy heart, to avoid his pursuers; feeling, however, much less pleasure in escaping from them, than he did pain at being compelled to abandon Penelope.

"Well, well," cried he, "unhappy as I am, my unhappiness does not arise from guilt: my mind is conscious of its rectitude. I have done no harm to any man! and surely I cannot have offended God, by loving one of the fairest of his creatures; the most perfect of his works."

In such reflections he made his way over the hills—

—Transvectus equo cui nomina TEN-TOES,†

Casting "a lingering look behind," as he descended, and lost sight of the vale that contained all his treasure—as he tore himself from it, hope seemed to desert him, and he proceeded on his way, a prey to gloomy melancholy—there was no joy in his heart! His prospects were all blasted, and his tormenting mind (to use the words of the best of our modern poets) pictured to him nothing

But black reserves of unexhausted pains,
And sad successive scenes of length'ning woe.

After travelling till late in the evening, he arrived in the village in which he had appointed Gregory to meet him. Taking up his abode at the only place of entertainment which the place afforded, he ordered some supper, but, worn out with fatigue of body and mind, he was unable to remain up until it was ready; inquiring, therefore, for his room, he retired to rest.

Rising the next day somewhat refreshed, he patiently awaited the coming of Gregory, who made his appearance about dinner-time, in a little cart with one horse, which he had hired for the purpose of conveying their baggage. Barclay was pleased to see him, but his pleasure was very inferior to Gregory's, who never was happier in his life, nor ever wished to be more so. He had been engaged in the service of Barclay, and was now to live with him—he required no more.

Having unloaded the cart, and paid the man for his trouble, Barclay was anxious to know what had passed in his absence. Gre-

* He that admires not ancient authors, betrays a secret that he would conceal, and tells the world that he does not understand them.—DR. JOHNSON.

† Transported on a horse whose name was Ten-toes. See the last of the "Panegyric Verses" on Coryot's Cruelties, 1611.

gory was ready to inform him, but desired, as he was in his master's presence, for whom he never lost his respect, to stand during the recital. This Barclay would not consent to, seeing that his ill-timed attention would subject him to the ridicule of the people of the house; he therefore insisted on his sitting, adding, that if they continued together, they must appear upon terms of greater familiarity. Gregory, ever obedient, took his seat, but at an awful distance, and began his relation.

"After you were gone, sir," said he, "the first thing I did, was to go about disposing of my shop. Here Mr. George Pawlet was of great service to me. He is not much liked in the neighbourhood; but nevertheless, I am sure he is a worthy man, owing to his being so friendly to you. I could not have got rid of all my goods so soon as I wished, if it had not been for him. Seeing how I was situated, he gave me what they cost me, and took upon himself the trouble of selling them afterwards, as well as he could.

"Well, sir, while I was packing up what I had to take away, the bailiffs paid me another visit, and inquired whether you were returned. Knowing you were safe, I was resolved to give them as good as they brought; so, said I, what's your business here, my friends? Does either of you want to be shaved? D—'em, I wish they had let me shaved them! High words soon followed, and I was just going to attack them, when the neighbours came in and parted us; and one of them telling the scoundrels that you were at Mr. George Pawlet's, they instantly set off in search of you.

"Towards the evening, I strolled up the parsonage, in hopes to see Miss Penelope's maid, and to get some intelligence to comfort you. As I was returning who should I again meet but the two bailiffs, lugging along Master Stephen; whom it seems, not knowing your person, they had taken for you, and finding him coming out of the merchant's house, had seized him, not in the least heeding his protestations that he was not Mr. Temple.

"The moment he saw me, he began humming a tune, and presently claimed my acquaintance, desiring me to say he was not the man they took him for. Now I knew he wasn't over fond of you, so I said I did not know him, and desired the bailiffs not to be humbugged by him, or by any body who might pretend he was not the man they wanted. Away they took him, and when I left the place this morning, Mrs. George Pawlet was making a sad hue-and-cry after him in the village, but all to no end, for they had carried him off."

"No harm will come to him," said Barclay, "and the delay will be of some service to us. But did not you say you sauntered near the parsonage, in hopes of getting some news for me? Without success, I suppose?"

"No, not so; I have got something here I received from Miss Penelope's maid," replied Gregory, his eyes glistening with pleasure as he drew a letter from his pocket, which he knew would afford Barclay some comfort.

"Give, give it me!" cried our hero, snatching it from him. "Why didn't you give it me before?"—Seeing Penelope's writing, he almost devoured the paper with kisses. Opening it, he read:

"You have ruined my peace, but I forgive you: my suffering is great, but it is dear to me, since I suffer for you. I write with fear and trembling, lest I should be discovered; therefore I must be brief. Though they should increase their unkindness, and persecute me to the last, yet let me but know that you still love me, and your Penelope shall never complain, nor count herself unhappy."

Barclay remained for some time in a trance of rapture: he was so little prepared for joy, that he was overwhelmed and lost by the unexpected pleasure.—"Love-hiest, most adored of women!" he exclaimed—"how have I merited such love as thine! Remorse and anguish seize upon his heart that does thee wrong! I dive from his slumbers all the joys of rest, and dash from his unhallowed lips, the cup that bears the scanty sweets of life!"

He now paused a while, when recollecting the obligation he was under to Gregory, he cried, "Gregory, you have given me fresh life: I shall never forget the unlooked for service you have done me by bringing this letter."

"Your happiness," replied Gregory, speaking from his soul—"your happiness, Sir, can scarcely be greater than mine is on the ocean now: indeed it cannot."

"But what is to be done?" added Barclay, hastily. "I must send an answer: how is it to be conveyed? Will you venture to return?"

"Assuredly I will," replied Gregory, "if there were twenty times the risk; but I think I can return without any risk at all."

The cart that brought Gregory and the baggage had not departed, and Barclay having finished his letter, Gregory soon bargained to take him back again; and, after eating his dinner, he returned, leaving our hero much more serene and contented than he had found him.

To fill up the chasm till Gregory had performed his commission, Barclay employed his pen in sketching likenesses of Penelope. "I did it," said he "from my mind's eye: I drew it as if speaking, and spoke to it; I drew it as if sleeping, and gazed on it; I drew it as if weeping, and wept over it; I drew it as I had seen her smile on me, and my heart, leaping within my bosom, beat with something like the pulse of joy; but presently, as I still kept my eye on the picture, sunk into a pleasing melancholy. I heaved a sigh, and endeavoured to excite my imagination to extend the prospect of my hopes."

Gregory soon made his way back, but not with so favourable an account as he expected. He had ventured to the parsonage, to see Penelope's maid, and had learned from her, that the bailiffs, having discovered their mistake, had liberated Master Stephen; and further, that she believed they were now in pursuit of Barclay. After gathering so much, he thought he might indulge a little in his own private affairs; and that amorous disposition which is the ruin of man, woman and child, engrossing his whole mind, his presence there was found out before he had delivered his letter. Von Hein immediately ordered him to be turned out of the house, and thinking he had no time to waste, as the bailiffs might be after Barclay, he set off, without accomplishing the object of his journey.

Barclay was very much chagrined at this disappointment, and so was Gregory; but it was of no avail to complain now; and as they were in constant apprehension of the bailiffs, they thought it best to decamp.—Barclay's funds not being very great, he resolved to walk, and only when it was absolutely necessary, encounter the expence of a carriage. The trunks, therefore, were to be forwarded to London by a coach that passed through the village; and after Gregory had made up a little package, which he willingly agreed to carry, they procured two good sticks, and dashing out of the great road, determined to proceed to London as well as they were able.

Barclay was certainly right, in choosing the metropolis as a place of concealment; for it is the best place for that, as it is, indeed, for every thing else. In London, no man need starve, even though he be honest, but if he will stoop to mean arts, that is, if he will be a rascal, he may live like a prince.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMARK.—The conceptions of a youthful mind are generally bold and lively, a wild exuberance of fancy that requireth the pruning-knife of experience.

[The editor, in the 23d No. stated some objections to the subsequent tale; but as several of the subscribers have expressed a wish that it should be published, he is willing to gratify them.]

Montmorency,

A FRAGMENT.

[From Drake's Literary Hours.]

THE sudden tolling of the Curfew was heard over the heath, and not a beam of light issued from the dreary villages, the murmuring cotter had extinguished his enlivening embers, and shrank in gloomy sadness to repose, when Henry de Montmorency and his two attendants rushed from the Castle of A—y.

The night was wild and stormy, and the wind howled in a fearful manner. The moon flashed, as the clouds passed from before her, on the silver armour of Montmorency, whose large and sable plume of feathers streamed threatening in the blast. They hurried rapidly on, and, arriving at the edge of a declivity descended into a deep glen, the dreadful and savage appearance of which, was sufficient to strike terror into the stoutest heart. It was narrow, and the rocks on each side, rising to a prodigious height, hung bellying over their heads; furiously along the bottom of the valley, turbulent and dashing against huge fragments of the rock, ran a dark and swollen torrent, and further up the glen, down a precipice of near ninety feet, and roaring with tremendous strength, fell, at a single stroke, an awful and immense cascade. From the cleft and chasms of the crag, abrupt and stern the venerable oak threw his broad breadth of shade, and bending his gigantic arms athwart the stream, shed, driven by the wind, a multitude of leaves; while from the summits of the rock was heard the clamor of the falling fragments, that bounding from its rugged side leapt with restless fury on the vale beneath.

Montmorency and his attendants, intrepid as they were, felt the inquietude of apprehension; they stood for some time in silent astonishment, but their ideas of danger from the conflict of elements being at length alarming, they determined to proceed, when instantly all became dark, whilst the rushing of the storm, the roaring of the cascade, the shivering of the branches of the trees, and the dashing of the rock assailed at once their sense of hearing. The moon, however, again darting from a cloud, they rode forward, and, following the course of the torrent, had advanced a considerable way, when the piercing shrieks of a person in distress arrested their speed; they stopped, and listening attentively, heard shrill,

melancholy cries repeated, at intervals, up the glen, which gradually becoming more distant, grew faint, and died away. Montmorency, ever ready to relieve the oppressed, caught his lance, and bidding his followers prepare, was hastening on; but again, their progress was impeded by the harrowing and stupendous clash of falling armour; which, reverberating from the various cavities around, seemed here and there from every direction, to be echoed with double violence, as if an hundred men in armour had, in succession, fallen down in different parts of the valley. Montmorency having recovered from the consternation into which this singular noise had thrown him, undauntedly pursued his course, and presently discerned, by the light of the moon, the gleaming of a coat of mail. He immediately made up to the spot, where he found, laid along at the foot of an ancient oak, whose branches hung darkling over the torrent, a knight wounded and bleeding; his armour was of burnished steel, by his side there lay a falchion, and a sable shield embossed with studs of gold, and, dipping his casque in the stream, he was endeavouring to allay his thirst, but, through weakness from loss of blood, with difficulty he got it to his mouth. Being questioned as to his misfortune, he shook his head, and unable to speak, pointed with his hand down the glen; at the same moment the shrieks, which had formerly alarmed Montmorency and his attendants, were repeated, apparently at no great distance; and now every mark of horror was depicted on the pale and ghastly features of the dying knight; his black hair, dashed with gore, stood erect, and stretching forth his hand towards the sound, he seemed struggling for speech, his agony became excessive, and groaning, he dropped dead upon the earth. The suddenness of this shocking event, the total ignorance of its cause. The uncouth scenery around, and the dismal wailings of distress, which still poured upon the ear with aggravated strength, left room for imagination to unfold its most hideous ideas; yet Montmorency, though astounded, lost not his fortitude and resolution, but determined, following the direction of the sound, to search for the place whence these terrible screams seemed to issue, and recommending his men to unsheath their swords, and maintain a strict guard, cautiously followed the windings of the glen, until, abruptly turning the corner of an out-jutting crag, they perceived two corpses mangled in a frightful manner, and the glimmering of light appeared thro' some

trees that hung depending from a steep and dangerous part of the rock. Approaching a little nearer, the shrieks seemed evidently to proceed from that quarter, upon which, tying their horses to the branches of an oak, they ascended slowly and without any noise towards the light, but what was their amazement, when, by the pale glimpses of the moon, when the eye could penetrate through the intervening foliage, in a vast and yawning cavern, dimly lighted by a lamp suspended from its roof, they beheld half a dozen gigantic figures in ponderous iron armour; their vizors were up, and the lamp, faintly gleaming on their features, displayed an unrelenting sternness capable of the most ruthless deeds. One, who had the aspect, and the garb of their leader, and who, waving his scimeter, seemed menacing the rest, held on his arm a massy shield of immense circumference, and which, being streaked with recent blood, presented to the eye an object truly terrific. At the back part of the cave, and, fixed to a brazen ring, stood a female figure, as far as the obscurity of the light gave opportunity to judge, of a beautiful and elegant form. From her the shrieks proceeded; she was dressed in white, and struggling violently and in a convulsive manner, appeared to have been driven almost to madness from the conscious horror of her situation. Two of the banditti were high in dispute, fire flashed from their eyes, and their scimeters were half unsheathed, and Montmorency, expecting that, in the fury of their passion, they would cut each other to pieces, waited the event; but as the authority of their captain soon checked the tumult, he rushed in with his followers, and, hurling his lance, "Villians," he exclaimed, "receive the reward of cruelty." The lance bounded innocuous from the shield of the leader, who turning quickly upon Montmorency, a severe engagement ensued; they smote with prodigious strength, and the valley resounded to the clangor of their steel. Their falchions, unable to sustain the shock, shivered into a thousand pieces, when Montmorency, instantly elevating with both hands his shield, dashed it with resistless force against the head of his antagonist; he fell, he dropped prone upon the ground, and the crash of his armour bellowed through the hollow rock. In the mean his attendants, although they had exerted themselves with great bravery, and had already dispatched one of the villains, were, by force of numbers, overpowered, and being bound together, the remainder of the banditti rushed in upon

Montmorency just as he had stretched their commander upon the earth, and obliged him also, notwithstanding the most vigorous efforts of valour, to surrender. The lady who, during the encounter, had fainted away, waked again to fresh scenes of misery at the moment when these monsters of barbarity were conducting the unfortunate Montmorency and his companions to a dreadful grave. They were led, by a long and intricate passage, amid an immense assemblage of rocks, which, rising between seventy and eighty feet perpendicular, bounding on all sides a circular plain, into which no opening was apparent but that thro' which they came. The moon shone bright, and they beheld in the middle of this plain a hideous chasm; it seemed near a hundred feet in diameter, and on its brink grew several trees, whose branches, almost meeting in the centre, dropped on its infernal mouth a gloom of settled horror.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Querist.

NO. II.

The best, perhaps the only way of getting knowledge, is to ENQUIRE AND OBJECT. CHESTERTFIELD.

MR. HOGAN,

I Sincerely thank you for publishing my first No.; as, besides the benefit I myself have derived from it, I receive much gratification in finding that it has afforded amusement to my friends, and subject-matter for reflection to others, who I understand, do not mean to let it pass unnoticed. However, as I see no crime in asking questions of an abstract, public, or general nature, especially, as nobody is *obliged* to answer, I shall continue my enquiries, without being intimidated: I have, therefore, sent you a few more.

ENQUIRY V.

"La! Ma," said a prim young miss to her mother, a few Sunday's ago, "did you see how *awkward* that young fellow entered the church, and came into the pew next to ours, to-day? I vow I hung down my head quite ashamed; I'll lay my life the *thing* has never been to *dancing-school*."—*Query*, Is the art of *Dancing* absolutely *requisite* to introduce us to our MAKER? Or, Is it consistent with the sacred duties of Christianity, for its professors and teachers, as Cowper says, "to play these *pretty tricks* in presence of their GOD?"

VII.

I lately read that there was to be seen somewhere in this city, a *Behemoth* or *Mammoth*.—*Query*, Did the advertiser mean that there were two animals for shew, and that *either* of them might be seen? Or did he use the conjunction *or* to shew that "*Behemoth*" and "*Mammoth*" were only two different names for the same animal? If the last, *Query*, Has he not more accurate information than Thompson and Dr. Johnson his editor, both of whom understood the *Behemoth* to be the Hippopotamus or River Horse; and also more knowledge than Dr. Young and several commentators on the book of Job?

VIII.

I have heard (but I never can believe it) that there are some people in this city who do not believe in a First Cause or GOD; who nevertheless will imprecate his vengeance upon an offender.—*Query*, Do they not prove themselves to be downright liars?

VIII.

I have heard of people who not only do not believe the Bible to be by Divine Inspiration, but take a pride in branding it with the epithets "priest-craft," "pack of fables," "jumble of nonsense," and "fit only for children and fools;" yet these very people leave all the prophane wisdom of ages, even from the time of the Chaldeans down to the French Philosophers, for the sake of drawing from the Bible a system of MORALITY, which in writing, lecturing, and even PREACHING, they extol as the most pure, the most perfect, and the most sublime upon earth?—*Query*, Where there is such glaring inconsistency, does it not argue something wrong in the head or the heart? And how far would it be safe to follow such preachers?

IX.

Many say that they are forced to disbelieve the Holy Scriptures because they hold forth the dreadful idea of a HELL.—*Query*, Why? or rather, for what good reason? They must acknowledge that Hell can have no terrors with a good man.—*Query*, again, Is it not therefore strongly inferrible that such people wish that there were no Hell, in order that there might be no check upon their passions, no obstacles to their gratifications, no damp upon their enjoyments, and no bounds to their licentiousness?

X.

A young *tippec-bob* gentleman of fashion, the other day, attempted to prove to me, that *Dancing*, as practised now-a-days (not even excepting the *Waltz*) was not only

justifiable, but highly praise-worthy; because, forsooth, Dr. Gregory and Citizen Kotzebue have both said that it is a *natural propensity*.—*Query*, Ought this to be a ground of justification or commendation? If so, will it not hold good with regard to all other *natural propensities*? and consequently would not the best and fairest half of the volume of creation, be horribly savaged, blotted, disfigured, and even brutalized?

The Imposters.

A TALE.

BY DON MANUEL, PRINCE OF SPAIN.

VULGAR errors maintain their ground, because men have not spirit enough to detect them. It is common for us to praise or condemn against our own conviction; and to adopt idle opinions, lest we appear to have less taste and discernment than those who invent or propagate them. Imposture, however, has but its day, and perhaps it may be a long one; but it must give way at last, and truth will shine out with redoubled lustre.

Three sharpeners having found means to be introduced to a king, told him that they could weave a brocade of exquisite workmanship, and of so rare a property that it would be invisible to any person who was either base born, dishonoured by his wife, or had been guilty of any villany. The king, desirous to possess so great a rarity, gave them a kind reception, and allotted them a place to carry on the manufacture. He furnished them with money, gold, silver, silk, and all other materials. They fixed upon their looms, and reported that they were employed all day upon the web. After some time one of them waited upon the king, and acquainted him that the work was begun, and that the brocade would be the most beautiful in the world, as his majesty might be convinced, if he would condescend to come and see it alone. The king, to prove the reality of their pretensions, instead of going himself, sent his chamberlain, but without dropping any hint of the danger of an imposition. The chamberlain went; but when the weavers told him the property of the brocade, he had not courage enough to say he did not see it, but told the king that the work went on, and that the piece would be of unparalleled beauty. The king sent another nobleman, who, from the same motive, made the same report. After that he sent many others, who all declared they had

when the piece. At length the king went himself, and upon his entrance, observed that all the weavers were diligently employed, and that their whole conversation turned upon the success of their work;—one saying, "Here is a noble foliage!" another, "What a grand design!" a third, "How beautiful is this colour!" But as he could see nothing all this time except the loom, and as he could not suspect the report which had been brought him by so many courtiers without any variation, he was struck to the heart, and began to doubt the legitimacy of his own birth.—However, he thought it most prudent to disguise his sentiments; and when he returned to court, he began to express himself highly pleased with the goodness and beauty of this master piece of art. At the end of three days, he sent the steward of his household, who that he might not lose his honour, praised the work even more extravagantly than the king had done. This redoubled the king's vexation; and he and all his courtiers remained in the utmost doubt and perplexity, no one daring to confess, that this famous piece was a non-entity to him. In this state the affair continued, till upon occasion of a great festival, some courtiers pressed his majesty to have a robe made of this silk in honour of the day. When the weavers came to the presence chamber, and were acquainted with the king's purpose, they insisted that none could make up the brocade as well as themselves, pretended that they had brought it with them, curiously wrapped up, and busied themselves as if they were unfolding it. They also took measure of his majesty, handled their scissors, and practised all the motions of persons busy in cutting out. On the festival day they returned, pretended they had brought the robe, made as if they were trying it on, and at length told his majesty that it fitted and adorned him beyond imagination. The king, credulous and confounded, went down stairs, mounted his horse, and began the solemn cavalcade, in which he was to shew himself to his people; who having heard that he who did not see the brocade must be a villain, bastard, or cuckold, unanimously declared that they saw it, and extolled the magnificence of it. At length a Moor who belonged to the King's stables, could not help crying out, "The king is in his shirt, the king is naked." The ice was now broke. The next person to him said the same, and the confession of not seeing this imaginary brocade was soon made by every mouth; till at last the king himself, and all his courtiers, encouraged by the multitude, divested themselves of their fears, and ventured to

own the deception. Upon this, orders were given to apprehend the sharpers; but they had very wisely taken care of themselves, and made off with the money, gold, silver, silk, and other valuable materials, with which the king had supplied them. *This many erroneous opinions prevail in the world, from the dread of incurring the censure of singularity, tho' that singularity should be ever so reasonable.*

[From the last volume of the MIRROR.]

LETTER

From a Lady 70 years of age, to a Young Gentleman.

DEAR WILLIAM,

AS I know you have ever been an admirer of *Bon Ton*, and are perfectly the *Man of Mode*, I shall not address you as the *School Boy*, ignorant of the *Way of the World*, nor tire your patience with the *New way to pay old Debts*, viz. apologies for having been so long the *Silent Woman*. In fact, I have for some months thought you guilty of neglect, but I was *All in the Wrong*, for your mother informs me you have written twice. There has somewhere been a *Mistake*, and I have suffered a *Double Disappointment*; but, as neither of your letters came to hand, I might justly be allowed to say *Appearance is against him*. However, *All's Well that ends Well*, and I am satisfied you have not forgotten me. You will wish to know what is going forward in these *Regions of Fancy*. I'll tell you what, *All the World's a stage—a Rehearsal* in the morning at the Earl of B's, a comedy in the evening at Lady C's. I believe it may properly be called the *Comedy of Errors*, and most of the audience would I dare say, rather have *A peep behind the Curtain* at covent-garden or Drury-Lane—but *Every man in humour*, say I.—I hear there's has been the *Devil to Pay* about an Elopement. It certainly was *A bold stroke for a wife*, tho' it is likely to prove *Love's Labour Lost*; and a happy circumstance will it be for the fair *Fugitive*, as it would evidently have proved a *Fatal Marriage*. You see *Love in a Village* makes as great a *Hurly-burly* as *Love in a Camp*. Our *Beaux Strategem* here generally ends in a *Trip to Scotland*; but tho' our modern belles know the *Way to get Married*, they seldom, after obtaining the man of their affections, think much about the *Way to keep him*. Rarely do their felicity extend beyond the old-fashioned period of the *Honey-moon*. *Three Weeks after Marriage*, any one may plainly perceive the *Careless Husband* and the *Jealous Wife*. *A Separate Maintenance* follows; and lastly a *Divorce*—and where's the *Wonder*, when

we consider the education of a *Fashionable Lady*? Is not her whole time spent in *Dissipation*? Her *Summer amusements* consist in a *Trip to Scarborough or Tunbridge Wells*, where the *Midnight hour* finds the *Femals Gamster at the Faro Table*; there to finish the *Follies of a Day*. You will say I have taken a lesson in the *School for Scandal*—but think as you please, *Such things are*.—This is merely a *Miniature Picture of Bon Ton*.

Your sister, it appears, is quite the *Scornful Lady*, and deals out the *Refusal* to the *Rival Candidates* for her favour. I wish she may not have to say the *Maids last Prayer*.—Mr. G—, though a *Plain Dealer*, would, I think have proved a *tender Husband* and a good *Son-in-Law*; but I know *Which is the Man*. Nothing less it appears than the *Lord of the Manor*. Let her be on her guard. He is a *Fashionable Lover*, and such a character is generally a *Double Dealer*—then, *Who's the Dupe*? I fear she will say I am a *Busy Body*; but while I caution her against the deceptions of *Modern Courtship*, I do not wish her to be the *Nice Lady*; and I think she would make too good a wife to become an *Old Maid*. I therefore trust some *Gentle Shepherd* will soon repay her *Love for Love*. May they prove a *Constant Couple*, and claim *The fifth of Bacon*.

As to my friend George, I suppose he is seeking a *Country Wife*. I hope he will meet with some rich *Heiress*, for in this venal age neither beauty nor *Wit*, without *Money*, will do: and *Love in a cottage*, is all a *Midsummer Night's Dream*.—With respect to yourself, my young friend, I hear you are the *Favourite* of a celebrated *Miss in her Teens*. Many *Rival Queens*, it is said, endeavour to attract your notice; but I fancy you play the *Double Gallant*. I know you have a spice of the *Inconstant* in your composition; but a few years hence you will *Know your own Mind*. Depend upon it, *Love makes the Man*, and if your friend Henry gives you any other counsel, *He's much to blame*: but he, of course, talks like a *Man of the World*.

I must not forget to thank your mother for her solicitude to procure me a *Country House* in her neighbourhood, but in these hard times I must be content with a *First Floor*. I see, by *Anticipation*, that you already begin to yawn at my stupidity, but what can you expect from a *Recluse*; especially when the weather is in the *Confederacy*? I think it would be *False Delicacy* to make any further apology, and hope you will not play the *Critic*, but the *Good-Natured Man*. That I may not fall into a *Relapse*, I shall only state how sincerely I am

Your Faithful Friend,

Cottage, 3d May.

MATILDA.

The Bouquetier.

NO. III.

THE TENDRIL.

The lowly Tendril creeps into the sun.

HERFZ.

*Addressed to Abobeko-oracoponoco-pissicaco-katter-jello.**

When the last Autumn bade adieu,
And winter's surly, boisterous crew
Bore down th' inverted year;
Flow did yon *Tendril* seek to rise,
And with its verdure please the eyes,
While skies around shone clear!

Sudden, the scene with glooms was spread,
And blasts, loud-howling o'er its head,
Did instant fate portend;
When to it, thus expos'd and low,
The shelt'ring *Lilac* bent a bough,
And screen'd it, as a friend.

Soon, round its new protector kind,
Its curling arms were fondly twin'd:
Supported thus, it stood
Unburt, while Boreas' scowling forms
Rous'd the fence elements to storms,
And shook the tow'ring wood.

Now, as the orient blaze of day
Thro' Nature darts his quick'ning ray,
And animation gives;
While Zephyrus' and Flora's powers,
To life and light call slumbering flowers,—
Renew'd, the *Tendril* lives.

Behold it, smiling, hail the sun;
Then, tow'rd's its former patron run,
To ask protection's care,
To shield it from annoyance round,
While Spring's perfume cleaves the ground,
Luxuriant, sweet and fair.

As thus for aid it humbly sues,
Let not the once-trid friend refuse,
The kind, protecting arm!
Thus, 'mid its kindred plants so gay,
'Twill spread its foliage to the day,
And flourish, free from harm.

*Friend** of my muse, and of my heart,
Pray, meet AMYNTOR here impart,
What thou must plainly see?
As by the *Tendril* he is shewn,
Thou by the *Lilac* may'st be known,
For gen'rous aid.

Erst, when he tri'd his artless tongue,
And strove to tune a humble song,
In innocence's praise;
The *Critic's* cold, damp, with'ring breath,
Threaten'd his infant powers with death,
And drooping were his bays.

Straight, with the best, the noblest views,
And feeling for the injured muse,
Thou madest her cause thine own:
Thy kind protection bore her up;
New vigor gave; inspir'd new hopes;
And bade her stand alone.

And now, with thankfulness, she bends,
Again to thee, the best of friends,
And prays thy future aid.

That she, by breathing Spring's soft air,
In flowers and fruits may flourish fair,
Transported from the shade.

Thus, while the Sons of Fancy shine
Around, like diamonds from the mine,
With Genius' purest rays;
She'll be ambitious of their fame;
She'll emulate their brightest flame,
And mingle in their blaze.

Thus, if she please thee, and the FAIR,
Whose smiles alone are worth her care,
Whose approbation's bliss;
Henceforth, in vain, will Critics scowl;
Or sneer; or like hyenas growl;
Or venom'd serpents hiss.

But, trace!—*May's* genial breezes blow,
And bid the gentler feeling's glow
With Virtue and with Love:
These, sentiments refin'd inspire;
These call instruction from the Lyre,
Our emblem to improve.

Oh! may I, like the *Tendril* be
Submiss with low humility.
To talent, goddess, worth;
Yet, usefully my station fill,
Obedient to th' ETERNAL WILL,
While doom'd to dwell on earth.

And as, to yon bright orb, the soul
Whence light, heat, life, th' nature roll,
The *Tendril* bow's;
So, may my heart be gratitude,
To the GREAT UNIVERSAL GOOD,
From Him all blessing flows.

Whether my sun of life be gay,
Or adverse fortune cloud my day
With Disappointment's gloom;
Assur'd, whate'er's deard or giv'n,
My fate is in the hand of Heaven,
From childhood to the tomb.

Then, when at last o'er matter's wreck,
The SON of RIGHTNESS shall break
Creation to restore;
Triumphant shall my spirit rise,
To fairer regions, brighter skies,
Where change shall be no more—

Where, long as stands th' Eternal Throne,
Long as the GREAT FIRST Cause is known,
With glory crown'd above,
Sound'd by Benignity Divine,
Immortals shall, in myriads shine,
In beauty, bliss and love.

AMYNTOR.

HOME-SPUN INGENUITY.

MR. EDITOR.

I Send the following as an enigma to those who 'boast great knowledge in the kitchen line'; the circumstance actually happened; the parties were soon after married and lived very happy.—A gentleman who thought more of merit than money, happened to fall in love with a very handsome but illiterate girl, after visiting the house some time, and being convinced of her worth, he wrote her a letter expressive of his passion and wish to make her his wife. With blushing pleasure the letter was read, but not being able to write she was much embarrass'd how to return an answer; in this dilemma she proceeded to

the kitchen part of the house, where espying a small thing frequently used in that department, she folded it in a letter and sent it to him, in order to express her agreement to the proposal. Query what was it?—
EUGENIUS.

SUR L'IMPRIMERIE.

C'est de Dieu que nous vient cet art ingénieux,
De peindre la parole, et de parler aux yeux:
Et par mille traits divers de figures tracées,
Donner de la couleur et du corps aux pensées.

* A Translation is requested.

PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 22, 1802.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. Henry Helmbach, Mr. George Pepper, to Miss Seckle, daughter of Mr. David Seckle, all of this City.

—On the 8th, by Mr. Isaac Hicks, Esq. Mr. John Ryan, to Miss Eliza Jackson, both of Alleghenough, Bucks County.

—On the 9th, at the City of Washington, the Hon. John P. Vanness, Member of Congress, from the state of New-York, to Miss Maria Burns, of that city.

—On the 17th, at New-Brunswick, Stephen Van Rensselaer, Esq. late Lieut. Gov. of the state of New-York, to Miss Cornelia Patterson, only daughter of the Hon. William Patterson, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 12th inst. at his last, in Montgomery County, Mr. Isaac Bryant, only son of Benjamin Bryant, late of this place,—a youth of rare talents, inflexible integrity, and condescending behaviour, by the which he had obtained the regard of a numerous and respectable acquaintance, whom together with a loving and indulgent father, kind sister, and affectionate relatives, he has left to lament his irreparable loss.

—On the 8th, at Boston, William Gordon, Esq. late a Representative in Congress from the State of New-Hampshire.

On the morning of the 26th inst. Jacob Mayers, Esq. of this city, formerly American Consul at Cape Francois, suddenly fell down in the street, and expired.

Deaths in the months of January, February, March, and April, 1802, in New-York, 238 adults, and 400 children—Total 638, average of upwards of 5 deaths a day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"S. R. J." has not acted with that prudence which becomes an author of his profound sagacity, in attempting to pass for original a article copied from the first volume of the Repository.—But a word to the wise is sufficient!

"Aon's" muse, in several parts of his stanza, has unfortunately covered herself with the mantle of obscurity.—In order to convey our ideas with clearness and perspicuity to others, it is absolutely necessary that we first think correctly.

"The City Poet; a Parody," by Lindor,—Verses by A. W. T.—"The Orphan Boy,"—and several other communications from the volumes of the muses are received, and will be duly attended to.

Several articles noticed last week have been unavoidably postponed.

* See his friendly and encouraging Address to Amyntor, Dec. 30, 1801, page 55. He is requested however to pardon Amyntor for not bringing his signature into the measure: This was owing entirely to its being what Mr. Davidson, in his Geography Verified, calls Bile-dulgers,—) "a name to which the Muse," A.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MISS M'*****.

YE restless beings of a transient hour,
Who flit thro' life regardless of your doom!
Who revel high in lux'ry's regal bow'r:
Appal'd not with the horrors of the tomb—
O listen to the murmur'ing plaint of woe,
Which from yon gloom strikes solemn on the ear;
Mortals! your pleasures and your cares forego,
Ere death arrest you in your wild career.
And ye whose breasts sweet pity e'er can move,
Who pleasure take in sympathetic tears,
Oh! come, enjoy the banquet that you love—
For throb'bing grief her sable mantle wears....
Yes, she is gone!—she who in early youth,
Fresh as the rosy morn array'd in dew,
Pursu'd the paths of innocence and truth,
And spread her blooming virtues into view.

Scarce fifteen years had fann'd her youthful breast,
Ere she was summon'd from this vale of woe;
By Death's dark mandate, to a place of rest,
Where joys extatic reign and pleasures flow.
Short was the warning which the tyrant gave!
His ghastly messenger, fell Dropsy,* bore
The dart which hurl'd her to the gaping grave—
That gloomy passage to th' eternal shore.

But Monster! where's your haughty triumph, say?
—'Tis true the deed is done, her soul has fled
On Angels' wings to realms of endless day,
By Seraphs guided and by Cherubs led:—
Yet tho' 'tis e'er the pain, the trial's o'er!
Religion gave what Death could not destroy;
A resignation in that awful hour,
When anguish damp'd anticipat'd joy.

Away, ye summer flies of busy wing,
And from the grave attend to 'Wisdom's call!
She in your souls this sacred truth will ring—
Which knell will strike with terror, and appal:—

"Tho' fools ye are, yet Death must come at last!
"And if Religion's joys be not your own,
"When once the narrow bounds of time are past,
"Ye stand condemn'd before th' Eternal Throne.

"My name is 'Wisdom'!—from the tomb I call:
"Hear the dread theme, ye vain, ye dull, ye proud!
"Children of dissipation, great and small,
"Attend the dictates which I breathe aloud."

Yes hear the theme, ye sons of lux'ry hear,
'Tis a shrill voice that pierces to the heart!
Which bids you stop in pleasure's mad career,
Abjure your trines and improve your part.

Ah! what avails the monument that's rear'd,
By friendship's hand, and deck'd with trophies fair!
If heav'n-born virtues cease to be rever'd—
And no os of sorrow die away in air?

* A Dropsy in the brain.

No, no, they shall not die! the muse with speed,
Will snatch from P---'s tomb a strain divine;
Will trace a lay for sorrowing friends to read,
Where worth conspicuous in each verse shall shine.

Ye female vot'ries of the busy throng,
Who lov'd by Cynthia's beams with her to roam,
And oft at eve would weave the cheerful song—
O mourn the loss! your partner has gone home.

Yet 'twould be vain to grieve—for floods of tears,
Can not bring back the soul already flown!
No: it will flourish fair thro' endless years,
"Flush'd with the bloom of youth," around God's throne.

Is beauty then thy own?—O boast it not!
'Tis as unstable as the vernal flow'r;
Soon shall its roscate honours be forgot—
As are the fleeting visions of an hour.

Alas! had beauty's self the pow'r to wrest,
The sting from Death, and vict'ry from the grave:
P--- would still have liv'd, and still us blest—
And we have sav'd what heav'n so lately gave.

But God in kindness took the wand'rer home,
His little lamb he to his bosom drew!
To that abode where woe can never come,
On downy wings her gentle spirit flew.

Enough for me to tune my humble lay,
In memory to her who's gain'd that shore,
Where virtue triumphs in eternal day,
And saints for ever dwell.... "My heart! no more."

EUGENIO.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE SIGNING OF THE
DEFINITIVE TREATY BETWEEN
FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

HAIL! thou important, thou illustrious hour,
Which bids mild Peace begin her blissful reign;
Restrains the rage of war, controls his pow'r,
And sheds her blessings o'er the world again.

Hush'd is the din of arms, the tramp no more
Calls to the field the soldier clad in arms;
Shakes with its horrid din the echoing shore,
Nor fills the world with discord's dire alarms:

But sounds more pleasing greet the joyful ear,
And countless millions hail th' approach of peace;
She comes, she comes to dry the falling tear,
And bid the reign of horrid war to cease.

The war-worn soldier hastes, at her command,
To sheath his sword and lay his arms aside;
Worn with his toil he seeks his native land,
His little cot, his former joy and pride.

But, ah! perhaps, worn down with toil and age,
He seeks his former friends and joys in vain,
Perhaps departed from this transient stage,
They've bid adieu to scenes of woe and pain.

Perhaps they fell beneath some ruthless spear,
Or by disease, or famine from him torn,
No more they live his closing days to cheer,
Nor from the field to welcome his return.

Ah then, what anguish rends his aching breast!
What dire presages rush upon his mind!

When from the coils of war return'd, distress'd,
He finds not friends nor kindred left behind.

He views his scars, thinks on his battles o'er,
On those who perish'd in his country's cause;
Wishes, like them, he'd fall'n to rise no more,
Honor'd like them, with well deserv'd applause...

But vain his wish, tho' 'scap'd from perils dire,
No friends, no comfort meet his longing sight;
His breast no longer glows with youthful fire,
And o'er his prospects hangs the gloom of night.

But hold—why should I paint this painful scene?
The miseries of war, why do I mourn?
While Peace appears, all smiling and serene,—
To welcome her, my muse, again return.

Hail! thou bright herald from the realms above,
Thou great attendant 'round th' Eternal Throne,
Thou com'st with cheering messages of love,
Again to rule the universe alone.

Welcome art thou, belov'd celestial Maid,
Welcome, thrice welcome to the sons of earth;
Thou bid'st the ruthless course of war be staid,
Thy reign to joy and happiness give birth.

As mariners upon the boist'rous main,
When dreadful and destructive tempests rise,
While for their bark they seek a port in vain,
With transport view the sudden peaceful skies;

Man, wear'd thus with war, thy presence cheers,
He sees thee breaking thro' the dismal gloom,
While all around a joyful aspect wears,
And o'er the world thy blessed reign resume.

Thou com'st, sweet nymph, with all thy lovely train,
Pleanty her blessings pours along the vale;
Carnage and blood deluge no more the plain,
And exultation, joy, and bliss prevail.

The hopeful harvest waves along the fields,
Where lately rag'd the fierce and bloody strife,
The fertile earth her richest treasures yields,
And hills and valleys glow with verdant life.

Commerce with joy invites the waiting gale,
To bear earth's treasures to each distant shore;
While gliding barks expand the swelling sail,
Afraid of War's destructive reign no more.

Virtue her empire undisturb'd shall hold
Her heavenly influence o'er the human heart,
Her choicest blessings to the view unfold,
And greater bliss beneath thy reign impart...

But who can tell what bliss thou hast in store?
Who can describe thy countless charms, O Peace!
More numerous than the sands upon the shore
Of ocean, or the leaves upon the trees.

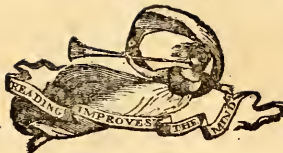
O Thou who mad'st the star-beangled skies,
By whose creative hand the world arose:
At whose command, sun, moon and stars arise;
Still be to mankind win peace and calm repose.

O cause the tramp of war no more to sound,
Bid spite and discord seek their "native hell,"
Let nought but peace and bliss on earth be found...
Bid man in friendship with his brother dwell.

CARLOS.

MAY 15, 1802.

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, May 29, 1802.

OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

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(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XIII.

A wedding.—Bet and the tar.—Scene at the church.—The bridegroom's difficulty.—His indignation.—Where we must look for unaffected character.—The bridegroom knucks under.—The sailor comes to his senses, and almost deprives Gregory of his.—The host's counsel on the occasion deemed expedient.

BARCLAY's circumstances induced him to follow the plan he had adopted, of quitting Mr. Pawlet's neighbourhood. To have eloped with Penelope, admitting its practicability, was a thing he could not think of doing while in debt, and liable every moment to be arrested. Whatever her affection might lead her to do, his love could never permit him to let her suffer want and misery on his account. His fears arising from the Hon. Mr. Buckle's intention toward her, he now thought very little likely to succeed, as the apprehension they entertained of himself would prevent the execution of Mr. Buckle's scheme.—These matters considered, he had resolved to make his way to London, and to endeavour to hit upon some plan by which he might extricate himself from his present embarrassment, and render himself independent, however lowly and humble his situation in life.

As our hero, with Gregory after him, bearing their bundle, travelled on foot, it will neither be agreeable or prudent to follow them step by step: that would be going too slow; I shall therefore merely

touch on the principal occurrences of their journey.

Towards the middle of the next day, as they approached a little village which they perceived at some distance before them, their ears were saluted by the sound of bells, evidently rung on some joyful occasion. Being now in less fear of pursuers, and having walked sufficiently that day, Barclay resolved to spend the remainder of it in recovering themselves from their fatigue.

The village they soon found to be of the most rural kind, and without any accommodation for travellers of a better description than those on foot. Entering the only house of entertainment in the place, they were almost stunned with the rude and boisterous gaiety of the company it contained. At the head of a number of peasants who were seated round a table, on which was a large bowl of punch, and several pots of ale, presided one of Neptune's sons, and by his side sat a plump, rosy-faced girl, of true flesh and blood, covered with ribbands medals and rings. It was not very difficult to guess at the cause of this motley assembly: however, if it had been so, our travellers would not have been left long in the dark. As they entered, the landlord rose to welcome them, and Barclay desired him to let them have a mug of ale, and something to eat.

"Avast there," cried the sailor, "and bring to.—Shiver me if any man has any thing aboard that I don't pay for. Come, my lads, bring yourself to an anchor."

The landlord now soon made room for our hero and Gregory, who were almost per force, seated at the table, and compelled to drink a bumper each, to the health of the couple that were about to be married.

"Yes," exclaimed the tar, throwing his arms round his neighbour's neck, and giv-

ing and taking a smack that went off as loud as a fourteen pounder, "yes, Bet and I are going to grapple. We only wait for the parson to give the signal, and——"

Here he was interrupted by the clerk, who came to let them know that the clergyman was waiting for them at the church. They were all instantly on their legs, and taking a hearty swig each, not forgetting the clerk, they drew themselves up in due array, the sailor and his bride leading the gang. Barclay and Gregory could not refrain from accompanying this singular procession, when they were witness to a scene that ensued in the church between the parson and the tar, which had nearly put an end to the match. Every thing being quiet and orderly, the parson began, and presently came to,

"I, Richard Sprit, take thee, Elizabeth Bumfield, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward——"

Which he pronounced after him, but when they went on——

"For better for worse, for richer for poorer,"—he made a dead stand.

"Say after me," said the parson.

"D—— if I do!" cried he, "avast there, —what, do you think I'm such a lubber as all that comes to?"

"Well," said the other, "if you don't say you will do this, I can't marry you."

"Well, I won't then," he replied, "for better and richer, if you will, but — me if I've any thing to do with the poorer and worse."

"Then we have done!" the parson added, and putting down the book, was going to take off his gown, when the sailor very sulkily agreed to go thro' the ceremony.—It being ended,— "Now," said the parson, "you must sign this book."

"No, no!" he exclaimed, "shiver my timbers if ever Dick Sprit of the Ale-house,

(his way of pronouncing *Eolus*) puts his name to such a bad bargain."

An alteration of some length was the consequence of this refusal, but finding that he could not be married without, and having already been in the church much longer than he liked, or had ever been before, he consented, and, full of anger, made his mark from the top of the page to the bottom. He now sallied out of the church, and it was not till after dinner, that, with the assistance of large draughts of grog, he was able to tranquilize his ruffled spirit.

Barclay having staid behind a little, observed a farmer coming up to the clergyman as he was returning home. There had been a great drought, and he had got the parson to offer up the prayer for rain, which he had done two or three times without effect.

'No rain yet, Master,' said the fellow, scratching his head.

'No,' replied the parson, 'I am sorry to find that our prayers are not heard.'

'Main onluckly, to be sure. Let's see,—how many times have you done it?'

'Three times,' was the answer.

'Three times! well, well, never mind,' said the farmer, 'we'll have a trial again next Sunday.'

Here the fellow made his bow—the parson smiled, and Barclay went and joined the sailor and his companions.

In this company, and in very unruly mirth, Barclay found some entertainment. To see men act from the honest dictates of nature, is, I think, always highly desirable. In polished societies, we behold nothing of this: we see there nothing of nature; 'tis all form and deceit; there is no friendship, no ingenuousness, but the whole party seem met together to dupe one another. Imposition is the order of the day, in act, word, and deed. In low life alone must we seek for genuine, unaffected character.

At length the sailor terminated his career by falling from his seat perfectly intoxicated, and, with the assistance of his wife, was presently conveyed to the nuptial-bed.

It being now late enough to retire, Barclay desired to know where they were to sleep, and was shewn into a room which was only divided from the one occupied by the married pair, by an old blanket suspended from the ceiling. The host withdrew, and they betook themselves to rest. Barclay was, however, in about an hour roused from his slumbers by a most violent noise in the apartment. It appeared that Gregory,
. He rubbed his eyes once or twice, and perceiving it was no dream,

gave Gregory such a broadside with both his fists, as completely unshipt him, leaving him sprawling in the middle of the room. The sailor quickly followed, and a regular fight took place, which, as I have said, disturbed Barclay, and soon brought the host into the chamber.—Barclay presently dressed himself, and, with the aid of the master of the house, extricated poor Gregory from the sailor's grips, who was just going to throttle him.

Barclay now hurried Gregory out of the room, leaving the host to pacify the enraged tar, which he in some measure succeeded in doing, by affirming that Gregory was so drunk that he got into his bed by mistake. The host then carried Gregory his clothes, promising to bring him up to explain the whole matter; but the moment he came down stairs, he advised our travellers, as it was a fine moon-light night, to decamp without seeing the bridegroom any more.

Barclay approved of his counsel, and making him a present, left the house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The subsequent observations on the Behemoth were handed the editor a few days ago, as containing in part, an answer to the 6th query of the "Querist," page 221.—They were first published in Poulson's Gazette, and have since appeared in the form of a handbill; but as many of our readers have very probably never seen them, and as almost every person would wish to preserve so curious a piece of speculation, we have little doubt but their publication in the Repository will be gratifying.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

BEHEMOTH.

BY A FEMALE FRIEND.

IN the 40th chap. of Job, the Almighty is represented as pleading with him in majestic terms, on the insufficiency of man to become his own preserver, or defend himself from the ravages of the children of pride.

"Hast thou an arm like God? or canst thou thunder with a voice like him?"

"Deck thyself now with majesty and excellency, and array thyself with glory and beauty."

"Cast abroad the rage of thy wrath; and behold every one that is proud, and abase him."

"Look on every one that is proud, and

bring him low; and tread down the wicked in their place."

"Hide them in the dust together, and bind their faces in secret."

"Then will I confess unto thee, that thine own right hand can save thee."

He then bringing into view, the Behemoth, as figurative of the children of pride (as he doth also in the succeeding chapter, the Leviathan as their king).

Whose spirits are not to be tamed by man, unaided by divine influence; no more than this formidable animal could be reduced and brought into subjection, without superior aid.

Wherefore it hath pleased infinite wisdom, from what now appears on the face of nature, (after having displayed his omnipotency in the formation of him, whom the Rabbins affirm to be the largest four-footed creature ever formed) to release mankind from the dread, or inconvenience of his existence, by removing him from a state of being, as well as the race of giants.

The late appearance of the Irish giant in England; and the recovery of the Behemoth's skeleton from the bowels of the earth, by C. W. Peale, (whose arduous, expensive, and persevering labours in obtaining it, deserve general encouragement;) may be considered as present standing witnesses, in this age of doubt and scepticism, of the truth of those passages of scripture which treat thereof.

To C. W. Peale's Museum, there is a probability may sometime be added, from recent information, a skull of the Unicorn, celebrated in Job; (as I conceive, but which C. W. P. supposes, had belonged to the Mammoth) from the nose of which projects one horn, 12 inches through, and 18 in length, besides what is broke off—by a person of respectability in the Western Territory; who has refused making sale of it, from his intention of presenting it to C. W. Peale.

And I fear not to own myself, not so captivated by the too prevailing disposition with many, not to believe any thing but what their eyes behold: as to reject those accounts from scripture authority, of animals that may peradventure be now extinct: no more than I would presumptuously reject other parts of those important records; because not an eye-witness to matters therein related. For is it not a degree of thoughtless or hardened incredulity, to

reject the force of past or present evidences of facts exhibited for our belief, because they happen not at the period in which we live? And a great deficiency in that *faith which is the evidence of things not seen*; when we reduce our scale of belief within the narrow confines of our own natural and limited sight?

The Almighty is represented as thus appealing to the understanding of Job, respecting the untameable properties of the Unicorn:

"Will the Unicorn be willing to serve thee? will he lodge by thy rack.

"Wilt thou bind the Unicorn with cords on the ridges? Will he harrow the vales after thee?

"Wilt thou trust him because his strength is great?" [Purver.]

Which may imply, that altho' in appearance he resembled the horse, yet his superior strength and fleetness disdained a like submission: and his formidable horn rendered him too dangerous to attempt harnessing, and trusting to bring in the harvest. This description differs from the Rhinoceros, which some have supposed is here meant; who is clumsy, wanting in fleetness, and so far tractable, that it is said he is domesticated and brought into use in Abyssinia. So that it is at least possible, remains of the Unicorn may yet appear, differing in some respects from any animal now in the known creation; as well as the present relics of the Behemoth.

And as the Almighty hath seen meet, so far to expel these sovereigns in strength, both of the human and brute creation: so I believe he will more and more nusheath the sword of his power, against all dominion founded on ambition and hostile contention, until the earth is cleansed from the pollutions of arrogancy and oppression; and the meek religion of the Lamb comes to be established; "nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more." A season which will arrive agreeably to the prophetic declaration of the inspired prophet Isaiah; the testimony of other concurring prophecies, and the tenor and tendency of the gospel of peace and salvation to mankind, as set forth in the New Testament. A period wherein the histories of the Alexanders, the Hannibals, or the Cæsars; will be no longer read with the spirit of applause, or animation to imitate; but rather considered as the domineering Goliaths, the destroying Behe-

moths, or untameable Unicorns, of our highest order of visible created, yea, and intelligent rational beings. And the time may arrive, when it may be as hard for some to believe such characters ever existed in the human race, as it has been to believe there were Behemoths and Unicorns, differing from present known animals.

"Behold now Behemoth which I made with thee, he eateth grass like an ox."

This does not say that grass was his only subsistence; but it is most probable from the formation of his teeth, that his food was like unto hogs, part animal, tho' for the most part vegetable; as also like unto man's in this respect.

"Lo now, his strength is in his loins."

The most distinguished property is first brought into view. And it was from this superior, and it might be a kind of elastic strength, that he must have been impowered to extend or contract his body at will; if these historians be true, referred to in the Encyclopædia. From thence also might be derived that assertion, that they were sometimes 30 feet in length. The camels and dromedaries possess a power of contraction in their limbs, somewhat similar. And as the king of beasts, we must suppose its strength and powers of action to surpass all others.

"He moveth (or setteth up, as the margin expresseth it) his tail like a cedar."

The next peculiar trait is here presented, in the tail; which must be large and stately in this position, to bear this comparison; whereas the elephant's is more diminutive, as smiteth a second order in this rank of creation. That belonging to this skeleton, corresponds with this account; which must have been lengthy from the bones there arranged, with the bones visibly deficient, and the sinewy part once annexed; which, altho' pliant, must have resembled even the bones of many animals in strength; by which, erecting it as a cedar, it must have borne considerable resemblance thereto, when the bushy ends were turned down and scattered as the spreading branches and leaves of the cedar tree. This might have been his great pride in his stately movement, as is the tail to the peacock. And how tremendous must have been the appearance, when we figure to ourselves the idea of this beast approaching; perhaps fourteen or fifteen feet in height, and a tail uplifted eight or ten feet higher.

"His bones are like strong pieces of brass, his bones are like bars of iron."

This is evident from their durable quality: As it must have taken a length of time for them to have sunk so far in the earth, in those boggy places where these were found besides the additional depth from the accumulation of substance on the surface, arising from decayed vegetables, &c. for a considerable number of years.

"He is the chief of the ways of God; he that made him can make his sword to approach unto him."

He appears to be indeed the *chief*, or most mighty animal that has trod the globe.

The sentence following seems to be somewhat prophetic: As the Almighty hath caused the sword of his lightning to approach, according to Indian history; and nearly severed him from the face of nature; that man and beast might no longer dread his mightiness.

I am inclined to believe, this was the period of their apparent extinction and not the flood. As no doubt this kind with others were renewed after that event; or they would not have been thus kept by the command given to Noah "Of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark."

"Surely the mountains bring him forth food; where all the beasts of the field play."

The mountains not only bring him forth food of vegetables; but these animals having their subsistence thereon, may be considered as the production of the mountains. And being here brought into view, may be an implication, as an object concerned in the account of him, that he sometimes regaled himself thereon. Purver, in his literal translation, is more clear in this passage, "For the mountains bear increase for him, where all the wild beasts play." And tho' he conceived it to be an Elephant, as the largest beast he knew of, yet were he here at this period, I believe he would be of a different opinion.

"He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reeds and fens."

The shady trees cover him with their shadow, the willows of the brook compass him about."

Here is a strong proof of this being the Behemoth; as those remains are often found in marshy places; which is here described; as their favorite chambers of retreat. Purver uses the present more familiar term of mire, instead of fen.

It may be, that where their remains are found in any very extraordinary depth of earth; they may have been there absorbed, by some singular concussion of the earth; by the flood, or an earthquake.—But where their remains are found in fenny places, I should be most inclined to believe, they died a natural death, or were smitten by lightning, when sheltered in their common, or at least, summer resting places; the season when thunder-storms arise. Their disappearing must have been since the flood, and that through some singular stroke of Divine Providence, concurrent with the Indians' account. As any history of transactions before the flood, they would not be likely to possess, this country as well as others being peopled since that event.

"Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteneth not."

Parver says, "Lo, he suppresseth a river without hastening," which is most likely to be just, shewing the great suppression of the water on the entrance of so vast a bulk. Not hastening, or fearing the force and torrent of mighty waters, his strength being equal to combat them. He appears by his gradual motion in the water, to have delighted therein: which, with his frequent resort to swampy places, suited his warm complexion, and bespoke him somewhat amphibious. This does not imply that his motion was slow in general; neither could it have been so, or the bucks and other inferior animals could not have been his prey: for the destruction of which the Indians say they were slain.

"He trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth,"

Shews the great proportion of water he drank, from his stupendous size: and the additional quantity he could retain in his trunk, which it is most likely he possessed, like his sister kind, the elephant: whose retentive trunk is set forth in the well-known story of the taylor and his needle.

"He taketh it with his eyes, his nose pierceth through snares."

This seems to imply a large and eager eye, and shews the wonderful agility of his trunk, which, moved by his extraordinary sagacity, pierceth through snares.

That this animal is of a higher and stouter order than the elephant, may be argued from his having been fitted to endure those rugged climes, which it doth not appear the other inhabits. His partaking of animal food, different from the elephant, may be one cause of his possessing greater heat, whereby he was prepared to endure the winter's frost, and in sultry seasons, was

fond of retreating to watery vales and the thickest shades for shelter.

Calmest says, the Rabbins believe there is yet one in existence, reserved as a feast for the Israelites, on the coming of the Messiah; and that in proof of such a belief existing, they often swear by the share they expect to have in the Behemoth. The Indians assert, that when the Almighty issued the thunder-bolts of destruction amongst them, the great Ball escaped, and remains king of the western country. And altho' these accounts may be wrapt up in fabulous representation; yet their degree of correspondence may be considered, as one instance among many, strengthening the opinion, that our Aborigines are of Jewish extraction. A people, who, dealing in outward observations; looking for the Messiah to come as a temporal prince; and those things to be fulfilled externally, which were of spiritual signification, might have been by this means led into a mistake of expecting to be partakers of the outward body of the Behemoth: Whereas, their share of benefit to be derived from the future (or present) proof of its former existence, may be, that whatever tends to strengthen the evidence of scripture testimonies, which are linked together by a beautiful chain of connection throughout, will ultimately result to their advantage, as an important nation brought into view therein. In whose history is disclosed, the blessings derived from a life of virtue, and obedience to the Divine mind; and the judgments succeeding a contrary course of action.

Behold, reader, in this ancient account of the important Behemoth, and the present confirmation of its validity, one instance amongst numerous others, which are seen by the serious and attentive mind, of the authenticity of sacred record.

Montmorency,

A FRAGMENT.

[From Drake's Literary Hours]

(CONCLUDED.)

"PREPARE to die," said one of the Banditti, "for into that chasm shall ye be thrown; it is of unfathomable depth, and that ye may not be ignorant of the place ye are to visit, we shall gratify your curiosity with a view of it." So saying, two of them seized the wretched Montmorency, and dragging him to the margin of the abyss, tied him to the trunk of the tree, and hav-

ing treated his associates in the same manner, "Look," cried a Banditto with a fiend-like smile, "look and anticipate the pleasures of your journey." Dismay and pale affright shook the cold limbs of Montmorency, and as he leant over the illimitable void, the dew sat in big drops upon his forehead. The moon's rays streaming in between the branches, shed a dim light sufficient to disclose a considerable part of the vast profundity, whose depth lay hid; for a subterranean river, bursting with tremendous noise into its womb, occasioned such a mist, from the rising spray, as entirely to conceal the dreary gulf beneath. Shuddering on the edge of this accursed pit stood the miserable warrior; his eyes were starting from their sockets, and, as he looked into the dark abyss, his senses, blasted by the view, seemed ready to forsake him.

Meantime the Banditti, having unbound one of the attendants, prepared to throw him in; he resisted with astonishing strength shrieking aloud for help, and, just as he had reached the slippery margin, every fibre of his body racked with agonising terror, he flung himself with fury backwards on the ground; fierce and wild convulsions seized his frame, which being soon followed by a state of exhaustion, he was in this condition, unable any longer to resist, hurled into the dreadful chasm, his armour striking upon the rock, there burst a sudden effulgence, and the repetition of the stroke was heard for many minutes as he descended down its rugged side.

No words can describe the horrible emotions, which, on the sight of this shocking spectacle, tortured the devoted wretches. The soul of Montmorency sank within him, and, as they unbound his last fellow-sufferer, his eyes shot forth a gleam of vengeful light, and he ground his teeth in silent and unutterable anguish. The unhuman monsters now laid hold of the unhappy man; he gave no opposition, and, though despair sat upon his features, not a shriek, not a groan escaped him, but no sooner had he reached the brink, than making a sudden effort, he liberated an arm, and grasping one the villains round the waist sprang headlong with him into the interminable gulf. All was silent—but at length a dreadful plunge was heard, and the sudden deep howled fearfully over its prey. The three remaining Banditti stood agast, they durst not unbind Montmorency, but resolved, as the tree to which he was tied grew near the mouth of the pit, to cut it down, and by that means, he would fall, along with it into the chasm. Montmorency, who seeing the example of his attendant

had conceived the hope of avenging himself, now saw the impossibility of effecting the design, taken away; and as the axe entered the trunk, his anguish became so excessive that he fainted. The villains observing this, determined, from a malicious prudence, to forbear, as at present he was incapable of feeling the terrors of his situation. They therefore withdrew, and left him to recover at his leisure.

Not many minutes passed away, when, life and sensation returning, the hapless Montmorency awoke to the remembrance of his fate, "Have mercy," he exclaimed, the briny sweat trickling down his pallid features, "Oh have mercy;" then looking round him, he started at the abyss beneath, and, shrinking from its ghastly brink, pressed close against the tree. In a little time, however he recovered his perfect recollection, and, perceiving that the Banditti had left him, became more composed. His hands, which were bound behind him, he endeavoured to disentangle, and, to his inexpressible joy, after many painful efforts, he succeeded so far as to loose the cord, and, by a little more perseverance, effected his liberty. He then sought around for a place to escape through, but without success; at length, as he was passing on the other side of the chasm, he observed a part of its craggy side, as he thought, illuminated, and, advancing a little nearer, he found that it proceeded from the moon's ray shining through a large cleft of the rock, and at a very considerable depth below the surface. A gloom of hope now broken in upon his despair, and gathering up the ropes which had been used for himself and his associates, he tied them together and fastening one end to the bole of a tree, and the other to his waist, he determined to descend as far as the illuminated spot. Horrible as was the experiment, he hesitated not a moment in putting it into execution, for, when contrasted with his late fears, the mere hazard of an accident weighed as nothing, and the apprehension that the villains might return before his purpose was secure, accelerated, and gave vigour to his efforts. Soon was he suspended in the gloomy abyss, and neither the roaring of the river, nor the dashing of the spray, intimidated his daring spirit, but, having reached the cleft, he crawled within it, then, loosing the cord from off his body, he proceeded onwards, till, at last, with a rapture no description can paint, he discerned the appearance of the glen beneath him. He knelt down, and was returning thanks to heaven for his escape, when suddenly

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO THE EDITOR.

The following, which took place not many years ago, may be depended on as a fact, and shews the ludicrous effects BAD SPELLING will sometimes produce.

A Young Woman in England having emigrated from the country to the metropolis, agreeably to a previous engagement with a friend, wrote the following account of London to a female acquaintance, where she formerly resided.—She informed her that she did not like London, and assigned the following reasons: "That she had visited *Bagnigge-wells*, but there was *Doll Davison*;"—she had also been at *Bermondsey Spa*, and the *Dog and Duck*, and there was *Doll Davison*;"—she had also been treated with a coach to *Fauxhall*, but there was *Doll Davison* also.—She related several other places in and about the city which she had visited, but uniformly concluded that in every excursion she had made, she had seen *Doll Davison*! Her friend in the country was much puzzled to know who this *Doll Davison* was, that had been so familiar to her correspondent in London; and accordingly shewed the letter to several persons for information, if peradventure they could unravel the mystery of *Doll Davison*, who seemed always to have come in contact with her female friend. But no one could throw light on the subject, until the lady herself had an opportunity of paying a visit to her friends in the country; when her old acquaintance anxiously enquired who *Doll Davison* was, of whom she had so frequently made mention. The lady declared she had never mentioned such a person, nor did she know any one of that name: the letter was then produced as an evidence of her forgetfulness; when she observed, "It was very strange that they could not read *write-hand*;" and informed them it was not *Doll Davison*, but *dull diversion*!

A CORRESPONDENT.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Querist.

NO. III.

The best, perhaps the only way of getting knowledge, is to ENQUIRE AND OBJECT. CHESTERFIELD.

ENQUIRY XI.

WHEN I ask men who reject the BIBLE, with what BETTER system of morality its place may be supplied? they refer me to the dictates of the natural reason of individuals, or (which they say is the same)

to that system of Ethics, the result of the united reason of philosophers, which is handed to us by *Avicen* and others. Accordingly, I consult individuals, but find that they differ from each other almost as much in their opinions, as in their faces, nay, that they even differ from themselves, for they are of one opinion to-day, and another to-morrow; and that, on any one point whatever, there are scarcely three who agree, precisely in every respect. I then turn to the learned lumber of *Avicen*, &c. where is presented a concentration of the ancient sages, who in their respective ages, might, perhaps, have been regarded as stars of the first magnitude: but so far am I from finding a system of Ethics, that the whole of their philosophy appears to be a heterogeneous mass of hypothesis, mythology, obscurity and uncertainty; and indeed, to enquire no further than what their ideas were concerning the *Summum Bonum*, or chief-good (i. e. *Happiness*) it is quite sufficient to find that there were one hundred and eighty eight different opinions prevailing among them on that one single point.—Query, then, what is this boasted natural reason? and where is it to be found? Or rather, Query, Are not those who PREACH up this light of nature, this sovereign luminary, compared to which, the BIBLE is held as but an ignis fatuus, fatally deceiving themselves, while they are wantonly striving to deceive and mislead others?

XII.

"What is the present age verging to?" said a sensible old man to me, the other day. "It was, continued he, but a little while ago, that we were as happy and as any on earth, and the soundness of our youthful constitution promised a strength and stability of manhood: This was owing to our industry, sobriety, and virtues; from which alone must arise, the wealth and happiness of individuals as well as of nations. But alas! how are things reversed, from the introduction of foreign manners, customs, fashions, &c. Little is attended to, now-a-days, but balls and assemblies, where people frequently dance themselves out of virtue, health and property—Equestrians, wire-dancers & Ventriloquists, who, by their slight of foot as well as of hand, and other magical and truly strange delusions, lock up our reason and senses, make our pockets speak and dance to their own tune, and then leaving us, laugh at our easiness and credulity—Horse-racing, billiard-playing, gambling, &c. &c. a knowledge of the etiquette of which is deemed the first requisite for the fine gentleman. So that between the time, money

See, expended in these, it is no wonder that people cannot attend to the cultivation of the mind, the improvement of the heart, or the practice of the benevolent, moral, social and domestic virtues. And no wonder it is that we hear of rakes, profligates, night-travellers, crim. cons. divorcees, robberies, suicides and murders, and at length find so much necessity for jails, bridewells, bettering-houses and hospitals.—For, as certainly as the shadow follows the substance, such must be the inevitable consequences of luxury, dissipation and prophaness, of idleness, immorality and vice.”—Thus ended the old man’s exclamations. Now, *Query*, Can it be possible that there is one single particle of truth in all this?

THE CHRISTAIN INDIAN.

AN Indian passing through the plantation of a gentleman in Pennsylvania, overcome by the heat of the day, asked the Planter for a draft of small beer. “You shall have no small beer,” replied the gentleman angrily. “Give me a cup of water for I am really parched with thirst.” “You shall have no water neither, get you about your business, you Indian dog.” The savage withdrew a few yards, looked back, and viewed the gentleman’s face with much eagerness and attention, and without making the least reply went away.

The Planter some time after was hunting, and happening to miss his way, pursued a retrograde direction from home. Night coming on he was much concerned, and seeing an Indian Cottager, he enquired the road to his plantation. Sir, said the rustic, you are 14 miles from the place you mentioned; to walk so far in the night, will prove rather dangerous, as the wild beasts of the forests are coming out for their prey. You are welcome to the shelter of my cot during the night. It is just by this place, and you shall be welcome to what it affords. The gentleman, thro’ necessity accepted the offer, and went to the hut. The Indian and his spouse sat before him some milk, coarse bread, and what they had. They made up a bed of skins after supper, and when the Planter laid down, they covered him with others, and wishing him a good repose promised to awake him in the morning by the time of sun-rising. According to the faithful Indian kept his word. “Arise, sir, the sun is up.” The wild beasts are retired, and you may walk in safety. The gentleman got up, and hav-

ing eaten a little food of the hospitable Indian, was returning, when the cottager taking his gun over his arm desired him to follow. The Indian went on about twelve miles, when he suddenly turned back, and looking sternly on the Planter, said, “Do you not know me, sir?” The Planter, now trembled; at last he feebly replied, “I think I have seen your face.” “Yes you have sir,” replied the Indian; I am the man who solicited you for a draught of small beer, or water, lately; when I passed by your gate. In vain I asked! But be not intimidated; you are perfectly safe, you have but two miles further to go. Farewell, but no more call a fellow creature an Indian dog!—The barbarian Planter, devoid of gratitude, sneaked away home. The poor Christian Indian (tho’ deemed a savage) returned to his cot, rejoicing, self-approved, and pleased at the favourable opportunity of displaying his Philanthropy.

AN EASY CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

To aid the cause of virtue and religion.

THERE is no habit that is more obstinate in its nature, or more ruinous in its consequences than that of drunkenness. It sometimes happens, that people of talents, as well as of generous and amiable dispositions, fall victims to this deadly evil. And there are those whose life is a painful conflict between virtue and appetite. They are aware of the ruin that is before them—they plainly see the precipice down which they are plunging; and they make solemn resolutions of amendment, and struggle to get the mastery of the vice that “easily besets them;” but in the hour of temptation their strength fails and they relapse. They are then filled with remorse and shame, and renew their resolutions and promises, which again they soon break: while, in the meantime, each successive relapse weakens their strength and encreases the strength of the enemy.

Thus their doom is like that of *Sisyphus*, who, as ancient fable says, was condemned eternally to the fruitless toil of rolling a heavy stone up a steep hill; which, before he got it to the top, always tumbled back, and left him to begin his labour anew.

Now there is a very cheap and easy cure for drunkenness.—It is milk regimen.—Let the person whose thirst for ardent spirits has become unconquerable, totally leave off the use of animal food, and live wholly on milk,

and he will happily find that his thirst for liquor will decrease, and, in a short time entirely subside. The rational ground of this might be shown; at the same time, the truth of it has been proved by actual experiment. A, B and C, are invited to try the experiment.—They would find it a prudent kind of self-denial. Any reasonable man would willingly part with a limb, and suffer the pains of its amputation rather than lose his life, and surely, it would be infinitely better for to confine one’s self to a milk diet, which is nourishing and wholesome, and would become very palatable, than to sacrifice fortune and reputation, and even to cut short life itself by a course of intoxication. [Balance.]

EXPLANATION OF THE WORD NEWS.

MANY persons read newspapers, without attending to the importance of the word *news*, or the idea it ought to furnish us with. In the first place, as news come from all quarters of the terraqueous globe, so the very word itself clearly points out to us, viz. N. North, E. East, W. West, S. South; so that I believe no language in the world can furnish us with a title more equally expressive. Again, when seriously considered, it recommends to us the practice of the four following virtues, viz. *No-bleness* in our thoughts, *Equity* in our dealings, *Idiom* in our conduct, and *Sobriety* in our lives.

ANECDOTES.

A Woman in France having gone to confession, the priest, by way of penance, was proceeding to give her a flagellation. As he was leading her behind the altar, for this purpose, her husband, who, from a motive of jealousy, had followed her, and concealed himself in the church, made his appearance, and saying that she was too delicate to bear the discipline, offered to receive it in her stead. This proposal the wife greatly applauded, and the man had no sooner placed himself upon his knees, than she exclaimed, “Now, father, do not spare him, but lay on lustily, for truly I am a great sinner!”

Alonzo of Arragon, used to say of *AGE*, that it appeared best in four things, viz. old wood best to burn; old wine to drink; old friends to trust; and old authors to read.

The Bouquetier.

NO. IV.

THE NOSEGAY.

ADDRESSED TO AMYNTA.

*Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May,
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning-dew, and gather in their prime
Fresh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.*

THOMSON.

AS when, on a journey to some distant part,
The Traveller visits the friends of his heart,
Whose kind hospitality, meriting praise,
His departure still longer and longer delays;

But when in the midst of his pleasures, his mind
Solitude wakes for those left behind.
He sighs—if, perchance, opportunity come,
With speed he departs, and with joy hails his home:

So I, who in Fancy's dominions have stray'd,
And to her young favorite just eulogies paid,
Now, feeling my soul for its kindred to burn,
Once more to AMYNTA with rapture return.

Sweet source of all solid delight, bliss and joy,
And rational comfort, which never can cloy!
O pardon my wand'rings,—no longer I'll love—
But my themes shall be *THOU—THE FAIR—FRIEND—*
SHIP AND LOVE.

Such themes shall with interest my numbers inspire,
Without emanation from Genius's fire:
Since Nature's strong language is better than Art's,
And that's the best language which speaks to all hearts.

Thou' Fancy close on me her richest parterre,
And will not rhetorical flowers confer;
Thou' the bright, gay luxuriance of words be den'd,
(The pleasure of readers, of poets the pride);

Thou' destin'd my sphere, in these regions below,
Beneath constellations that livingly glow,
And wanting ability upward to soar,
I cannot, like them, vast creation explore;—

Yet, with themes such as these, the muse never shall
fail,

While *Common-sense, Virtue and Reason* prevail:
For Nature's strong language is better than Art's,
And that's the best language which speaks to all hearts.

And lo! lovely Fair! the assemblage of flow'rs,
Affection has cul'd from Spring's roscate bow'rs,
With richness thy person and charms to adorn,
With Flora's to vie, in May's robes of the morn.

The Rose will respond to the bloom on thy cheek;
The Lily, the delicate white of thy neck;
The sweet-scented shrub, the ambrosial air,
That in soft circumfession attends on my Fair.

Ah no!—See the rose and the lily decline,
To emulate beauties and graces divine:
And in fragrance, the sweet-scented shrub seems to
die.

Or shun with her lip-breathing sweetness to vie.

See, thus, how much nobler is matter, when mind
Infuses intelligence, brighten'd, refin'd!
Here, colours have language, and meanings here blaze,
And speak nature's AUGUR in myriads of ways,

Away, then, externals! which only give grace,
As foils, to her beauties of person, or face—
But—for our instruction, one moment yet stay,
While I, in this NOSEGAY, an emblem portray.

That Rose is thy *Modesty*, flow'r of thy youth,
Unconscious of aught, but Love, Virtue and Truth;
Whom blushes, as more the world's wiles it deserves,
Till, with all disgust, it hastes to the skies.

That Lily, so delicate, beautiful and white,
Is thy reputation and *Innocence* bright;
Which once by rude man, or fell calumny stain'd,
Its loveliness flies,—to be never regain'd.

That sweet-scented shrub thy *Benevolent Heart*,
Whose grateful affections forever impart
The choicest of balm to Humanity's wound,
And "a sweet-smelling savour" to all the world round.

Thus then, on thy bosom, that soft seat of love,
The throne of all bliss I could wish, or could prove,
This NOSEGAY I place, where all qualities meet,
Their kindreds with kindred caresses to greet.

This gift mayst thou cherish while yet it shall blow,
That my soul with the sweetest emotions may glow;
And when 'tis long gone, may its archetypes shine,
To shew forth AMYNTA an angel divine.

And when we together from earth are withdrawn,
Whose dim habitation is but Being's dawn;
When glory shall burst on the night of the tomb,
And spring Everlasting in beauty shall bloom;

Like two grafted scions, our spirits shall blend,
On Moria's golden pinions to Heaven ascend,
There blossom and flourish, and know no decay,
In the smiles of eternally-life-breathing May.

AMYNTOR.

Translation of Lines from the French, in page 223.

ON PRINTING.

From God this art ingenious doth arise,
Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes;
And giving, by a thousand traces wrought,
Body and colour to the secret thought.

TWICE-EIGHT.

*Similar translations have been received from H. S. R. I.
and from G. B.*

PHILADELPHIA,

MAY 29, 1802.

IN the upper part of Luzerne County, a few days since, a young girl, about six years of age was left to keep house with some small children, when a deer came within a few rods of the door—With uncommon coolness and deliberation, she took down an old French gun, which happened to be loaded, levelled it at the breast of the deer, and shot him dead on the spot!

(*Luz. Fed.*)

IN the dominion of Kolagay, a remarkable, tho' not an entirely new phenomenon, lately presented itself; namely, a heavy rain of insects. In an expanded aich, a cloud was observed, at first very small, but in its particular forms and colours differing very much from the remaining part of the cloud. As far as could be judged by the continually increasing bigness of that cloud, it descended with great rapidity, and at length covered the ground for a considerable space with such a multitude of worms, grubs, or small worms, that in some places they were placed on each other to the height of six inches. According to the testimony of eye-witnesses, these worms were two inches in length, and of a white colour.—*Queek, From whence did these insects come?*

Improvement in Mechanism.

Mr. Jacob Aletichs, an ingenious mechanic of Wilmington, Delaware, has invented a mode of constructing clocks, which promises to be of much utility.—

Clocks made in this manner will have but six wheels and one pinion; instead of twelve wheels and six pinions, which those of the most simple kind now in use have. From the simplicity of their construction, they can be made for about two thirds of the price of the common kind—will require less frequent and less expensive repairs—will keep time better, and be more durable. We understand Mr. Aletichs intends to apply for a patent for the improvement.

Recipe for the Cure of a Cancer.

Take one part of red lead, in fine powder, and two parts of hog's lard: mix them well together and with the salve thus prepared, spread on lint, dress the cancerous sore twice a day.

HADISTON, the unfortunate maniac, who made an attempt about two years ago, on the life of his brother, George III. for which he was tried and acquitted, killed a fellow prisoner on Sunday the 14th of April, in Bethlehem Hospital, by a blow on the jugular vein.

Marriages.

MARRIED, in this city, on the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. Richard Harding, to Miss Maria Sheridan.

—On the 25th, by the Rev. Mr. Cotton, Mr. James Borer, to Miss Elizabeth Hart, all of Philadelphia County.

Deaths.

DIED, in England, on the 6th of April, the Honorable LORD LORNO KENYON, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench.—Sir Edward Law is appointed to succeed him in office.

—At Troy, in the state of New-York, in the 102d year of his age, Mr. Coenrad Bush, one of the poor of that town.

—At Cambridge, (Mass.) on the 1st inst. Thaddeus Mason, Esq. aged 95.

On Saturday, the 22d of May, at 12 o'clock, P. M. Mrs. MARTHA WASHINGTON terminated her well-spent life. Composure and resignation were uniform during seventeen days' deprivations of a severe fever. From the commencement she declared that she was undergoing the final trial, and had long been prepared for her dissolution. She took the sacrament from Dr. Davis, imparted her last advice and benedictions to her weeping relations, and sent for a white gown, which she had previously laid by for her last dress—Thus in the closing scene, as in all the preceding ones, nothing was omitted. The conjugal, maternal, and domestic duties had all been fulfilled, in an exemplary manner. She was the worthy partner of the worst of men, and those who witnessed their conduct, could not determine which excelled in their different characters, both were so well sustained on every occasion. They lived an honour and a pattern to their country, and are taken from us to receive the rewards promised to the faithful and just. [*Alex. Pap.*]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Negro's Complaint," and "Sennet to Sleep," by Orlando.—"Lines to Della, with a Rose," by Eugenio.—Enigma from an Old English Publication, &c. are received.

Enigmas of Revolutionary Characters, long deferred, shall occupy the first spare corner.

The editor declines publishing enigmas of certain beauties, by Albinus.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POEY.

TO EUGENIO.

*Occasioned by the perusal of his Elegy on the Death of Miss M*****.*

HAIL, rising genius, whose inspired lays
Deserve a higher tribute than my praise;
Whose moral precepts in harmonious dress,
Reflect more honour than I can express,
Deign to accept an artless homespun song,
Without those graces which to thee belong;
A youthful bard would fain such merit scan,
Commend the muse, and try to praise the man,
Thy flowing numbers fraught with gen'rous woe,
Give to the heart a sympathetic glow—
Awake the soul to feel for others' grief,
And moulds a tear to give the heart relief;
Who hears thy Elegy, and does not feel
Warm'd with the subject, has a heart like steel:
Who reads thy lines, and, reading, does not find
A strong impression left upon his mind,
Is not to virtue, or himself a friend,
And thinks, alas! too little of his end,
Surely the solemn proofs we often see,
Of human nature's mutability,
Should learn in time the thoughtless to be wise,
And teach the giddy, less earth's joys to prize.
Continue still sweet bard to tune thy lyre,
Still warm our heart with true poetic fire:
Ascend with boldness the Parassian heights,
Of pleasing with thy fancy's genuine flights:
Drink purest draughts from Heliconian streams,
And rouse our slumbering souls from sordid dreams:
Bid virtue higher rise, our race to bless,
And show mankind the way to happiness.
Thus will Eugenio raise his humble name,
And future bards will emulate such fame.

H. S. R. I.

MORNING.

THE shadows of night are dispelled by the roscate morning,
Majestic from ocean the sun rises glorious to view;
With hues ever changing the light floating vapours a-dorning;
By the order of heaven his course through the skies to pursue.
How welcome's his first beam, when rising to bless the creation,
When each hill, stream, and valley is bright with his first dawning ray;
When awake'd from their slumbers, the feather'd meddious nation,
Praise the author of nature, and, rapturous, welcome the day.
From fields of fish and blooming the fragrance of morning bestowing,
The balmy breezes blowing with odours our senses regale,

When with warm, purest transports the bosoms of mortals are glowing:
And pure, tho' mute raptures thro' the hearts of all nature prevail.

How happy are those who can rise when the morning is breaking,
With content in their bosoms the beauties of nature to view,
When refreshed from sweet slumbers of moss cover'd couches awaking;
The rude children of nature are rising their tasks to pursue.

May 8th, 1802.

CARLOS.

THE CITY POET.

A PARODY.

BESIDE yon kennel's edge that skirts the way
With filth, and dogs and cats that putrid lay,
There, in his humble room on th' upper floor,
The city-poet taught his muse to soar.
A man of need he was, and pale to view,
I knew him well, and all his crochets knew.
Well had the boding trembler learn'd to trace
Coming disasters, in each dinner's face:
Full well he vow'd with counterfeited glee
To pay them soon,—tho' not a cent had he:
Full well the busy hostess, sybil dame,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when they came.
Yet he was learn'd; or if unwise in ought,
The love he bore the Muses was in fault.
The printers all declar'd how much he knew,
For certain he wrote odes and sonnets too;
Verse he could measure—fill of plays presage;
And ev'n 'twas said, he'd written for the stage;
At satire too, all own'd his mighty skill,
For ev'n tho' horsewhipp'd he wou'd satirize still;
While, that a man could live on empty sound
At first amaz'd his quiet neighbours round;
But careless how! no more the wonder grew,
And that he starv'd or liv'd they never knew.

LINDOR.

The following verses were written when the writer's mind was much agitated: in the meditation he found a remedy, and recommends therefore a Medicine of the same kind for all such diseases.

YE pensive thoughts, away!—why do ye thus
Corroding gnaw my soul? why do ye paint
Distressing scenes, and toils array
In shining arms,—a formidable band!
And still present them to my boding mind?
Ah cease thus to torment, and let me rest
In quiet undisturbed!—What need I fear?
Guarded by PROVIDENCE, whose potent hand
Hath still supported—still my steps upheld,
And never left me to keeno-eyed distress

An easy prey—

Oh have I seen the morning sky appear
Louring and dark, surcharg'd each cloud with rain;
Which pouring out, the streets with gushing streams
Were all o'erflow'd, and nature seem'd to mourn
In hill and dale, in trees and levell'd flows:
Yet in a few short hours I pleas'd beheld
The god of day break forth, triumphing o'er
The vanished storm, all nature dress'd in joy,

The flow'rs look gay, and all creation smil'd:—
So by adversity, tho' keen its dart,

When once kind Providence annals the pow'r,
We find a friend whoall our joy sublimed—
Then can we feel the woes which others feel,
Convulsing all their frame with racking throes,
And swift redress with sympathising hand.
Why should man, frail doubting man despair,
Or grieve for that which circling time may bring
Into the sphere of action?—Whilst I write,
I feel my fears take wing, and now my soul
Extends her views aloft to heav'n's great KING,
Despising all below—"Father thy will be done,"
Still be my pray'r.....thus may I still submit,
And patient stand 'gainst ev'ry ill which chequer may
my life.

X. W. T.

ANSWER TO THE HOME-SPUN QUERY.

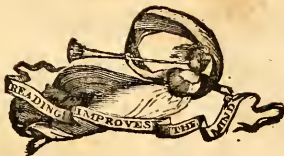
PAGE 223.

*"Boasting great knowledge in the kitchen line,"
The "home-spun query" I would fain define;
Whether or not I've sold'd the knotted doubt,
Will best be seen when you have "read me out."*

WHEN Colin, on a visit, chanc'd to spy
The fire that darted from the cook-maid's eye;
His heart, susceptible, could not withstand
The flaming torch in Cupid's skillful hand.
Martha, ne'er dreaming she such pow'r's possesser,
Unconscious she had wounded Colin's breast,
Receives a note, expressive of the fire
Which burnt in Colin's breast with fierce desire.
And as the sequel of the story goes,
(Her incapacity not to disclose,)
Martha contrives an answer to indite,
Nor yet discover that she could not write.
This ready wit, disclos'd a talent fair
In Martha's mind, altho' 'twas latent there;
For who but Martha, would have found a way
To hide her ignorance, and sense display.
She chose an emblem most appropriate,
To shew that she approv'd the marriage state;
Yet still, in hieroglyphic, might portend
A tartar dame,—with brimstone at each end.
Had Colin thus interpreted the fair,
The MATCH, in paper wrapt, had prov'd a snare
To Martha's hopeful prospect,—but 'tis well,
Nothing but love in Colin's breast could dwell,
Suspicion Colin ne'er could entertain,
While Cupid thus usurp'd his heart and brain;
Nor could he ought interpret by this omen,
But that his Martha was the pride of women.
For when the fool-man (on this errand sent)
Return'd,—bearing the willing answer meant;
Eager did Colin from the beaver snatch
The answer, when he found it was—a MATCH!
A MATCH! a MATCH! cried Colin, 'tis indeed!
Then hugg'd himself in transport,—and with speed
Martha's emerald from kitchen filth and grease,
And now with Colin reaps content and ease.
May Colin still enjoy his happy choice,
May Martha too with Colin still rejoice;
And may the man who weds for sordid gold,
Soon find that happiness is basely sold.

OLIVIA.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,



AND

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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XIV.

Why Barclay prefers a brute to Gregory.—Silence without consent.—A ghost.—Gregory goes to prayers.—A fellow collegian.—A man asleep going to see the races. Cant phrases.—Breakfast.—Sir William—His hobby-horse.—A great talker, but not at all troublesome.—New-fashioned furniture.—How Bill informed Sir William the carriage was ready.—A party, all three bottle men except one.

GREGORY saw that Barclay was displeased, and followed, with his eyes on the ground, not daring to utter a word. At last our hero said—'I am ashamed of you, Gregory, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. If you continue thus, at all risks, to gratify your sensual passions, I know not what will become of you.' 'Tis brutish; nay, the brute has the advantage of you, for you have not even the instinct common to them, since the veriest beast shuns the thing that does it harm: you court your ruin.'

Gregory was dumb, and might seem to consent to Barclay's remark, but he was very far from it. It was a matter of as much surprise to him, how other people could abstain from doing as he did, as it could be to them, that he was guilty of it.

Continuing his lecture, Barclay proceeded along the road, until, owing to the stillness of the night, his attention was excited by the sound of feet, and looking up, he beheld, about a hundred yards before him, a

figure in white, which, at that distance, appeared not unlike a woman. Barclay pointed at it, and asked Gregory what he thought it was. Gregory stared at it for a moment, and then exclaimed, 'It's a man in a winding-sheet! It's coming towards us too!—Some troubled spirit, depend on't! Pray, sir, let us run!'

'No, by no means,' replied Barclay. The figure approached with long and hasty strides. Gregory's teeth began to chatter in his head. Though he had not been fed, like Achilles, on lion's marrow, yet he did not want courage to attack any thing human; but his terror of supernatural beings was excessive; and it was, in this instance, increased by the recollection of his recent sins. He trembled from top to toe. Barclay himself stood aghast, while the moon shone on its pale face as it drew nearer and nearer. Gregory could not support himself any longer, but falling on his knees, set about muttering the Lord's Prayer in a very inarticulate tone. Unconcerned, and with its eyes fixed, it stalked by. Barclay had now seen enough of it to dispel his fears, and could not help laughing at Gregory's dismay.

'How now, Horatio?' he cried, quoting Shakspeare—'you tremble and look pale. Is not this something more than phantasm?'—Yes, to be sure it is, for it's a man in his shirt, walking in his sleep; therefore, get up, you fool, and do not kneel there, frightening yourself with your own silly imagination.

Gregory seeing that the figure had passed, and that Barclay was not afraid, began to recover his courage; but when our hero said that he would go after it and wake it, lest it should do itself any harm, Gregory's fears returned, and he entreated him not to meddle with it on any account.

'I'll cross it though it blast me!' cried Barclay; and set off, running after it, while Gregory followed, not wholly abandoning

him, but not appearing as if he intended to assist him.

Barclay soon succeeded in bringing the ghost to his senses, when, to his great surprise, he recognized an old fellow-collegian.—'Why what the deuce are you at? Lindley,' he exclaimed, 'cooling your heels in this manner, in the middle of the night?'

'What, Barclay!' ejaculated the other, staring at him. 'But, am I awake?' Here he gave a view holloa, and shaking himself, cried, 'yes I am, well then, I'll tell you how the rig runs.'

He now informed Barclay, using a profusion of cant jockey phrases, that he was in the habit of jockeying a little in his sleep, and that having made a few private races for the next day, he had no doubt he had either walked out of the window or the door, (the latter of which was the fact) and was going in a hand gallop to the race-course. 'But,' said he, 'what the devil brought you here? Do you walk in your sleep too?'

'No, no,' replied Barclay, 'the story is too long to tell you now, but my affairs are not so flourishing as they were when you knew me at college, and I am making the best of my way to London.'

'Sorry for that!' said he; 'but I heard some'at on it. Dad died, eh! and did not leave you one guinea to rub against another. Well, but come let's be stirring.—You shall go with me: father's house is close by: I'll give you a stall, and you shall have the run of your teeth with me, as long as you like.'

Barclay knew his ways, and was sure it would be in vain to refuse him.—'Well, but,' said he, 'I can furnish you with a little covering, that you may not catch cold.'

'Ah, cloathing!' cried the other, 'and can you shoe me, too?'

'Yes,' replied Barclay, calling to Gregory.

Gregory's fears were now entirely dispersed, and opening his budget, soon equip-

ped young Lindley with a coat and shoes. 'That'll do!' said he. 'Now come along.'

Talking in this manner, they reached a large old-fashioned mansion belonging to Sir William Lindley, the father of the sleep-walker, and finding the door open as he had left it, they entered, and he presently shewed them into two chambers, and wishing them a good snooze, retired to his own.

In the morning Gregory went into the servant's hall & Barclay descended to the breakfast room, where he received a hearty welcome from young Lindley, who was in his jockey dress, all ready to start. He had not been seated many minutes, when old Sir William made his appearance. He was between seventy and eighty, and being addicted to the sports of the field from his infancy, although time had shook his frame a little, his brown ruddy countenance still remained. Tho' he tottered as he walked and was unable to ride, and scarcely to see, yet he was booted and spurred, with a long hunting whip in his hand, in which dress he intended to go in his carriage to the races. During the hunting season, to please him, they often turned out in his grounds before the house, when he constantly, let it be as early as it would, appeared at his window in his red coat and cap, perfectly equipped for the chase. He added to this a very enormous proportion of the garrulity of old age.

After Barclay had been introduced to him, he began a long story of his former exploits, which Barclay would have attended to with becoming respect, if young Lindley had not cried, 'oh, never mind dad! He's as deaf as a post; we may talk on; he won't mind that, so that you let him go his length. There'd be no standing it otherwise; but if you permit him to keep talking, he does not care an old shoe whether you talk at the same time or not.'

He now pointed out the curiosities of the room; and it appeared that he was not content with riding his horses to death, but that he made them carry him afterward, by having their skins made to cover chairs and make shoes. 'I killed old Ball's other day,' said he, 'a fine tough hide—made me half a dozen pair of rare strong hunting boots. Lose nothing,' continued he. 'Poor Fan died last winter. I always thought she answered the whip and spur famously. Dear soul, her skin was so thin, that I could have nothing but pumps made of her.'

Barclay could not avoid a smile.

'Nice backs to these chairs, eh?' added he. 'Every one fox-skin—dad killed 'em all in his time. I'm fitting up a room of my own. In two seasons more I shall be com-

plete. Now, my boy I call that economy. —Dead good 'un, a'n't it?'

Barclay had not time to reply, before a groom came in to say that the horses and carriage were at the door. Sir William was still going on with an account of a terrible long day's chase.

'Tell him so, then, Bill,' said Lindley, pointing to his father.

The groom instantly began cracking his whip, at which the old man pricked up his ears, and, understanding the signal, he rose, and took hold of the groom's arm to go to the coach, saying, 'well, mind we leave off at Jerry's Pound—I'll tell you the rest at dinner.'

'Now,' cried Lindley, 'you may do as you like—go with dad or with me. There's the carriage, and there's a horse for you, which you will.'

Not wishing to hear the remainder of the story, Barclay declared in favour of the horse.

'That's right,' said Lindley, 'the horse against the world. Come then, away we go till dinner—Kill your mutton—famous here for Norfolk sheep and Bengal cows. I've asked a precious party to meet you—all three bottle men, except the parson and he drinks four!'

C H A P. XV.

A Lord.—The cunning of a madman.—How his Lordship treated the judders.—A race between two animals, one from Arabia and the other from the Ganges.—Lindley's match with his Lordship.—Dinner table.—The company described.—His Lordship's speech on entering, prophesied—Lindley's suit.—The apothecary found out.—How to make a man fight.—The Major tries to rouse Lindley's martial ardour, but in vain.—Politics.—The difference between a jockey and a scholar.—The Major's speech.—The Doctor's answer. His Lordship compares his head to Clinker's.—Vigil elucidated.—An uproar.

'NGW you'll see such riding,' said Lindley to Barclay as they jogged on towards the course. 'I speak for myself; I flatter myself that I am a match for any gentleman jockey in the kingdom, let the next be where he may.' 'I don't doubt it,' replied our hero; 'but pray who are you going to ride against?' 'A Lord,' said he;—'a laughing, funny, good natured fellow, but mad—mad as a March hare. Not so much so, however, as he was when he was young. The mark's out of his mouth now—he's between forty and fifty. Rides a feather, to be sure, because he's such a little whither'd creature; but then, he knows no more about horse-flesh, than if he had never thrown his legs across one. He is not even acquainted with the terms of jockeyship. Wonderful ignorance!

'You may easily be too cunning for him I should think,' cried Barclay.

'Why, yes,' rejoined the other, 'now he's not so mad as he was, but when he was confined about twenty years ago, he was as cunning as a fox. I'll give you an instance:—his friends were obliged to put him in a private mad-house, the keeper of which had a pretty daughter, and to his charms this daughter was not mad enough to be insensible. The keeper seeing this desisted his daughter to encourage his addresses, and at last it was brought to such a pitch, that his Lordship agreed to marry her. The day was fixed, the banns published at a church in town, and when the period arrived, they left the mad house in a coach to have the ceremony performed. His Lordship appeared very sane, and the keeper and his daughter chuckled with themselves as they went along, on the great advantage they should derive from such a match. When they arrived at the church his Lordship very properly led the lady up to the altar, and the clergyman began the ceremony, saying to his Lordship, 'do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?' Upon which he exclaimed, no, no, not so mad as that neither! and taking to his heels, ran out of the church, and was not found for a considerable time afterwards. Oh, he's a devil of a fellow.

What do you think he did only last week? I'll tell you. He sent to the town only twenty miles from hence, for half a dozen of musicians, meaning to entertain us jollily. Well, by some mistake they came a day too late. His Lordship, said, when he saw them, 'this is very unfortunate; however, you shan't lose your labour, come, play up, and because we won't have any music without dancing, three of you shall play, and the other three dance. The musicians expostulated, but all to no purpose, his Lordship would be obeyed. Presently he observed the three that were playing mightily pleased at seeing their companions skipping before them; upon which his Lordship obliged them to take their turn in the dance, while the other played. 'But here we are,' continued he, 'and yonder I see his Lordship standing by his groom.' Saying this, he put spurs to his horse, and cantered on, accompanied by Barclay.

After several races, amongst which was one between an Arabian ass and a Bengal cow, which was won by the latter, the ass refusing to start; the match between young Lindley and his Lordship took place, when the former rode out of the course, and the latter fell head over heels. Lindley, not seeing this mistake, went on laughing at his opponent, who, being unhurt, remount-

ed his horse, and taking the right way, came in, and won the stake, to the great mortification of 'the best gentleman jockey in the kingdom.'

It being now near dinner-time, his lordship left the ground to dress, being engaged at Sir William Lindley's. He laughed heartily as he went away, at young Lindley's mistake, who swore revenge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CURIOUS ANECDOTES.

[From Mr. Cumberland's Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain.]

[For the Philadelphia Repository.]

ALONSO CANO, the Michael Angelo of Spain, returning home one evening, discovered his wife murdered, his house robbed, and an Italian journeyman, on whom the suspicion naturally fell, escaped, and not to be found. The criminal judges held a court of enquiry upon the fact, and having discovered that Alfonso Cano had been jealous of this Italian, and also that he was known to be attached to another woman, they acquitted the fugitive gallant; and, with a sagacity truly in character, condemned the husband. No choice was now left to Cano but to fly, and abandon Madrid in the midst of his prosperity. He caused it to be reported that he was gone to Portugal, and took refuge in the city of Valencia. Necessity soon compelled him to have resource to his art, and his art betrayed him. In this exigency he betook himself to the asylum of a Carthusian convent at Porta Coli, about three leagues from Valencia. Here he seemed for a time determined upon taking the order, but either the austerities of that habit, or some hopes of returning with impunity to a course of life more to his taste than a convent, put him by from his design, and he was even rash enough to return to Madrid, thinking to conceal himself in the house of his father Don Rafael Sangüineto. He made several paintings here as well as at the Carthusians, and not being of a temper to maintain any lasting restraint over himself, he neglected to keep house with Don Rafael, and was apprehended in the streets, and directions were given for putting him to the torture. Cano defended himself by the plea of *excellens arte*, and he obtained so much mitigation as to have his right arm exempted from

the ligature. He suffered the rack, and had the resolution, under the tortures, not to criminate himself by any confession, not uttering a single word. This circumstance being related to Philip, he received him again into favour, and as Cano saw there was no absolute safety but within the pale of the church, he solicited the king with that view, and was named Residentary of Grenada. The Chapter objected to his nomination, and deputed two of their number to represent to Philip against the person of Cano, enumerating many disqualifications, and, amongst the rest, want of learning. The king dismissed the deputies, bidding them proceed to admit his nomination, and telling them, that if Cano had been a man of learning, he should perhaps have made him their Bishop and not a Residentary. 'Priests, like you,' said Philip, 'I, the king, can make at pleasure, but God alone can create an Alonso Cano.'

A Counsellor of Grenada having refused to pay the sum of 100 pistoles for an image of Saint Antonio de Padua, which Cano had made for him, he dashed the saint into pieces on the pavement of his academy, whilst the stupid counsellor was reckoning up how many pistoles per day Cano had earned whilst the work was in hand. 'You have been five-and-twenty days carving this image of Saint Antonio,' said the niggardly arithmetician, and the purchase-money demanded being one hundred, you have rated your labour at the exorbitant price of four pistoles per day; whilst I, who am a counsellor, and your superior, do not make half your profits by my talents.'—'Wretch!' cried the enraged artist, 'to talk to me of your talents—I have been fifty years learning to make this statue in twenty-five days! and so saying, he flung it with the utmost violence upon the pavement. The affrighted counsellor escaped out of the house with the utmost precipitation, concluding that the man, who was bold enough to demolish a saint, would have very little remorse in destroying a lawyer. Happy for Cano, the story did not reach the ears of the Inquisition, else he would have had a second rehearsal of his former tortures, and the doom of Forrigiano; but he escaped with no other punishment than a suspension from his function by the Chapter of Grenada, to which, however, he was restored by the

king, but not until he had finished a magnificent crucifix, which the queen had commissioned him to carve, and which he had long neglected to perform. This passed in the year 1658. From this period to his death he led an exemplary life of great charity and devotion. When he had no money to bestow in alms, which was frequently the case, he would call for paper, and give a beggar a drawing, directing him where to carry it for sale.

ANECDOTES.

Some gentlemen were lately admiring a horse belonging to a countryman. The honest farmer thinking more praise was bestowed on his beast than it deserved, said to some of the gentlemen, "True, she is a very fine mare, but she *stumbles* like the nation." "Then, (replied one of the gentlemen) she must be a good for nothing beast indeed.

Not long since, an artful rogue went into a house in this city, and proceeded directly up into a chamber, where was an elegant bed and furniture, which he rolled up in a sheet, threw across his shoulder, and descended the stairs backwards; just as he had got upon the lower floor, the owner of the house entered, the fellow immediately marched forward as though he was going with his bundle into the house. The gentleman accosted him with "What have you there, friend?" "The bed, Sir, which you purchased at auction," answered the thief; "You must be mistaken, (replied the gentleman,) for I have purchased no bed at auction." With pretended surprise, the villain stepped to the door, and looking at the house, observed "he had mistaken the street," begged the gentleman's pardon, and escaped, unsuspected, with his booty.

On the occasion of a general fast in England, an Oxford publican, who was too much of a sinner to comply with the order, admitted a party of the scholars into his house, got them a very good dinner, served it in a back room, shut his front windows, and double locked the street door. Of this business the proctor somehow or other got information, and attended by the proper officers, came and knocked at the

door, but the door was fast, and the young gentlemen made their escape the back way.—The proctor knocked, and knocked again, and at length the door was opened, and the party marched in official state to the room, but the birds were flown, the bottles and glasses removed, and the landlord sitting with a large family bible spread upon the table before him, and his eyes half shut; he rose on their entrance, and apologized for their having been kept at the door so long,—"but he had (and really he was ashamed of it) fallen fast asleep over a chapter in the *Prophet Jeremiah*,"—"You are an excellent fellow," said one of the gentlemen, "you are a most excellent fellow, but we cannot take hold of you now, nor indeed do I think we ought; you have kept strictly to the letter of the law, and not only made your family fast, but fallen fast asleep yourself, and made your doors and windows fast. You are an excellent fellow, but take care of yourself, and do not make a practice of playing at fast and loose."

A young fellow being at a public dinner, and observing one of the guests artfully pocket a table spoon, took another, and very gravely stuck it in his button-hole. Being asked what he meant, he replied, I saw my neighbour here put a spoon in his pocket, and apprehending it was the custom for us all to take one, preferred putting mine in my button-hole.

An honest Hibernian, who had been bred up in the interior part of the country, and had never seen a ship or a boat, happened to be journeying near a canal, in which was a large barge, sailing before an easy breeze. Struck with the novel appearance, Paddy quickened his jog, and with considerable exertion kept pace with the barge for some time, until coming to a lock, the bargemen began to lower their sails to pass it; when Paddy, almost exhausted and out of breath, gave up the chase, exclaiming, "Arrah! if you run so fast with your coat on, the Devil himself will not keep up to you when you strip to it!"

A small boy seeing a gentleman walking the street, placed himself in a convenient place to speak to him; when the gentleman came up, the boy pulled off his hat, held it out to the gentleman, and begged a few cents. "Money!" exclaimed the gentleman, "you had much better beg for manners than money." "I asked for that," said the boy, "I thought you had the most of."

The Caterer.

NO. 11.

By PETER DILIGENT.

WANTS—which every one must feel.

Virtue wants—*sincere* votaries; Wisdom—more *earnest* supplicants; and, Truth real friends and admirers.

"Pure and undefiled Religion," wants—*less said about the theory, and more done about the practice* of it.

Philanthropy wants—a *residence*, and Fidelity—an *asylum*.

Love and Charity want—to be in *better credit*.

Pride wants—to be *kicked out of company* and Humility *introduced*.

Every old woman, silly girl or officious young fellow, who hears of any *amour*, (or even of two persons of different sexes being seen to converse together) want mightily to be at the *bottom* of it.

Every old bachelor (who has not somebody, *incog.*) wants—a *wife*; "every girl in America," above fifteen, not already provided for, wants—a *husband*.

HINTS.

A WOMAN'S dress, like her reputation, should be without a spot. Neatness in attire is a most powerful attraction: it in some measure compensates for the want of beauty; and where the personal charms are numerous, it gives them a double lustre. Nor is this quality less propitious to health than to fortune and love. A perpetual attention to the minutiae of cleanliness is deemed the most sovereign preservative against all diseases, endemial as well as constitutional; while dirty finery creates a waste of expence, and never fails to disgust, and sometimes to injure.

AN absurd passion is generally prevalent,—that of wishing to be thought what we are not. *Miss Kitty Ogle* has the sweetest blue eyes, but is hourly pining for *Polly Peacock's* black ones. *Miss Jenkins* has the most beautiful auburn hair, yet dies with envy for the golden tresses of *Charlotte Carrot*. And although *Miss Giggles* possesses the most pleasing aquiline nose, she still laments the hook of it, and wishes to have the smart little turn-up nose of *Maria Snivel*. The young merchant laments the drudgery of mercantile affairs, and thinks no life so happy as the player's. The player exclaims against his hard fortune, that dooms him to fret his hour out on the stage, and envies the snug retreat of the country

gentleman. The rustic anxiously sighs for the town, and thinks the life of a man of fashion one circle of uninterrupted joy. The man of fashion pants to be thought a *genius*, and imagines if he could but obtain literary fame, every body would then pay their court to him; while the man of wit and genius, equally ridiculous and extravagant, wishes to be thought to possess qualities which he really does not, and neglects those which he has.

The bachelors of the present day pretend that ladies are spoiled for wives by their education, and the manners they assume. But why is all the fault charged on them? Would women who are fond of staying at home, and attending to the economy of their families, be proper companions for a race of men who constantly frequent *play-houses, taverns, or gaming-tables*?

MEMORY.

A BAD MEMORY is a common complaint. This defect arises, in general, from want of close thinking. Persons suffer their minds to rove from one object to another, without fixing upon any. Public discourses of the most serious nature, and private conversation on the most important subjects are lost on such minds. While they should be employed in examining, in comparing and reflecting on the subject discussed, foolish imaginations frequently occupy their whole attention. In the same way, people mismanage their business, by *forgetting, or neglecting*, which is all one as to the effect), their own proper employment, and busying themselves about other people's. Those who have fallen into habits of this kind, seldom have strength of mind to correct them, however sensible they may be of their pernicious tendency.

"Among the common modes of assisting the memory, (says a certain writer) I recollect none more whimsical than that which is related by a famous Italian statuary.—He tells us, that one evening, when he was sitting quietly by the fire-side, his father suddenly gave him a violent box on the ear. This astonished him, as it was without any provocation; but his father, after tenderly embracing him, said "You are surprised, my son, at what has happened; but look into that part of the fire." I looked and saw a *salamander*. "Now," said my father, "I gave you this blow that you might, all your life time, remember that you had seen this animal, whose existence is so much doubted."

A RAKING POT OF TEA.

THIS singular custom still exists among the ladies of *Ireland*; though it has long been banished from the higher orders of Irish gentry.

The mysteries of a *raking pot of tea* are supposed to be sacred to females, but now and then it happens that some of the male species, who are either more audacious, or more highly favoured than the rest of their sex, have been admitted by stealth to these orgies. The time when the festive ceremony begins, is never earlier than 12 o'clock at night; as all the joys of a raking pot of tea depend on its being made in secret, and at an unseasonable hour. After a ball, when the more discreet part of the company has departed to rest, a few chosen female spirits, who have footed it till they can foot it no longer, and the sleepy notes expire under the slurring hand of the musician, retire to a bed-chamber, call the favourite maid, bid her *put down the kettle*, lock the door, and amidst as much giggling as possible, get round a tea-table, on which all manner of things are huddled together. Then begin mutual rائلeries, and mutual confidences,—the faint scream and the loud laugh is heard,—romping for letters and pocket-books begins,—gentleman are called by their surnames, or by the general name of fellows,—pleasant fellows!—charming fellows!—odious fellows!—abominable fellows!—Then all prudish decorums are forgotten; and then we might be convinced how much the poet was mistaken when he said,

"There is no woman where there's no reserve."

BARBAROUS CUSTOM AMONG CERTAIN TRIBES OF INDIANS.

WHEN parents become enfeebled by age, and unable to support themselves, it is esteemed an act of duty in their children to strangle them. This shocking rite is performed in the following manner: The old person's grave is dug, into which he voluntarily descends; and after smoking a pipe, or perhaps drinking a dram or two, and conversing with his children, he intimates that he is ready to submit to his fate. On this two of them put a thong about his neck, and standing on opposite sides of the grave, pull violently till he is strangled. They then cover him with earth, and erect a rude monument of stones over the spot....Such old people as have no children, require this last office from the hands of their friends, and it is thought uncharitable to refuse it.

[From the *EXAMINER*.]

"Owe no man any thing."

BECAUSE the interest will eat while you are asleep. It is like the mouse that by incessant diligence eats thro' a cable—it is a constant dropping, which wears away stones. It is more destructive than fire; for it will consume your house, tho' it should be built FIRE PROOF; it will also consume your land and all your substance.

Consider, man, the sum that the shoeing of a horse would come to, at a penny a nail, and doubling the penny as often as there are nails in the shoes; and then calculate the increase of compound interest, which doubles the debt once in about ten years.

"Owe no man any thing."

Because, if you plunge into debt, you forfeit your independence. When pay day comes (and it always comes with a quick pace) you will be in the power of your creditor, and he may arrest you and deprive you of your liberty. The debtor lives in servile fear of his creditor, and is unable to stand up before him PLUM, and with countenance erect, as man ought to stand before man; but he sheepishly looks down upon the ground, or turns his eyes aslant, like a criminal, and the blood flees from his coward heart into his face. Now, if you barter away your independence for a fine coat or gown, for a fine horse and carriage, or a "ANY THING," you give too much for the whistle.

"Owe no man any thing."

Because running into debt leads to lying. A distinguished sage of this country remarked that "lying rides upon debt's back." The debtor, in order to put off the surly and importunate creditor for the present, tells him a long story, as false as it is sad, concerning disappointments which he has met with, and also of money that he expects to receive to-morrow or next week; he moreover, makes him fine promises, which he expects never to perform; and one lie naturally draws more after it; for it needs several more lies, to prop it up and help it out.

Thus the man loses, at once, his character for veracity, and his morals.

Beware of dipping into debt for superfluities.

A fine horse is a pleasant thing, but he may break his leg and be lost; therefore do not purchase him unless you have money enough on hand.

Make the old furniture do for the present, rather than run in debt for such as is new and elegant. It is better to turn the old coat than to run in debt for a new one. "But see there's a hole in it."—Never mind that;—put in a patch. A patch upon the back or sleeve will look and feel better than to be clapped upon the back, by a sheriff, or to be led by the sleeve to prison.

THE THREE THIEVES;

OR,

HAMET AND BERNARD.

MOST noble cavaliers, my tale neither offers to your view the gallant deeds of chivalry, nor the subtle schemes of a wife to hide her secret intrigues from her husband, but humbly recounts the dexterous exploits of three thieves, in the vicinity of Lán, whose joint talents had for some time put both laity and clergy under contribution. Two of them were brothers, called Hamet and Bernard. Their father, who had followed the same profession, ended his days on the gallows, the common fate of talents so employed. The other's name was Travers. One thing was, they never committed murder, but were satisfied in picking pockets, and their address in this way was almost incredible.

One day, when they were all three walking in a wood near Lán, the conversation fell on their own exploits; and Hamet, the elder of the two brothers, spying a magpie's nest, with the bird in it, at the top of a large oak, said to Bernard—

"Brother, if any body was to propose to you to take the eggs from under that bird, without disturbing her, what would you say?"

"I should say," replied the young one, "he was mad, and required an impossibility."

"I would have you to know, friend," rejoined Hamet, "one not able to do that must be an awkward hand at picking a pocket. Look at me."—

So saying, he immediately climbed the tree, got to the nest, and opening it gently at the bottom, caught the eggs one by one as they slid out, and brought them down, boasting that not one was broken.

"Faith, it must be owned that you are an incomparable fellow," cried Bernard: "and now, if you can put the eggs under the bird again as you took them out, you may fairly call yourself our superior."

Hamet accepted the challenge, and mounted again; but this was only a trick

of Bernard's, for when he saw him at a certain height, he said to Travers—

"Now you have seen what my brother can do, you shall have a touch of my art," and instantly mounted after Hamet, followed him from branch to branch, and while the other glided along like a serpent, with his eyes intently fixed on the nest, watching the slightest motion of the bird, that he might not frighten her, the adroit rogue untied his drawers, and returned with them in his hand, as a trophy of his victory.

In the meanwhile, Hamet, having replaced the eggs, came down, expecting the praises due to such an exploit.

"That's a good one," says Bernard, laughing, "to attempt to impose upon us; I'll lay a wager he has them hid in his drawers."

The eldest, looking down, found they were gone, and immediately knew it was a trick of his brother's. "He is a clever thief, indeed," said he, "who can rob another."

As for Travers, he so equally admired the two heroes, that he was doubtful which merited the palm. But so much address humbled him, and mortified to think he was not qualified to enter the lists with them, he said—

"Gentlemen, you know too much for me, for you would escape twenty times where I should always be taken. I see I am too awkward ever to succeed in this occupation, therefore I will renounce it, and take to my own again; live with my wife, and work hard; and I hope, by the blessing of God, we shall not want."

He really returned to the village, as he said. His wife was very fond of him: he became a very honest man, and worked so hard, that, in a few months, he was able to buy a pig, and fatten it at home. At Christmas he killed it, and, as is usual, hung it up by the feet against the wall, and went to his work in the fields. It had been lucky for him if he had sold it, and saved all the trouble and anxiety it gave him, as you will see.

Just after he was gone out, the two brothers, who had not seen him since the day that they parted, came to pay him a visit. His wife was alone, busily employed in spinning. She told them that her husband was gone out, and would not return till the evening. You may very well suppose that the pig did not escape their watchful eyes; and when they left the house, they said to each other—"So, so,—this rogue has a mind to regale himself, and not invite us. As that is the case, we must carry off

the pig, and eat it without him." They then laid their plan, and went and hid themselves in a neighbouring hedge till night.

When Travers returned, in the evening, his wife told him of her strange visitors. "They were such ill-looking fellows," said she, "that I was frightened, being alone, and durst not ask either their names or business. They pryed about every where; and I don't believe a single nail escaped them."

"Alas! these are my two rogues," cried Travers, dolefully. "The pig is gone, that's certain:—oh, that I had but sold it!"

"There's still one way to save it," said the wife, "let us take it down from the hook, and hide it somewhere for the night. To-morrow, as soon as it is light, we will consider what further to do with it."

Travers followed his wife's advice, took down the bacon, laid it on the floor at the other end of the room, and put the kneading-trough over it. He then went to bed, but not without anxiety. At midnight the brothers came to put their scheme in execution. The elder kept watch, while Bernard bored a hole in the wall opposite the place where piggy had hung, but he soon found out there was nothing left but the string.—"The bird is flown," said he, "we are come too late."

(To be Continued in our next.)

The Querist.

NO. IV.

The best, perhaps the only way of getting knowledge, is TO ENQUIRE AND OBJECT. CHESTERFIELD.

MR. HOGAN,

BEFORE I proceed further in my enquiries, I beg leave, thro' the medium of your Repository, to return my cordial thanks to the Correspondent who communicated the "Observations on the Behemoth, by a Female Friend," as, by such communication, I and many of your readers, have been entertained with a treat, highly gratifying to curiosity. Nor can I, in this place, avoid expressing the obligations I am under, and indeed I think the public likewise, to this intelligent Female Friend, for laudably seizing so happy an opportunity of throwing light upon some of those passages of the SACRED RECORDS, which it has puzzled the most learned for ages, fully to explain, perhaps even to believe. Whether her observations will or will not produce a conviction that the Behemoth and Mammoth are of one kind,

is not a matter of such infinite importance. Those observations are highly valuable in more points than one, and no doubt will be productive of beneficial consequences, both as to religious belief and philosophic speculation.

It is well known, that it is not long since the ignorance of an animal larger than the elephant, not only gave rise to scepticisms in the religion of the BIBLE, but afforded them matter of triumph, and finally led men, in other respects the most enlightened on earth, to pour upon the Christian world, all the stores of the sarcastic ridicule of Infidels. Were those mighty philosophers now alive, how would they be confounded by these plain but forcible observations of our Female Friend, or at any rate by the information of the present day, which amounts to "evidence of things not seen!"—They considered it as a reflection upon the dignity of philosophy, to believe what they could not comprehend, what they could not account for, what they could not see, or what they had not known; and therefore, because the facts recorded in the SACRED SCRIPTURES, did not in every respect resemble, or precisely accord with the relations in prophane history, or the occurrences of their own times, they did not hesitate to look upon the BIBLE as a pack of fables, a collection of the delusive chimeras of visionaries, or the craft of Vanity and Ambition, to impose upon the easy credulity of the populace. Possessed of these sentiments, all their reasonings upon subjects of antiquity must necessarily have been as they now are, in this way,—"You believe in the Bible?"—Yes.—"And do you believe there ever existed an animal as large as the Behemoth, mentioned in Job?"—Yes.—"Then you must be stupid or a fool—Pray, why are there now no animals larger than the elephant? Pshaw! 'Tis all imposition!—All kinds of creatures that ever existed, exist still—But there are no Behemoths now, therefore THERE NEVER HAVE BEEN ANY—'Tis all stuff—Natural Reason contradicts it," &c. &c. Reader, what think you of this Philosophy and Logic? Should they be so ridiculous or shocking as to make "Common Sense run frightened to the door," you must not blame me for it—they are not of my manufacturing, I assure you.—They were the Philosophy and Logic of the Literati of the last age—They are the Philosophy and Logic of the Illuminati of the present age—They are prevalent in France and America at this day—And they are even in some of the churches, Liceums & School Associations of this city.—Well therefore might Patrole (lately in the Gaz. of the U. S.) call out,—"Watchman, what of the night?—Watchman, what of the night?—If ye will enquire, ENQUIRE YE." Q.

The Bouquetier.

NO. V.

THE ZEPHYR.

ADDRESSED TO R. W*.

Arabia cannot boast,

A fuller gale off'y, than liberal thence

Breathes thro' the tent, and takes the ravished soul.

THOMPSON.

AS now, from highest noon, the sun descends,
And down Heav'n's western arch his journey bends;
The mildest radiance spreads around the sky;
And scenes invite to charm, the mind and eye.

PHILANDER, favorite of the tuneful Nine,
O condescend to join thy steps with mine,
Thro' yon green groves, and o'er yon rural plains,
While now life-breathing, balmy Zephyr reigns—

That Zephyr wh'ch erewhile, in gentle play,
Temper'd the ardour of the Solar ray,
And, where the airs where blending to destroy,
Breath'd o'er the arid flow'rets love and joy:

Like the mild spirit of that dulcet song,
Whose soothing numbers, smoothly pour'd along,
Calm'd the warm-rising passion of my breast,
And all resentful feeling hush'd to rest.*

Blest spirit! ever breathing love and peace,
Which bids life's comforts flourish and increase;
And, where harsh, glaring, jarings vex'd the soul,
Makes reconciliation, joy and friendship roll.

Oh! were my bosom but inform'd as thine,
With wisdom, with benevolence divine,
And that kind generosity, which knows
No greater bliss than healing others' woes;

How sweet would be this recreative range!
Sweet would our mutual feelings interchange!
Sweet our affections in one channel run!
And, one our theme, our sentiments be one.

But see! as now before and on each side,
The varied prospect opens, expanding wide,
This nature-fashion'd bow'r invites our stay,
T' enjoy the beauties of declining day.

Here may we gaze with pleasure and delight,
On picture-scenes that usher on the sight;
Far as extends the fondly-roving eye,
To where earth seems to mingle with the sky.

Delightful prospect!—On yon grass-clad meads
The Shepherd's chequer'd flock in plenty feeds;
While near, reclin'd, he pours Love's tender tale,
Whose plaintive notes reinform in the vale.

Yon tree-crown'd hills, in contrast, greet the view,
Whose deep-green screens 'mid th' ethereal blue;
Along their sides the Farmers' mansions stand,
Whose red and white the attention first command.

Gliding thence downward to the vale again,
T' he bed of *Schuykill* seems one glassy plain;
So clear its stream, its current so serene,
That heav'n's wide arch is on its bosom seen.

Scarce turn'd from hence, the captive eye admires
The stately grandeur of the City-spires;
Whose sky-wreath pinacles as cones, und fold,
And setting day reflect like burnish'd gold.

Delightful prospect for the Painter's plume!
Here Nature, robb'd in beauty and in bloom,
In just proportion has her hues display'd,
In all their various field of light and shade.

* See his "Reconciliatory Address to the rival Poets,
Amyntor and J. C." page 36, which for its good sense
and benignity deserves to be read and heard. A.

Delightful prospect for the Poet's Muse
To rove extensive, any theme to chuse!
For, all around Panisian, bow'rs appear;
And streams, as pure as Helicon, are here.

Here Zephyr holds his reign in every grove,
Waking creation with the breath of Love,
Here, sportive play the train of toy spring,
With whose sweet carols hills and vallies ring.

The balmy airs that swell into a breeze,
Whose gentle eddies waves th' enamour'd trees,
Just fresh from kissing Flora's petal'd stores,
Waft the rich odours of ten thousand flowers:

Thus breathes the Fair, whose virgin-lips impart
Life's cordial to the Jove-sick, drooping heart;
And thus young, smiling Cupid's carol round
Encouragement, in rapture's silver sound.

Delightful prospect for soft Music's Lyre!
Here, Goo and Nature nobler themes inspire;
We hither to charm earth's busy cares away;
Or lift the soul to Heav'n's eternal day:

Here Meditation, from the City's din,
Her musings may indulge in peace, alone;
Reflection's mirror, here, point out the path
Secure, thro' devious life and dreary death.

Delightful prospect for the cultur'd mind,
Where Virtue and devotion are combin'd,
The best effusions of the heart to move
And tune to worship, gratitude and love.

Then, dear PHILANDER, favorite of the Nine,
O condescend my tribute waiks to join;
And from the ruins of the town repair,
T' inhale life-breathing, balmy Zephyr's air.

Here may we spend the morning, evening, hours,
While friendly converse, in these wisdom-bow'rs;
And, in this calm retreat of solitude,
Our gifts improve for fellow-creatures' good.

Then as, while thus engag'd in sweet employ,
Devotion vibrates on the string of joy,
The Lyre our choral anthem shall prolong,
And list'ning spirits, pleas'd, applaud the song.

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 5, 1802.

THUCYDIDEAN'S ATTEND!

A meeting of the "THUCYDIDEAN SOCIETY," will be held at the usual place, this evening at half past 7 o'clock. N. B. Punctual attendance is earnestly requested.

June 5th, 1802.

Amyntor's Poems.

IT is several months since proposals were issued for publishing these poems: the list of subscribers already obtained is respectable, and their number considerable; but not sufficiently so to induce those concerned to put the work to press. A number of gentlemen have expressed their willingness to subscribe as soon as the printing is begun; it is however earnestly requested that those who intend to patronize the work, should come immediately forward with their names; as its publication will not be undertaken on an uncertainty.

AMONG the extraordinary phenomena of Paris may be classed the numerous ledges of *Amie de l'Amour*; there have existed many years there; they originally received their degrees from the regular ledges, but their whole proceedings, as their signs, &c. is different. Once a month there is at the Master's Lodge, what is called a lodge of adoption, that is, that they receive ladies, which there is always an elegant supper and ball. It is amazing how such abominations are permitted to exist. The infamous Duke of Orleans, at the beginning of the Revolution, or previous riot, introduced or promoted these infamous associations, which we are informed were attended with such enormities, as not only shock decency, but outrage humanity.

[From the *Cathill* Newspaper.]

"But there is yet a Liberty unsung
By Poets, and by Senators unsung;
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate, take away."

COWPER.

My worthy Customers,

The poet most unquestionably when speaking of liberty, meant liberty of conscience; but the liberty which the subscriber wishes to make use of is *Liberty*. Grant me the liberty to inform all those indebted to my books, that if they do not call and settle by the 1st of May, or (at the latest) in the month of May, they may have the liberty of appearing before a Magistrate.

N. HINMAN.

Marriages.

MARRIED, On the 27th ult. by the Rev. John Geier, Dr. Samuel Anderson, of Chester, (Delaware county) to Mrs. Sarah Moore, of Marcus Hook.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, to Miss Margaret Eickley, both of this City.

Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. David Tomson, to the amiable Mrs. Ann George, both of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John Ewing, of Chesterville, at the seat of Israel Eliott, Esq. Wm. Ewing Esq. to Miss M. Eliott.

Deaths.

DIED... At Bedford on the 29th ult. after a short and severe illness. In the 43th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Jay, the amiable and much respected wife of his excellency John Jay, late Governor of the State of New-York, and one of the daughters of the late Governor Livingston, deceased.

Lately, on his passage from Trinidad to this port, Mr. Jasper McCall, of this City.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Deborah Field, wife of Mr. John Field of this City.

In England, on the 18th of April, while writing in his study, at the priory near Derby, to which, he had lately removed, Dr. Darwin, without the least previous indisposition. This gentleman justly held a rank in the literary world, by his writings of the Botanic Gardens, Zoonomia, Physiology &c. &c. Also the Earl of Gullford. His Lordship was born in 1757. He is succeeded by his brother Lieut. Col. Frances North.

Yesterday morning, Mr. William Garity, son of Mr. John Garity, of this City.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mamma Mamma Imitat" by Willey Smooth, a pleasant flow,—as it falls! however.

"Dulia: a Pastoral" by Eugene,—"Thoughts on Riches" by Carlos—correspondents always acceptable.

"The Captive," we perceive to be an extract,—it will not, however, be overlooked when the Temple of the Muses is less crowded with original writings.

"Reflections on the mutability of sublimity things," by Alfred,—"*A Dream*," by Curdson, &c. also received.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POERY.

H Y M N S.

HYMN III.

" *Can'st thou by searching find out God? Can'st thou find out the Almighty unto perfection.* Job xi. 7.

O WHO can trace Thy matchless ways,
Thou Source of Being! from Thy hand
Came Nature, who Thy pow'r displays
Where time does roll, or space expand.

Thought, soaring thought, fain to explore
How wide extends Thy powerful reign;
What systems hang upon Thy word!
What worlds Thy circling arms sustain!

From Saturn's orb swift wings her way
Through space, where countless suns give light,
Where beauteous worlds rejoice in day,
And Moons unnumber'd grace the night.

But still no circling shore appears,
No termination to Thy reign,—
Each sun, each world, each moon declares
Thy mighty word doth all sustain.

Again, the active bounds in air,
And countless comets leaves behind;
Still boundless space proclaims: "Beware!
"Cease spak of All-Creative Mind;

"Seek not to trace His matchless ways,
"Which heav'n's arch-angels cannot scan,
"Pause—humbly kneel, believe, obey,
"Frat creature know that thou art man."

Now low before Thy heav'nly throne
Farther of Light and Life I bend;
Man's feeble pow'rs, most humbly own,
Thy mighty works can't comprehend;—

But still our song shall far transcend
The wondrous comets' maze round,
On wings of Faith to heav'n ascend
And join the universal sound—

Though Thou infinity conceal
From man below and spirit above;
Yet all do know, and taste, and feel
Thy rich, unpurchas'd, boundless Love,

X. W. T.

TO DELIA:

WITH A ROSE.

" *Virtue's the chiefest beauty of the mind,
"The noblest ornament of Female kind!*

OBSERVE that Rose, so richly dress'd
By Nature's hand, in colours gay!
The fragrance of her lovely breast,
Adds sweetness to the breath of May.

But see, again! her tender leaves
A faded,—with'rd by the sun:
She drops her florid head, and grieves
Her roseate race so soon is run.

Just so my fair! the lively bloom,
Diffus'd by nature o'er thy face,
Must soon give way,—and pallid gloom
To flushing ruddiness take place.

Improve the moments ere they fly,
By stow'ing Wisdom in thy mind;
So shall thy virtues never die,
Thy heart perennial sunshine find.

EUGENIO.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

My heart bleeds for him—See along the street,
Friendless he wanders,—now with hunger wild!
And now he weeps like poor Misfortune's child,
And plucks the thorn from out his shoeless feet.
To you, ye Rich, I call, for I am poor,
Else would I screen his cold unshelter'd head;
Oh! smile upon the lad, and give him bread,
Nor send him naked from your wealthy door:
Nor slight the tale pronounce'd with faltering breath—
His father in the distant battle fell,

With broken heart his mother sunk in death:
And he was forc'd to leave his native vale;
Forc'd in the rugged wiles of life to stray,
With no kind guardian to point out the way.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD,

BY A FRIEND.

GONE! art thou, Mary! loveliest Flow'r of May!

So cheerful once, so blooming, sweet and gay.

Alas! for thee, tho' many tears have flown,

A friend sincere must also add his own.

Yet thou, my dear, hast left a world of woe,

And never more can'st pain or sickness know:

Thou, fairest innocence! art with the blest

In happy mansions of eternal rest.

Then cease, fond parent, friends your tears give o'er;

Since dearest Mary's only gone before

Where all must follow some few seasons more.

O heav'nly Music! thy kind aid impart;

Thy melting strains alone can bring relief;

O come and soothe the mind o'erwhelm'd with grief,

O give sweet comfort to the wounded heart!

ENIGMA.

BEFORE the Sun and Stars gave light,

And with bright splendor shone:

Before arch-angels stood around

The great Creator's throne—

Before Jehovah had proclaim'd

This vast creation, good,

I held my station on the throne

Of the eternal God.

I still with my Creator dwell,

And here with man below—

As lovely as the vernal morn

And pure as whitest snow.

I'm naked as the new-born babe,

Yet often I'm disguis'd:

I flatter none, and none I hate,

Nor slander e'er practis'd.

By all mankind I am well known;

By good men I'm rever'd—

Tho' haughty kings may me despise
Yet oft by them I'm fear'd.

Oft am I, with fair Innocence,
By bland'rous tongues defam'd—
To stand before the sternest judge
I never was asham'd.

I always am beneath a veil
By hypocrites conceal'd—
But hold, my muse, should I say more
My name would be reveal'd.

ORLANDO.

ANSWER

TO THE ENIGMA IN PAGE 199.

'TIS happiness we mortals seek,
Tho' oft in vain from earthly good;
For 'tis by few beneath the skies
The blessing's rightly understood.

The sun shall fade, the stars shall fall,
The earth and all shall pass away;
Yet Happiness in heaven shall hold
Triumphant everlasting sway.

ORLANDO.

SELECTED.

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH.

MY sledge and hammer lie declin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind!
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My vice, is in the dust all laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.
My fire-dried corpse, lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

The following is the Enigmatical list of REVOLUTIONARY
CHARACTERS, promised in the 14th No.

1. To make clean, part of a bird omitting the first letter, and twenty-hundred weight.
2. The father of many children, and the fifteenth consonant.
3. Two sixths of a state in the United-States, the fourth consonant, three fifths of a passage over a river, and a father's male relation.
4. The sport of ambitious Kings, and a small bird omitting the first letter.
5. Four sixths of a large populous country, the eighth consonant, and half a woven substance.
6. Four fifths of the companion of justice, and two thirds of to mistake.
7. A town in the Island of Jamaica, omitting the fifth letter, and sprightliness, omitting the third letter.
8. Three sevenths of an Electorate in Germany, and a male domestic fowl.
9. A passage into a fortified town, and a serpentine letter.
10. Two fifths of a liquid, a vowel, and two fifths of an inhabitant of Africa.
11. A colour, and the second vowel.
12. To court, and to move, changing a letter.

MIL O.

Errata in p. 232, piece signed *Carlos*, 2d l. from bottom for "of moss cover'd couches," read "on moss cover'd couches."



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AND

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Saturday, June 12, 1802.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XV.—*Con.*

BARCLAY, with the assistance of Gregory, put himself in decent trim for dinner, and when he entered the dining-room, although the dinner was not served, he found six people seated at the table. Being introduced, he learnt that the strangers were Major Cave, Dr. Butterwell, the parson, Mr. Diddlington, the apothecary, and Mr. Delves, an old brother sportsman of Sir William's, who insured the Baronet's favour by constantly listening to his stories of former times, and helping him to recollect them.

Sir William sat at the bottom of the table, and young Lindley presided. On his right hand was seated the Doctor, a huge unwieldy man, who having been disappointed in his hopes of preferment, was in consequence a violent democrat. Opposed to him (in every sense of the word) was the Major, a member of parliament, and staunch aristocrat. The two middle places were unoccupied, but on the side with the Major, at the bottom of the table, was the apothecary, a little thin creature, who sat very prim in his chair, and was extremely diffident when he spoke, ever suspecting himself in the wrong; opposite to him was Mr. Delves, a jolly fellow, who placed himself close to Sir William, for the purpose already noticed. Our hero took his seat between the Major and the apotheca-

ry. The dinner was put on the table, when young Lindley said,—“Ah, we'll not wait for *Fidget*,” (a nick-name given to his lordship, as the Doctor was, in his absence, always called *Dismal*.) “I know he'd be angry if we were to delay dinner, so as to let him be here at starting. Now there's my watch—I'll bet fifty pounds he does not come this half-hour, and when he comes, he'll say these words.”—Here he repeated what his lordship would say, which, when dinner was half over, he came and said precisely. His phrase on these occasions was, “Dear, dear, well, I can never get any where in time—good folks, your servant; I can't think, for my part, how people manage, who have real business, for I, who have nothing to do, can scarcely get thro' it.”

During dinner, his Lordship and Lindley took the lead in conversation, the others paying all their devotion to the fare. Young Lindley's conversation, or *wit*, as he deemed it, was principally made up of strange out-of-the-way phrases, and a certain metaphorical way of speaking, such as calling a hearse, a *Gravesend* stage; a man cook, a dog cook; unripe fruit, not done enough; beef more roasted than it should be, over-ripe; and so on.

During dinner, Mr. Diddlington, whose horse always stood at the door, which is a way of visiting *see artem*, was twice summoned to attend his patients; but Lindley knowing that, like other country apothecaries, he had ordered his man to call for him, to shew that he had a great deal of business, tho' in fact no patient required his attendance, would not let him go.

“Come, come,” said he, “that won't do with us—you shan't stir a foot: take the man into the cellar, Hugh, and give him a good dose of ale, and see whether he likes that better than his master's physic.”

“Mr. Lindley,” replied the apothecary, very precisely, “I dare say I am wrong, but my patients will suffer for this.”

“You are wrong indeed,” cried Lindley. “What, patients suffer for keeping the apothecary away? I'll never believe that!”

Dinner being over, Sir William, at his end of the table, took up his story from Jerry's Pound, calling Barclay's attention to it; but he was soon left without any auditors, except Mr. Delves and the apothecary, who sat quite upright in his chair, with his face towards the baronet, grinning when he grinned, and not daring to turn from him.

Barclay was presently occupied in listening to the Major on the subject of war;—who recommended to every man to go into the army. His lordship was, as may be supposed, as great an aristocrat as the Major, and perfectly coincided with him in this opinion. “I would go into the army myself,” said he, “but I am too old: tho' I am small, I don't want courage: I can prove it.”

“Ay,” cried the Major, “I should be glad to hear.”

“A fellow, Sir,” said he, “once insulted me, who I knew would not give me satisfaction! I did not know what to do; but, upon enquiring, I found his affairs were not in the most flourishing circumstances, and that he would be glad of a commission in the army. I instantly, at my own expence, privately presented him with an ensignacy. After this I sent him a challenge, and he was then unable to refuse me. I wing'd him, and he begg'd my pardon.”

The Major highly approved of this courageous stratagem, and proceeded with his praises of the army, which Lindley ridiculed.

"It would be wise of you young men," said the Major, warmly, "if you disposed of your time as well. Where, Sir, is your martial ardour? What," continued he, "will you not fight for your native soil?—Remember how your fathers bled for their country!"

"I do, I do," said Lindley, "and that's what frightens me!"

Here the Doctor interrupted them, and began abusing standing-armies and the ministers without mercy.

"How dare you blame ministers, Sir?" said the Major, who was as absurdly violent as the other, "have not they always a majority?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor, with a sarcastic grin; "and we know that a majority can be purchased in that house as well as in the army."

"Sir," cried the Major, boiling, "no reflections on my profession."

"None in the world," replied the doctor—"but even granting that it is not purchased, we know that Bias has told us that (*Greek*)—"the majority is bad."

Lindley reprimanded him for a habit he had of quoting from the classics.

"Young gentleman," said he, "I do not see why a scholar should not be allowed to talk about his Latin and Greek, as well as a jockey about his horses."

Lindley made no reply, and Barclay took up the cudgel, saying,

"I'll tell you why, Sir; a scholar is supposed to have more sense."

The doctor looked as black as December, tossing up his head, to shew the little respect he had for Barclay.

The Major, who did not like skirmishing, but was very fond of a pitched battle, began a long speech, calmly setting out with saying,

"I'll not fly in the face of my superior, government sure knows what is wrong better than we do: we have left every thing to them. It is a kind of treason to oppose government; they are the power Heaven has set over men to direct them. You may as soon say you know religion as well as a bishop."

The Doctor smiled contemptuously.

"Sir," continued the other, "I look upon men who oppose government, to be little better than rebels: it is they that make us unsuccessful by land and sea; it is they that have ruined all nations; they let our enemies know what we intend to do; and that it is that makes us unsuccessful. Newspaper writers ought to be gibbeted. Abuse ministers, and lords, and parliament, and

the whole bench of bishops, and sometimes the judges, and me—don't you see how they have abused me? They call me blood-sucker, only because I have a contract now and then. Why somebody must have it. Then they call me Major Deadvote: I am one of the Deadvote family, they say. I am as well known by the name of Deadvote as I am by the name of Major Cave. The newspapers, and all the enemies and rebels, call every man who is true to his king and his country, mere creatures, deadvotes, blood-suckers.

"Do you know what government is?" proceeded the Major, panting for breath; "what it means?—Why government is to rule, to govern;—and what are they who will not let it govern?—Why, they are traitors and rebels. How can they govern or rule, if the patriots will not let them? The fact is, they want to rule themselves. Who protects us from the French?"

"You have made a long speech to little purpose," said the Doctor. "As to your last question, I'll answer it: the arms of Neptune. But still, how are we protected? Why we are in this island like the archbishop who retired to a castle surrounded by water: he was safe from external enemies, so are we: but he was eaten up by the rats of his own castle; so are we by our own ministers. Sylla bred lice which destroyed him.—Cromwell engendered a stone in his bladder which destroyed him;—we nourish ministers who destroy us. These things were once obscured, but we are too much illuminated now-a-days not to see thro' them."

Siding with the Major, his Lordship said, "Ay, what, you are one of the *Illuminati*? Do you know that I think you are illuminated like Humphrey Clinker—"what you take to be the new light," said his master to him, and I say it to you, 'I take to be a deceitful vapour glimmering thro' a crack in your upper story."

Barclay seconded this attack, and exposed the Doctor's politics to the most laughable derision, concluding by saying, "however, I know you think yourself possessed of a great deal of wisdom. I guessed it so from your supercilious manner, and I shall not deny it, for you may perhaps build your opinion upon the well-known sentence, "it is wise to know little."

The company were all warm with wine, and the Doctor retorted. From politics they got to religion and the scriptures. Here Barclay beat the Doctor completely out of the field, quoting the original text, to his great astonishment. Amongst other authorities, he quoted Job: "For vain man would be wise, tho' he be born like a wild

ass's colt." "I translate," said he, "Doctor, that you may be illuminated not only in politics, but in scripture, which I think much better becomes you."

Young Lindley, the Major, and his Lordship, enjoyed this amazingly. The Doctor was heated, and descended to abuse. "Sir," said he, "your learning makes you impatient."

"Sir," replied Barclay, "so does your ignorance."

The wine began to operate, and words ran high—"An assuming, impudent cockcomb!" cried the Doctor.

"Impudent!" said Barclay, coolly, unwilling to quarrel.—"why you are impudence itself. I never met with a more excellent comment than you are on the *spirantia era* of Virgil—you are an existing piece of the *breathing brass* he talks of."

"A fool!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"That's too bad!" was the general cry.

"Not at all," said Barclay, "I dare say he's right, for I'd take his judgment on folly sooner than any man's. Be assured that nobody's better versed in it than the Doctor—he's a professor."

The Doctor continued to deal out his illiberal language without measure. His lordship and the Major were exceedingly noisy, and nothing would serve the former, but he must lick the Doctor, and he would certainly have made the attempt, had he not been prevented by Barclay and Lindley, who interfered.

"Come, come," said Barclay, "you must not mind him; you see he's half gone."

"D—him," cried his Lordship, "I won't forgive him because he's half gone; when he's *quite gone* perhaps I may."

The apothecary being the most sober of the company, left the two old gentlemen neddling in their chairs, and with some trouble got permission to lead the doctor home. His absence restored the harmony of the table, until the arrival of his Lordship's carriage, in which he, the Major, and Mr. Delves departed, but not without his Lordship first protesting that he would send the Doctor a challenge by the Major, in the morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTE.

A sea-officer, who, for his courage in a former engagement, where he had lost his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship; in the heat of the next engagement, a ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck; a seaman thinking that he had been fresh wounded, called out for the surgeon, "No, no," said the captain, "the carpenter will do."

* This speech of the Major's is taken from Macklin's unpublished MSS.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

A Gentleman in London, fond of electrical experiments, finding his taylor very troublesome in his dunning visits, passed a wire from the rod of his machine to the knocker of the door, and several small wires under the door, it being necessary for conveying the electrical shock that there should be two points of contact. Observing the taylor coming up stairs to his lodging-room, he locked the door, and set his machine in motion. Stay-tape knocked, and received a violent shock;—his surprize was so great, that making more haste down stairs than he ascended, he fell, and bruised himself very considerably. Being since informed by a philosophical acquaintance, that there was no supernatural agency in the case, the taylor has determined to bring his action for the bruises he received, his lawyer being of opinion that the gentleman may be electrified in Westminster-Hall.

[London Paper.]

THE late Mr. Baker, of St. John's College, Cambridge, was a person of such remarkable serenity, that nothing was ever known to discompose him.—One evening, having sat up rather later than usual with a friend in Jesus' College, and pretty far gone in liquor, he was very much pressed to take the porter and a lanthorn along with him, which he refused. In going to St. John's College, it is necessary to pass thro' a church-yard, which, when he arrived at, the wine growing too powerful upon him, he fell flat upon his back between two grave-stones. After making several efforts to rise, to no purpose, he folded his arms with great calmness, and was heard to say,—“Tis mighty well, I suppose I shall rise with the rest of them.”

The writer of a modern book of travels, relating the particulars of his being cast away, thus concludes: “After having walked eleven hours without tracing the print of a human foot, to my great comfort and delight, I saw a *man ho gong upon a gibbon*; my pleasure at this *cheering* prospect was inexpressible, for it convinced me that I was in a civilized country.”

In a late novel of some pretensions to eminence the author who is a lady concludes one of her chapters with the following inadvertent expressions: “We shall now bid adieu to O car for the present, and drawing on our boots of seven Leagues, step after Fitzalan and Amanda.” The fair writer, we have the charity to believe, did not think to what a height such needless language transported her.

Two gentlemen, riding in a gig, between Egremont and Calderbridge, observed a sparrow-hawk pursuing a lark: The latter after several narrow escapes from its enemy, at length was reduced to the necessity of taking refuge in the carriage! It perched on the arm of one of the gentlemen, and frequently peeping up, seemed to contemplate its situation with astonishment. Lest its fears should again expose it to danger, he took it in his hand; from whence it seemed to view, with conscious security, the distant sallies of its ravenous adversary. The hawk thus deprived of its expected prey, disappeared in a few minutes; and the lark allowed again to expand its wing, soaring upwards, appeared to acknowledge its gratitude to his protectors, by pouring out its lively notes whilst it hovered over the carriage for a considerable time.

[London Paper.]

MORALIST.

THE force of habit and the extreme danger of fixing on any bad habit, particularly that of drunkenness, may be aptly illustrated by moralizing the following piece of natural history.

“On the coast of Norway is a dreadful whirlpool called by the natives, Maelstrom which signifies the naval of the sea. The body of the waters which form this whirlpool is extended in a circle above thirteen miles in circumference. In the midst of this stands a rock, against which the tide, in its ebb, is dashed with inconceivable fury: when it instantly, swallows up all things which come within the sphere of its violence.

“No skill in the mariner, nor strength of rowing can work an escape. The sailor or at the helm finds the ship at first go in a current opposite to his intentions; his vessel's motion, though slow in the beginning, becomes every moment more rapid; it goes round in circles, still narrower and narrower, till at last it is dashed against the rock and entirely disappears.”

And thus it fares with the hapless youth that falls under the power of any vicious habit. At first he indulges with caution and timidity, and struggles against the stream of vicious inclinations, but every elapse carries him further down the current, (the violence of which increases) and brings him still nearer to the fatal rock in the midst of the whirlpool: till, at length stupified and subdued, he yields without a struggle, and makes shipwreck of conscience, of interest, of reputation,

and of every thing that is dear and valuable in the human character.

It should also be observed, on the other hand, that good habits are powerful as bad ones: therefore, no better advice can be given to youth, than the following: “Choose the most rational and best way of living, and habit will soon make it the most agreeable.” [Weekly Mis.]

SELECT SENTENCES.

NUMBER III.

If you are to judge of a *watch*, which you find does not *go well*, you will certainly examine whether the movement is hindered by any *accidental* obstruction, *before you condemn it as a bad piece of work*. Should not the *same* rule be observed where it seems to be often neglected? I mean in our judgment of each other.

How beautiful is the best side of the world!—How shocking the worst!

Have you never seen a strange, unconnected, deformed representation of a figure, which, seen in *another point of view*, became proportioned and agreeable? It is the picture of human nature.

You may fail to shine, in the *opinion of others*, both in your conversation and actions, from being *superior*, as well as from being *inferior* to them.

How many amusing and ridiculous scenes should we witness in the world, if each pair of men that *secretly* laugh at each other, were to laugh at each other *aloud*!

Extremities meet. It is difficult to say whether the statesman at the top of the world, or the ploughman at the bottom, labours hardest.

Disagreeing in little things, and agreeing in great ones, is what forms and keeps up a commerce of society and friendship among reasonable men, and among unreasonable men, breaks it.

Many men would have more wisdom if they had less wit.

Pope says:—

“For forms of government let fools contest,
“That which is best a minister'd is best.”

But are *all* equally calculated to be well administered? or, shall were well administered, would *all* be equally good?

Have you any thing to say to the world, or to any part of it? Be quick, then, or perhaps you will be too late, and never say it.

THE THREE THIEVES;

OR,

HAMET AND BERNARD.

(CONCLUDED.)

TRAVERS, whom the fear of being robbed kept in continual alarm, and hindered from sleeping, thinking he heard a noise, awakened his wife, and ran to the trough, to see if the pig was there. It was; but having also fears about his barn and stable, he was willing to go all around, and set off, armed with a hatchet. Bernard, who heard him go out, took advantage of it directly, in picking the lock of the door; and going softly up to the bed, said to the wife, counterfeiting the voice of the husband—

"Mary the bacon is not on the wall—What have you done with it?"

"What have you forgot," replied the woman, "that we hid it under the kneading-trough—has fear turned your brain?"

"No, no," said he; "but I had forgot, Do you lie still—I'll go and take care of it." Saying thus, he took the pig on his shoulders, and carried it off.

When Travers had gone his round, and well secured all his doors, he came back.

"It must be owned," said his wife, "I have a husband with a poor memory! Why you forgot, just now, where you had put the pig!"

These words made Travers roar again—"I said it would be so! I knew they would steal it! It's gone! I shall never see it more!"

In the midst of these lamentations, however, it struck him that the thieves could not have got far with their prize in the time; so he posted after them directly, with some hope of recovering the pig. The rogues had taken a bye path across the fields, that went straight to the wood, where they hoped to hide their prey more securely. Hamet went first, to make sure the road; and his brother, who walked slower, on account of the weight, followed at some distance. Travers soon overtook him, and, knowing him immediately, said, imitating the voice of the elder brother—"Come you must be tired; give it me to carry in my turn."

Bernard, who thought it was his brother, gave Travers the pig, and went on before, but had scarcely gone a hundred paces, when, to his great astonishment, he met Hamet.—

"Zoens!" said he, "I have been trapped! that rogue Travers has played me a trick. But never mind; you shall see I know how to repair a blunder."

So saying, he stripped himself, put his shirt over his cloaths, made up something like a woman's night-cap on his head, and thus equipped, he ran full speed by another path to Travers's house, and waited for him at the door; but when he saw him coming, he went forward to meet him, as if it was his wife, and counterfeiting her voice, asked him if he had got the pig again.

"Yes, yes, I have him," replied the husband.

"That's well! Come, give it to me; I'll carry it in; and do you run to the stable, for I have heard a noise there, and am afraid they are breaking in."

Travers himself put the animal upon his shoulder, and set off a new round, to see that all things were safe. When he returned, he was much surprised to find his wife in bed, crying, and very much alarmed; and then found out that they had deceived him again. He determined, however, not to be baffled so; and, as if his honour was concerned in the affair, swore not to give it up till, somehow or other, he was victorious. He rather doubted if the thieves, this time, would take the same road; but rightly suspected that the forest being for them the nearest place of safety, they would go there as before. In fact they were there already; and eager to taste their prize, had lighted a fire at the foot of an oak to broil some steaks: the wood was green, and burnt ill, so, to mend it, they went to pick up some dry leaves and sticks. Travers, who had easily found the rogues, by the light of the fire, took advantage of their absence to strip himself entirely, climb up a tree, and suspend himself by his arms, like a person hanging; and when the thieves returned and were busily employed in blowing the fire, he roared out, with a voice like thunder "Wretches, you will end your days as I did!"

They firmly believed it to be their father's voice, and frightened out of their wits, tho't of nothing but running away. The other took up his cloaths and pig in great haste, and returned in triumph to relate his victory to his wife, who embraced and congratulated on his bold and dextrous exploit.

"Don't let us flatter ourselves too soon: the knives are not far off; and as long as the pig remains here I shall be in a fright; so heat some water; we'll cook it; then let them come—I defy them to get it."

One lighted the fire, the other cut up the pig, and put it into the cauldron in large pieces: then they both sat down in the chimney corner to watch it. Travers, who was much fatigued with his labour

and anxiety all night, soon became drowsy, and his wife said to him—"Go you to bed; I'll watch the boiler: and as every thing is well secured, there's nothing to fear: at all events, if I hear any noise, I can wake you."

On this assurance he threw himself on the bed in his cloaths, and soon fell asleep. His wife continued to watch the cauldron for some time, but at last grew drowsy, and fell fast asleep in her chair.

During this time the thieves, recovered from their first alarm, had returned to the oak, and not finding either the man hanging, or the pig, easily divined the real truth of the matter. They would have thought themselves disgraced for ever if Travers in this skirmish of stratagems had gained the victory, and went back again to his house, fully determined to exert their utmost dexterity in the art of thieving, in one grand final effort.

Before they laid their plan, Bernard looked through the hole he had made in the wall, to know if the enemy were on their guard. He saw on one side Travers, stretched upon the bed, and on the other his wife, with a ladle in her hand, and her head waving backwards and forwards, asleep, close to the fire, and the bacon boiling in the pot.

"They are willing to save us the trouble of cooking," said Bernard to his brother; "though, after all, it is nothing but their fear of us made 'em dress it. Do you remain quiet; I'll engage you shall eat some of it yet."

He then went and cut a long pole, made it sharp at one end, and, getting on the roof of the house, thrust it down the chimney, stuck it in one of the pieces of meat, and drew it up. It happened that Travers at that moment awoke, and saw the manoeuvre. He considered that, with such skillful enemies, peace was better for him than war; so he called out to them—

"My friends you are in the wrong to disgrace my roof, and I was wrong not to invite you to partake of the pig. It would be endless to contest any longer which has the most cunning; so come down and feast with us." Saying this, he opened the door, and they all sat down to table, quite reconciled and cordial together.....

REMARK.

The gifts of a virtuous mind are subject to no limitations; they are, as the soul, immortal,—time-scorers,—the guides of life,—resisting all things,—commanding *all* things,—yet uncommanded and uncontained of any.

THE

*Baths of the Emperor Julien.**

An Anecdote of the Fourth Century.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Observations of the Translator—M. Lunigiani, a learned Italian, sent me, at the time the French were in possession of Tuscany, a very curious Italian manuscript, which he found in an obscure corner of the Marciana library at Florence. "I transmit you," says my friend, "something that will interest you. It is a manuscript which has escaped all our literati; in which some mention is made of ancient Paris, and particularly of a monument, the ruins of which are still to be seen in your city."

Nor being accustomed to the form of the letters, it was with some difficulty that I could make out the manuscript. A marginal note informed me that it was a translation, made in 1431, from a Greek MS. brought from Constantinople by cardinal Bessarion; that the cardinal had discovered it in the library belonging to the emperors, and that he supposed it to have been the work of one of the secretaries which Julien the apostate, had taken with him to Constantinople, after his elevation to the empire. *Nicolo Nicoli*, the author of this note, adds, that after having translated cardinal Bessarion's manuscript into Italian, he returned it to the cardinal, who expressed his intention of depositing it in the Vatican.

I know not whether the MS. has been preserved by the Popes: this note, however, explains how the Italian translation happened to reach my hands; for it appears, in *Tiraboschi*, that Cosmo de' Medici purchased the library of *Nicolo Nicoli*, and added it to the *Marciana*, where my friend discovered it.

I pique myself very much upon the fidelity of my translation, since I have been unwilling to make the slightest alteration in a composition of this piece of antiquity. I have carried my scruples so far as to preserve even the expressions which the author makes use of in speaking of the Christians; expressions which I am very far from approving. It should be recollected that this sect was then very much despised by the Gauls, altho' Constantine had already rendered it predominant in the capital of the empire. Nor should we forget that the article is drawn up by the secretary of an emperor, who, with all the generous qualities that constitute the character of a great man, and all the virtues of a rigid philosopher, was a decided enemy to Christianity, which presented itself to him in an odious light through the cruelties and perfidies of Constantine.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

SYLVANUS, who had the superintendence of the palace of the baths, presented himself before Julien. "Cæsar," said he, "I implore thy protection."—"Speak, Sylvanus, I grant it to thee," replied the emperor. "Savinien, one of thy centurions, loves my daughter."

* The rules of this palace, constructed, or at least enlarged, by the emperor Julien, are still to be seen at Paris, between the street of *La Harpe*, and the ancient *Hôtel de Clugny*.

"Well, let him marry her."—"He is a Christian," rejoined Sylvanus; "I am attached to the religion of my fathers, and I should be very sorry if my daughter were profaned by one of these impious innovators. If they were contented to sacrifice to their Gods in silence, indeed!—but you are not ignorant, O divine Cæsar, that these wretches have a design to extend their errors over all the earth, and to turn the world upside down. Have we not seen what occurred at the time of the promulgation of that edict of Constantine, which ordered the celebration of the Sabbath? Although there was but a handful of them in your good city of Lutèce, had they not the insolence to interrupt the sacrifices which we offered to the gods, and to vomit forth their blasphemies against them? It is only since you restored us to liberty, O Cæsar, that they have relapsed into the contempt above which they ought never again to be suffered to rise."

"I know as well as you, Sylvanus," replied Julien, "how formidable these men are to the empire. Their foolish doctrines have already imbrued Alexandria, Antioch, and Nicæus with blood. Can I forget the time when my uncle Constantine detained me a prisoner in Cæsarium, between death and four or five of their doctors, who would have forced me to comprehend things that are unintelligible, and make me believe in dogmas about which they could not agree themselves? However, what do you wish me to do for you upon this occasion?"

"I ask of you, O Cæsar, to banish this officer, and deliver me from his persecutions."

Julien replied, that he wished not himself to become a persecutor; and the superintendent withdrew from the palace, mortified and unhappy. "O my Priscilla!" he exclaimed, striking his forehead with his hand, "I see too well that you will not hesitate to sacrifice to this man, thy father, thy country, and thy gods."

Some one came to inform the emperor, that the troops which he was about to lead against the Germans, were on the *Campus Martius*, and he immediately set out to review them, saying, as he departed—"When I cultivated letters and philosophy at Athens, I little expected that I should become a destroyer of men. But who can penetrate the secrets of fate? The reformer of the empire, by the massacre of his son Crispus, his nephew Licinius, and his wife Fausta; and his worthy successor, by commanding the death of two

of my uncles, and that of my seven cousins, have paved my way to the throne. Monsters! they have rendered me doubly unhappy. They have not only robbed me of my friends, but have also invested me with the imperial purple."

Cæsar exercised the troops: nobody was so well acquainted as himself with the manner in which the Germans fought. He commanded the soldiers to go through their several modes of attack: then raising his eyes to heaven, he cried out—"O Plato! what an employment is this for a philosopher!"

In the mean time old Sylvanus returned home, and uttered the bitterest reproaches against his daughter:—"I see," said he, "whether thy foolish passion will conduct thee. Art thou not ashamed to fall in love with a Christian? thou, the daughter of Sylvanus, and who wert initiated into the mysteries of Ceres, at the last calends of Mars!" Priscilla cast her eyes on the ground, and made no reply. "I saw again, this day," continued Sylvanus, "who it was that was conversing with you in the emperor's gardens."—"Father, it was in the presence of your sister."—"I suppose he besought you to embrace his impious worship."—"He spoke to me indeed, my father, of the God of the Christians, and told me that he is a powerful and jealous God, who will eternally punish those who refuse to acknowledge him.—He added that his greatest torment was the thought that I should be doomed to everlasting fire in another world."—"It is thus," said the enraged Sylvanus, "that they either seduce or terrify youth. They break asunder the bands of nature. According to their principles, we must sacrifice our best sentiments, and disclaim the affinities of friend, of son, and of father. Their abominable morality would dry up the springs of the heart, and sap the foundations of society. My daughter, I command you never to speak again to Savinien, unless he will return to the path of virtue, and the reverence of our gods."—"You know, my father, what obstinacy characterizes those of his belief."—"Well then, you shall never see him more."—"Father, do you desire my death?"—"No, girl, I do not wish for your death, but I am master of your life. We are not yet Christians, thanks be to the gods! and children are not yet set free from the authority of their parents."—"You may kill me then father," replied Priscilla, "as soon as you please."

(To be concluded next week)

* See Gibbon, Vol. iv.

The Querist.

NO. V.

The best, perhaps the only way of getting knowledge, is to ENQUIRE AND OBJECT. CHESTERFIELD.

I HAVE said, "Whether her (i. e. the Female Friend's) observations will or will not produce conviction that the Behemoth and Mammoth are of *one kind*, is not a matter of such *infinite* importance." In explanation of which, in part, I made a remark that, "those observations are *highly valuable* in more points than one," (meaning that single one) which I referred to in intimating a hope that they "will be productive of beneficial consequences both as to RELIGIOUS BELIEF and PHILOSOPHICAL SPECULATION." I will now add a further remark or two; which the reader, if he thinks the subject as useful or interesting as I do, will not deem obtrusive: For, surely, whatever can have the least possible tendency to induce us to "look thro' Nature up to Nature's God," and thereby make us wiser and better, cannot be totally uninteresting or useless to any of us.

With respect to *Religious Belief*, I have shewn that the solitary instance of the Mammoth, amounting to "evidence of things not seen," is as "a host of witnesses" in support of the CHRISTIAN'S faith in his BIBLE; and, tho' but one argument, outweighs the mighty mass of the objections and invectives of Infidelity from Chaldea to the Western wilderness, and at once confutes the fine-spun specious systems of what are called *Philosophers*. With what pains have they laboured, from age to age, by adding opinion to opinion and dogma to dogma, to raise a formidable fortress against REVELATION! How have they exulted when the plain honest pious Christian has not been able to comprehend their *sublime* speculations, travel with them thro' the regions of metaphysical confusion, or answer their ingenious but unintelligible questions! And how have they chuckled at the idea of picking out of the SACRED RECORD, an obscure passage here and there of remotest antiquity, for the purpose of confounding the Christian by forcing him to produce proof, at this day out of his power! "for, say they, if we can disprove one single fact, no matter of what kind, it is sufficient to disprove the whole of the Scripture; and, of course, the whole of this Revelation falls to the ground." And, till the Behemoth, or Mammoth if you please, offered evidence of the existence of an animal, larger than the elephant (threefold, according to the traditions of the Siberians and our Indians) and conse-

quently larger than they could conceive, how did they triumph over the Christian world! Ah! what a pity does it not seem that, in the way of such *enlightened and enlightening Philosophers*, there should be such a stumbling block as a clumsy Behemoth or Mammoth! But I leave them to their own reflections.—It is enough for me that every day, affording fresh testimony to the authenticity of the BIBLE, I find my own belief strengthen daily; and I rejoice in the conviction of others. To me, the Behemoth, and similar means of information, appear but as links to that grand chain of proofs of DIVINE REVELATION, which will be constantly unfolding, to the wonder and astonishment of short-sighted mortals, until all be fully and clearly developed,—all the prophecies accomplished, all the types answered, and the *Glorious Dispensation* shine forth in its own intrinsic excellence and splendor, plain and bright as the meridian sun: "For, till Heaven and Earth pass away, one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the Law till all be fulfilled."^{*}

And now, with respect to *Philosophical Speculation*, I here might point out a number of ways in which the Observations of our fair Female Friend might be of beneficial consequences.—But I have not room.—Let it suffice that I mention one or two; leaving them for persons of talents to extend and dilate:—

1. They may induce us, with more diligence, attention and satisfaction, to *search the Scripture*; which, even independently of its *Divine Spirit*, contains at least as much interesting matter as any other history.

2. They may induce us more than we have been accustomed, to consult *Prophane History*, both cotemporary and relative; which affords matter of information and amusement, and sometimes corroboration of the Sacred Scriptures.

3. They may induce us to read more frequently the sublime volume of Creation, the book of Nature, that grand repository of instruction, profit and delight—for

"Nature is as a book before all set,

"Wherein to read God's wondrous works"[†]

And hence NATURAL HISTORY, by way of preface, would claim (as it unquestionably deserves) our first attention and study, since every character in society,—the philosopher, the astronomer, the traveller, the chemist, the artist, the farmer, the private citizen, male and female, may convert it into the means of amusement, pleasure, and utility. "By Natural History, (says a late

* Matth. v. 18. Luke xvi. 17.

† MILTON.

intelligent and elegant writer,) I mean a knowledge of whatever composes the universe; as the heavens, the meteors, the atmosphere, the earth, and all the phenomena which happen in the world. One of the most important branches of this science is MAN, because an acquaintance with his frame and character is most intimately connected with *human happiness*. The facts which compose it are the elements of all our knowledge; they always please or agitate the mind; they excite the liveliest attention, of both sexes, to the greatest advantage, and tend to form habits of thinking and reading that preserves the more advanced from listlessness, and the young from indolence and debasing sensuality." Here let us divert our attention by a striking contrast:

ENQUIRY XIII.

An author of celebrity thus expresses himself, on the *reading of NOVELS*:—"It is as incumbent a duty [for parents and guardians] to attend to the books a young lady reads, as to the company she keeps; for, if it be allowed that the frequent hearing of loose conversation naturally prepares the mind for vicious ideas, it cannot be denied that books in which LOVE is the *only theme*, and INTRIGUE the *sole business* of the actors, are more dangerous than even bad company; since the recital of lascivious scenes might shock an ear yet hardened in vice, when the *warm representation painted in a Novel*, and read in the privacy of retirement, cannot fail of exciting desires, and leaving *impure traces* on the memory."—*Query*, Is there any truth in this?—Also,—*Query*, As people read more novels and fictions than history and facts, is not NOVEL-READING the best in the world?

XIV.

I have lately heard the sentiments of persons of different tastes, respecting periodical publications; one liking this, and another that; and, among the number, was a young Miss of family, fashion and fortune, who did not hesitate to avow her "decided opinion that the REPOSITORY was not *nigh* as entertaining as the MINERVA."—*Query*, What is the reason of her preference? Or, If, between those two papers there is material difference, what is it?

XV.

It has been observed to me, by a foreigner, who has visited many of the principal parts of the union, that *hocus-poems, mon-keyism, dancing grimaace, buffoonery, &c.* thrive best in Philadelphia.—*Query*, Can this be accounted for? If so, upon what principle?

The Bouquetier.

NO. VI.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

Let weeping-willows tell her doom.

R.

WHEN long the world, beneath Night's solemn reign,
Had been entranced in Sleep's oblivious dream,
Lovers, with her babe, across the plain,
Sought the lone windings of the Schuylkill's stream.

Faint shone the Lunar Orb, so lately bright,
And o'er the landscape shed a glim'ring ray;
Which, with its pale, oft-intermitted light,
Just serv'd to shew the hapless mother's way.

A sullen silence stilly held the air,
Save where she heard the breezy zephyrs breathe,
And on camp wings the river's murmurs bear,
Or night birds' notes, ill-boding, from the heath.

Her lab'ring bosom heav'd with sobs and sighs,
For in her soft sings none would bear a part;
And thus, while sorrows trickled from her eyes,
Burst forth the fulness of her breaking heart:—

"Oh! wretched mother! Oh! ill-fated child!
"Abandon'd, persecuted by thy sire!
"From friends, relations, and the world exil'd,
"Where shall we find support? Ah! where retire?

"Thy little sustenance must soon be done,
"Thy half fed, cold mother feels decay;
"Who then will nourish thee? my son! my son!
"When these maternal breasts are cold as clay?

"For perish soon I must,—unless some friend
"To the Corn-seller's speedy boon impart,
"Raise my sunk soul, and kind assuance lend,
"To soothe the anguish of my woe-fraught heart.

"I'll haste to yonder bow'r fast by the road,
"Where Weeping-Willows form a canopy;
"And there, forlorn, take up my dear abode—
"Some pitying stranger may perhaps pass by.

"Ah, HENRY! HENRY! 'twas that very hour,
"First heard thy passion breathe the eternal truth;
"Next saw thee, sporting Virtue's sacred pow'r,
"Beguile my innocence, and blast my youth:

"Then leave me,—tho' thy solemn vows to Heaven,
"Declar'd thee ever mine, and only mine—
"Now to another thy false hand is giv'n,
"To increase by wealth and cause thy name to shine.

"But oh! depriv'd! to urge thy cruel sire,
"My new-born babe's existence to destroy,
"And 'gainst the mother deal out vengeance dire—
"Louisa!—late thy love, thy life, thy joy!

"Was it for this I left my parent's cot,
"My friends' caresses, my dear native home,—
"All, all,—to share with thee thy fortune's lot—
"And then by thee be doom'd in want to roam?

"Hard is the fate of Woman, form'd to prove,
"The liveliest touch of sensibility;
"Yet must, (proscrib'd the rights of injured love),
"In secret suffer, and submissive die.

"Oh! why did Nature give us finish'd forms,
"Soft-winning graces, captivating airs?
"Ah! little to be wish'd are Beauty's charms,
"If to their owners thus they serve as snares.

"Had I once known that those alone are bless'd,
"Whose love meets love in life's congenial spheres,
"I had not thus been left, disgrac'd, distress'd,
"To weep my fate in unavailing tears."

Thus wail'd the love-lorn, sad, despairing maid,
As on with pain she trode the lonely road,
Until she reach'd the Willow's conscious shade,
And there resign'd herself and child—to God—

(That God, who never will forsake the Just;
Whose tender mercies o'er his works extend;
Th' eternal Rock of ages; Virtue's trust;
The mourner's comfort, and the good man's friend)
And as Night's empress sunk beneath the west,
And clouds and hollow murmurs gloom'd the scene,
She, with her babe close clinging to her breast,
Reclin'd—ador'd—and met her fate serene!

Her fate!—but here let Sympathy bestow,
The tear that injur'd Innocence receives—
Her fate was, from this world that night to go!—
Her child's—to stay behind—and still he LIVES!

Thou libertine! Seduction's glowing friend,
Whose pride is Female Virtue to despoil,
Think on LOUISA!—Praise—Compassion blend,—
Or HENRY's tale may next involve thy guilty joy.
ANYTOWN.

PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 12, 1802.

AS MR. RANNIE, the VENTRILQUIST, has generously appropriated Monday evening, the 14th inst. for the benefit of the *Benevolent Society of Philadelphia*,—the Public are hereby informed that Tickets may be had at the *Office of the REPOSITORY*, or of MR. RANNIE, as usual.

It is certainly a trait in Mr. Rannie's character that does him no small degree of credit, that he thus makes an offering at the shrine of Benevolence, in most of the cities and towns he passes through. It fully expresses a sense of gratitude, as well as a sympathetic feeling for the *miseries of his fellow creatures*.

We think the choice Mr. Rannie has made as the object of his benevolence, a good one, and we sincerely wish him a full house.

WE are informed that the lovers of music will have a grand treat in the course of the ensuing week. Mr. John I. Hawkins intends giving a Concert, to exhibit a musical instrument he has just completed on a construction entirely new: he calls it a *CLAVIOL*, from *clavis*, a key, and *viol*. The tones are produced from gut-strings, by horse-hair bows, rosined; it is played on with finger-keys, like the organ, or piano forte. This instrument, we are told, produces the sweet enchanting tones of the harmonica, the rich sounds of the violin, and the full grand chords of the organ.

THE MUSEUM being in a central part of the City, and publicly known, is most convenient as a resort to find Children that ramble from their homes—the Subscriber therefore requests all persons

who find lost Children, to bring them to the State-House or Philosophical Hall, where they will be taken care of until called for by their parents.

C. W. PEALE.

The Booksellers, to the number of 49, who attended the LITERARY FAIR, lately held at New-York, dined together at Lover's Hall, on Friday, the 4th inst. Among a number of appropriate toasts, drunk on this no el and pleasing occasion, the following we think deserve particular attention:—

May Literature like Liberty, be loved by every American

The Press—may it never be employed with effect, but in defence of the best interests of mankind.

Remorse and Repentance to the man whose Press or Book-store is like Pandora's box, fraught with seduction in the morals of society.
May the man who prostitutes his pen to taint the morals of the rising generation be shunned as the worst pest of society.

An Indian Tradition respecting the MAMMOTH, delivered in the terms of a Seneca Indian.

TEN thousand moons ago, when night but gloomy forests covered this land of the sleeping Sun; long before the pale moon, with thunder and fire at their command, rushed on the wings of the wind, to rain this garden of nature—When night but the untamed wanderers of the wilderness, and man as unrestrained as they, were lords of the soil—a race of animals existed, huge as the frowning precipice, cruel as the bloody pathos, swift as the descending eagle, and terrible as the angel of night.—The pinescreed beneath his feet, and the lake shrunk when he slack'd his thirst; the forceful javelin was hurled, and the barbed arrow fell harmless from their side—Forests were laid waste at a meal—the groans of expiring animals were every where heard; and whole villages inhabited by men were destroyed in a moment. The cry of universal distress extended even to the region of peace in the west, and the Good Spirit interposed to save the unhappy. The forked lightning gleamed all around, and loudest thunder rocked the globe. The bolts of heaven were hurled upon the chief destroyers alone, and the mountains echoed with the howlings of death. All were killed except ONE male, the fiercest of the race, and him even the artillery of the skies assailed in vain. He ascended the bluest summit, which shades the source of the Missouri, and rearing aloud, bid defiance to every vengeance. The red lightning, coiled the lofty firs, and rived the knotted oaks, but only glanced upon the enraged monster. At length maddened with fury he leaped the waves of the west at a bound, and this moment reigns the uncontrolled monarch of the wilderness."

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Milledollar, Mr. Joseph Barker, to Miss Ann Barclay, daughter of Mr. Samuel Barclay, Hatter of Southwark.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. Silas E. Weir, Merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Barnhill, both of this city.

A London paper thus notices the marriage of Miss Bingham—Miss BINGHAM, just married to the 3d son of Sir Francis Baring, is one of the greatest fortunes of the present time.—Her father is director of the Bank in Philadelphia, a man possessed of immense riches.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 4th inst. aged 40 years, Andrew Douglass, eq. of the house of Mr. Man & Douglass of this city.

Suddenly, on the 5th, Mr. Robert McKean, esq. son of his Excellency the Governor of this Commonwealth.

In Effingham county, Virginia, on the 26th ult. Mrs. Hannah Moore, aged 111 years!

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MANUS MANUM FRICAT.*

WHILST some to love, and some to drink,
Do waste their paper, time, and ink,
And cheerfully do make words clink

To cheer the souls who like it :

With merry rhyme I take the pen,
Not drink to praise, or wit, or men,
Or virtues far 'bove human ken,

But "*manus manum fricat*."

This pleasing theme all must commend,
It joins completely friend to friend,
The first, the middle, and the end,—

Strong link of sweet society :

Without it man would find no joy,
His breast would heave the sullen sigh,
Dark, solemn, sad, he oft would cry,

What's life without variety ?

O that I could make all agree,
And heart and hand to join with me
To tune the lyre to flattery,

And ever praise each other :

No faults to find, or blame to give,
But flattery, flattery'd always live;
Then critics scorn *inquisitive*

With spleen would surely smother.

Envy and anger both would die,
Discord depart, and harmony,
With smirks and smiles, would soon destroy

All seeds of jarring quarrel :

All would take draughts of learning in,
Without high words, dispute, or sin,
And act upon a merry pin,

Like toppers round a barrel.

How smoothly then would poets sing,
And with good humour strike the string,
Their tuneful notes would sweetly ring,

As ding dong bells melodious :

Then should some daring Critic squeak
In Heges's paper once a week,

With one united voice we'd speak,
Condemn, pronounce him odious,

O dear how pretty that would be,
Pd filly praise,—then filly me ;
And twiddle-dum praise twiddle-dee :

Thus round the ring we'd carry :

Dick scratching Neddy,—Neddy Dick ;
Beck tickling Sally,—Sally Beck,
And flattery tickling every neck,

Like playing at blind Harry.

Whip critics all, send them to school,
Your censor morum'st but a fool
To scan our faults by line and rule,—

I hate the canting rule :

* One good turn deserves another, or scratch my hand
and I'll rub yours.

† A moral critic.

What tho' I curse, or lie, or drink,
Till I can scarcely stand or think,
Flattery at all my faults can wink
Good natur'd,—I'm but mellow.

Or should one chance in verse or prose
To let fame reason take a doze,
United all we ought t' oppose

A CENSOR LITERARUM,*

Who scans our faults in very spite,—
What! must we think before we write?
And judge of metaphors—poor wight!
I hate such senseless larum,

Nor sense, nor grammar let's regard,
Or feet, or figure,—'twould be hard
That we our genius should retard,

By rules and laws poetic :

Perplex our brains with Locke or Blair,
Our spirits sink with tedious care,
Weigh ev'ry word in balance fair,
And all to please a critic !

The easiest way was still confess'd
To be the pleasantest and best,
So let us give our needles rest

About sense and propriety :

Let's join and flatter, *that's your sort!*
Laugh, tho' there's not a point for sport,
And banish wit and sharp retort,—

Thus gain sweet notoriety.

O how sublime our thought will rise,
For learning we will gain the prize,
Our poets' praise shall reach the skies ;
O di! ! there's not a point for sport,

O di! ! there's not a point for sport,
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Thus gain sweet notoriety.

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O how sublime our thought will rise,
For learning we will gain the prize,

Delia ! for thee a seat I've made,
Impervious to sol's darting ray ;
The primrose blossoms in the shade,
And zephyrs round the violets play,
E'en there the dove hath built her nest,
Of my sweet bow'r, a welcome guest.

Ah me ! can all these charms delight,
(The grass-crown'd seat, the odorous air,)
If Delia does not bless my sight ?
If she disdains to tarry there ?
No, no, they have no charms for me ;
From this blest shade my thoughts will flee.

Ah! cruel girl, ah! why thus leave
Thy friend in solitude to mourn ?
Must he for ever sigh and grieve ?
Will his sweet maid no more return ?
If so—farewell the joys I knew :
Dear idol of my heart, adieu !

EUGENIO.

THOUGHTS ON RICHES.

WHY should we offer at the shrine of wealth,
Our peace, our virtue, innocence and health ?
Why toil for riches which we can't enjoy ?
Why grasp at pleasures which are sure to cloy ?
Can riches give contentment, health, or peace ?
Or to an anxious worn-out mind give ease ?
Smooth the contracted, gloomy brow of care,
Or soothe to peace, the breast rack'd by despair ?
Why waste in cares the blooming hours of life,
And pass our days in tumults toil, and strife,
For wealth, which cannot ev'n a moment save
Its proud possessor from a common grave ?
Death's awful call, all mortals must obey,
And all must sleep beneath the peaceful clay ;
If rich and powerful, glittering on a throne ;
Or poor and weak, despised or unknown....

But, here methinks a pleasant voice I hear,
Which sweetly thus salutes my list'ning ear—
"Wealth is a blessing, when it is possess'd"
"By him who has a sympathising breast ;"
"Whose feeling heart owns pity's soft command,"
"Who gives with cautious, yet unsparring hand,"
"And scatters blessings o'er a grateful land ;"
"Dries up the tear that fills the sufferer's eye,"
"And cheers the sadden'd face of misery :"
"Not all the joy that fills the conqueror's soul,"
"When by his arms the hostile thousands fall,"
"Can be compar'd to his, whose gen'rous mind,"
"Feels for the woes and sorrows of mankind,"
"Who spends his life and wealth in doing good,"
"And justly gains from thousands gratitude"
"Heav'n's choicest blessings rest upon his head,"
"And when he slumbers with the silent dead,"
"Upon his tomb the poor shall drop a tear,"
"And say, 'Thiefriend of man lies buried here.'"

CARLOS.

✻ The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository, are respectfully informed, that their 21st payment of 25 Cents, will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.



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AND

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Saturday, June 19, 1802.

OLD NICK:
A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XVI.

Barclay departs.—The dramatic plan he adopts.—Irregular stanzas.—Gipsies.—A fight.—Description of a magnificent dwelling.—The ditcher.—His grave for a proud man.—Reflections on death.—The best thing Nature has bestowed on us.—What blessing Barclay does not wish those he loves to enjoy before him.—An awful thought.—Buttered muffins and a suicide.

YOUNG Lindley parted with our hero, to retire to rest, under the impression that he would continue with him for some time;—but Barclay feeling no desire to stay there any longer, gave Gregory notice to be ready early in the morning; and before any of the family were stirring, they beat a march.

Barclay was well aware, that if he had intimated his intention of going, he should have been prevented, and therefore followed this mode of retreat, leaving a note on the dressing-table for young Lindley, thanking him for his hospitality, and, lest he should be chafed, he pretended to take a very different road from the one he meant to pursue.

Our travellers journeyed on all that day, without any occurrence that deserves to be recorded. Barclay's thoughts, however, since they set out on their pedestrian expedition, had been incessantly employed in devising what scheme he should adopt, when he arrived in London, to extricate him from his difficulties. He had heard that dramatic productions were very lucra-

tive; and knowing, from what he had seen of them, that very little talent was required to produce a play, he resolved to attempt one. He soon fixed on a fable which he intended should comprise his own adventures, adding such other incidents as he might find necessary to its completion: but whether he should make it a tragedy, comedy, or opera, was a matter of great doubt with him for some time. In many instances, he thought his story well adapted to produce comic effects, but in his heart he felt that it was truly tragical. At length, however, he determined to convert his materials into an opera, and mourn over his fate in plaintive ditty.

Wrapped up in this idea, he would at one time stand still, and at another seat himself on a gate or stile, and, taking out his pocket-book, put down his ideas of scenes, characters, and situations for song. Sometimes he would write a song, and hum it, or speak a speech, as he proceeded, to the great astonishment of Gregory, who could not guess what he was at.

The second day after they had left Sir William Lindley's, Barclay, coming to a part of the country so beautiful, that it seemed one entire garden, seated himself on a bank, Gregory having lagged behind, and drew forth his paper, and began to indulge his muse. On the present occasion, Penelope wholly usurped his mind, and he devoted the moment to her, celebrating her under the title of Lesbia, in the following wild, irregular stanzas:

TO LESBIA.

Though hence, my Lesbia, far I rove,

Still me,

Of thee,

All Nature will remind:

Since all that's sweet in Nature, when combin'd,

Forms her I love!

II.

Where blows,
The rose,

The bee luxuriant sips;

There, lovely Lesbia, there I think of thee,
And times when I, more happy than the bee,
Drank nectar from thy lips.

III.

If on the wings of zephyrs fleet,
The night lark's melodious note,
My trembling heart is mov'd;
For then, methinks, again I hear,
That heavenly voice, to memory dear,
That told me first, my Lesbia lov'd!

IV.

As to the air the violet breathes its sweets,
My heaving breast with sudden transport beats;
And here and there I look with hope and fear,
Thinking of my Lesbia near!

V.

When in some lonely wood I see
The tender, happy doves,
O Lesbia, then I think of thee,
And of our loves!

VI.

And when their joys the hawk relentless spies,
And through the skies
Pursues his deadly way,
And pounces on his prey;
Again of thee I think with sighs,
Lest death, like him, should seize thee for his prize;
Bear thee—ah, cruel! from the realms of day,
And leave unhappy me to weep my life away!

Barclay had scarcely finished these lines, when his poetical raptures were disturbed by a violent uproar; and he presently saw Gregory, at some distance, running towards him, with three fellows at his heels. The fact was, that Gregory seeing a pretty little gipsy sitting under a hedge, he had stopt to chat with her Three of her gang surprised him. Gregory's bundle was their object. He took to his heels, and they pursued him. When he came up to Barclay he faced

about, and both brandishing their stout cudgels, they fell too, pell mell. I will not say with Ariosto,

That which fell out betwixt these warriors bold,
I here reserve to be next chapter told.*

for I'll let you into the whole story at once.

The gypsies being stout athletic fellows, and more accustomed to bludgeons than our travellers, quickly disarmed them, and after securing the bundle, and plundering them of all their money, made off, threatening to murder them, if they presumed to follow.

Considerably bruised, and robbed of all their property, Barclay and Gregory stood looking at each other, without knowing what to say or do.

'A pretty pass your amours have brought us to,' said Barclay, breaking silence.

Gregory was unable to speak, and our hero, adding words still more severe, he began to sob most piteously, which so moved Barclay, that he changed his tone, and tho' highly incensed, endeavoured to put a good face on the affair, saying, "Come, it's bad enough to lose our money, but don't let us make bad worse, by grieving about it. We'll go on, perhaps we may meet with those that will assist us in the pursuit of these villains."

The country, as I have observed, was truly beautiful; and Barclay, in a very serious mood, followed by Gregory, as miserable as a condemned criminal, bent his way onwards, until he came to a park wall, by the side of which they walked, and at length came to a magnificent lodge and entrance.

The gates were open, and no one appearing, Barclay went in, and contemplated the most grand and luxurious spot he had ever beheld. The house was supported by Corinthian pillars, and more resembled a palace than any thing else; swelling lawns and verdant slopes, meandering streams, hanging woods, temple, statues of fawns, &c. met the eye on every side; pillars reared, with inscriptions to commemorate the deeds of the owner's ancestors in war, heads of deer, green-houses, hot-houses, pheasantry, grottoes, cascades; every description of prospect; all that favouring nature and consummate art could afford of the sublime and beautiful in picturesque, presented itself in the enchanting scene.

While gazing on this splendour, Barclay could not help reflecting on his own miserable state, and for a moment, envying its possessor. "I once was happy, I once was rich!" said he,—"would to heaven that I had then died!"

Here he was interrupted by Gregory, who came to tell him that he had been speaking to a ditcher close by about the gypsies, and he told him they had plundered the whole country, and that there was no chance of their recovering what they had stolen.

Our hero, on hearing this, left the park, to go and inquire of the man, who was the master of this noble domain; when turning out of the gate, he saw a long parade of mourning coaches coming towards him, with a hearse and eight horses, covered with such an abundance of plumes, that it seemed as if it were about to fly to heaven with the deceased. Coming to the ditcher, an old healthy peasant, Barclay asked him whose remains were conveying to their last home with so much pomp and ceremony.

"The Earl of —," answered the man, "the proudest gentleman for many a mile round; but he's dead, and there's an end on't. Yon finery will be of little service to him now: he might as well have been buried in this ditch."

"True, true enough," said Barclay, turning from him, and proceeding forwards.—After a few moments meditation, he exclaimed, "thus it is, the certainty of death, as well to him who revels in riches, luxury and power, as to him who pines in wretchedness and want, makes the former scarcely worth being coveted, and the latter no great object of lamentation. It creates content;—it embitters the joys of the poor and unhappy. I envied the Earl when I thought him living, but now I envy him more. "Nature has bestowed nothing better on man than shortness of life." "In length of life there is nought, unless it be the prolongation of a most miserable being." Indeed, to breathe is to sigh; and wherefore should we grieve to part with our breath, since it will put a period to our sighs? Shortness of life is a blessing; the only one I do not wish those I love to enjoy before me!"

The reader will be pleased to recollect our hero's situation,—that he was without a farthing of money in his pocket; and he will then, perhaps, see nothing very improper or wonderful in the sentiment Barclay had just expressed.

It is very odd, that when we talk about death, we generally think that we are treating of a thing that concerns other people only; for

"All men think all men mortal but themselves."‡

If they will not acknowledge this, their actions prove it too clearly to admit of a doubt.

Conversing on this subject, however, it

is an awful reflection, that in eighty years from the time that I am now writing, except a few miserable human beings, and some worthless animals, all the animated nature existing with us at this moment, will be dead and gone!

Still, though death is fearful, life has not appeared to be very estimable in the eyes of some people, if we may judge from the cause of their quitting it. The son of an eminent composer wrote to a friend of his, before he made away with himself, to the following effect:—"I find life nothing but a system of buttoning and unbuttoning: I am tired of it: farewell!"—Boswell, too, tells us of a gentleman who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them, because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself; and then he ate three buttered muffins for breakfast, before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion."

Yield ye Roman, yield ye Grecian suicides!—what have ye done to equal this!

CHAPTER XVII.

A dilemma—Gregory's expedient.—A character possessing a trait of novelty—Old ladies' chins.—The thing better than the word.—Barclay's appeal.—Its effects.—How to return a favour—Licensed robbers—Two resolutions—The evil of riches.—The man of sense more bountiful than the man of money.—"Farewell!"

OUR travellers' situation at this time was deplorable—without any money, they were still far from town. It was at this time about six o'clock in the evening. They had not tasted any thing that day. The prospect before them was naturally dreary; but, to render it still more so, the weather became hazy, the clouds collected over their heads, and large drops falling, portended a thunder-storm.

Gregory was ready to blubber, knowing that he was the cause of their present distress. Looking about, however, he espied a little cottage at some distance from them, situated at the foot of a hill.

'Let's go there,' he cried, pointing to the place.

'But we have no money,' replied Barclay.

'Never mind that, Sir,' he answered: 'I'll manage it, depend on't. The villains have left me my razors, scissors and comb. Little will serve us;—and I'll pay for that by cutting the children's hair, or shaving the host, or in some such way, rely upon it.'

'Well, well,' cried Barclay, seeing that they should soon be wet to the skin, if they did not seek shelter, "we shall see what you will do."

As they drew near it, they perceived a man of a very rude and unpolished aspect,

* Orlando. Fur. cant. i. 81. Hug.

* Pliny.

† Cicero.

‡ Dr. Young.

standing at the door. He was evidently no peasant: he wore a large slouched hat, and an enormous great coat, which being open in front, exposed a girdle, in which were two large pistols. In a shed, close by, stood as it would seem, his horse, fully caparisoned, with holsters to the saddle.

It was now no time for retreat. The thunder rolled, and the rain poured down in torrents. Barclay was in no fear of being robbed; and he thought he might as well go in, and run the risk of being shot through the head, as to stay out and be drowned.

Approaching the cottage-door, he bowed to the stranger, as if begging permission to pass, who immediately stepped out, not seeming to mind the rain, and made way for our travellers to enter: he then resumed his former station.

They found within nobody but an old woman, who was tending a pot boiling on the fire. It appeared that she was the sole occupant of the place. Her little hair was as white as snow, and needed none of Gregory's assistance;—neither did her chin, though some old ladies call loudly for it, want the smoothing aid of his razor. Gregory looked very glum on finding his schemes thus baffled.

'We crave your hospitality,' said Barclay.

'Eh, what?' mumbled the old woman, not understanding the word 'hospitality,' altho' she presently proved that she understood what is better, namely, to shew it to all who need it.

'We beg you to let us sit here a short time,' continued Barclay, 'until the storm is over.'

'Ay, an you will,' replied the old woman, 'good folks, stay as long as you like. Ban't you a-wet? Come nearer the fire and dry ye.'

Here she stirred up the fire, and made room for them. Barclay thought it best to confess his circumstances, and the cause of them, and then petition for some refreshment. He consequently told what had happened to them, and how he had been driven to seek an asylum.

During the recital, the stranger, who never left the door, where he seemed to be continually watching for something, looked every now and then at Barclay, and appeared interested in the story.

When Barclay had finished, and before the old woman could say what she was about to say, 'that they were welcome to any thing the house afforded,' the stranger cried out in a rough voice, 'Dame, give the travellers the best you have, I'll pay for it.'

'Ay, there it is,' said the old woman; 'one can never do a bit of charity one's self, when you gentlemen are by; you are always so generous. With this she hobbled away, and presently placed on the table, a cheese, a brown loaf, and a mug of ale, saying, 'here, eat away, and much good may it do you. Here I've got some eggs in my lap, which I'll boil for you in a minute or two.'

'Thank you, thank you,' said Barclay. 'And you, Sir,' continued he, turning to the stranger, 'we are much indebted to you for your goodness.'

'Pooh, nothing!' he cried, 'dame, run to my horse—by the side of the saddle you will find a leathern bottle—bring it here—it's brandy, give it them.'

The old woman went and fetched it.

'Give me a glass,' said the stranger—'your healths!' here he tossed off a bumper of the brandy, and then, while our travellers were feeding away with rare stomachs, he added,

'I'm glad to see you eat so,—give me another glass.'

Drinking a second glass, he went on—

'You think me a strange character, I dare say—well so I am in some respect, but chance has made me so.'

'I am a little surprised at your appearance, I own,' replied Barclay, 'but I am convinced of the honesty of your heart, from your kindness to the unfortunate.'

'I love them,' he cried, 'from your manners and language I see you are a gentleman, and from your countenance I know you would not deceive any man. All you have said is true, I'll be sworn; and there, Sir, (here he stepped into the cottage, and put five guineas on the table,) take that,—if I had more to spare you should have it.' He then went back to the door.

'Upon my honour, Sir,' said Barclay, 'I don't know what to do—your—'

'Do,' exclaimed the other, 'put the money in your pocket, and think no more about it.'

'That can never be,' replied Barclay, 'I must always remember such extraordinary generosity. My wants are urgent, and I will accept your offer, but you must let me know to whom I can return it when I reach London.'

'Return it,' said the stranger, 'to some other distressed man, and say I gave it him. That's the only way you can repay me! Give me another glass, dame.' Swallowing this, he added, 'I'd come in and sit with you, but I'm on a bit of business. I'm a smuggler, my friend, and I expect a signal from my comrades every minute. Then I shall be off, and perhaps you'll never see me again.'

'I shall not forget your friendly assistance,' replied Barclay, 'and am sorry I see no likelihood of shewing my gratitude.'

'Enough, enough!'

'Your profession is not only dangerous,' said Barclay, 'but very fatiguing.'

'It is,' he replied, 'but I like it better than the smooth dealings with men in cities, who, under the mask of honesty, cheat and plunder a thousand times more than I do. I was once in trade, Sir, and an opulent man. In what they called the *fair way of business*, my professed friends cheated and betrayed me, until I became a bankrupt. I then turned smuggler, making these two resolutions:—the first, never again to have any commerce with *honest tradesmen*!—the second, never more to save any money! I despise wealthy men, and wonder that the world pay them so much homage. The man of sense is infinitely preferable, and yet he is comparatively contemned. Strange folly! from the latter, I derive some advantage, for he bestows on me part of the riches of his mind; but in the former I commonly find nothing but pride, dullness and stupidity; and his wealth, what is that to me? he will give me none of it, I am sure.'

At this moment they heard the report of a gun. The smuggler came hastily up to Barclay, shaking him by the hand, and crying, 'farewell!' rushed out of the cottage, jumped on his horse, and galloping over the hills, was presently out of sight.

'His health!' cried Gregory, seizing the mug of ale, 'and may prosperity attend him wherever he goes!'

'Ah, bless him,' exclaimed the old woman, 'he has a soul as wide as the sea, and a hand as bountiful as the sun. I know not what I should do but for him. I don't see him more than three or four times a year, and he always leaves me as much as keeps me warm and comfortable all the rest of the time.'

'His character is singular,' said Barclay, 'but he has a heart that would dignify a better body. He who will never let others want should never want himself—heaven send he never may!'

Here Barclay took a draught of ale, and enquiring the nearest way over the hills, thanked the old dame for her hospitable treatment, and set out with Gregory, in much better case to pursue their journey than they were an hour before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OBSEK.—Attorneys are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to physicians, only they do not deal in scruples.

THE

Baths of the Emperor Julian.

An Anecdote of the Fourth Century.

(CONCLUDED.)

SYLVANUS proceeded no further; but this interview overwhelmed him with sorrow; his eyes became moist and red; the wrinkles that furrowed his cheeks grew deeper every day, and the few hairs which straggled over his bald head also diminished. The palace of Cæsar resounded with the heavy groans of its inspector, and the works that Julian had directed, in order to its enlargement and decoration, languished in every department. Those vast buildings which extended southwards from the river to the hill,* remained in an unfinished state; the scaffolding, abandoned by the labourers, still adhered to the half-raised walls; farther off, vast subterraneous passages, carried on even to the Seine, were left open to the public view. The extensive gardens of the emperor, planted with fig-trees and vineyards,† and which spread from the walls of the amphitheatre to the trees that grow on the *Campus Martii*‡ from whence the eye surveys the palace of Cæsar, and the buildings and gardens which belong to it; then falls upon the fortress of the Parisians, which is embraced by the arms of the luxuriant Seine, and discovers the suburbs on the north, and the immense forests with which they are crowned—These gardens, I say, called in vain for the attentions of Sylvanus, heretofore so actively directed, and experienced a total stagnation.

One evening, while wandering distractedly in a shady part of the garden—"O my daughter," he ejaculated, "whom I expected would be the consolation of my old age, whose filial hand would close my eyelids, and invoke the gods over my tomb, an artful deceiver is now about to rob me of thee for ever!"

Suddenly the form of Savinien crossed the view of Sylvanus: the centurion made a movement to retire: the old man advanced towards him with a firm and indignant step—"Barbarian," he cried, "restore to me my daughter."

* See Cæsar, Vol. ii.

† See Fehblen's History of Paris.

‡ According to Cælius, the amphitheatre was on the decline of the mountain of St. Catherine, between the existing pantheon, and the ancient abbey of St. Victor. The *Campus Martii* according to the same author, was situated in the place at present occupied by the senate and its gardens.

Savinien. "I have not taken her from thee."

Sylvanus. "You inspire her mind with contempt for her father, and for every thing we hold sacred beneath the heavens."

Savinien. "I love her, and would save her soul from perdition."

Sylvanus. "But she is mine."

Savinien. "She belonged to God, before she became your daughter."

Sylvanus. "What, can I not dispose of my child?"

Savinien. "No, if the Almighty communicates his grace to her. Without doubt you may take away her life, since the laws have left thee master of it; but then shall she receive from the hands of her Saviour the palm of martyrdom."

Sylvanus. "Absurd reasoner, can you receive, yourself, this pretended palm! It is with this mystic language that you divide and distract the empire; on your account it is that we feel the heavy indignation of the gods; the invasions of barbarians, the ravages of the elements, perfidies, civil war, treasons, murders, are the consequence of your abominable doctrine."

Savinien. "I pity you, Sylvanus! How little you know of the Christian faith. It will lead men back to the innocence of the first age. How can there be contention and wars among the children of the same God? All corrupt passions, all impure desires, all vices, shall at length disappear before the light of the Gospel; magistrates shall no longer stand in need of the axe of the law; all men, in short, shall be governed by piety, moderation, brotherly love, and justice."

Sylvanus. "In the meantime we groan under all kinds of calamities, which commenced when our temples, transformed into sepulchres, were profaned by the relics of your saints; of those fanatics who were justly punished for having sowed dissension among us. Go, pray over your fleshless bones, your heads preserved in spirits of wine, and leave to us, our gods, our repose, and our children."

At these words Sylvanus turned away from Savinien with horror. Anger, love, and religious zeal were now carried to their height in the heart of Savinien. To revenge himself on the old man, to marry his daughter, and to save a soul; these three sentiments concentrated in one which inflamed and rankled in his bosom. He

* Lactantius (Div. Inst.) asserted that this would be the infallible consequence of the establishment of Christianity.

found frequent means to converse with Priscilla, who was easily seduced by the insidious language of Savinien. The dread of losing his daughter now rendered Sylvanus severe and even cruel towards her. She had no longer the liberty of going beyond the limits of the buildings which formed her father's habitation. They looked upon the gardens of the emperor, but a strong iron grating preventing her from walking in them.

One morning, at an very early hour, while Sylvanus was still asleep, Savinien, who had succeeded in penetrating as far as this grate, and apprizing his mistress of his approach, thus conversed with her in secret. "My dear Priscilla," said he, "if you love me, you must follow me."—"Alas, I am a captive," replied the young girl. "How?" returned Savinien, "does this vast place, yet imperfectly built, afford no aperture through which I may enter, and favoured by the darkness of the night, snatch thee from thy tyrant, and from eternal destruction?"—"You might," she replied, "open a passage, but the experiment is dangerous."—"Never mind the danger, only point out the way I must go to reach you. I will then take you in my arms, and—"—"You see this wall, at present unfinished, with arches beneath it. It is the boundary of a deep moat, intended, at some future period, to be a conduit for the waters of the Seine. The arches are negligently inclosed"—"I perceive them," said Savinien; "I will lift up one of those planks"—"Heavenly powers!" exclaimed Priscilla, in great terror, "you will fall down a precipice. There is only one of the arches over which you can pass in safety; it is the second. A scaffolding is behind, by means of which you may easily cross the moat, that separates the wall from the private gardens of my father."—"Enough," said Savinien, "an hour after sun-set you shall be under my protection."

Here they bade each other adieu, and separated; but they had been overheard. Marfurius, overseer of the gardeners, being early to set his men at work, passed by at a little distance, while the lovers were conversing. Distinguishing the voice of his master's daughter, he had stopped to listen; and when they parted, he resumed his way without saying a word.

In the evening, just before the sun went down, Marfurius asked to speak with Sylvanus. Priscilla, terrified with that anxious suspense which always agitates the heart between the time of forming an important project and the moment of its ex-

ecution, hurried in violent emotion through every apartment of the palace. She saw Marfurius enter it at an unaccustomed hour. She glided into the corner of an obscure passage, which led to her father's chamber. There she stopped, and heard Marfurius relate every particular of the conversation that had passed between her and Savinien in the morning.

Sylvanus was quite furious at the discovery. Foaming with rage he was unable to speak. He could only utter a few inarticulate words. "Savinien! the wretch! cross the moat! ravish from me my child! Monster!"—"It will be easily enough to prevent him, and to punish him at the same time," said Marfurius. "How? how?" eagerly interrupted the old man. "After having passed the arch, he will proceed to slide down upon the scaffolding: it is only to remove a few boards, and the scaffold is taken away; and instead of fixing his foot upon a solid bridge, as he is led to expect, he will instantly be hurled down, and dashed to pieces—nothing can possibly prevent it."

At these words Priscilla fainted away. When she returned to her senses, her father and Marfurius were not to be found. She tried to go into Sylvanus's garden. The doors of communication were locked. A chilly horror crept through her veins. The sun was set. The hour fast approached when her lover was to arrive at the appointed spot. She ran over the palace, which was now to her a prison, but she was almost insensible to the surrounding objects, she knew not what she did, nor what she should do.

The only spot which commanded a view of the garden, was a terrace, planted with divers shrubs, and situated beneath the roof of the great hall of the public bath*. From this elevated terrace, she could see her father's gardens, those of the emperor, and also the fosse, or rather precipice, which her lover was to leap. Thither she hastened. The day, though on its last decline, just enabled her to perceive that the scaffolding which she had pointed out to Savinien was no longer in its place.

She descended from the terrace; called wildly for her aunt and slaves. They thought she was mad. She ran out; returned; pronounced the name of her lover; threw herself at their feet, and conjured them to suffer her to quit the palace. They referred her to her father. Him she

went in search of: called, in a tone of desperation, upon his name. No one answered. Time flew. The fatal moment was at hand. "O Savinien!" cried the unhappy girl, "instead of me thou wilt embrace thy death; and it is I, I that have conducted thee to thy fate." She again ascended the terrace, as being the only situation from whence she could discern the place of rendezvous. She flattered herself that, notwithstanding the distance, her feeble voice might apprise her lover of the danger with which he was momentarily threatened.

By the time that Priscilla had mounted the terrace, it was almost night. Pale as death, she was in want of the highest exertion of her voice; and her voice stifled by the violence of her emotion, could scarcely make itself heard. In the course of a few seconds, she tho't she heard the sound of some footsteps on the planks that covered the arch upon which Savinien was to tread; but still she could see nothing. All is again still as death. Suddenly the noise without is repeated. A plank falls, and the precipice presents itself. "Gods! it is he! it is my beloved!"—Then summoning all her strength, and exerting her feeble voice to its utmost extent, she cries out "*Savinien, advance no further.*" The lover imagines that his mistress calls out to him to animate his courage; he slides down from the arch, and not feeling the scaffolding, utters a scream of horror, and falls headlong to the bottom of the moat

* * * * *

Here the manuscript stops short. I have never been able to discover whether the Greek author proceeded any further, or whether the conclusion has been by any accident lost; so that it is impossible to know what became either of Priscilla, or the old Sylvanus, or what was done by the emperor, when he heard of the dreadful catastrophe that happened in his palace, and almost under his very eyes. I have turned over the pages of Ammianus Marcellinus, Zozimas, St. Gregory Nazianzen, Libanus, and the writings of Julien himself, without discovering any thing further upon the subject.

THE MEN WORTH FIFTY DOLLARS.

YESTERDAY I met an old acquaintance posting with great expedition up Broad-

"What now? whither are you bound?"

"To the theatre."

"Why, you seem to be assiduous in your attendance; pray, how often do you go?"

"Every play-night that my health admits; and they are generally every night throughout the season. At this season I have been less punctual. I have not been above fifty times in all."

"Fifty times! Very moderate upon my word. The privilege of sitting for four hours, in a crowd of all ages and degrees; in the midst of glaring lights, occasional clappings and hisses, with a motly and varying scene before you, cannot, be enjoyed for nothing. Pray what does it cost you?"

"Fifty nights amount, of course, to fifty dollars: but I have no time to talk to you now—so good-bye."

How different are different men disposed to employ these two precious commodities, time and money! A father once assembled a family of six sons around him: "My children," says he, "I am going to consult your wishes the best manner I can. I am obliged to demand your assistance in my calling, for the common benefit, and in return for your aid I give you food, clothing, and shelter, suitable to your education and views; but, henceforth, I will do more. For the next half year I will give each of you fifty dollars, and the liberty of spending three evenings in every week, from six to twelve, just as your inclination may lead."

The offer was thankfully accepted; and the father became anxiously observant of the manner in which the respective tempers and views of his children would direct them in the disposition of this time and money.

Tom, the eldest, was a saving, thrifty, prudent lad. He knew, long since, not only that time begot money, but that money begot itself. He therefore bestowed the time thus granted him, in working at his father's trade, but for his own emolument. As four hours, in which diligence labours for its own profit, is generally equal to a day's work on another's account, Tom had earned, at the end of the half year, by industrious application to the plane and chisel, another fifty dollars. The former sum, however, did not lie idly in his coffers all this while. After weighing the respective claims upon his choice, Tom yielded to the counsel of an uncle, who traded to the West Indies, and invested the sum in an adventure to St. Domingo. The adventure was successful; and, being reshipped on the second voyage long before the expiration of six months, Tom's share of the proceed: came into possession, which amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars. Thus the saving knowledge of Tom, turned his fifty into two hundred; and wrought, likewise, very favourably on his skill in the craft, and in conforming him to habits of industry and sobriety. It must be own-

* This bath and terrace still remains: it is well known that the emperors had bath's to their baths, the use of which they appropriated to the public.

ed, however, that the general powers of his mind, and his sensibility, were not much advanced.

The second brother, *Will*, had unfortunately contracted a fondness for jolly company, the temporary mistress, the loo party and the bottle. These indulgences had hitherto been restrained by the want of leisure and money. Fifty dollars, and three evenings in the week, were by no means adequate to his wishes; but, contrasted with preceding penury and toil, they opened a glorious prospect to his view. At the end of six months, not only the money was squandered, but a debt of twice the amount contracted, which the father was obliged to pay. All his habits of sensuality and dissipation were aggravated, and his constitution deeply injured by irregularity and excess. In every respect, therefore, this present was pernicious to Will.

Sam, the third brother, was a handsome youth; impetuous and generous, full of the social sympathies, and swayed by the spur of the moment and the impulse of the heart. A little before this distribution had taken place, Sam had fallen in love with Kitty Franks, a charming creature, blooming with youth, overflowing with vivacity, enamoured in her turn with Sam, somewhat volatile and giddy, but containing the rediments of many excellences.

On hearing his father's resolution, Sam's heart leaped for joy. He imagined no use of time or money but to gratify his passion for Kitty, and to multiply his social, but innocent pleasure. Immediately he ran off to Kitty to demand her congratulations on the liberty which was thus secured to them of frequently enjoying each other's society; and, all the way to the dwelling of his mistress, his imagination was full of the toys and trinkets which his fifty dollars would bestow upon the idol of his affections. A pocket-book, a muff, a toilet-cabinet, curiously divided into holes and corners, for pomatum, powder, wash-balls, and combs; and twenty box-tickets, at least, crowded, pell-mell, into his fancy.

Unluckily, however, part of this golden scene was suddenly obscured by meeting an acquaintance next day who was in extreme want of twenty dollars to pay his tailor's bill. Sam was never proof against such solicitations, and accordingly complied. Half an hour after, the loan went into the coffers of Tunbely, keeper of a noted porter-house, in discharge of an old score. The remaining thirty, however, received the destination originally designed for them; and muffs, and trinkets, and the play-going privilege were bought. The supply, indeed, fell greatly short of Sam's generosity, but he found a sufficient consolation in the company of Kitty, with whom he regularly laughed and toyed away three evenings in the seven.

These interviews added so much fuel to

the fire of their passion, and they looked forward to the return of absence and restraint with so much reluctance, that they finally resolved to make their union sacred and irrevocable by marriage. On the last day of this half year of love and liberty, the father had the mortification to receive intelligence that the giddy and thoughtless pair had been tied together by a parson in the neighbourhood. How far the good-humour, sanguineness, and hey-day of youth will secure the happiness of the newly married against parental indignation, accumulating want, and vanishing means, time must decide.

Joe and *Bob*, the fourth and fifth sons, were widely different from their elder brothers. Joe had been early distinguished by an attachment to the pencil, and to music. He was always a grumbling and reluctant workman in his father's shop; and, whenever the eye of authority was withdrawn from him, he was sure to rake a coal from the ashes and fall to scrawling the chins and noses of the journeymen upon the unfinished desk and half-made dining-table. At spare moments he was accustomed to steal from the kitchen-corner to a neighbouring Dutchman's, who lived by teaching music. Here, on the score of neighbourhood, he was allowed to sit and drink in the sounds of the flute and harpsichord which Schraeder played for the edification of his pupils.

These tunes were greedily caught, easily retained, and incessantly repeated by Joe, and constituted his amusement while at work with his saw and adze. His inexpressible longings were now somewhat gratified by the gift of fifty dollars and three evenings in the week. The money was immediately bestowed on Schraeder, as hire for his harpsichord and the use of note-books, and a garret to enjoy himself alone.

Joe's zeal was not to be quenched by time. Every day strengthened his passion for three octaves and a stop; and, at the expiration of his respite, he returned with new reluctance to manual labour. He found comfort, nevertheless, in reflecting that he now could perform intricate concerts with tolerable ease at first sight; and that the stock of musical ideas, the contemplation and repetition of which cheered his daily task, was greatly increased.

Bob, with unsocial views and liberal propensities, somewhat similar to his brother Joe, had selected a very different path for his voluntary diligence. Bob was smitten with the charms of natural philosophy; and while the pleasures of the sexes, of the play-house, of the ball-room, and the *tweedle-dum* of Schraeder, touched no answering chord in him, he applied his time and money, with unwearied diligence, to the construction of an electrical apparatus, with which, for his own amusement, and the wonder of his visitants, he drew fire from living bo-

dies, illuminated an inscription, set bits of paper, cut into human shape, dancing, performed all the other surprising feats that are usually performed on these occasions.

Harry, the youngest son, as he differed in shape and physiognomy from his brethren, had likewise a character and views wholly opposite to theirs. Books and meditation had early become favourite pursuits; but his application was regulated by circumstances peculiar to himself. His heart was by no means inaccessible to the tender passions. A connection was formed, at an early age, with a female pliant, full of tenderness, docility, modesty, and good senses; unambitious of distinction for wit or beauty, and only studious of performing those silent and domestic duties which are void of speciousness and ostentation. In these sentiments, she bore a perfect resemblance to Harry, who added to her amiable qualities, steadfastness of mind, large capacity, eagerness for useful knowledge, and that manual diligence suggested by reflection on the benefits of competence and the subservience of money, not only to our own gratification, but to the good of others.

The father's gifts were not less acceptable to Harry than to Bob, or Joe, or Sam, or Tom, or Will. Indeed, an higher value was set upon the bounty inasmuch as a juster conception was formed of the benefits which it put within his reach. The money was not bestowed upon the theatre, or toys, or pocket-books, or fiddle strings, or glass bottles, not because these objects were intrinsically worthless, or necessarily pernicious, but merely because his taste demanded higher enjoyments; and he held it his chief duty to promote, by all possible means, the rational improvement and lasting happiness of her whom he had selected as the partner of his future life. He laid out his money, partly in those necessary accommodations of which the indigence of her he loved stood in need, and partly in volumes of history, morals, and poetry, which conveyed practical knowledge; and while they opened an avenue to laudable pleasures, furnished a criterion of preference. The day was sufficiently engrossed with toils, merely mechanical and lucrative; and the evenings of liberty were therefore devoted to her company, and to those pursuits which might be carried on with more success jointly than separately.

Money and time thus spent, did not produce transient or momentary effects. The ideas acquired from their reading were immortal; and their library, regarded as a mere commodity in traffic, was calculated to replace the money which had purchased it, if carried to market at the end of the year, and after it had yielded to their studious attention all treasures. Their interviews without awaking impatience and re-

Instance at that privation which ensued, qual find them to sustain it with cheerfulness and dignity, by adding new brightness to their prospects, and affording them the delightful perception of their progress in intellectual energy and moral excellence.

Such was the half-years history of the six brothers. The fortune of each was fifty dollars, and each employed his wealth in the manner he deemed most prudent. The candid observer may claim to sit in judgment on the merits of their various scheme, In favour of which will he decide? What-ever be his servitude to sensual habits, there is no one, perhaps, will imagine *Will* to be the Solomon of this groupe. *Sam* will not be without his admirers, his advocates, and his imitators. There are many votaries of science and the muses who will declare in favour, some of *Joe* and others of *Bob*. The grave and reverend seniors, whose wisdom is the harvest of long life and old experience, will instantly bestow their voice upon *Tom*. But what is the number of those who will admit *Harry* into competition with his brethren for the laurel of discretion?

{*Lat. Mon.*}

The Bouquetier.

NO. VII.

THE LILY.

Consider the Lilies—Solomon, in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. S. S.

THE LILY!—ah! but who can limn,
In numbers that can vie with can,
This Flower of Light, this Beauty's beam,
The queen, the price of the parterre?

Ye gentlest, softest of the unequal Nine,
Aid and approve my song with smiles divine.

Welcome, bright vernal! For Youth
Thou dost the choicest emblem bear,
Of chastest, purity and truth;
Of innocence and virtue fair;

The joyous Summer and the Solar ray,
Welcome thy op'ning beauties to the day.

What radiance from thy silvery vest,
Diffuses glories round thy head!

The gorgeous monarch of the east,
Was not in such effluence ray'd;
Nor did his ill-comforted spices give,
Such sweetness as from thy bosom we receive;

That bosom, which so delicate,
With virgin-whiteness mantled o'er,
Can alabaster emulate,

O, marble from the Parian shore,
Displays my Fair-One's bosom's silken skin,
Thou' her purer soul and thoughts are seen—

AMYNIA'S bosom—lovely 'tis!

There eth'ry grace and virtue rest;
The theme of love, the throne of bliss,
Ca'm as the regions of the blest;
There all endearing qualities unite,
To charm the eye and mind with sweet delight.

Yet, tho' thou' not fair, enchanting flow'r,
Beaming around thee light and joy;

Thy transient reign is as an hour,
And that same spoiler may destroy;
Or envious blast, call'd forth by night's black brow,
May blight thy leaves, or lay thy honours low.

Then, by our Fair Creation, hence
From thee, be this choice lesson gain'd—
Thy nobler gem is L'ASSURANCE,
And that the easier to be so, n'd,
And when once soild, or rebld, its glory o'er,
It rises, lives and flourishes—no more.
Not so the Happy Few who shine,
In Modesty and Wisdom's ways,
Circled by Virtue's rays divine,
They shed around celestial grace;
And when old time vells Nature all in night,
Brighter they'll shine to increased light.

AMYNTOR.

ORIGINAL CHARADE.

MY first is used for blind fatality;
My second with the ladies you will see;
Aissing consonant my third spells right,
Thot some would drive it from the letters quite:
My whole's a jewel, and earth's highest prize;
Courts all, and then their grasp elusive flies.

RELAXATION.

PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 19, 1802.

CLIOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

* * An adjourned meeting of the CLIOSOPHICAL SOCIETY will be held at the usual place, this evening, at half past 7 o'clock.

Members are requested to be punctual in their attendance, as there is business to be transacted of the first magnitude.

June 19th, 1802.

Recipe for the CHOLERA MORBUS.

TAKE a pint of Madeira, or other good wine, and three tea-spoon fulls of Rhubarb—mix them well together, and drink a wine-glass full every few minutes, as occasion may require.

There are now in this city living evidences to the efficacy of this simple remedy; who have been more than once raised as it were, from the gates of death, by means of it alone, when other remedies and medicines have failed.

{*From the Northumberland Gazette*}

MR. KENNEOT,

The herb mentioned by Valentine Kettering* (for curing the bite of a mad animal) called red Chick Weed, and in English Primvernal, being without a description, I have thought proper to send a description for insertion:—It hath divers weak square stalks lying on the ground, beset with two small and almost round leaves at every joint, one against another, very like chick weed, but hath no foot stalks; for the leaves sit we compose the stalks; the flowers stand singly each by themselves, at them, and the stalk cens'ring of five small round pointed leaves, of a pale colour, tending to an orange, with so many threads in the middle; in whose place succeed smooth round heads, wherein are contained small seed, the root is small and fibrous, perishing every year; it flowereth from May until August, and the seed ripeneth in the mean time and falleth.

A number of disorders are said to be cured by this most valuable herb.

I am your most

Obedient servant,

J. W.

* See Repository, No. 22, Vol. ii.

➤ A GRAND CONCERT of Vocal and Instrumental Music is proposed to be given by Mr. John I. Hawkins, on Monday evening, the 21st inst. at the Hall of the University in Fourth street, when he will perform on the CLAVIOL, a musical Instrument on a plan entirely new, possessing powers superior to all others; and which has never been exhibited before.

Tickets, one Dollar.

Efficacious method of driving away rats.—Take the expressed juice of the stalk or leaves of the deadly nightshade, and make it into a soft paste with oatmeal or wheat flour, place it in the holes or tracks which the rats frequent, and though they will not eat it, yet it is so disagreeable to them, that they will instantly leave the premises.

The burning mountain in the island of Banda, in the South Seas, has lately made an eruption, the lava of which has destroyed almost all the plantations and inhabitants in its vicinity.

Marriages.

MARRIED, in this City, on the 15th inst. Mr. Francis Kenshaw, to Miss Frances Budden.

On the 17th, at the Friend's Meeting in Mont-pomer county, Dr. Thomas C. James, to Miss Hannah Morris, daughter of the late James Morris Esq.

On the 19th, Mr. Samuel Palmer, of Philadelphia, to Miss Elizabeth Allaire.

Deaths.

DIED, in this City, on the 16th inst. P. M. Mrs. Mary Berrett, widow of the late Timothy Berrett aged 71 years. On the present mournful occasion, a sincere friend of the deceased would do injustice to her memory and his own feelings, were he to decline uniting his sympathies of sorrow with the grief of the surviving relatives, who will long mourn, because they will long feel the affecting loss of one of the best of parents. Virtue and truth call firm the heart this humble tribute of respect and esteem,—far from flattery and fawning regret!—All who knew her can bear testimony that she was an affectionate and indulgent mother, an obliging and beloved neighbour; a kind and cordial friend; an intelligent and agreeable companion; and above all, a truly sincere Christian. How consoling, therefore, to reflect, that the hour of her death, like the whole tenor of her life, was tranquil and serene! Nor a murmur escaped her at that solemn trying period; but possessing a perfect recollection of mind, and with a pious resignation to the Divine Will, she passed from time to eternity,—in the full assurance of a blissful and glorious immortality, through the mediation and atonement of our ever-blessed Redeemer,—the best solace through life, and the only support to the soul in the dread, the awful moment of dissolution.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Lines on Summer," by Carlos—Curious Letter of the famous Cardinal Richelieu—"Elegy on the death of Elizabeth M. Wilkes"—&c. will appear. Reply to the 14th Query of the Register, on the comparative merits of the MINERVA and the REPOSITORY, came too late for insertion this week, but shall appear in our next. Several other articles have been received. A number of deferred poetical Favours will receive our earliest attention.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EULOGIUM-ODE

ON

WILLY SMOOTH.

WILLY WAS A QUARION KING.

SCOTCH SONG.

"O For a muse of fire!" great Shakespeare rung:—
But why? because a *kindred* theme he sung—
How blest is RUGGED with so fine a model!
O for a muse of *water*! how I pant,
O'er you please, of air, that *nightly* haunts
The lakes or woods...to praise SMOOTH WILLY'S
noddle.

FIRST, ye green, pretty, little quadrupeds,
Lift from your scummy streams your jewell'd heads:
And, while from out the sedge your snouts are poking,
ing,

Thro' two inch lips, from your swelling throats,
Your *kinman*, WILLY, sing in liquid notes,
Soft as his own, *yclep'd* by many croaking:

And next, ye biped, russet, feather'd race,
Of golden eye, burr'd mouth, and solemn face,
O join your crowder-songster's praise bewitching:
Swell WILLY'S eulogy thro' woods, o'er plains:—
Oh strive to emulate his *kindred* strains,
And make Dame Nature's self *che* fall a screeching.

Sing how he shines in Mr. Hogan's paper,
Pouring effulgence on the molarary scribbles,
Great as the sun contrasted with a taper,
He makes the chap-fall'n gentry skulk...mere drib-
bles...

Who hark, with eyes half blinded by his light,
Must tune their lays to the "dull ear of night."

But, hark, the song!—Now WILLY strikes the strings:
And thus he plays, and thus the ether rings:—
"I can't bear other's praise—*I'll write*—nay, bawl—
"Better be dam'd than not to write at all—
"For, who will know my wit profound, unless
"My critiquis fighthen scribbles from the press?"

"Fame, thou'rt a jilt, to pass me careless by,
"While, I, so out o'-breath, thy smiles am seeking:
"However, I'll now have of praise my picking;
"At least, I'll have a finger in the pre:—
"For, thus to see these fellows—I can't bear—
"Fill'd with thy favours, as balloons with air.
"Higher they shall not rise!—I'll knit an ode,
"Complex and long as weavers knit their garters,
"And with it stop the much-frequented road,
"That leads up to the Muses' fair head-quarters:
"Hence, those alone shall get a passport free,
"Whose odes are form'd *my mine* "eek ap-a-pee."

The strain has cess'd!—and lo! The Ode appears,
"With spirit'stinct," all o'er eyes and ears,
"Those bright as Argus's, these long as asses';
And it does raise the Scripture-veto free,
"Lkeness of nought in heav'n, or ea-th, or sea,"
So much it ev'ry other Ode surpasses.

Peer divine! thy CRITIC RULES are seen as
Or grand as Aristotle's, or Longinus',
And awe-imposing as Prometheus' bed:
Hence, should some Genius bold presume in thought
To shoot above thee, for so great a fault
Thy shears shall amputate his legs, or head.

And sure such upstarts well deserve the shaving,
Who say, ye Critics, *no ideas having*,
Can't fairly judge of other people's merits—
Fools! don't they know your *trade sublime* to be;
That ye to THINK have no necessity,
And leave that drudgery to ignoble spirits?

Where are the Critics since the first of ages,
That ever wrote a half a dozen pages.
In efflux blight of heav'n-born inspiration?
'Tis all a joke! the soul-inspiring God,
Ne'er touch'd their heart or brain:—for lo! thine Ode—
But soft!—one parting word in commendation.

If, as some first-rate writers have op'd,nd,
That's the best composition which we find,
Leaves *something* for the reader to imagine;
Thou art perfection's paragon and king.
Who to invention has left EVERY THING,—
Without one single hole or cranny,
Or for a wise man, or a zany,
Meaning, or sense, or thought to wedge in.

RUGGED AND TOUGH.

* Prometheus was a noted tyrant, who measured his
great by the length of his bed: if too long, he cut them
shorter; if too short, he stretched them longer.

GOOD JOON

H Y M N S.

HYMN IV.

Remember that thou magnify His works which men
behold. Job xxxvi. 24.

O THOU eternal radiant Light!
Teach me Thy works, Thy ways to trace
From time's first dawn, and sable night,
And a'll the large domain of space.
Eternity can but suffice
My mind t'illume, and make me wise.

The universe so wide, so large;
Is but the centre of Thy throne:
Infinite systems are thy charge;
But THOU infinite art alone:
O teach my heart Thee to adore
In ev'ry view, and praise Thee more.

From Thy eternal throne above,
Infinite rays thro' space proceed;
Each brings a message full of love,
To those who sighing feel their need.—
O, teach my heart, O teach my tongue
To sound thy praises in my song.

Bright seraphs hang upon Thine arm,
And insects crawl beneath Thine eye;
Thy influence kind directs the storm:
Thy Spirit, ze, thy's gentle sigh.
All, all are thine, to Thee all known
Who soar, think, b'come beneath Thy throne.

Thy wide extended hand supplies
The wants of all created things;
To Thee, they lift their waiting eyes,
To each a SAV, some succour brings,

They taste thy goodness, boundless, free,
And none forgotten are by thee.

Thus all one common bounty share—
But man!—No seraph's skill can trace
Thy love divine, Thy pow'r, Thy care
Extending to the human race.

O man raise high the grateful song,
Angels assist—the notes prolong.
In sin and guilt desponding lay
Thy creature, none had pow'r to free;
Clouds, dark, thick, low'ring, veil'd the day
Of cheering immortality:
But Love dispell'd the clouds of night,
And grac'd the world with heav'nly light.

Jesus thy son, in peace array'd,
Hath brought salvation from thy throne:
We taste its sweets,—stand undismay'd,
And all thy love transcendant own.
O! for an angel's lyre to sing,
The praise of our salvation's King.

High would I raise my feeble voice,
Thro' time, thro' space my notes would sound:
This theme would ever be my choice,
Sweet theme which ever will abound—
Pure heavenly praise would then arise,
And angels join sweet symphonies.

X. W. T.

GOOD JOON

ENIGMA.

I can't be seen but felt with ease,
I'm heard or not just as you please:
I'm pleasant, painful, both or neither—
From these you soon my name may gather.
But least you think me too concise,
Know that I'm ha m e s or a vice;
A sign of treachery once I've been,
But now a mark of friendship seem.

By particular request we publish the following Enigma-
tical List of ***** Young Ladies.

1. The name of a fruit, omitting the last letter, and a male child.
2. Five-eighths of what is generally applied to boils, and the last three letters of what a riding-horse is frequently termed.
3. An auctioneer's wish, and the last three letters of that which is not easily sold.
4. One half of what are frequently brushed from the table, one fourth of a crowned head, a serpentine letter, and what a bundle of thread is termed.
5. The name of a Jewess well known in sacred story, (for the lady's Christian name)—the thirteenth letter of the alphabet, one half of a dangerous person, and the last five letters of certain small nuts.
6. A dangerous insect, omitting the last letter, and one-sixth of a miser's perpetual fear.
7. A cliff used in music, two thirds of a colour, and the two last letters of half a score.

ALONZO S.

Answer to the Enigmatical List of Revolutionary Char-
acters, in Page 240.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Washington | 7. Montgomery |
| 2. Adams | 8. Hancock |
| 3. Jefferson | 9. Gates |
| 4. Warren | 10. Wayne |
| 5. Fraclin | 11. Greene |
| 6. Mercer | 12. Wooster |

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, June 26, 1802.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XVII.

The stage.—When we are in bad company.—The basket.—The devil leaves Gregory.—Attic lodgings.—A conversation between Gregory and Barclay.—An eccentric character.—A dark-looking little man: his proposition.—Barclay's exclamation.—The opera finished.—Gregory's opinion of it.—The night previous to presenting it to the theatre.

AS they proceeded towards a neighbouring town, Barclay consulted with Gregory, on what it was most expedient to do. They were now between forty and fifty miles from London, where Barclay had a small supply of cash, as well as all his clothes, of which at present he had no change. It was therefore deemed best to expend the smuggler's money in getting to the metropolis as speedily as possible. To this end, on their arrival at the next town, they inquired whether any stages passed through the place at any time in the course of that night, or the next morning; and being informed that one was expected at midnight, they resolved to take their seats on the outside, not as preferring it for the airiness of the situation, but because it squared better with the state of their finances.

It being the middle of the summer, the exterior of the stage was not so inconvenient; and they journeyed on very agreeably, when compared to their recent mode of travelling.

Barclay's mind was now constantly bent

on his opera, which seemed to be his only dependence. What he expected from it, he scarcely knew. At any rate, he trusted that it would be the means of releasing him from his fears of bailiffs; and with the idea of liberty, he could not avoid associating one equally delightful—love. Penelope still occupied his heart; and he continued to hope, without knowing why he dared to do so.

"Those," says the Coran, "who have the devil for a companion will be in very bad company." Gregory had but too often to complain of this. The fiend always attended him, whenever he got by the side of a woman. Barclay was seated on the roof. Gregory placed himself in the basket, where he had not long been, when he was joined by a comely dame in a red cloak, who, fearing to sit on the top, had left her husband there, and betaken herself by the side of Gregory. According to the Coran, he was presently in bad company; for the devil soon paid him a visit, and prompted him to such conduct as very much offended the virtue of the lady, who made her complaint by a few ejaculations, which quickly reached her husband's ears.

"What's the matter, my dear?" exclaimed the good man.

"Oh nothing, my love," she replied, not wishing to create animosity, "only frightened at the jumbling of the coach."

Gregory considering this as a good omen, persevered; when she was again obliged to ejaculate.

"What are you about there?" roared the husband, "there's nothing to hurt you;—can't you be quiet?"

"Well, so I will," she answered, being compelled to speak, "if this gentleman will take his hand away."

"Gentleman! hand!" cried the other, and instantly stopping the coach, jumped

down. "What, what is this? has he been rude to you, my dear?"

Barclay guessed the fact, and durst not say a word, but looked very black on Gregory. The wife not answering immediately, Gregory took advantage of what she had said before, and affirmed that he had only laid hold of her to prevent her being jolted out. "Is that true?" said he to his wife.

"Ye—yes," she replied. "I dare say the gentleman meant no harm—it was only my fright."

"Well, well," said the husband, rather sulkily, "you shall come and sit on the roof with me. I'll have nobody lay hold of you but myself."

Saying this, he lifted her out of the basket, and the devil instantly left Gregory; and in very good and peaceful company, they arrived in London about noon the following day.

After leaving the stage, the first thing that was necessary to be done, was to procure lodgings. Here Gregory was a very useful assistant, for, knowing all the little holes and corners about town, he soon hit upon a very cheap abode, in an obscure part of the metropolis.—Like Mrs. Pawlet's study, our hero's was as near the heavens as the house would permit him to be. Being fixed here, Gregory went to the coach-office, where they had ordered their trunks to remain until called for, and bringing them away, stowed them in the apartment. He was, at this crisis, of the greatest service to Barclay, and was never more happy than in his employment.

Barclay observed, that beside the sitting-room in the lodgings Gregory had procured, there were two small bed-chambers. "The affectionate fellow," said he to himself, "intends to reside with me, but that must not be. In that case we shall soon both starve."

Having reflected thus, and the bustle of arranging themselves in their new apartments being at an end, he addressed Gregory, stating to him the exact situation of their affairs. 'I am engaged,' said he, alluding to his opera, 'in a work which will, I hope, extricate me from my embarrassment; but it will be some time before it is finished.—The money I have is very trifling. What you have will be barely sufficient for yourself, until you can return to your trade.'

Gregory was going to expostulate.

'I will not hear a word,' continued he; 'you must get employment: if you do not, we shall both starve.'

Gregory felt the cogency of his reasoning, and the thought which then struck him, that he should by working not only prevent himself, but perhaps Barclay, from starving, made him immediately acquiesce.

'I will,' said he, 'I will go back to my business. I know where I can get employment at a moment's notice. It shall be so. But—'

'But what?'

'But I hope,' added he, pointing and looking wistfully toward one of the chambers, 'I hope you'll let me come here in the evening.'

Barclay consented.

'And to get your dinner?' said he.

'Yes, yes,' replied Barclay, 'it will be a saving plan. We must dine off the same dinner.'

'Then all's well,' said Gregory, exultingly. 'If we starve I'll be —. But there's no need to swear. We shall do, never fear.'

In a few days Gregory was settled, and attended his trade regularly till five in the evening, and Barclay kept himself closely applied to his opera, in which he proceeded with great rapidity, never stirring from home, for prudential reasons, until it was dark, when he would, for the sake of relaxation, go with Gregory to a neighbouring ale-cellar, where politics and all sorts of subjects were discussed.

One night he got into an argument with several men of much more talent than property, and displayed his wit and erudition with very great effect.—When they were silent, a dark-looking little man, who was a constant visitor at the cellar, came up to Barclay, and in a whisper begged to speak a word to him at the further end of the room. Barclay rose and followed him. Being seated:—

'Sir,' said the other, 'I am very much pleased with your eloquence. I have been often entertained by it.'—Barclay inclined his head. 'But to come to the point,' continued he, 'I think, Sir, from your being

here, and from what I have observed of you, there is no apology necessary for what I am going to propose: I dare say you would not be against profiting by the exercise of your pen?'

Barclay paused a moment, and knowing that his funds were decreasing very fast, embraced the overture, saying:

'Sir, however I may be undeserving of the compliments you pay me, I am not insensible to them. I am much flattered. With respect to your question, I will candidly confess to you that nothing could be more acceptable to me.'

'The business is done then!' cried the other. 'You drink ale, Sir? taste mine.' Here he handed Barclay and himself to a glass each, he said, 'To our better acquaintance,' and then added, 'I have it in my power, Sir, to appoint you to a very good situation in a newspaper. It will not be very laborious, and you will receive three guineas a week.'

'I am much indebted to you indeed!' replied Barclay. 'But, pray may I ask,' continued he, 'what is the nature of the employment?'

'Oh,' said he, with a gesture of indifference, 'that which every fashionable and popular paper requires—you will merely have to write paragraphs—abuse, and turn every thing that ministers do, whether right or wrong, into ridicule—to puff players, play-writers, and managers, if they come down; if not, cut them up. Lastly, to visit the haunts of servants—to sift them, and then make paragraphs of their masters' private concerns. Nothing is so easy; nothing tells so well!'

Barclay's blood boiled with indignant passion as he spoke, and when he had ended he was unable for some time to make any reply. At last he said;

'Sir! I am not reduced to such necessity as to make me overlook every principle of honour, and descend to obtain a livelihood by such villainous means.'

With this, he turned from him, and left the cellar.

'No, no!' he exclaimed, as he returned home, 'rather let me quit life at once, than prolong it by such arts. It would be more honourable, and much preferable, to follow Gregory's profession, and cut men's chins with my razor, than thus to lacerate their hearts with my pen.'

The opera was now very nearly completed. But the time he had spent upon it, had consumed the remnant of his money, and obliged him to give Gregory, at different periods, the best of his clothes to dispose of, to provide for his support. However, the deed was nearly done, which he fondly

hoped would release him from his daily apprehension of being arrested, and place him in such a state of freedom and respectability, as might leave him to fix, unmolested, on his future course of life.

At length the opera was finished and polished, and being copied fairly out, was ready to be presented to the theatre. Voltaire read his works to his old woman; and Barclay read his to his old man. Gregory listened to it over and over again, and having had all the beauties pointed out, and all the jokes explained to him, he finally pronounced it a most inimitable piece.

Unable to wait till the winter, our hero resolved instantly to offer it to the theatre, and appointed the following day for that purpose. Sleepless was the night that fore-ran the day, *big with the fate of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee*. Anora with her rosy fingers unbarr'd the gates of light, and caught our author with his night-cap off, tossing to and fro on an unquiet bed, on which, close by his side, lay the cause of his immediate care—the opera. His disturbed imagination had been a chaos of images, of pain and pleasure, of hope and disappointment. Love, bailiffs, success, damnation, a motley group of pleasing and terrific objects, mingled themselves together in his distracted mind, and so agitated his spirits, as entirely to deprive him of rest. But now, availing himself of the young day, he seized his work, and in contemplating the charms of his Muse, he remained in bed until Gregory had risen, and prepared the breakfast.

C H A P. XIX.

The suit of elastics.—Barclay's reception when he offers his piece.—Who has found out the perpetual motion.—A second visit.—The merits of a modern opera discussed.—The talents requisite to produce one.—What rank the author of an opera holds.—The theatres monopolized by whom.—Barclay imitates Rousseau.—An incident.—Extremes.—The arrow shot.

While sipping his tea it occurred to Barclay that it would be proper to make himself a little smart on the occasion.

'I can't go in this dress,' said he to Gregory, 'and I fear my wardrobe will scarcely afford a better. That's unlucky! very unlucky!'

Here he leaned his chin upon his hand, in a musing posture.

'Don't be uneasy about it,' cried Gregory, 'I dare say I can manage that matter very well.' Saying so, he stepped into his chamber, and brought out a suit of clothes, which Barclay recollected to have been his best.

'Why, how's this?' said he, 'I thought you had sold these?'

'Yes, Sir,' replied Gregory, with satisfaction strongly depicted in his countenance, 'so I did.'

'So you did?'

'Yes, Sir,' he continued "I sold them to myself; and if you'll be kind enough to wear them a little for me, I shall take it as the greatest favour you can do me. I'll air 'em a bit, and then they won't give you cold.'

'Perhaps Gregory, I may have it in my power to make you some return.'

'You'll take 'em then?' cried Gregory—'I'm contented!'

About noon, Barclay being equipped, ventured to make a *sortie*, and reaching the manager's house, he was ushered into his presence, and received with all the politeness the elegance of his address demanded. On explaining the object of his visit, the manager very politely received his piece, and, promising to give it a candid perusal, requested to see him again that day week. Barclay could not expect more gentlemanly behaviour, and, after some indifferent conversation, made his bow, and returned home perfectly satisfied with the beginning he had made.

Tho' TIME is perhaps the only Gentleman who has a just claim to having discovered the *perpetual motion*, yet, if Barclay had been consulted at this period, he would have doubted it; for he seemed to him positively to stand still, and almost entirely neglected his wonted progress. At length, however, though, in Barclay's opinion, at a very hobbling pace, as if he had lost his wings, he brought about the appointed day.

Elate with hope, and in unusual spirits, our hero again prepared himself to wait upon the manager. When he arrived at his house, the servant informed him that his master was not within, but had left word, supposing he would call, to desire him to go to the theatre, where some business had called for his attendance. Barclay obeyed, and, going to the theatre, was, after a short delay, shown into the manager's private room, where he found him sitting with his play before him. The common ceremonies being over, and Barclay seated, the other began:

"I have read your opera, Sir," said he, "with infinite pleasure.

(A bow from Barclay.)

"It has in it every thing that should be admired."

(A second bow.)

"But the state of the town is so vitiated, that it will not do."

"Not do!" repeated Barclay, in a low voice, drawing himself up as strait as a dart.

"No, Sir."

"But you say that——"

"What I say," continued he, "in its favour, and what pleased my private judgment, makes me sure that it will have no success with the public. Your scene is for the most part rural, and your characters and incidents, simple and natural—now the town requires all art, spectacle, pomp and show; and indeed every thing that you, (speaking independently of the times,) have wisely discarded. Here too," added he, putting his hand to the opera, "I find sheer wit, but that wont do, my good Sir, nobody understands it. Puns are the thing—that's the only species of wit that's level to the comprehension of a modern audience; and, as Dryden observes, 'the worse they are, the better.' Besides, I see that you have written all your songs, and some of them in the true spirit of poetry;—but this was wrong, and mere loss of labour. There's not a composer who writes music to songs. They get some Italian or German music, mangle it, and the poet, or one who is no poet will do as well, must afterward write words to their music. In fine, the author of an opera, now, is but a fourth man, as the machinist, the scene-painter, and the composer, evidently take the lead of him in merit. It was not so formerly; but the *time is out of joint*, and we, who are its servants must conform to it. I am ashamed, Sir, to ask a man of your talent to write such a one as I have described. If you can bring yourself, to undertake so unworthy a task, I faithfully promise that my theatre shall be open to you."

In a state of wonder, confusion, and disappointment, Barclay sat staring at the manager while he delivered the above speech, which contained so much truth, and was so ingenious and complimentary, that he had no power or reason to complain of his usage. Some one tapping at the door at this instant, Barclay rose, with heart so full he could scarcely speak, and, taking his piece stammered out something like thanks for his politeness, and withdrew.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTES.

An illiterate shopkeeper having an empty cask which he wished to dispose of, placed it before his door and with a piece of chalk wrote upon it "*for sale*," a waggish school-boy passing that way shortly after, and perceiving the mistake of the "*Vender of wares*," immediately wrote underneath, *for freight or passage, apply at the bung-hole.*"

A Baronet of the last century, whose mansion was in Yorkshire, was supposed to be dead, when the following conversation took place between his jester, or fool, and one of his servants:

Servant. Our master is gone. Fool. Ah, whither is he gone? Serv. To Heaven, I hope. Fool. To Heaven! no, that he is not, I am sure. Serv. Why so? Fool. Why because Heaven is a great way off, and when my master was going a long journey, he used for some time to talk about and prepare for it; but I never heard him speak of Heaven, or make any preparation for going, he cannot, therefore, be gone thither.

The Baronet, however, recovered, and this conversation being told him, he was so struck by it, that he immediately began to prepare for his journey to that country, from whose bourne no traveller returns.

A reprobate buck parson, going to read prayers in the west of England, found some difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old fashioned one.—"Blast this old surplice," says he, "I think the devil is in it." The astonished clerk waited till he had got it on, and then sarcastically replied, "I think as how he is, Sir."

Over the office-door of a certain attorney, was aptly placed, one night, a sign taken from the door of a neighbouring *Tavern*—*All kinds of TURNING and TWISTING done here by J—S—n.*

When the regulations of West-Boston bridge were drawn up, two famous attorneys were chosen for that purpose—One section was written, accepted, and now stands thus:

"And the said proprietors shall meet annually, on the first *Tuesday* of June, provided the same shall not fall on *Sunday*."

There were lately discovered in a private house in Wirtemberg, in Saxony, several sheets of music, written according to the opinion of the best judges, in Luther's own hand. That extraordinary man, it is said, was not only an amateur of music, and held weekly concerts at his house, but was also himself a very excellent composer, and performer. The celebrated Handel acknowledges that he had studied the compositions of Luther, and had reaped singular benefit from them.

An Irish peasant was carried before a magistrate on a charge of having stolen a sheep, the property of Sir Carrat Fitzmaurice. The justice asked him, "If he could read?" To which he answered, "A little." "You could not be ignorant then," (said Mr. Quorum), that the sheep found in your possession belonged to Sir Carrat, as his brand (G. F. M.) was on it." "True," replied the prisoner, "but I really thought the three letters stood for Good Fat Mutton."

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

The Cynic, No. 1.

"No life is pleasing to God but that which is useful to mankind."

ADVENTURER, VOL. II.

TOO often the essays and productions of authors of all descriptions, that are presented to the public, are prompted solely by a desire of renown. In the contracted circle of my intimate acquaintance, from certain opinions I am supposed to entertain, I am esteemed a Cynic, and under that title I now venture forth into the world. It is not mankind that are the objects of my aversion—it is their vices only that I hate—their virtues I venerate wherever they are to be found. The ways of Providence are inscrutable. We sometimes find instruments, in themselves insignificant, made use of to effect his all-wise designs, and accomplish the purposes of Omnipotence. Far be it from me to entertain the arrogant supposition of my being selected to execute the designs of the Almighty, the infinite and incomprehensible source of life and motion. I step forward through no improper desire of acquiring the wreath of fame, but to use those faculties which I possess in common with my fellow-men for the general benefit. I have many leisure hours upon my hands; I should deem them well employed, if by the exposition of a single error, that error should be corrected. The essays which will be presented to the public in the subsequent numbers, will not be adorned with the graces of eloquence, the refinement of sophistry, or the false ornaments which too often usurp the place of plain and sound argument. I aim not at elegance, but—"Graces au ciel, j'exerce rondement ma profession*." The motto I have quoted has produced in my mind a conviction that every man ought to make every exertion to aid the cause of virtue and morality, and by endeavouring to be of benefit to mankind, to acquire the favour of his Creator. At a period like the present, when the spirit of innovation threatens to dissolve all the bonds of society—all those ties which connect us with each other, and with our God, the obligation to call into action our latent powers is redoubled, and the duty we owe to Him, and to each other, more powerfully impressed on the reflecting mind.

With respect to myself, as every person upon first venturing into the literary world, is privileged to exercise the talent of egotism, (and it most undoubtedly is a talent,) I shall make a few preliminary observations. By birth I am a foreigner; but America is the country of my choice—of my adoption. Here I have spent a large proportion of my life, since I have attained the age of maturity, in the possession of content, if not happiness. Placed in a sphere above the ills of poverty, yet below the cares of affluence, with a disposition to be happy in any situation, I have arrived at the meridian of life, with a constitution uninjured by study or dissipation. Reading was an amusement carefully cultivated from my infancy, but not pursued with such unremitting application as to endanger my health. Opportunity has not been wanting to form a tolerably accurate idea of the manners and motives of mankind; for I have seen them in various societies and situations in the course of my life, and therefore, if my conceptions of their governing principles are erroneous, it must be attributed to a want of judgment—a deficiency in that discriminating power which is requisite to examine the conduct of man in his connection with his fellows. The reader may form what idea he pleases of my personal appearance; it is totally immaterial. My being long or short-faced, fat as a lazy monk, or lean as a half-starved poet, will operate as an idea, in a very slight degree to render my speculations more or less acceptable. But to bring the chapter of egotism towards a conclusion—for it is a vice or folly, which the reader pleases, that I most cordially despise) all communications to the Cynic deposited with the editor of the Repository, will be acted upon as circumstances may require.

Man, endowed as he is with intellectual powers, has not yet arrived at the state of perfection which will enable him to soar above the prejudices of his education. He is ambitious of extricating himself from those ties which he knows to be ignominious; but his finite capacity aids him to leave old habits, only to involve himself in doubt and delusion. When quite young I was dazzled with the appearance of the new philosophy. It rose on my mental view luminous and pure as the sun emerging from the shadows of night. The false glimmering it emitted, the artificial stre of this meteor, drawn from the bogs of sophistry and perverted reason, dazzled my sight, and blinded me to the truths of Christianity and revealed religion. It felt like the dawning of a glorious morn of truth and reason on my soul,

too long benighted in the mists of priestcraft and superstition. Youthful impetuosity hurried me forward to embrace the tenets of *sound philosophy*; but fortunately I was extricated from the toils so artfully spread ere I had entirely yielded to the seductions of its insidious attraction, or given up my every hope of happiness to annihilation! How ought I to adore the Almighty Power that extended its protecting arm to save me from the destruction I courted. The idea is replete with horror. Memory never brings to my view the imminent danger to which I was exposed—never paints in genuine colours the interminable abyss upon whose brink I stood, but I shudder at the retrospect. Should any person be exposed to like danger, may the same propitious Power save him from the machinations of the fiends of darkness, and the wiles of the apostles of Deism. Declamation will, I fear, fail of effecting the desired end—conviction: Argument I have not at present time to call to my assistance; the present number shall therefore be concluded with the Cynic's best wishes for the prosperity of the indulgent reader, in common with the whole mass of mankind. For although by title a misanthrope, he wishes every one of his fellow-creatures to be divested of every vice, and free from the tincture of modern philosophy; that when the final period of their existence arrives, they may be—"Awakened, as from slumber, among the spirits of the elect, where the soul enjoys a more intimate communion with her Maker."* W.

* Svegliata fra gli spiriti eletti.

Ove nel suo Fattor l'Alma s'interna!

PETRARCH.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

A WRITER in your paper, who signs himself "Querist," has presented us with a string of enquiries, on various subjects; among which there is one (x.v.) that draws the public attention to a comparative view of the MINERVA, and your REPOSITORY; stating, that "a young Miss avowed as her decided opinion, that the Repository was not *nigh* as entertaining as the Minerva."—Upon which the Q. asks, What is the reason of this preference? or, If between those two papers there is a material difference, what is it?

This statement, and the consequent questions, involve many considerations of no mean importance; and had I ability equal to my wishes, I would satisfy the Querist; and also tell that *decided* young

* Gil Blas. Thanks to heaven I carry on my profession honestly.

Miss something of herself, which, though quite as *nigh* to her interest as the Minerva to her taste, she either does not know, or would not like to hear. However, I will just throw out an idea or two that occurs to me, on the subject, in hopes that it may induce some abler hands to give their sentiments also; and thus, from the collected opinions of many, may be formed a fair judgment of the specific merits of each of the above papers; and, consequently, of the difference between them, both as to its nature and magnitude.

In the first place, for the sake of perspicuity and justice, I must thus state, *generally*, the considerations which (as alluded to) will demand animadversion:

1. Is there material difference between the Minerva and Repository?
2. What is that difference, and wherein does it consist?
3. Who is it that prefers the Minerva?
4. What is that entertainment which decides the preference?

Far be it from me to derogate in the smallest degree, from the merit of the editors of the Minerva, Messrs. Woodruff, Turner, Pechin and Turner, thro' whose hands it successively passed: but I cannot help thinking, that it was not a little recommended by *novelty*; numerous small tales; advertisements; news; politics; foreign advices; controversies, religious, political, metaphysical, and even personal; criticisms, &c. &c.; of which of these are EXCLUDED FROM THE REPOSITORY. Let us enquire how and why these were recommendations.

Such is the nature of man, that whatever powerfully excites his curiosity, agitates him, rouses his passions, affects his interests, flatters his vanity and pride, gratifies his resentments, or feeds his inordinate appetites, immediately seizes on and deeply interests the human heart. Hence,

1. *Novelty* must have been peculiarly auspicious to the Minerva, especially at and for some time after its commencement; for I believe that it was the first paper of the kind ever established in Philadelphia. In every age, mankind have sought for this same thing novelty, as for "hidden treasure;" and we do not, in our day, want arguments to convince us of its fascinating charms and universal power. The Minerva was therefore, caught at with avidity, by writers who had fugitive productions on hand, for which they wished a receptacle more permanent than the daily papers; and also by readers of every class, either to relieve *ennui*, or to give *esprit* to the monotonous routine of their

other reading. This Novelty, the Repository could not have.

2. *Numerous small tales* was another thing favourable (I won't say how justly) to the patronage and circulation of the Minerva, among the *loves mantes*, who like light reading. Nor could the interest thus obtained be small or trifling, when we consider that this class of people constitutes three-fourths of the community; and that they are fond of "trilles light as air;" of the wild, the terrific, and the marvellous, as well as of the soft, the melting and the voluptuous. They do not read for instruction or profit, but to "kill time," or gratify a liquorice taste; and therefore, they prefer such tales, as abound with stories of demmons, hobgoblins, spectres, witches, haunted towers, church-yards, charnal houses, tombs, enchantments, murders, robberies, gods, goddesses, angels, divinities, demigods, heroes, heroines, lovers, &c.—or loves, gallantries, intrigues, bastards, perjuries, murders, assassinations, hair-breadth-escapes, suicides, and an almost infinite chain of ridiculous and wild et ceteras; which would have entitled the crazy authors to a share of the mad-house rather than a place in civilized society, among reasonable creatures.

This is one of the recommendations which the Repository has not, and I trust never will have. It is true, indeed, that there have some few such appeared in it; and its Friends have regretted that the rage for Novel-reading and the depraved taste of this age of Chivalry, have rendered it almost a necessary ingredient in the Desert, in order, by diversifying it, to make it agreeable to all. To the Novels, however, which the Editor has published, little or no objection can be made: as their object and tendency are to serve the cause of Virtue and Happiness, by discountenancing the malignant and dissocial passions; and more especially as he has omitted all those expressions in the Originals, which are prophane, vulgar, obscene, indecent, or unchaste.

3. *Advertisements* was another article that added to the Minerva's interest: And indeed, this must be obvious to every one, who considers how many professions, callings, trades, &c. there are in this City, all of which are interested more or less, in such advertisements. This is a recommendation which the Repository has but in part, and that a small one; yet let it be remembered that the space occupied in that way, by the Minerva, to the exclusion of more interesting and useful mat-

ter, is thrice as much as that of the Repository.

4. *News* was another object which powerfully excited an interest in the Minerva. "Wars and rumours of wars," fleets and armies, fire and sword, campaigns, sieges, battles, slaughter, bloodshed, destruction, &c. have an astonishing effect on the soul, rendering her "all eye, all ear," and commanding attention. Happy, however, for us and for mankind, these direful scenes no longer exist to blot the face of Creation, or the page of history. This is another recommendation which the Repository has not; and every good man must pray that it never may have.

5. *Politics* was another thing which excited an interest in the Minerva, and that a powerful one; because, next to Religion, it takes deepest root in the heart. Free, as we are, in the liberty of speech and of the press, it is natural for us to use it. Diversity of sentiment produces divisions and parties; warm publications bring warm animadversions; severe accusations are followed by cutting replies, &c. till perhaps both sides set in for serious paper-war; in which even disinterested people and bystanders often feel as if they took a part.—This is another recommendation which the Repository has not at present, and indeed, in part excludes, as appears by the Prospectus in the first number of the second volume. I am, however, of opinion, that this head might be introduced with salutary effect, provided writers on the subject would shew more coolness of temper, urbanity of disposition, candour in animadversion, and good-will to each other.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ANECDOTE.

SOME time ago, there lived in England, a nobleman who was notorious for libertinism. He seldom visited his country estate, which lay at a considerable distance from the capital; but when he did, many of his tenant's daughters received stains, which his lordship always esteemed as honours confirmed on these blushing plebians.

On one of his visits to the country, he determined to go on Sunday to the parish church, where he persuaded himself all the blooming beauties of the parish would be assembled; and from thence he doubted not but he would be able to make a choice highly gratifying to his vitiated taste.

The preacher was a man eminent for piety: he was always master of his sub-

ject, and possessed no small share of eloquence. He had selected for that day's exercise this passage, "But whoremongers and adulterers God will judge." He discussed the subject with such animation, painted in such strong colours the seducer and the seduced, so fully exposed the horrid sin of debauchery,—and painted so feelingly the punishment which awaited the female ruiner, that Sir John was alarmed. In every sentence he saw some trait of his own character, and finally concluded that the preacher preached only to *expose and affront him*.

The service being ended, his lordship, enraged, flew to his coach, determined on ample vengeance. He furiously drove to the residence of the bishop, in whose diocese this preacher had his cure.—The complaint was made, and the dismissal of the preacher was earnestly requested.

The good bishop replied, that if indeed the preacher had affronted him, he should have immediate redress, and entreated his lordship to inform him in what manner.

"Why, I went to church to-day, and he preached a sermon, which was every sentence levelled against me."

"Is it possible that he could so degrade his sacred profession? I could not have believed it; he bears a most excellent character.—Pray what was the text?"

"But whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

"Did he know of your lordship's intention of visiting the church?"

"No, my lord; I came to the country late last evening."

"How handled he the text?"

"Thus and thus, my lord; and he drew my picture in every sentence."

"Ah, my lord," replied the pious dignitary, "the preacher has done his duty; I cannot, I dare not censure him.—He did not preach against you, but against your vices.—Remember, my lord, the word of God is **SHARP AND POWERFUL**, and it has found you out.....Go, my dear sir, amend your life, and you will find the preacher will never insult you.

The Enigmatist, No. 1.

"A trifle, if it move but to amuse."

COPPER.

AS it is the fashion of the present day to "kill time" as adroitly as possible, no surprise need be excited at a person's coming forward to endeavour to assist, "as much as in him lies," in the above laudable desire. As I dislike formal introductions, I

will proceed to inform the Reader, that this is the first of a series in which I intend, in the words of the poet from whom I have taken my motto, to "give time a shove;" my purpose, I have no doubt, will produce some delectable emotions in the fashionable gentry of this enlightened age, at finding the great object in some measure attained, for which they daily, or rather nightly, labour. As "variety is charming," my numbers will consist of a mixture of *Enigmas, Charades, Rebuses, Conundrums*, with all the *et ceteras* they would wish to "puzzle their brains" with. I will just inform them, however, that they are *not* original. Wishing them much success I proceed to my business. ROGO.

1. Why is an old woman who *can't* work, like a young one who does a *great deal* of work?

2. Take one from fifteen, and why is the remaining number like the sand on the sea shore?

3. What's a man like, that is in the middle of a great river, and can't swim?

4. What makes shoes?

5. A gentleman, on being asked how old he was, replied, 'I am as old as what you do every day, and all day long.' Of what age was he?

6. My first is equality,

My second inferiority, and

My third superiority.

7. My first runs at you,

My second runs into you,

My third runs through you.

8. Why are two giggling girls like the wings of a chicken?

9. *I C s x . . O. C Q P. Y U*—This was written on the chamber-door of Queen Elizabeth.

10. We read that Methusalem was the oldest man, and yet he died before his father.

11. My first is a toy,

My second is less than a name,

My third is nothing at all.

12. A certain natural production, neither animal, vegetable nor mineral; it exists on the surface of the ground, from two feet to six, and is neither male nor female, is often mentioned in the Old Testament, and is strongly recommended in the New.

CURIOUS LETTER,

Said to be in the hand-writing of the famous CARDINAL RICHELIEU, in which an artifice is made use of in giving a true character of a worthless Ecclesiastic, to the French Ambassador at Rome. The following is an exact Translation from the French Copy. The first column contains the real character of the man; but by reading both together, it appears to be a recommendatory epistle, giving the highest idea of his worth.

MASTER Campy, a Savoyard by birth, is the man, who will present to you this letter. He is one of the most vicious persons that I ever knew, he has long and earnestly solicited me to give him a character to you, which I have accordingly granted to his importunity; for believe me, Sir, I would be sorry that you should be mistaken in not knowing him well, as some worthy gentlemen have been, and those among the best of my friends. I think it my duty to advertise you to take especial care of this man, nor venture to say any thing before him in any sort; for I may and do assure you, there cannot be a more unworthy person in the whole world. I well know that as soon as ever you shall become acquainted with him, you will thank me for this my advice. Civility obliges me to desist from saying any more on the subject.

Friar of the order of St Benedict, the notifications communicated by me in discreet, the wisest, and the least among all that I have conversed with; to write to you in his favour, and together with a letter of credence: his merit, rather indeed, than to he deserves infinitely your esteem, and wanting in serving him, through being I should be afflicted if you were so on that score, but now esteem him, Wherefore, and from no other motive, that you are most particularly obliged to shew him all the respect imaginable, that may either offend or displease him truly say, I love him as myself, and convincing argument of a mean and than to be base enough to injure him. are made sensible of his virtues, and will love him as well as I do, and The assurance I entertain of your urging this matter to you further, or I am, Sir, your affectionate friend.

RICHELIEU.

Paris, November 23, 1638.

A—Z.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SUMMER.

SEE, the gay morn dispels the shades of night,
And the dark hills with bright effulgence glids;
The glowing skies reflect the early light;
The dew-drop glistens on the verdant fields.

Welcome all nature hails with rapturous voice
The glad appearance of the dawning morn,
The tuneful songsters of the groves rejoice,
While glowing tints the varying scene adorn.

And now, while cool and balmy is the air,
Ere yet the Sun his burning splendor sheds,
I'll to the fragrance-breathing fields repair,
And pluck the flow'rets from the grassy beds.
Lo! now the Sun comes from the skies,
Darts on the oppress'd world his fervid ray;
Bids clouds of dust in whirling eddies rise,
And reigns with burning splendor o'er the day.

Oppress'd with heat, all nature seeks the shade,
Where softly blows the sweet refreshing breeze,—
The moss-roof'd grotto in the sheltering vale,
The humble cottage, or the spreading trees.

For fierce the sun darts his meridian beams
Upon the wearied traveler's fainting frame;
Parches the fields, drinks the meandering streams,
And o'er all nature sheds his ardent flame.

Life soon would sink beneath his fiery reign,
And fainting nature quickly would expire,
Did not cool breezes fan the heated plain,
By heav'n's ordain'd to mitigate his fire—

Did not at times, towards the close of day,
Loud thunders roll, and vivid lightnings glare,
While angry clouds their awful fronts display,
And show'rs descend to purify the air.

How great their terrors! but how good th' effects!
Tho' their appearance stoutest hearts appal,
'Tis an All-bounteous Hand the storm directs,
And bids it operate for the good of all.

Now o'er the plains soft-breathing zephyrs blow,
Reviving nature tails their quick'ning pow'r;
The setting sun shines with a milder glow,
While all is hush'd with the fallen show'r.

Season of heat! oppressive is thy sway,
To those who're doom'd thro' life to constant toil;
Who, by their labour, live from day to day,
And reap the produce of the fertile soil:

Yet welcome is thy reign—Command Divine,
Spring, autumn, winter, in their turn ordains,
With heat and lustre bids thy sun to shine,
To call rich treasures from the fertile plains.
Summer, from thee, what num'rous blessings flow!
What various flows adorn the smiling vale!
With richest fruits thou load'st the bending bough,
And bidst rich harvests wave with ev'ry gale.

CARLOS.

Answer to the *Charade* in page 191.

PATRIOT.

Answer to the *Charade* in page 195.

HAPPINLYS.

Answer to the *Enigma* in page 249.

TRUTH.

Answer to the *Enigma* in page 256.

'TIS that which oft increases bliss,
Tho' some it makes quiet peasy;
'Tis nothing, ladies, but a KISS,
Ee not therefore uneasy.

ANECDOTE.

LAST week a company of strolling players, on coming to Montre e, in Scotland, gave out in their opening bills, the Comedy of *The West-Indian*, with *The Devil to Pay*. Its scenery not arriving from Aberdeen on the night of performance, the play was in consequence put off for that evening; but in order that the public should have proper notice, the manager employed the town-drummer, who (probably having been reading the accounts from St. Domingo) published it in the following terms: "O yes! O yes! O yes! Hlet ye to wit!—that the play ackers skeeans has nae come forr frae Aberdeen, an' they canna perform this evening; but the manager assures the public, that the morn's night there will be the *Devil to pay in the West Indies!*—*God save the King!*" (Lon. Pap.)

OBSERVATION.

AN acute Frenchman has remarked, that the modest department of really wise men, when contrasted to the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation. He might however, have added, that when the ears are filled with conceit, instead of wisdom, which often happens, the head is still borne up with all the pride of emptiness.

PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 26, 1802.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENTS!

ON Monday the 7th inst. Mary Gullon, daughter of John Gullon, Stone-cutter of this city, on going near the wheel of the Marble Saw Mill, at Falls Run, Falls of Schuylkill, to place some butter in a Spring Chamber, was unfortunately caught by the crank, and hurried to eternity in an instant, leaving her parents of a most amiable young woman, in the fourteenth year of her age. (True Amer.)

Barnborough, Gloucester County, (N. J.) June 10, 1802.

ON the 8th inst. a melancholy accident took place in this vicinity. Mr. Jeremiah Mahone, being exceedingly fond of his gun, taking it into his hand, said in a joke to his wife, Come out and I will learn you to exercise; upon which she took another gun that had been, without their knowledge, loaded by her brother, in order to shoot some crows, which she carelessly held in her hand, and when she attempted to snap it, it unfortunately went off; the whole load entered his head just under his left eye, and went out just behind his right ear, and he fell lifeless at her feet. He was about 23 years of age, and she about 17; they had been married a fortnight the evening before. The distressing scene is not easily described, as an uncommon fondness had subsisted between them. An inquest was held over the body, and the jury returned their verdict, that his death was occasioned by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of his wife. (Trent, True Amer.)

Extract of a Letter dated, Liverpool, April 24.

"I have been much diverted by seeing a woman sold at public auction.—On the proclamation of peace, and the discharge of the seamen from the fleet, three sailors who arrived here from London, found themselves all married to the same female. They immediately put a rope about her neck, mounted her on a bench in a public place, and had her struck off by the public crier. She brought six pence. Several thousand spectators attended.

David Forrester, lately executed for the murder of Capt. Pigott, of the Hermione, made the following shocking confession a few minutes previous to his being turned off.—"That he went into the cabin and forced Capt. Pigott overboard through the port while he was yet alive. He then got on the quarter-deck, and found the first Lieutenant begging for his life, saying, he had a wife and three children depending on him for support; he took hold of him, and assisted in heaving him overboard alive; and declared he did not think the people would have taken his life, had he not first took hold of him. A cry was then heard through the ship, that Lt. Douglas could not be found; he took a lantern and candle and went into the gun-room, and found the Lieutenant under the Marine Officer's cabin; he called the rest of the people, when they dragged him on deck, and threw him over board. He next caught hold of Mr. Smith, a midshipman, a scuffle ensued, and finding him likely to get away, he struck him with his tomahawk, and threw him overboard. The general cry next, was for putting all the officers to death, that they might not appear as evidences against them; and he seized on the Captain's Clerk, who was immediately put to death." (London Paper.)

A marvellous letter from Surinam, states, that Capt. Brown, of the 5th battalion of the 6th regiment, being out on a shooting party upon the Surinam river, saw a large shark near in shore, which he shot at with a bow and arrow. The fish was evidently struck, and went down, and next morning it was seen in a wounded state close in shore, on which bats went off, and brought it in, and killed it; and on opening it, to the astonishment of Capt. Brown, and a considerable number of people, there was found in the stomach, a woman, gently dressed, and entire except her head, which had been evidently severed from the body. (London Paper.)

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helfenstein, Mr. Alexander Stewart, Merchant, to Miss Eliza Mary, daughter of Mr. Adam May, all of this city.—On the 22d, by the Rev. Mr. Jaceway, Mr. Robert Burkhard, to Miss Sarah Sharp, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 21st inst. Mr. Josiah Matlack, of this city.—At Baltimore, on the 22d, R. H. Meale, Esq. Register.

At Charleston, the 5th inst. William Logan, Esq. a native of the state of South Carolina, aged 75 years and 6 months. Mr. William Logan, was a grandson of George Logan, esq. one of the first settlers in this state, who came from Aberdeen, Scotland, in the year 1690, a colonel in the British army then stationed at Charleston.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Rego" is at liberty to pursue his plan.—It will, at least, answer the end proposed, and that probably in an agreeable and innocent manner.
"The Thunder Storm," by Orlando, in our next.
"No Flap" is flat enough—But as he seems sensible of the propriety of the old adage, he ought to know how to apply it.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. HOGAN,

There cannot be a more disagreeable task imposed upon me, than to answer such illiberal attacks as those which so spitefully flow from the pen of Rugged. I took a proposition, and never lost sight of it till my Ode was finished. Rugged thinks his writers are wrong, and attacks me not on that subject, but on criticism—and in such a manner that I would not have thought it worthy of an answer, were it not that I hope thereby to cure him of his vanity. Rugged must know, that Willy Smooth is only accountable for what he has said; and Rugged must only answer for Tough's illiberality—and neither the one or the other has any thing to do with the opinions advanced by any other anonymous writer.

TO RUGGED AND TOUGH.

*I knew a tatter'd tinker once,
We call'd him RUGGED TONY,
And he could always brawl the best
When he was somewhat bony.*

IRISH BALLAD.

*Friend, What ails thee Rugged? Why that haggard air?
Why frowns thy face? Why bristles up thy hair?
Why bills thy breast with passion, meek-eyed youth?*

*Tough. Why, curse it, Willy Smooth has told the truth:
I'm all on fire—he means I'm sycophantic—*

*Friend. Dear Rugged stop, or faith, he'll swear your
frantic;*

*So glibly runs thy tongue in scolding, Tough,
That many fear 'twill soon be foul enough.
Fye, change thy style; do not degrade the poet;
You have some understanding, do pray shew it.
More praise you'll gain by congring fiery passion,
Than all the CROAKING CRITICS in the nation.*

*Tough. But how can I, a man so great in merit,
So high in worth, of such a noble spirit,
Bear to be blain'd by little scribbling elves,
Who ought to bend before our mighty selves.**

*Friend. 'Tis hard indeed—but pray my friend be quiet,
Don't speak so loud, lest you should breed a riot:
Consider Willy's ode—'tis easy done—
Severely criticize—'twill be rare fun.—*

*Tough. It shall be done—Confusion!—all my art
Cannot expose it in a single part:
"He has not left a single hole or cranny,
"Or for a wise man or a zany,*

*"Meaning or sense, or thought to wedge in."†
Friend. If so, what meaning's in thy spite and grudging?
Tough. I cannot tell,—I believe it will me kill—*

*My conscience owns 'tis true, say what I will—
I'll scold, call names, condemn the thing in toto,
And on his merit place my damning veto.*

* *Great poets always use the plural number.*

† *Ye critics wand'ring—Go ye blunderers and learn
to wedge thoughts in crannies—Go ye pretenders to learning,
and behold a fool stopping holes with sense and meaning!
O Rugged! Rugged! Rugged! Why art
thou RUGGED TONY?*

That will da,—

Adieu, adieu;

I must away, I'm in a haste,

I find my precious time does waste.

WILLY SMOOTH TO RUGGED & TOUGH.

AN EPISTLE.

*RUGGED attend—you say "for fame I pant!"—
No, Rugged, no; I'm not a sycophant.
Giant that I criticize, 'tis 'cause I love,
At risk of FAME, some other to improve:
Wise men approve, fools call me peevish elf,
And blaze with spite,—Videlicet, MYSELF.*

*Great fame is thine, for thou surpassest RANNIE,
Compa'd with thee, he's but a blundering zany.
Thy hocus pocus pow'r, his far surpasses;
Thou giv'st an ode, bright eyes and ears like asses:
Still wonder grows,—thy skill more strange appears.
Thou mak'st it first all eyes, and then all ears.*

Rugged profound! than Hunter much more wise,
From each tough wind-pipe, let thy praise arise.
Sure inspiration sprung from 't'other bottle
When you to woman turn'd fain'd Aristotle.†
Ah Tough beware—the thing is so uncommon,
Another draught may make thee an old woman.*

*Now ere we part, I must, I will advise,
Thou' bursting passion swell thy sparkling eyes—
Praise still where praise is due; and if a friend
You have, correct—perhaps he may amend,...
And mind, there's one you often should correct—
Improve—amend—regain thy lost respect.*

WILLY SMOOTH.

* *Mr. John Hunter, article 30, Philosophical Transactions, 1780, gives an account of a partridge, who by age was changed from a male to a female.*

† *"Poet divine! thy critic-rules are keen as
Or grandame Aristotle's, or Longinus!"*

DELIA:

A PASTORAL;

PART II.

*I slept not long beneath you rural bow'r;
And lo! my croak with flow'rs adorn'd I see:
Has gentle Delia bound my croak with flow'rs,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?*

SHENSTONE.

*RETURN ent'hus'ast Florio, return
And fill thy station in my breast:
O come, on glittering pinions borne,
To soothe my many cares to rest.
Something within my heart doth say,
Joy waits upon thee, swain, to-day.*

*My bow'r, why look'st thou thus so gay?
Flora has lent thee all her charms;
Has gentle Delia pass'd this way,
And does'st she come to bless my arms?
Lend thy colours, bloom more fair,
For soon in all thy sweets she'll share.
Companion of my lonely hour,
Sweet, pretty Dove, ah! why thus mourn:
Has thy fond partner left the bow'r?—
O cease thy plaint—she'll soon return.
Surely she will not be unkind,
Thy hearts delight thou soon wilt find,*

*No longer then let us repine—
Hark! the lark 'gins his matin song;
On yon far hills the sun doth shine,
And rouses up the busy throng:
With haste they leave th' aerial way,
To hail the glorious orb of day.*

*The morn serene, with blushes crown'd,
Calls forth my steps 'mongst flow'rs 't'eds fair;
Heav'n spreads her choicest stores around,
And fragrance gently floats in air.
I'll seek my wand'rer on the plain,
And thus my wonted bliss regain.*

*Thou shade, the witness of our love,
Has meek-eyed Delia pass'd this way?
She often used to haunt thy grove:
She hither oft alone would stray.
'See, see, she lies here—
The light grass bends beneath her feet.*

*My little Girl! come to my arms:
Where hast thou been—speak, charmer, say?
Thy red-cheeks glow with heighten'd charms,
And emulate the blush of day.
Tell me, O tell my lovely fair,
Thy swain impatient waits to hear.*

*But since we've met, we'll haste away,
And seal our vows so lately giv'n:
Wake, heav'n-born bliss! wake joy to day,
And antedate the bliss of heav'n.
Let us, my Delia, truly prove,
The pure delights of mutual love.*

EUGENIO.

SELECTED.

(From a Friend—for the Repository.)

*On one DAY, that ran away in his Land-
lord's debt.*

*HERE night and Day conspire a running flight,
For Day it seems is run away by night:
The day is past, but Landlord where's your rent?
You might have seen that Day was almost spent:
Day sold and pawn'd, and put off what he might,
Tho' it was ne'er so dark, Day would be light.
You had one Day a tenant, and would fain
Your eyes might see one Day, that Day again.
No landlord more, you now may truly say,
And (to your cost) that you have lost the Day.
Days is departed in a mist of fear,
For Day is broke, yet Day doth not appear.
From sun to sun is the set time of pay,
But you should have been up 'fore break of Days:
Yet if you had, you had got nothing by't.
For Day was running, and broke over night.
His fiery prancers made the welkin roar,
One horse for haste, hath left a shoe at door;
His pale face Day now dies in darkness' shroud,
Truth is, at present Day is under cloud.
But how now, Landlord, what's the matter, pray?
Can you not sleep that you so long for Day?
Put off your passion, Sir, though a round sum,
Without all question a pay-Day will come:
Then for your rent never torment your soul,
For you will see Day at a little while.
In the interim, to the tavern let's away,
And cheer our hearts, since 'tis a broken DAY.*

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XIX. Con.

HE entered his lodgings almost in despair. His hopes had vanished in a moment. In his distress he tore his opera to pieces, and was committing it to the flames, when Gregory coming home early, anxious to learn the success, caught him in the act. Little explanation was necessary to afford him a very competent idea of what had happened.

‘Well, well,’ cried Gregory, comforting him, ‘never mind—it can’t be helped. I dare say it was nothing but envy made them find it bad.’

‘Bad!’ exclaimed Barclay, nettled at the supposition, although it only came from Gregory, and suspending the conflagration for a moment, he took the pains, of telling all that had taken place for the sake of vindicating their authorship, which, even in his affliction, he could not suffer to be aspersed.

By the time they had dined, Barclay became more resigned to his fate, and, after some consideration, determined, relying on the manager’s promise, to write an opera according to his instructions. He was not, however, sufficiently recovered from the shock he had received, to set about it immediately: and to raise his spirits he set off, as usual, for the cellar, accompanied by Gregory. But, alas! this was one of his black letter days, and he never arrived there!

He had either been seen going to the theatre, or Gregory had been traced to his lodgings, and he was consequently way-laid

by his old pursuers, who seized him the instant he got into the street, one exclaiming—

“D—me, we’ve had a pretty dance after you, but we’ve got you at last!”

Gregory would have attempted a rescue, but Barclay peremptorily commanded him to desist, and he was shortly conveyed to the King’s Bench.

Gregory followed him, full of sorrow and trouble, and, unknown to our hero, who did not understand the nature of these places, paid the keeper to put him in one of the best rooms he had to spare, and seeing him safely lodged in it, took his leave, not being able according to the rules of the prison, to stay any longer than night.

“Don’t be down-hearted, Sir,” said Gregory, half crying and half smiling, as he left him, “don’t, pray don’t,—I’ll come to you as often as I can—you sha’n’t want any thing—you sha’n’t indeed!”

Distress has a wonderful effect on our nature: we then catch at every straw of friendship with the avidity of a sinking man. Barclay went with Gregory to the gate, and, pressing him cordially by the hand, they parted.

Extremes meet—extreme old age is childhood; extreme wisdom is ignorance; for so I may call it, since the man whom the oracle pronounced *the wisest of men**, professed that he *knew nothing*. But then it must be confessed that there is this distinction—the *wise man* believes that he knows nothing;—but the *ignorant man* does not believe any such thing. To proceed: push a coward to the extreme and he will shew courage: oppress a man to the last, and he will rise above oppression. Such were the feelings of our hero. He had been persecuted to the extremity of persecution, for his persecutors could go no further. “Where there is no hope, there is no fear. The arrow was shot, and he had nothing more to apprehend.

* Socrates.

The desperate state of his affairs excited his magnanimity, and rallying his deserting spirits, he resolved to meet his misfortune with a bold and undaunted front.

CHAP. XX.

The King’s Bench viewed in a pleasing light.—The difference between that and other mansions.—Academia.—Olympia.—A club of martyrs.—Two children.—Mr. Quince’s uncommon eccentricity as an author.—A novel written for the sake of a joke at the end.—Three authors and a spider.—Pulpling.—An easy mode of travelling.—How Mr. Grub became a member of a college.—Quacks.—The bookseller and his men.—French wines.—Bad port, but why not to be grumbled at.—A comparison.

IN the morning Barclay arose, and from his window took a survey of the place, and upon the whole, had no reason to complain of the change he had made. His room was better furnished, and more comfortable than the one he had left; then, being high, it commanded a fine view of the Surrey hills. The wall before him might, perhaps, to some squeamish and near-sighted people, be thought no desirable thing; and indeed its being so much loftier than the walls which other country gentlemen have round their grounds, gives it an appearance of being intended for the purpose of confinement, but upon closer examination, we perceive that it is more especially erected for the entertainment of those that reside there, who are constantly seen amusing themselves by playing at fives against it. Viewed in this light, it is certainly rather too low than too high, as the balls are often lost by flying over.

When Barclay descended, he was received by a host of friends, who gave him a most hearty welcome; which was one of the two differences he remarked between this and some other *great houses*. The second was, that here they ask you for money when you come in, and shew their oblige-

tion to you for it, by drinking your health; whereas at others, the servants take it from you as you go out, and never thank you for it at all.

After this, our hero strolled about at his ease, contemplating the different pursuits of the inhabitants. On the one hand, he could have fancied himself at *Academia*, as he beheld philosophers and their followers in loose gowns, walking to and fro, indulging in learned discourses on various subjects. On the other, he might have believed himself at *Olympia*, for now and then his ears were saluted by the voice of some poet reciting his verses, or author reading his productions; and games of various descriptions were practising in every direction.

Gregory attended Barclay punctually every day, and lent him all the assistance in his power. Pecuniary aid he soon had no need of, meeting with a circumstance that, not profusely, but sufficiently, supplied him with as much money as he wanted.

Barclay had not conversed with many of his inmates, before it was discovered that he was a gentleman and scholar, which were deemed a satisfactory qualification to admit him as one of the society of *literati* then confined in the bench, through imprudences arising from a *love of letters*. This club distinguished itself by the title of THE MARTYRS TO GENIUS.

It was composed of authors of every denomination, and amongst them, Barclay found a Mr. Quince, who taking a liking to our hero, they were almost constantly together. He was to Barclay, a kind of index to the characters that ranged about the place.

"There is yet an author," said he to Barclay, one day, "whom you have not seen. He undertakes every thing—*stories* for little boys, or *histories* for great men. Tho' by the bye, I don't know that there is such a great difference between the two as may at first appear. However, he attempts so many things, and has so much to do, that he rarely ever comes out. If you like, I'll send to say we'll visit him."

"With all my heart," replied Barclay; and a boy was consequently dispatched, to know whether he was at leisure. The lad presently returned, with Mr. Grub's best respects to Mr. Quince and his friend, and that he was very sorry he could not receive them at present having two children to get, but that he should have done in half an hour, and then he should esteem himself honoured by their company.

Barclay looked at Mr. Quince.

"You look at me for an interpretation of this," said the latter; "but I can give

you none. We shall hear it anon, however, from his own mouth. He is a singular author, and, except myself, more so than other I ever knew. Perhaps you are not aware of my singularity?"

"No," replied Barclay; "what is it, I pray?"

"I'll tell you, when I turned author, I was resolved to be a very eccentric character."

"I determined in the first place, to be good natured; and in the next, never to talk about my own works!"

"You are a *rara avis*; indeed," cried Barclay, smiling; "I did not think such a being existed."

The time being now elapsed, Mr. Quince led the way, and Barclay followed him to Mr. Grub's apartment, where they found him sitting surrounded by books and papers. He was a little, bow-legged man, with a snub-nose, which served him amazingly well to hang a pair of green spectacles on, which he wore to preserve his eye-sight, as he affirmed but, as it afterwards appeared, to conceal as much as possible, that he had but one eye.

He received Barclay and Mr. Quince with a loud fit of laughter, crying—"well, what do you think of my powers.....?"

You must know, that I have been writing a little novel for children. I call it Master Rowland and Miss Oliver.....

"I call it so for the sake of a fine joke with which I conclude. I marry 'em, you see, and she of course takes his name, I say—mark me—he gives her a Rowland for her Oliver? Eh, do you take? If it had not been for this, I should never have written a line of the story."

"But the children!" cried Quince.

"Well, you shall hear. You won't laugh, eh? Well, I can't help it—no matter—but the joke's a good one. I sent in the MS. yesterday, and this morning the bookseller's apprentice came to tell me that his master liked my work very well, but that, as my heroine was in one place thrown into very great distress, it would make it more pathetic, if I gave her a couple of children. I sent the boy back, saying, I could not possibly do that, as the lady was a virgin. It seems that he had fixed his heart upon it, for the messenger brought me word back, that if I did not comply, I might keep the book for my own private reading. I instantly returned for answer, that rather than deprive the public of the good joke at the end, I would give Miss Oliver as many children as there is days in the year.

Barclay and Quince could not refrain from laughing at Mr. Grub's account.

"Ah, well," continued he, "I like to see you merry. I have been full of good things this morning. Bile, the library writer, was here about an hour ago, and I made him so mad you can't think. Weary, the epic poet, a simple, good natured soul, was sitting with me when he came. He had not been here many minutes, before Weary, observing a spider weaving a web, said, 'see, Mr. Bile, see how curious this animal works.'"

"He reminds me of yourself, Mr. Bile, said I.

"Of me, Sir," cried Bile: "indeed I am not half so industrious."

"No, nor for that," I replied, "but because this little thing, like yourself, toils to produce what is of no use."

Bile looked as yellow as saffron—Weary, however, took up his cause and said, I did him injustice. "And so does Mr. Bile wrong himself," continued he. Turning to him, he added "I'm sure you must be very industrious. In the multiplicity of your more important affairs, I really wonder how you found time to write your four volumes of "Bloody Visions."

"If you had read them," said I, "your wonder would cease!"

"Bile was a good deal gall'd, but he never quotes me in his works, and I was resolved to have at him before he went. Talking of the dearness of printing and paper, I observed to Weary, that the new discovery of pulping paper, that is, to extract the ink from it, would be of great service, as that used in Mr. Bile's History of Gravesend, in folio, might now be reduced to its *original* value."

"Original!" he exclaimed, and snatching up his hat, stalked out of the room.

"Here Mr. Grub laughed heartily, and Barclay, out of politeness, accompanying him, he cried,

"Sir, I see traits of genius in you—you are a clever fellow, I'll be bound. Can you write? If you can write, I can get you employment directly."

Barclay feared a repetition of the newspaper gentleman, but, hoping the contrary, he replied; "you are very good Sir—I doubt my ability; though my education has been such, that—"

"A fig for your education," interrupted the other; "genius is every thing! If you are willing, that is enough. How do I get on? An't I one of the first authors going, and what education have I had? To be sure, added he, smiling, "I am of Oxford."

"Of Oxford?" iterated Barclay. "I was of that university. Of what college are you?"

"Of Pembroke," replied Mr. Grub.

'I don't recollect you in my time,' said Barclay.

Quince laughed.

'No,' cried Grub, 'I wonder how the devil you shou'd. I never was there but twice; and then by two rules, during the eight years I have been here. Come, as you are a going to be one of us, I'll tell you the fact. About three years ago, a bookseller came to me, and, talking about different works, he said, he thought, as I had been here five years, and nobody knew where I was, I might write some travels under my own name. I caught at the hint, and soon produced three volumes of what I termed 'Gleanings in Lapland.' The work being done, and approved of, my name was not held respectable enough, as it stood; therewithone rule I went to Oxford, and entered myself of Pembroke; and about a fortnight after, with the other, I paid a second visit and took my name off. I then came out with 'Gleanings in Lapland, by Gustavus Grub, late of Pembroke College, Oxford;' and my work went off so well, that I have an application for further gleanings, and shall set out on my travels again in a very short time.'

'I am astonished!' cried Barclay. 'But there's no cause,' said Grub: 'nothing can be so plain. Copy facts of other travellers, and swear you were present. Beside, I think a man must be a dull fellow, who can't imagine something like a good thing every day. At the end of the year, then he'll have 365 good things—enough for any book. Well, down with them, and say they happened to you in the course of your tour. That's the way. I wish writing advertisements was half as easy: that's a task requires great genius and invention! I have more plague with the quack doctors, quack milliners, quack taylor's, and quack barbers, than I have with all the booksellers in London! And if they did not pay better, I'd see them all poisoned before I'd write a single puff for them.'

'I doubt,' said Barclay, after a pause, 'I doubt whether I shall be able to do any thing of the kind.'

'No need!' cried the other: 'what I offer to you is quite a different thing: its to write for a new magazine that's just begun. Essays, and strictures in prose, on any subject; and in poetry if you could write sonnets on a fly, a flea, a gnat, a dew-drop, or the like, it cannot fail of answering the purpose. A series of papers, now, with a title borrowed from the Greek, would do famously; and as you have been at Oxford, perhaps you can whip in a few scraps of the dead languages occasional-

ly—the longer the better. The less they understand you, the more they'll like you—at least I find it so!

Barclay saw no objection to this employment, and, having now given up all thoughts of writing an opera in the modern style, he readily undertook the office proposed, returning thanks to Mr. Grub, who, *having full powers to treat*, engaged him on the spot.

Mr. Quince and Barclay now took their leave of Mr. Grub; Barclay promising to wait upon him speedily, with some of his productions.

As soon as our hero had finished a disquisition on Homer, an essay, under a long Greek head, and four sonnets, he took them to Mr. Grub, who read them with ecstacy, declaring that Barclay was a prodigy of genius.

'They shall all go in this month,' said he. 'I only fear they are too good. But no matter,' continued he, 'we can easily remedy that, you know! Your fortune is made, sir. But, by the way, you are not the only man who has made a fortune by coming to jail. Good hit, eh?'

On the first of the succeeding month, Mr. Pulp, the publisher, came as usual to the Bench, to treat all *his men* with a dinner. Barclay was particularly distinguished by him, and very handsomely rewarded for his trouble. Mr. Pulp had nearly a dozen authors engaged in the Bench, in different magazines. They were all invited on this occasion. To describe them briefly—Falstaff's regiment was a wholesome, well-dressed body of men, compared to this division of the *martyrs to genius*. Mr. Pulp sat at the head of the table, and Mr. Grub at the bottom. The dinner was good, but the wines, although he allowed them claret, were execrable.

'They call this *French wine*,' cried Mr. Grub, 'but may I come to the stall, if it has ever been in France, any more than the *French roll* I ate for breakfast.'

'Good!' Mr. Pulp; 'the idea's good. Mind you let that come in the next number of *Bon Mots* by Edwin, never before published.'

'The port, too,' said Quince, who indeed was the only person present who dared presume to find fault with any thing—'the port is villainously bad.'

'Let the master of the house be summoned to appear before us then,' replied Mr. Pulp; and he was consequently called. The complaint being made, the man, who knew that nobody dined there but by compulsion, was very blunt in his reply.

'Bad!' said he, 'how can that be? I say, gentlemen, its good port wine! Isn't black, and doesn't it make you drunk? What would you have?'

This answer produced a general roar of laughter, and Mr. Pulp, nodding to Grub

to note it down, they per force, went on drinking such wine as they could obtain.

Some of the conversation in most companies (such as it is) may be related; but I defy any man to bring aught away from a society of *twelve authors but confusion*. It must therefore suffice to say, that what the master of the house affirmed of his wine, proved true, and that very shortly; for, knowing that Mr. Pulp must retire at a certain hour, they made so free, that they were soon drunk, and Barclay pushed his way out into the air, leaving them enjoying that infernal state of mirth and riot, which may be imagined to take place in hell, when a *slave-trader* breathes his last.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTES OF COLLINS THE POET.

COLLINS the Poet, though a man of a melancholy cast of mind, was by no means averse to a *jeu de mot*, or quibbling. Upon coming into a town the day after a young lady, of whom he was fondly had left it, he said, how unlucky he was that had come a day after the *Fair*.

The following ridiculous incident respecting this very great poet happened some years ago, to that elegant writer, Dr. Linghorne, according to the ingenious author of "The Juvenilla." Dr. Linghorne, hearing that Collins, the poet, was buried at Chichester, travelled thither on purpose to enjoy all the luxury of poetic sorrow, and weep over his grave. On inquiry, he found that Mr. Collins was interred in a sort of garden, surrounded by the cloyster of the Cathedral, which is called, "The Paradise." He was let into this place by the sexton, and after an hour's seclusion in it, came forth with all solemn dignity of woe. On supping with an inhabitant of the town in the evening, and describing to him the spot sacred to his sorrows, he was told, that he had by no means been misapplying his tears, that he had been lamenting a very honest man, and a very useful member of society, Mr. Collins the taylor!—The close of the life of Collins can never be adverted to without commiseration; when he could have enjoyed his fortune he had it not, when it came to him he was in too melancholy a state to enjoy it. It reminds us of one of the celebrated Greek Epigrams,

What cruel disappointments wait
On wretched mortals' every state!
When young, chill penury repress
Each adow of my glowing breast;
But now, indifferent grown and old,
My coffers teem with useless gold.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

The Cynic, No. 2.

*O! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where ruin'd of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.*

COWPER.

THE wish of the feeling Cowper naturally suggests itself to the mind possessed of the smallest portion of sensibility, on reflecting on the barbarity of man to man. When we see Vice rear her triumphant banner on the ruins of Virtue, we wish to fly from the scene of human degradation, and by ceasing to maintain any connection with our brethren, no longer participate in the dishonour unavoidably accumulated on their heads by their own misconduct. But in the most sequestered solitude we could not escape from our own reflections; and as we find it a maxim of divine origin, that *it is not good for man to be alone*, we should regret the loss of society, however corrupted that society might be. The spirit of misanthropy would soon evaporate; and when the effervescence of resentment had subsided, we should recall, in glowing colours, the virtues of men, while the dark shades of the character gradually faded from the recollection.

Nature has implanted in the human breast, the propensities of the brute creation; while she has bestowed reason as a corrective to restrain their unlimited indulgence. The intellectual perception, which renders man so gloriously pre-eminent in the scale of being, aided by the intimations of the "*divine essence*," has pointed out to him an existence beyond the grave. The certainty of a future state, it would be supposed, was a sufficient impulse for him to act on a line of conduct congenial with his knowledge of propriety and duty. Unfortunately, by education, or the errors he imbibes in his infancy, the powers of reason are weakened, the passions acquire an improper influence over his mind, and this otherwise efficient cause is impeded in its operations. A happy futurity is found but a weak inducement to the performance of his duty; and the fear of future punishment, in a state of which little is known or understood, is not sufficiently impulsive to oblige him to conquer his natural propensities, and correct the errors which long habit has endeared to him. The *present* is only regarded. Immediate gratification ap-

pears far preferable to what is deemed an uncertain reward for his abstinence from the pleasures of life. Hence the passions become the uncontrolled arbiters of his actions, and his existence a scene of uniform pursuit after wealth or fame—the two deities to whom he pays his heart-felt adorations; while the Ruler of the Universe is insulted by assumed devotion, and the ostentatious homage paid to him by his creatures, who are insensible to his goodness. The extended Hand of mercy and affection is passed by unheeded; while the temporary gratification of those desires we possess in common with the brute creation, is preferred to mental enjoyment, and the well-founded anticipation of future happiness. Let the creed of modern philosophers be what it may, it is evident, from the examples that present themselves to the view of every one, that man is not perfect, nor capable of arriving at a state of perfection in this life. To whatever cause we ascribe this—whether with Plato, to the inherent obstinacy of those atoms which are the component parts of the human system, and resist the operations of the mind; or to the superior wisdom of the Creator, who forms his creatures with such defects for his own purposes,—we must see the absolute impossibility of acquiring the ascendancy over the passions, and acting in every respect as becomes the image of God. While this is the case, mankind must remain content with their fallible nature, and endeavour to approach as near perfection as is possible for their finite powers. To reform the vices of the age, declamation and serious reasoning may be in some degree effectual; but to correct the follies requires the sportive pen of ridicule, or the poignant sting of satire. These latter, in the hands of persons of talents and discrimination, whose manners and judgment are formed in the Addisonian school, are weapons productive of real benefit to mankind. When awkwardly managed by persons deficient in dexterity, or abused by those who are destitute of principle, they become fraught with poison to domestic tranquillity, and destructive of public good. Satire's "bright form" should never be prostituted to personal enmity or private revenge,—to individual pique, or party animosity. She should never aim her darts at individuals, unless they are placed in a sphere which renders their example dangerous. She should nicely discriminate, and, as Mr. Brown, the author of "*An Essay on Satire*," forcibly remarks, should,

"—e'er she strike be sure she strike a foe."

For, as the same author adds,

"An eagle's talon acts an eagle's eye."

There is a certain class of men, who, endowed with some genius, and more vanity, ridiculously and mischievously deal their witticisms on all that chance to fall in their way; careless if the barbed arrow rankles in the bosom of a friend or foe. When I meet with pestiferous beings of this description, I am ready indignantly to exclaim,

"Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would plant a sting within a brother's heart?"

For their attempts to be witty they have my contempt,—for the mischievous effects of their *smartness* they have something more—my resentment. Whenever I meet with them, my cynical disposition feels an addition to its natural bitterness, and their conduct occasions an extraordinary influx of bile into my heart. But it is as *ails*, not as *men*, I hate them. I have known many of this description, and the number of them of late, "has increased, is increasing,—and ought to be diminished." My feeble efforts shall not be wanting to aid the cause of reformation in any branch of conduct or manners, and in any class of mankind. What I shall write, will be written with the *wish* to do good—to aid suffering virtue and morality—to wound no one but the vicious—and with Pope, I can say with sincerity,

"Curst be the line, how well so'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe."

It may be thought ostentatious to make such a display of my wishes to do good, but it must be recollected, that I boast no powers to effect the desired purpose—no extraordinary mental energies that would aid me to snatch the sceptre from the polluted hands of Vice, and place the crown of triumph on the "holy head" of Virtue. Alas! that ability should not always accompany the wish to do good.

The quotations in the present number may not be verbatim, if they are not, the reader must excuse it, as they are taken entirely from memory. W.

REMARK.

There is *one* question which the old world and the new have been incessantly canvassing; "What makes a man happy?"—But I never heard that *either* disputed, what meat would best gratify his palate; and yet it is as clear, that the same things will not make all men happy, as that the same meats will not please all palates.

AN EXTRACT.

A CAUTION TO SCOLDING MISTRESSES.

"GOOD economy much depends upon the good management of a family. I have often seen, and long been convinced, that a mild and dispassionate discipline is much more efficacious and salutary, than a severe and rigorous one. If you would prevent faults in your domestics, take care that you see but few; never animadvert on trifles, nor appear disposed at accidents, nor reprove real faults in a passion.

"Mrs. Teasy, who has no daughters of her own, has brought up several girls, whom she took out of poor families; but she complains, she never yet has had one but who was a vexation to her. They do her more mischief than all their work is worth; and tho' she is always talking to them, she cannot make them mind her. Her complaints are partly true; but the fault is her own, for she spoils all her girls by eternally fretting at them. If Betty happens to turn over a swill pail, or breaks a mug, by stumbling across the broom, which Mrs. Teasy in her hurry, has left in her way, the old lady is in a rage. "There, you careless drab! I knew you would do so. You are always breaking things. You waste and destroy more than you earn. I had rather do every thing myself. I never will set you to do any thing again as long as I live." And so Betty sits down—"What, you baggage! have you nothing to do?—Go, fetch the cream-pot, and turn the cream into the churn. How you handle it—I know you will break it, as you do every thing else." The poor girl, in a trepidation of carefulness and anxiety, lets it fall, sure enough. It is dashed into fragments, and the cream scattered round the floor. "O la! you nasty trollop—I never saw any thing like this. Just so you do every day. I cannot keep my hands off from you." Thus with tongue and claws, she frightens poor Betty almost into fits. Nine-tenths of the mischief which this girl does, is through an excessive caution to avoid it. Her mind is never calm, nor her nerves steady, because her mistress is always blaming, scolding and threatening. By degrees, however, the girl becomes hardened. If she breaks an article, when Mrs. Teasy is not present, she secretes it. If enquiry is made, she lies to prevent discovery.

[Balance.

OBSERVATION.

Habit may restrain vice, and virtue may be obscured by passion, but intervals best discover the man.

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE MINERVA AND REPOSITORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

6. *Foreign Advices*, was another article which also had a share in communicating an interest to the Minerva. Under this head I mean such intelligence from abroad, as that His Catholic Majesty has been ill of a dangerous fever—His Britannic Majesty took an airing to-day—The Emperor Paul has been poisoned—Her Majesty the Queen of — is quite clear of her catarrh (cold)—His Royal Highness the Prince of — had an affair of gallantry with — The Princess has become the mother of a fine son—Her Royal Highness has instituted new fashions—At such a place there has been a route—at such, a drum,—at such, a masquerade, &c. &c. Such intelligence, and a variety of other of quite as little importance to us, bore its interest along with it, while it contributed to swell columns which might have been better employed. Let it not be said that this interest was too trifling to mention: Though we live under a Republican Government, there are many, who, having prejudices or dispositions in favour of noblesse, are highly gratified with what concerns them; and all Novel Readers (a numerous class) are more or less pleased with any thing relative to those august personages, with whom they are daily conversant. This recommendation, however, the Repository has not; and for my part, I don't care how long it remains without it.

7. *Controversies*, of several kinds, were productive of as much interest to the Minerva, as any thing else; for as these were of a religious, political, metaphysical and personal nature, they affected the feelings of every member of the community, from the highest to the lowest. There is not, perhaps, a more powerful instrument to call forth the energies of the mind, than Controversy. The history of ages, and the instances in our day, confirm the assertion. Nor are the parties actually engaged, the only persons interested: All who hear of a contest, take a part with one side or the other; and catch at all intelligence of these wordy wars, as eagerly as at news red hot

..... from the field of battle,
Where blood & carnage clothe the ground in crimson.
Sounding with death-groans.

Happy, indeed, would it be for mankind, if Controversy, while it called up the energies of the mind, did not at the same time

call up all the malignant passions, that debase our nature, and wound our peace! If, instead of an insatiable thirst for victory (which is, perhaps universally, the motive and object in disputing) the parties were actuated solely by a sincere desire to come at Truth, by a rational, cool, and fair investigation, Controversy, in every shape, ought to receive the invitation and sanction of all: But alas! this never has been the case; and from our knowledge of human nature, and from what we see around us, we have but little reason to expect, that it will ever be very different. Our passions get the better of our reason; and when they are triumphant, they bear down all before them,—Religion, Science, Philosophy, Morals, Persons—nay, they sometimes penetrate into the inmost recesses of private characters, drag forth Innocence and Virtue, and sacrifice them at the shrine of Envy, Malice, or Revenge. This is another recommendation which the Repository has not.

8. *Criticism*, likewise added an interest to the Minerva. It may however, be said, that the Repository has also its share. I grant it; but those who carefully examine the criticisms in the two papers, will perceive a great and striking difference between them, both as to their manner and tendency. In the former they will find severity, whose authors have descended from the dignity of the subject, to personal invective; in the latter, a more general spirit of candor and liberality. This amiable spirit has been recommended by the editor of the Repository in his notes to correspondents; and it is certainly to his credit, that while he invites "just and accurate criticism," he pointedly discommenances personal reflections, abuse and scurrility.

To this enumeration of the principal points in which the Minerva differed from the Repository, I could add some reasons why it was continued so long, and why it held out no longer; but, as these reasons were communicated to me in confidence, by persons whose aid and influence greatly contributed to the life and circulation of that paper, the seal of faithful friendship is set upon the sacred deposit.

Although, by this time, the reader may have collected, from all that has been advanced, sufficient to satisfy him upon the enquiry of the Querist, as to the difference between the Minerva and Repository, and the reason of the young lady's preference of the former; yet I should do injustice to the editor of the latter, did I omit calling into review that part of his prospectus im-

mediately relative to the subject, which (as we all know it to be true) will not, I trust, be offensive to his modesty:—"The PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY is a publication devoted solely to Literature and Morality; political and religious discussions being entirely excluded. It has generally for its object the diffusion of that interesting and useful information, which is calculated equally to divert the fancy, to enlighten the understanding, to form the mind, and to mend the heart; to disseminate those principles, by the exercise of which alone we can be made good men and good citizens, through the various departments of life; happy in ourselves, and communicating happiness to all around us." That by intelligent readers in different parts of the union, "it has been judged to contain amusement, information, interest and utility, advantageously disposed, and invitingly blended together." And consequently, is "at least calculated to give pleasure to as many tastes as possible, without giving pain or offence to any."—Fully as this is descriptive of the design, nature, tendency and merit of the work, I cannot help adding a remark of my own in its favour: From the judiciousness of the *Selections*, Religion, Virtue and Literature are presented to us in the most amiable dress; and from the delicacy and generosity with which *originals* are treated, the *native genius* of our citizens is called forth; as we may perceive by the host of correspondents, most of them juvenile, and some of them, (I have been told) under 21 years of age,—many of whose productions would do honour, and none of them discredit to writers of maturer years. At any rate, to sum up all in one word, respecting the Repository, I will just observe, that if we compare it with similar publications "from the mother country," we shall find no cause to blush for the taste or talent of our countrymen.

I wish I could say as much for *all our countrywomen*! I should then be freed from the painful task of answering the last question, that yet remains untouched upon—viz. "Who is it that prefers the Minerva?" Luckily for me, however, the Querist himself has sufficiently answered it, by intimating that it is a "young Miss of family, fashion and fortune, who did not hesitate to avow her decided opinion that the Repository was not *near so entertaining* as the Minerva." And yet Mr. Querist need not have been so very pointed neither; for the grammatical accuracy, as well as the consequential *hauteur* with which the lady avowed her *decided opinion*, is quite enough to convince me of the truth of his assertion.

Family fashion and fortune, are, generally speaking, at variance, as well with Religion and Virtue, as with mental improvement and useful learning. And consequently to please or entertain such, subjects books and language must be of a peculiar and appropriate cast. I have therefore no doubt, that, were the complexion of the Repository, the same as, or similar to, the complexion of expression, both as to REFINEMENT OF IDEA AND LANGUAGE, in a piece signed M***, on the last page of the Minerva, for May 2, 1795,—our young Miss, and many more young misses, as well as some certain elderly ladies of family, fashion and fortune, would not hesitate to avow a decided opinion, THAT THE MINERVA IS NOT NEARLY SO ENTERTAINING AS THE REPOSITORY.

HORATIO.

The Enigmatist, No. 2.

"Seek and ye shall find."

A BOOK SELDOM READ.

13. Why is a telescope like a man, who bought four apples for a penny, and gave away one of them?

14. Why is your soul of no consequence?

15. What I do, and what you ought not to do, makes what you are.

16. My first I hope you are,

My second I see you are, and

My third I know you are.

17. Why does a miller wear a white hat?

18. What creature is that which came into the world without a soul, yet lived and had a soul, and died without a soul?

19. When U.R married :X: XX and e c.

20. My first some men will often take,

Entirely for my second's sake;

But very few indeed there are,

Who both together well can bear.

ROGO.

Answers to the Enigmas, &c. in the 1st No. of the Enigmatist, page 252.

1. They are both *not-able*.

2. It is number-less.

3. Like to be drowned.

4. *Slaps*, as without them slippers are formed.

5. Excel. XL. Forty!

6. Match-less.

7. Buck-thorn.

8. They have a *merry-thought* between them.

9. (The kernel to those who crack the shell.)

10. Enoch, his father was translated.

11. *Phantom*.

12. A kiss!

CALCULATIONS.

THE population of the world is, at present, estimated at about 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants, spread over the surface of about 197 millions of square miles, but of which the habitable part contains hardly 45,500,000 square miles. The rest is covered by water.

In admitting this supposition of 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants—

EUROPE, in an extent of 3,300,000 square miles, at 69 $\frac{1}{2}$ to a degree, would have a population of 47 inhabitants per square mile, and 155,000,000 inhabitants in total.

ASIA, including New Holland and Siberia, which are almost deserts, would contain in an extent of 15,000,000 of square miles, 45 inhabitants per square mile, and 810,000,000 inhabitants in total. Of this number China alone has 133,000,000,—occupying a space of 1,297,999 square miles, or 26 inhabitants per square mile.

AFRICA, in an extent of 10,000,000 of square miles, would contain 12 inhabitants per square mile, and 120,000,000 inhabitants in the whole.

AMERICA, in an extent of 14,000,000 of square miles, would contain somewhat more than 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inhabitant to a square mile, at the rate of 18,000,000 of inhabitants in total.

According to this computation, taking all the habitable part of the world together, there would be about 25 inhabitants to each square mile.

Viewing the above as the aggregate population on the surface of the habitable globe, if we reckon with the ancients, that a generation lasts 50 years, then in that space 1,000,000,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently, 91,264 must be dropping into eternity every day, 3,803 every hour, or about 60 every minute.

Let us for a moment take a view of this vast multitude of human beings, possessed of immortal souls, capable of endless happiness or misery. Without differing very materially from former calculations, we may suppose that of the above one thousand million of souls, more than 500,000,000, (or one half of the whole) are Pagans, or idol-worshippers in the literal sense of the word—From 140 to 200,000,000 are Mahometans, bewildered with the delusions of the false prophet—Nine or ten millions are Jews, who at present reject the Messiah—Perhaps about 200,000,000 may be called Christians: of these not much more than three-tenths are Protestants...among whom, alas! how few are truly devoted to God!

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 3, 1802.

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT.

(From a late London Magazine.)

THE practice of Stereotype Printing, lately adopted in Paris, by Didot, appears to be one of the most considerable improvements connected with literature, that has been made since the invention of moveable types.—Those who confound the block-printing with the solid pages produced in Didot's manner, are mistaken in their notions of its advantages. The solid blocks were carved or cut with great labour, in a mass, whereas Didot's solid pages are cast from pages first set up with moveable types, and are thus converted to the best use of which they are susceptible. Upon the stereotype plan, the page is first set up in moveable types, a mould or impression is then taken of the page with any suitable plastic material, and afterwards as many solid pages are cast from the mould as may be wanted. The expense of a solid page does not exceed that of setting it in moveable types, and the obvious advantage lies in the power, which they give of taking off as many impressions, at any time as are likely to be sold. Books by this invention, will be greatly reduced in value, and those standard works for which there is a constant demand, will never be out of print. Didot is enabled to sell at Paris, new editions of Virgil, Phædrus, Cornelius Nepos, Horace, Sallust, Ovid, the Vicar of Wakefield, the Sentimental Journey, and Lady Montague's Letters, as low as seven pence halfpenny per copy.—Mr. Philips, of St. Pauls Church-yard, hopes to be able to present the British public, in a short time, with neat and correct editions of the classics, and of many of the best English authors, on terms equally moderate.

Specimens of this new mode of printing may be seen at the Office of the Repository, where Stereotype editions of the following works are for sale:—Moliere's Plays, 8 vols.—Phædrus—Cornelius Nepos—Sallust—Virgil—Horace—Fables of Gay & Moore—Sentimental Journey, &c.—elegant bindings, and cheap.

Recipe for a Cuvon.

Take Elecampane, Liquorice-root, and well dried Indian Turnip, of each an ounce—bruise them well, put them into a new earthen vessel, and add a quart of water—boil them till reduced to half a pint—then strain it off, and put into it a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar—set it on the coals, and let it simmer gradually, till the sugar dissolves, and it becomes a sirup. Put into this sirup a table-spoonful of strong tea made of English saffron.

This sirup may be taken two or three times a day.—A child of three months old may take a tea-spoonful and grown persons in proportion.

A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF LONGEVITY

(From Poston's Daily Advertiser.)

DIED lately at Bristol in Pennsylvania, a female slave named Alice, aged 116 years.

She was born in Philadelphia of parents who came from Barbadoes, and lived in that city, until she was ten years old, when her master removed her to Dunk's Ferry, in which neighbourhood she continued to the ends of her days.

She remembered the ground on which Philadelphia stands, when it was a wilderness, and when the Indians (his chief inhabitants) hunted wild game in the woods, while the ranter, the wolf, and beasts of the forest, were prowling about the wigwags and cabins in which they lived.

Being a sensible, intelligent woman, and having a good memory, which she retained to the last, she would often make judicious remarks on the population and improvement of the city and country; hence her conversation became peculiarly interesting, especially to

the immediate descendants of the first settlers, of whose ancestors she often related acceptable anecdotes.

She remembe William Penn the proprietor of Pennsylvania, Thomas Story, James Logan, and several other distinguished characters of that day.

During a short visit which she paid to Philadelphia, last fall, many respectable persons called to see her, who were all pleased with her innocent cheerfulness, and that dignified deportment, for which (though a slave, and uneducated) she was ever remarkable.

In observing the increase of the city, she pointed out the house next to the Episcopal church, to the southward in second-street, as the first brick building that was erected in it, and it is more than probable, she was right, for it bears evident marks of antiquity. The first church she said was a small frame that stood where the present building stands, the ceiling of which she could reach with her hands from the floor.

She was a worthy member of the Episcopal society, and attended their public worship as long as she lived. Indeed, she was so zealous to perform this duty, in proper season, that she has often been met on horseback, in a till gait, to church, at the age of 95 years.

The veneration she had for the bible, induced her to lament, that she was not able to read it; but the deficiency was in part supplied by the kindness of many of her friends, who, at her request would read it to her, when she would listen with great attention, and often make pertinent remarks.

She was temperate in her living, and so careful to keep to the truth, that her veracity was never questioned—her honesty was also unimpeached, for such was her masters' confidence in it, that she was trusted at all times, to receive the ferrage money for upwards of forty years.

This extraordinary woman retained her hearing to the end of her life, but her sight began to fail gradually, in her ninety sixth year, without any other visible cause, than from old age. At one hundred she became blind, so that she could not see the sun at noon day.

Being habituated from her childhood to constant employment, her last master kindly excused her from her usual labour: but she could not be idle, for she afterwards devoted her time to fishing, at which she was very expert, and even at the late period, when her sight had so entirely left her, she would frequently row herself out into the middle of the stream, from which she seldom returned, without a handsome supply of fish for her master's table.

About the 102d year of her age, her sight gradually returned, and improved so far, that she could perceive objects moving before her, tho' she could not distinguish persons.

Before she died, her hair became perfectly white, and the last of her teeth dropt sound from her head at the age of 116 years.

When we consider how susceptible this poor woman was of right and wrong, and notice the hardships she endured for 80 years, (40 of which at least, she was steadily employed in ferrying carriages, horses, and passengers, over a wide and rapid river.) It is wonderful that she so long retained any vigour of body or mind; but a strong constitution, and above all, the sustaining power of religion, which she felt and enjoyed, enabled her to bear the severest of trials, with an complaining—trusting in hope, that a glorious Day of Liberty would be her lasting and happy enjoyment, when her great Lord and Master should see meet to loosen the fetters that were riveted upon her, in this world, by the injustice, rapacity and cruelty of man. C.

PROGRESS IN CIVILIZATION!!!

THE following article is copied from a letter received from a respectable character in Guilford county, North-Carolina, under date of May 24—"I have lately heard of something new to me. A justice of the Peace in this county, lately bought a number of Negro children, out of Virginia by weight; at three dollars and an half per pound. This manner of proceeding with human flesh I have not before been made acquainted with."

Marriages.

MARRIED—At Newport, Mr. John A. Slaso, to Miss Elizabeth Macmore.

If John had happiness before,
By marriage he has gained MUCH MORE.

Deaths.

DIED—In this city, on the 29th ult. Mr. THOMAS POLLEY, ironmonger, in the 26th year of his age.

ELEGIAC LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

AT length Fate's mandate bids stern Death advance,

To close his victim in the silent tomb;

With sweet aim he points his fatal lance,

While Hope's gay sun-beam glides his sable plume.

Though to th' unconscious dust is now consign'd,

The sacred ashes of a much-lov'd friend;

'Tis but the dream which waits all human kind,

And bids the soul enlur'd, to heav'n ascend.

Affection's tear shall yet embalm the grave,

Where PORTER'S honour'd friend is laid;

Though human skill in vain essay'd to save,

When Fate with harsh decree success foil'd.

Fre'd from his prison his glad spirit flies

Far from this sabbinary scene of woe,

And from its mansion in its native skies,

Benignly smiles on sorrowing friends below.

Thro' Life's dull path thick strew'd with many a thorn,

(While pale Disease sat brooding o'er his head,

Clasping with raven-wing'd youth's brilliant morn,

And blue eyed health on rapid pions fled.)

'Twas his to pass,—such was the stern decree,

With scarce a flow'r to cheer the dreary way;

But now from sorrow, pain and anguish free,

On seraph-wing he soars to endless day. W. J.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor cannot but feel his obligations to his friend *Horatio* for the full discussion he has given the 14th query of *Querist*, and the conclusions he has drawn in favour of the Repository. He must not, however, be understood as assuming these conclusions, any further than they involve a *sincere desire*, in the exercise of his duty, to aid the cause of virtue and morality.

"Hymn 5th" of a series of Hymns, by W. H. T. in our next.

"Answer to the Question in No. 23," by our ingenious correspondent, Mr. MAJOR, will also appear next week.

"Non Light," by *Carla*, as soon as possible. We are obliged to our correspondent in *Annals* for his collection of *Rebuses*, &c. but regret that he has not furnished answers, as this is essential previous to their being inserted.

Our correspondent *Carla* requests the following errors may be corrected—"Acrotic to Werther's," vol. i. p. 344. for *Mat* i. *Har*—Lines on *Ma*, p. 72. vol. ii. 13th l. for *"and smoky"* in *smoky*—"Lines on Summer," in the last l. 5th ver. for *"delirious vale"*, r. *"she to a glade"*—"Suffering soul" however, is agreeableness to the original.

In the piece signed *Engenia*, last vol. p. 263, 4th ver. 1. 5th. for *"cleave the air as waves"*, r. *"leave the mist way"*—(here a so the error is in the original)—in the last ver. 2d. 1st word, for *"And"*, r. *"To"*.

The editor would suggest to his correspondents the propriety of permitting small typographical errors to pass unnoticed; they are absolutely unavoidable in a work of this nature. Specially persons out of a hundred eyes observe them; and these who do will generally attribute them to the right cause, without any reflection upon the writers.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE THUNDER-STORM.

NOW from the west, in awful threat'ning form,
Thick clouds arise, portentous of a storm—
In wild confusion through the air they roll,
And, hark! the distant angry thunders growl.

Man views with awe the clouds' dark gloomy form,
And seeks for shelter from th' impending storm—
The feather'd tribe haste to the grove's recess,
And herds and flocks from danger homeward press.
In one vast sheet the lightning glares around,
And hoarse resounding thunders shake the ground;
The wild with fury howls along the plain,
And shakes the cottage of the fearful swain;
The aged trees up by their roots are torn,
And broken branches through the air are borne....
Now, from the bursting clouds the rain descends;
Each tender plant beneath its fury bends:
Wide o'er the plains the wat'ry deluge pours,
And all around the hollow tempest roars.
An awful gloom triumphant holds its reign,
And fear, and horror dwell in ev'ry scene.

Old Ocean's waves in wild distraction roar,
With fury rise, and "lash the sounding shore,"...
Before th' impetuous wind the vessel flies,
Sinks with the wave, and rises to the skies—
Pierce lightnings flash, and dreadful thunders roll,
And black destruction threatens ev'ry soul.
Through all the storm the rocking vessel rides;
Though billows, bursting o'er her sounding sides,
In death seem all the crew to overwhelm,
Yet still the pilot dauntless guides the helm,
Each seaman still the threat'ning peril braves,
And views undaunted the destructive waves:
To keep the vessel safe each one they ply,
And all the fury of the storm defy.

* * * * *

Lo, now what beauty bursts upon my sight!...
The Sun again bestows his radiant light;
The parting clouds denote the storm is o'er;
The winds are hush'd, the thunder rolls no more.
See, in the east, bright with celestial dyes,
The glowing arch expands across the skies;
The plains refresh'd meet my enraptur'd view,
And all their wonted beauty now renew.
The brooks' replenish'd current gently flow,
And to the Sun's fulgent splendors glow.
Again the plump choir chaunt forth their notes,
And softest music on each zephyr floats—
Slow glides the vessel o'er the ocean's breast;
The would-be seamen now recline at rest;
The gentle breezes fill the bended sails,
And peace upon the wat'ry deep prevails.

ORLANDO.

PHILADELPHIA, }
JUNE 21, 1802 }

ODE TO AN INFANT,

SON OF R. W.

LITTLE stranger welcome home,
Cease to sigh, fair love is near;
Soothing, hushing hope is come,—
Hark! she whispers—"Banish fear—"
"Sweets await thee little boy,
"Friends to dandle and caress,
"Parents who will share thy joy,
"Banish fear, and ease distress.

"See thy father's beaming eye
"Fondly views thy harmless face,
"Whilst thou innocent dost lie
"In thy mother's fond embrace."
God of goodness, Friend of man,
Make this pretty babe thy care;
Kindly lengthen out his span,
Guide him far from folly's snare.
Should troubles come, and griefs surround,
(For life is full of ills and toils,)
O hear his cry, and heal his wound,
And cheer his soul with heav'nly smiles.
Through the variegated scene,
Guide him, virtuous, up to man;
Teach him virtue's way serene,
Illume his mind with mercy's plan;

And O turn far his youthful ear,
From smooth-tongu'd flattery's silken voice;
But bless him with a friend sincere,
To share his tears, or share his joys.
God of goodness bless the boy,—
Make him as his mother mild;
Fill his father's heart with joy,
Mark Thy image on the Child.

X.W.T.

THE CAPTIVE.

"FAST down the west the god of day is sinking,
Fast o'er all nature fall the shades of night;
Once more, oh sun! I view thy last beams shrinking,
But ne'er again they'll bless the Captive's sight.

"Ere thro' my prison bars thy partial splendor
Again shalt bid this dreary dungeon smile—
Ere morning dawn, LORENZO must surrender
His grief-worn body to the flaming pile.

"Now, distant Naples! favorite of heav'n!
Throw on thy Corso gay, by the pleasure's train,
Breathing with bosom's light the breeze of ev'n—
Unknown to them the Captive's galling chain.

"The fisher now retiring from his labor,
Hies to his home with heart and spirits gay,
Or to the brightly measure'd of the labor,
Trips on the margin of the glassy bay.—

"Dear native lay! oft'er thy bosom gliding,
I've gaily sang beneath the moon's full sheen;
While all the ills of anxious care deriding,
I mark'd her rays silver thy waters green.

"Then bright'ning joy my youthful breast elated,
Then pleasure revell'd there unmix'd with woe;
But, oh! to deepest horrors was I fated,
And doom'd the welcome of dire Rome to know.

"Stern heartless judges! ruthless Inquisition!
Deep hidden! veil'd from ev'ry mortal eye!
Unheard ye doom'd—unheard thy latest petition!—
How just should heav'n your latest prayer deny!

"Hark! hoarse it grates! my prison door unfolding—
Peace, peace! my heart thy wanted courage keep—
Farewell, O sun! thy beams no more beholding....
These eyes to-night close in death's awful sleep!"
LINDOR.

SELECTED.

LINES

Written on a Hermitage in Nithsdale.

BY BURNS.

"Grave these maxims on thy soul."

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken steel,
Grave these maxims on thy soul:—

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost:
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will ever lour.
Happiness is but a name,
Make content and care thy aim;
Ambition is a meteor's gleam,
Fame an idle, restless dream,
Peace the tenderest flow'r of Spring,
Pleasures, insects on the wing—
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own—
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locust, save the flow'r.
For the future be prepar'd,
Guard whenever thou can'st guard;
But thy utmost duty done,
Welcome what thou can'st not shun.
Follies past give thou to air—
Make their consequence thy care.
Keep the name of man in mind,
And dishonor not thy kind.
Reverence with lowly heart,
Him whose wondrous work thou art
Keep His goodness still in view,
Thy trust and thy example too.
Stranger go! heaven be thy guide,
Quoth the headman of Nithside.

ABSOLUTION.

IT blew a hard storm, and in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get absolution;
Which done, and the weight of the sins they confess'd
Was transfer'd, as they tho't, from themselves to the
priest;
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson souze into the ocean.

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either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible
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AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, July 10, 1802.

OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XXI.

Slave trade.—A most agreeable surprise.—News from the parsonage.—An offer: how received.—Two eloquent.—A new style of fingering.—Mrs. Pawlet metamorphosed.—An appointment in the country.—Gregory fears that Barclay is deranged.—The manuscripts destroyed.—Gregory on his knees.—Mr. Grab's speech to Barclay.

HAVING terminated the last chapter with an allusion to a trade the most diabolical that ever obtained amongst men, I must say a word or two on it before I proceed.

We justly despise and abhor the bawd who traffics in human flesh, though the object is what some call pleasure, that she procures for those she benefits by; whilst, with shameful blindness, we laud and esteem such as steal beings of our own nature, endowed with our feelings, sympathies, and passions, and sell them, without hope of restoration, to die far from their native homes, parents, children, liberty and friends, in slavery and woe. Horrible commerce! The thirst of gain can go no further!

Barclay was now constantly visited by Gregory, who scarcely ever came empty handed; and, getting by his literary labour a very comfortable subsistence, he had nothing to complain of but the loss of freedom and his mistress. To a lover, and an Englishman, however, what could he have more worthy of the severest complaint!

Sitting in his room one day, in pensive mood, thinking of Penelope, and of times he beheld no prospect of ever seeing more, he was interrupted by some one knocking at his door, and he had scarcely uttered "come in," when Mr. George Pawlet appeared before him.—Barclay's heart leaped in his bosom as he saw him, and starting from his chair, he met him half way, and after an exchange of friendly sentiment towards each other, Barclay, first giving him a chair, exclaimed, "but how am I to account for this visit—this welcome visit? I am at a stand to guess even in what manner it came to your knowledge that I was here."

"I learnt it by a letter."

"A letter, from whom?"

"An anonymous one," said the Merchant. "I have it in my pocket; perhaps you may know the hand-writing."

"Gregory's," cried Barclay, looking at it.

"Well, no matter whose it is," continued Mr. Pawlet; "it was written with a friendly intention. The moment I received it, and read that you were confined, I went to my brother's. Poor man this affair has made him very miserable!"

"But Miss Penelope," interrupted Barclay—"how—what—"

"She," said the Merchant, "is well, but always melancholy. She still loves you, and Mr. Von Hein sues in vain, although seconded by the parson, who wishes to keep his promise. When I had taken him in private, and unfolded to him the contents of the letter I had received, he was shocked at Mr. Von Hein's conduct, for he knew he was the cause of it. 'That's going too far indeed!' said he. 'No, this must not be. We must liberate him, and keep it a secret from Von Hein.' I willingly agreed to this, and here I am for that purpose."

Barclay had experienced quite enough of confinement to make him long for liberty, but his love of independence still made him doubt what to say:—he could only exclaim, "I am unworthy of such bounty!"

"Come, come," said Mr. Pawlet, "I know your high spirit, but I will perform the object of my mission. I have been in business, and have seen so much of life, that I know when a man gets into a prison, he's like a ship sinking with a leak; while they remain in that condition they must both perish; but take the water out of the ship, and the load of debt off the prisoner, and they may both prosper. Surely you may as well owe us the money as your present creditors. We'll let you out, and you'll probably repay us; but being here, you can never repay them."

The thoughts of freedom, and something he could not explain, added to the Merchant's reasoning, which his heart was prompt to acknowledge just, determined him to accept his proposal.

"Your goodness and your brother's entirely overcome me," said he. "I will not refuse this great mark of your benevolence."

"But continued Barclay, "I shall hope that you will put me in some way, by which my talents may in time, liquidate the sum you advance for me, although my gratitude must for ever remain your debtor."

Barclay could not avoid observing an uncommon degree of liveliness in the Merchant's countenance the moment he entered, and was at a loss to guess the cause; but the conversation being now changed by Mr. Pawlet, he was quickly told what had produced it.

"It is but fair," said he, that I should promote the comfort of others as mine has

been promoted. Oh, we have had such work Mr. Temple, in our village, since your absence, as you will not easily imagine."

"Ay," replied Barclay, "I am anxious to know what has happened."

"In the first place," said he, "I have got rid of two of my plagues."

"Two!" cried Barclay, thinking that Master Stephen might be off with *Nadame*, but not conceiving who the other could be—"is Mrs. Pawlet dead?"

"No, no," continued the Merchant, "but she is quiet. Music's all over at our house now. Stephen and Phyllis are both gone and I have not heard a note since. Stephen ran away with the Hon. Mr. Buckle's woman, and has settled in town."—"And Miss Phyllis?" said Barclay.

"She," added he, "was seduced by the French Abbe—I suppose, for the sake of her fortune. My wife took on sadly, and called him a *thorough base rascal*, and so I think he is; but yet I cannot be angry at the good office he has done me."—"And what is become of them?" Barclay inquired.

"Mr. Buckle still countenances the Abbe," he replied, "and they live at present in his house. My wife will not see either her or him, and has quite given up playing. I should have told you, by-the-bye, that it was but a week before this, she sent twenty miles for a music master, who professed to teach a *new style of fingering*, and he had not given her above three lessons, when he absconded, taking away two dozen of our silver spoons. You must believe that I am not sorry these vagaries are at an end."

"Indeed I am not," said Barclay; "but, talking of vagaries, pray how does my old mistress go on?"

"Oh, poor soul," replied the Merchant, "she is wholly metamorphosed too, but not much for the better. The last thing I heard her say in her old way, was to Mr. Von Hein, respecting Penelope and you—"Don't be afraid of their ever coming together," said she; "they can never meet, any more than two parallel lines, were their existence prolonged to infinity."

"That is the woman precisely," cried Barclay; "but what has she changed to, I beg to know?"

"She has been reading Mr. Addlehead on the Prophets," said he, "until she has become a perfect convert to his opinions, the world will be at an end, I think it is, the week after next. In this persuasion, she has entirely given up all her other pursuits. But this like her former follies, will, I dare say, soon give place to some other."

Barclay now seized an opportunity to renew his inquiries about Penelope, and put

a thousand questions to the Merchant concerning her; the sum of his answers to which has already been given. He then requested, as the business could not be settled in a moment, that he would stay there and dine with him.

"No," said Mr. Pawlet, "that I cannot do. I have taken a seat in the stage, and must leave you immediately. My instant return is necessary, to prevent suspicions. Von Hein must not know that we are your deliverers; therefore, too, that I may have a reserve of conscience, if asked, I shall not pay your debts, but leave you the money to perform the office yourself. 'Here,' continued he, pulling out his pocket book, 'here are three hundred pounds: the demand on you is, I believe, about two hundred and thirty pounds; the fees will make it something more. You discharge it, and account to me for the difference.'

Barclay pressed his hand as he received the notes, in such a manner as fully expressed the warmth of his feeling.

"You know *****," added he, "in about thirty miles from our village."

"I do," replied Barclay.

"Well then," said Mr. Pawlet, "I shall expect to see you there as soon as you are able. I cannot come to you, or I would not give you so much trouble. When you arrive, send some one to inform me of it. We'll then fix on what you shall do. I have formed a plan in my head, but at present I shall say nothing about it."

Taking his watch out of his pocket, he cried, "my time is up:—till we meet again, adieu!"

He refused to let Barclay see him out, saying, "its better that we should not be seen together," so hurried away.

When Mr. Pawlet was gone, our hero's soul began to expand. He was free—he breathed—he lived again.—Whilst he was walking up and down his room, enjoying the happy novelty of his situation, Gregory, according to custom, entered the room. He gazed at Barclay, who stood with his head erect, and his ample crest swelled out, looking, as it were, twice his usual size. Gregory would have been alarmed, had he not seen something like joy playing about his eyes, and an expression in all his features.

At the sight of Gregory, Barclay, presently recollected what he had done—the letter he had sent. But what could he say to him? How could he be displeased?

"I am glad, Sir, to see you look so well to day," said Gregory. "I suppose you have been happy in your writings. I met Mr. Pulp's foreman as I came along; he told me the press was at a stand, and desir-

ed me to tell you to send some matter—if you've got any done I'll take it."

"Let the press forever stand and starve!" cried Barclay, good-humouredly; "its ever-craving maw shall not be fed by me. Here I have some provender for it," continued he, taking up a parcel of papers lying on the table, "but it shall never be the better for it—no" (tearing them) "there, there Mr. Pulp, this is the last paper I'll waste on you."

Gregory stared at him, and really began to fear that his brain was turned.

"Should you like to take a trip into the country, Gregory?" he asked.

This question left him no doubt but his suspicions were just; and Barclay, guessing from his manner what his thoughts were, exclaimed, you think me out of my wits, I dare say; and so I ought to be—I am free!"

"F—f—free!" stuttered Gregory, his countenance changing all at once.

"Yes," replied Barclay; "Mr. Pawlet has been here, and generously lent me 300l."

Gregory dropt suddenly on his knees, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, uttered such a heart-felt prayer of thanks, as listening angels might have glowed to hear!

Barclay now let him into the fact, and Gregory's joy was so great, and shewed itself so oddly, that Barclay in his turn, began to think he was crazy.

While Gregory, with the utmost alacrity conveyed away his goods to his own lodgings, Barclay was discharging the debt; and, making a handsome present to the *martyrs to genius*, to be spent by the club, he quitted the Bench, and once more respired the air of liberty.

I should have remarked, however, that in taking leave of his companions, Grub said to him: "you won't thank me perhaps for the compliment, Mr. Temple, but may I be cut up in every review that's published, if I an't sorry your a going. Well, well, I wish it may fare better with you out than in; but, speaking from experience, I have little hopes of it. This is the hot bed of genius. Travels, you know, are my fort—late of Pembroke, eh? Well, how could I write my travels, when people saw me walking about the streets every day? No, I never lived like a gentleman till I came here!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SAYING OF THE MAHOMETANS.

The Mahometans, who affect to express their moral doctrine in a kind of proverbial chain of parallels, say, "There are five things which a wise man will ground on: hopes on; the colour of a cloud, because imaginary; the friendship of the covetous, because mercenary; beauty, because frail; praise, because airy; and the pleasures of this world, because deceitful."

174. 01/8

ANECDOTES.

WHEN Garrick first came on the stage, and one very sultry evening, in the month of May, performed the character of *Lear*, he in the first four acts received the customary tribute of applause. At the conclusion of the fifth, when he wept over the body of Cordelia, every eye caught the soft infection, the big tear ran down from every cheek. At this interesting moment, to the astonishment of all present, his face assumed a new character, and his whole frame appeared agitated by a new passion;—it was not tragic, for he was evidently endeavouring to suppress a laugh. In a few seconds, the attendant nobles appeared to be affected in the same manner; and the beautiful Cordelia, who was reclined upon a crimson couch, opening her eyes to see what occasioned the interruption, leaped from her sofa, and, with the *majesty of England, the gallant Albany, and tough old Kent*, ran laughing off the stage.

The audience could not account for this strange termination of a *tragedy*, in any other way than by supposing the *dramatis personæ* were seized with a sudden frenzy; but their risibility had a different source. A fat Whitechapel butcher, seated in the centre bench of the pit, was accompanied by his mastiff, who, being accustomed to sit on the same seat with his master at home, naturally thought he might enjoy the like privilege here. The butcher sat back, and the quadruped finding a fair opening, got upon the bench, and fixing his fore paws on the rail of the orchestra, stared at the performers with as upright a head and as grave an air, as the most sagacious critic of his day. Our corpulent slaughter man was made of melting stuff, and not being accustomed to a playhouse heat found himself much oppressed by the weight of a large and well powdered Sunday peruke, which for the gratification of cooling and wiping his head, he pulled off, and placed on the head of his mastiff. The dog being in so conspicuous, so obtrusive a situation, caught the eye of Mr. Garrick and the other performers. A mastiff in a church-wardens wig (for the butcher was a parish officer) was too much, it would have provoked laughter in *Lear* himself, at the moment he was most distressed,—no wonder then that it had such an effect on the representative.

AS a boat loaded with sheep was going down the Garonne to Bourdeaux, a passenger, in the evening, resting himself on a bench, fell asleep. An old ram, observing his head tossing this way and that, accord-

ing to the motion of the boat, took it for a challenge, and flew against him with such violence, that the blood ran plentifully. The poor fellow finding his sad situation, and irritated by being laughed at, seized the old ram in his anger, and tossed him overboard. The owner of the sheep, vexed at this treatment of his ram, felt to mangle the bloody head still worse. In the meantime, the rest of the sheep seeing how their leader had leaped overboard, very honestly leaped after him; and as it was dark, and the crew in confusion, were all lost. As soon as the parties arrived at Bourdeaux, they commenced three suits;—one by the owner, for the value of the sheep—one by the beaten man, for assault—and one by the boatman, for the freight of the sheep. The court considered the case so complicated, and the aggressions so nicely balanced, that they could not grant damages to either of the parties.

Some years ago a new clock was placed in the Temple Hall, London:—when finished the clock-maker was desired to wait on the Benchers of the Temple who would think of a suitable motto. He applied several times, but without getting the desired information, as they had not determined on the inscription. Continuing to importune them he at last came when the old benchers were met in the Temple, and had just sat down to dinner. The workman again requested to be informed of the motto—one of the Benchers, who thought this application ill-timed, and who was fonder of eating and drinking than inventing original mottos, testily replied, “Go about your business.” The mechanic, taking this for an answer to his question, went home and inserting at the bottom of the clock, “Go about your business,” he placed it in the Temple Hall, to the great surprise of the Benchers, who upon considering the circumstance, agreed that accident had produced a better motto than they could think of, and ever since the Temple clock has continued to remind the lawyers and the public to go to their business.

Mr. Helvetius had a Secretary named Baudot, who had known him from his infancy: And presumed from this circumstance to treat him with as rude familiarity as a sour preceptor would treat his pupil. One of the chief pleasures of this captious and ill-tempered man, was to censure the conduct, the genius, the character and the works of this mild and indulgent philosopher. His strictures were always concluded with severe and personal satire.

Having once attended with great patience to the railings of Baudot, he went to his lady, one of the most virtuous and amiable women in the world, and said, “Madam Helvetius, can it be possible that I have all the faults Baudot finds in me.” “Surely not,” said Madam Helvetius. “Nevertheless, I have some,” replied he, “and who would tell me of them, if I should turn away Baudot.”

Tartini, a celebrated musician, who was born at Parano, in Istria, being much inclined to the study in his early youth, dreamed one night that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be his at service on all occasions; and during this vision, every thing succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were prevented, and his desires always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. At last, he imagined that he presented the devil with his violin, in order to discover what kind of a musician he was, when to his great astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, and which he executed with so much taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise and so exquisite was his delight, upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensation, and instantly seized his fiddle, in hopes of expressing what he had just heard, but in vain; he, however, then composed a piece, which is, perhaps, the best of all his works, and called it the *Devil's Sonata*, but it was so far inferior to what he fancied in his sleep, that he declared he would have broken his instrument and abandoned music for ever, if he could have found any other mode of subsistence!

Dimensions of the Skeleton of the Mammoth, lately exhibited in New York.

	Feet	Inch.
Height over the shoulder,	11	0
Length from the chin to the rump,	15	0
From end of tusks to end of tail,	31	0
Width of the hips and body,	5	8
Length of the under jaw,	3	1
Weight of do. 63 1-2 pounds		
Length of the thigh bone,	3	7
Smallest circumference of the same,	1	6
Length of the large bone of fore leg,	2	9
Largest circumference of the same,	3	1 1/2
Smallest do. do.	1	5
Circumference round the elbow,	3	8
Length of the defence, or horns	10	7
Circumference of one tooth,	1	6 1/2
Weight of the same 9 lbs. 10 oz.		
The whole Skeleton weighs 1000 weight.		

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

The Cynic, No. 3.

Quisnam igitur liber?—Sapiens sibi qui imperiosus;

Quem, neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent;

Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores

Fortis;

HORACE.

Who then is free?—The wise man who can command himself: whom neither want, nor death, nor chains can terrify; brave enough to controul his desires, and despise unmeaning honours.

THE passions, so long as they preserve their superiority over reason, will confine the mind in a state of abject slavery and obedience to their controul. The freedom of our actions may furnish food for the gratification of pride, but can never prove of real benefit to ourselves, while the governing power—the mind—is held in bondage. We may boast our liberty and independence, but without the disposition to eradicate from our hearts those failings which are insurmountable obstacles to the attainment of happiness, we can never taste true enjoyment. There is one person with whom I have the honour of being intimately acquainted, who has his share of human infirmities, but can yet make himself happy in any situation. His good-humour is almost invincible. I have seen him preserve his serenity of temper when surrounded by a dozen young bucks, who were willing to pass for wits, “by roasting the old codger,” without one requisite qualification but impertinence: I have seen him exposed to the battery of his wife’s tongue, fraught with all the provocation that could be suggested by female peevishness, yet *Dick Mildman* was not to be disturbed. If he could preserve the usual temperature of his disposition in such situations as these, the reader will allow there is no other ordeal necessary to establish his character as a perfectly “good-natured man.” Yet Dick has not sunk into a state of apathy, nor has he divested himself of every trace of passion; for unluckily he is not armed at all points; and though there is but one way by which access to his irascibility can be obtained, if the unfortunate chord is touched, his bosom is instantaneously in a flame. This unguarded part of his disposition was accidentally discovered one evening by a party of young *beaux d’esprit*.

Dick was at a certain hotel, well known as a resort for the male votaries of fashion and mischief, whither he frequently repaired of an evening to make his observations, (for strange to tell, though perfectly good-natured, he possessed a considerable portion of discernment,) and as usual, whenever he visits there, his tormentors approached, forming a circle around him. One admired the fashion of his coat, which was made for him when a youth, from a pattern of his grand-fathers; another praised his graceful appearance and easy manners—but it was all ineffectual. Dick knew that he had never been educated to bow and cut capers like a modern macaronie, and knew also that he had acquired a hobble in his gait by a dislocation of his hip bone. He therefore answered all their impertinence with perfect good-humour. One luckless beau, with more inclination for frolic than prudence to apply his talents in that way, chanced to observe the peculiar nicety of my friend’s hair, which was always dressed with the most scrupulous exactness, and calculating too extensively on Dick’s quantum of forbearance, moved the candle in a direct line till it came in contact with the hair. The effect was instantaneous. The sufferer was no sooner apprized of the insult offered to his locks, than he knocked the mischievous youth with whom it originated, off his chair, and seizing his hat, precipitately retreated from the scene of his disgrace, after overturning two or three of the well-bred gentry in his passage. The flame which such a trifle had kindled in his bosom, was not easily subdued. He retired to his own house in a very discomposed state of mind, and for the first time since Mrs. Mildman had metamorphosed him from an old bachelor into a quiet husband, dared to answer her inquisitorial researches into the cause of his inquietude, in a magisterial tone. The spark was instantly communicated to the bosom of his gentle wife. The contest between them continued till after they had retired to bed, where Dick’s ire gradually cooled. Not so his cara sposa. No sooner did she perceive her good man soften his tone, than, as a politic general increases his exertion when his foe begins to evidence disorder, and fall away, her’s rose in a corresponding ratio, till Dick was obliged to evacuate his post, and take refuge in an adjoining apartment, leaving his wife to lull herself to sleep with a repetition of the curtain lecture, with which she had entertained him. The beau who had been favoured with the blow from my enraged friend’s hand, was nearly annihilated; but on re-

covering, insisted on sending a challenge, and honourably washing out the insult with blood. Fortunately there were some at hand who had sense enough to discourage it, and the fop was obliged to retire without the consolatary prospect of revenge, and by a month’s confinement, ere his deranged nerves gained their usual tone, did penance for his unlucky attempt at fun. Richard, as may be reasonably expected, never ventured there afterwards, and the recollection of the scene frequently affords some mirth to the constant visitants of the hotel.

“Perfectibility,” as Godwin terms it, is evidently not the heritage of mortality. To be free from fetters imposed by human tyranny, requires less the exertions of the mind than of the body. To break the chains imposed by one man upon another, courage tempered with prudence, and discernment to form an accurate idea of the difficulties to be obviated, are, in my opinion, all the mental exertions necessary; the completion depends more on corporeal powers. To dissolve the ignominious bonds in which we are detained by the supremacy of our passions and propensities, demands the aid of all our energies, and continued perseverance in this path of glory can alone accomplish the happy purpose. Boast not, then, my countrymen, of your freedom and your independence, when your noble and ethereal part is confined beneath the fetters of brutal inclination, and chained down by vulgar prejudice. First place Reason on the throne which is her rightful seat, and which Passion has usurped; guard every access to the propensities of your nature; close every avenue, that nothing awaken the sleeping fires—for, till the vital spark itself is extinct, they can only sleep—and then say you are free.... Till then, who is in reality so?

W.

HYPOCRISY.

THERE is no man who does not act the hypocrite on some occasion. The Count Gaspard de Schillick, who had been chancellor to three preceding emperors, said to Frederic the Third, that he would instantly retire from the world, as he saw that it was filled with hypocrites and knaves. “You must then go to some unknown country,” replied Frederic; “and yet there will be one hypocrite wherever you reside, unless you pretend to be a god and not a man.”

REMARK—If a man says that you have good sense, you will readily allow that he has a good judgment.

Consider, father, (continued she, to Gamilla,) our deplorable condition;—our husbands go to hunt with their bows and arrows, and trouble themselves no farther; while we are dragged along with one infant at our breast, and another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burden; we return with the burden of our children—and though tired with long walking, are not allowed to sleep, but must labour the whole night in grinding maize to make *chica* for them. They get drunk and beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread us under their feet.—Can human nature endure such tyranny?—What kindness can we show to our female children, equal to that of relieving them from such servitude, more bitter a thousand times than death?—I repeat again, would to God my mother had put me under ground the moment I was born.”

Narrations of this kind (and our hapless world affords subjects innumerable) ought to cure people of a perverse and wicked disposition to repine at the most trivial disasters and disappointments. Among the daughters of ease and affluence, the loss of a lap-dog or a parrot, sometimes occasions pangs of distress. The breaking of an elegant looking-glass, or a few china cups has produced faintings and hysterics; while a disappointment of enjoying a ball, or a pleasure-ride, or of obtaining some expected article of fashionable dress, has rent the heart with grief, and beclouded the face with gloom.

Now if such delicate fair ones would call to mind, and ponder the scenes of real distress, which thousands of their sisters of the human race are daily passing through, it would shame them of the habit of repining at the most trivial misfortunes. A due reflection on the distinguished felicity of their lots in life could hardly fail of its tendency to expand their hearts with gratitude, to smooth the asperities of their tempers, and to invest them with the ornamental attire of a “quiet spirit”—an article in the female wardrobe of such “great price,” that many an husband would gladly exchange for it the great fortune which his wife had brought him.

‘SELECT SENTENCES.

NUMBER IV.

If knowledge without religion was highly valuable, nothing would be more so than the devil.

We say ‘the age is corrupted.’ We speak improperly, its not the age, but the men of the age that are corrupted.

Never trust appearance; whatever noise a drum makes its only filled with air.

Thought was not implanted in the mind of man to wither away ungathered: he who is wise will watch its growth, and eagerly pluck its fruits as they ripen.

Solitary reflection, although, when it actuates a comprehensive mind and a clear conscience, it may be the greatest bliss a rational being is susceptible of, is too weighty for the weakness of our nature long to sustain, and is incompatible with the interests and affections of society. The soul is blunted by continual attention: by being long on the wing it grows weary, and falls from the height it had attained into a state of the deepest torpor: by gazing too stedfastly on the sky, it soon becomes blind; unfit for the contemplation either of heaven or of earth. He who devotes himself entirely to business, or he whom studies confine continually to his closet, is the drudge rather than the companion of mankind; and, although he may sometimes deserve our thanks, never merits from us much polite attention.

A man should early fix a standard of rectitude in his own mind, should frequently in private, measure his actions thereby, should note his deviations therefrom, and, at the same time, by his observations on other people, should endeavour to improve this ideal standard, of which, however, he should admit no alteration, without the most serious conviction. Such a man will act with confidence—his conduct will be marked with fortitude, while he will obviate the errors of obstinacy.

The mind, when restrained in its favourite pursuit, always becomes indolent for a time: it is the stagnate state of a river before the ebb sets in.

It is by collecting our thoughts alone, that we attain any knowledge of our mind; that hidden principle of action, in which the motives of what we do are sometimes lost from our own observation, and our intentions cannot be retraced by all the labours of recollection; so easy it is to lose sight of ourselves.

The Regularity of Nature in forming the Human Face.

IT is a general observation, that among the number of faces which we constantly see, we never meet with two that exactly resemble each other; but we seldom take notice of one circumstance that is very wonderful, which is, that every face is formed

in such a manner, that however ugly it may be, if not disfigured by accident, we could not change any part to render it more handsome without making it deformed, because, even in this ugliness, Nature has observed an exactness of symmetry which we should not condemn.

For example:—Suppose that we had the power of lengthening the nose of a person who has a short one, it would not be symmetrical with the other parts of the face, which being of a certain bigness, and having certain elevations and depressions, it is requisite that the nose should be proportionate.

Thus, according to certain very perfect rules, a flat-nosed person *must* be so; and, agreeable to the same rules, the regular-featured flat-nosed face would become a monster, could we give it an aquiline nose: moreover, it is sometimes necessary that a man should have *no nose*. Thus, for example, in buildings of the Tuscan order, it is proper to leave the columns without a volute: in the Corinthian or Ionic orders the volute is a beautiful ornament; but it would occasion an irregularity, and appear monstrous in the Tuscan.

These considerations show us, that we ought not to ridicule any person for their apparent defects; for those we may so conceive are most frequently perfections. A small nose, small eyes, and a large mouth, form a species of beauty, which, though perhaps not entirely consonant to our ideas of a handsome person, we should not despise; it being, in fact, a species which has its rules.

When Nature forms a face, it is with the most just rules; and such is her regularity, that every one is produced perfect to her designs. From men judging by what pleases them, we find the Chinese esteem a flat nose and small eyes; the Africans prize triangled eyebrows, while in France they admire them arched; the Lybians love large mouths; the natives of Japan blacken their teeth; and in Ethiopia the most black are the most handsome; and our despising such beauties, are only proofs of the strange differences of the human mind.

There are as many different orders of beauty as of architecture; and, considering that Nature has her laws, we can never be right in saying, *that the most ugly face in the world is equally perfect and regular with the most handsome.*

REMARK.—A good book is the best of friends; you can entertain yourself pleasantly with that when you have not a friend in whom you may confide.

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following is an exact transcript from the returns made into the Office of the Department of State, of the aggregate number in each State, agreeably to the late census; together with the number of slaves.

Representatives.	Slaves.	Total.
Virginia	22	347,000
Pennsylvania	18	1,600
Massachusetts	17	none
New-York	17	20,000
N ^c Carolina	12	133,000
S. Carolina	8	146,000
Maryland	8	103,000
Connecticut	7	1,000
N. Jersey	6	12,000
Kentucky	6	40,000
N. Hampshire	5	8
Vermont	4	none
Georgia	4	60,000
* Tennessee,	3	
Rhode-Island	2	380
Delaware	1	6,000
Totals	140	870,988

In comparing the number of males to females, it appears, that they are in the ratio of 20 to 19. This is the ratio established by nature. It proves to be the same, on examination, with one or two exceptions in every part of the world.

* * In the year 1783, the number of free white inhabitants in the United States, amounted to 2,389,300.

* From Tennessee no accurate or complete returns have yet been made.

POPULATION OF ENGLAND.

Inhabited houses,	1,575,923
Families occupying them,	1,896,723
Uninhabited houses,	57,476
Males	4,715,711
Females,	4,627,367

Total of persons, 9,343,578

Solution to the Question proposed in No. 25.

BY MR. N. MAJOR.

LET half the sum of the four numbers be denoted by $2a=16$, and put $2n$ the difference of the first and second number, and $2u$ the difference of the third and fourth number, then will the four required numbers be represented by $a-u, a+u, a-n, & a+n$, the sum of whose squares is $=4a^2+2u^2+2n^2=266$, and the sum of their fourth powers $=4a^4+12a^2u^2+2u^4+12a^2n^2+2n^4=20258$, these equations divided by 2,

we have $2a^2+u^2+n^2=133$, and $2a^4+6a^2u^2+u^4+6a^2n^2+n^4=10129$, and by transposing $2a^2+n^2$ in the equation $2a^2+u^2+n^2=133$, we have $u^2=133-2a^2$, which squared gives $u^4=25-14a^2+4a^4$, these values substituted for u^2 , and n^2 , in the equation $2a^2+6a^2u^2+u^4+6a^2n^2+n^4=10129$, we have $2a^2+30a^2+2u^4+25-10a^2=10129$, and by transposition and division, we have $u^4-5u^2=-4$, complete square and the root, gives $u=\sqrt{2.5+\sqrt{2.25}}=2$. or $=1$, either of which values being taken for u , the result will be exactly the same, by taking $u=2$, we find $n=1$, from which the numbers are found to be 6, 10, 7, and 9; which was required.

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 10, 1802.

[FROM POULSON'S GAZETTE.]

Interments in the different Burial Grounds in the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, in May, 1802, to wit,

	Adults.	Children.
1 Christ's Church	2	6
2 Saint Peter's	4	2
3 Saint Paul's	1	0
4 German Lutheran	8	11
5 German Presbyterian	3	2
6 Society of Friends	3	5
7 Saint Mary's	5	7
8 Holy Trinity	4	4
9 First Presbyterian	3	0
10 Second Presbyterian	3	1
11 Third Presbyterian	4	1
12 Scotch Presbyterian	0	0
13 Associate Church	0	0
14 Moravians	0	0
15 Swedes	0	2
16 Methodists	0	2
17 Free Quakers	0	0
18 Baptists	2	0
19 Universalists	0	2
20 Jews	0	0
21 African Episcopalians	4	1
22 African Methodists	1	1
23 Kensington burial ground	2	3
24 Coats's burial ground	0	0
25 Public burial ground	31	11
Totals	83	59

Grown Persons - 82
Children - 59

TOTAL 141

AURORA BOREALIS.

POUGHKEPSIE, July 6.—On Thursday night last, the *Aurora Borealis* made their appearance in as splendid a manner as we ever recollect to have seen. A luminous arch, or semicircle, extended from the N. West to the N. East, the diameter of which might be about

20 degrees above the horizon. From all parts of this arch, (which to appearance was about one yard in width) long pyramidal columns of apparent flame shot forth, some of which reached to the zenith, alternately rising, brightening, and fading away. The space between each arch, quite to its base, was filled with a black substance, resembling smoke, interspersed with spots of inconceivable brightness. The light which they reflected, was equal to the morning twilight, a short time before sun rising. The wind breezed gently from the south. Fahrenheit's thermometer had not for several days, much varied from the degree of summer heat, but the next day it rose several degrees higher. During the appearance of the light, there was distinctly to be heard, a low murmuring sound, in the region of the north, like the roar of distant winds. This circumstance we have remarked on several similar occasions.

These phenomena have appeared at different periods since about the year 1720; previous to that time we have no account of them, either in Europe or America. They are common in Canada, Iceland, Greenland, and other northern countries. They were very frequent in the time of the late American war, since which they have rarely visited us. The causes of their appearance have not yet been accounted for, on philosophical principles. [Poughkepsie Barometer.

AURORA BOREALIS, AT BOSTON.

On Thursday evening last, this phenomenon was accompanied by the very extraordinary appearance of a remarkably luminous belt of light extending from the eastern to the western edge of the horizon, directly thro' the Zenith, which lasted about an hour. It appeared about five degrees in breadth, and formed a complete bow, dividing the Heavens into two hemispheres. At the same time, a number of comets were seen exhibiting the appearance of light flying clouds, slowly undulating towards the centre. And during the whole night the northern part of the horizon was more enlightened than has been observed for many years.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Annan, Capt. Peter Bell, to Miss Hannah Forder, both of South-wick.

—Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Lawrence Brown, to Miss Rebecca Webb, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, On the 7th inst. Mr. John Bartholomew, for many years a respectable sugar refiner of this City, —Same day, universally and justly lamented, near Frankford, in the 42d year of her age, Mrs. Rebecca Smith, wife of Mr. Robert Smith, merchant, of this city.

—At Germantown on the 5th inst. Mr. James M'Gill, aged 84 years.

—Suddenly, at New-York, on the 4th inst. in the 78th year of his age, Mr. James Livingston, an old and truly respectable inhabitant of that city—a native of Great Britain—but many years an eminent printer and bookseller in New York.

At Acton, (N. H.) Mr. Samuel Jones aged 95. He lived with his wife, who survives him, 70 years.—His posterity amount to 110. It is worthy of notice, that at the time of his death, there were living, within one mile of him, three persons upwards of 50, and in that small town, nine others, upwards of 80 years of age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines to "Evening," by Orlando, are received. The pieces he writes to will be published.
"Verses written after sickness," by Florida, and "Hymn 6th," of a series of Hymns, in our next.
Rogo is informed that the object of his enquiry can be accomplished.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HYMNS.

HYMN V.

The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.

Psalm xiv. 1.

WHEN round I cast my wond'ring eyes,
Up to the heav'n's, the earth below.

The air, which finite pow'r defines

It's wondrous qualities to know;

One truth is clear,

They all declare,

Supreme on high there is a God,

Who shakes creation with his nod,

And rules the circling spheres.

See, each performs th' appointed round,

Nor lags, nor lingers in the race;

No imperfection's to be found.

Nor for improvement any place:

The vast design,

O God! was thine—

Form'd in thy all-creative mind,

Where goodness, mercy, love, combin'd,

One INFINITE appears.

Ye fools who talk of atoms' dance,

Tell how yon suns benignly shine?

Say how the planets all advance,

By laws, in harmony divine?

Tell whence the light,

To banish night,

Received its origin? and why

So swift, it journeying thro' the sky,

Abundant blessing brings?

Shall man be vain?...hark! thunders roll!

The livid lightning fearful flies,

From arctic to antarctic pole

It darts across th' astonish'd skies:

Nature appears

Convuls'd with fears,

And cries aloud, "There is a God,—

"Who by His wisdom, hand and rod

"Guides all created things."

Be still, and own His mighty pow'r,

Ye self-opinion'd daring band;

Can ye support a wrathful hour?

Or brave His omnipotent hand?

Learn to be wise,

No more despise

His goodness infinite, and grace,

Surrounding all the human race,—

Unpurchas'd large and free;

Come own His pow'r, His being own,

With grateful, willing hearts submit;

End low before your Maker's throne—

An humble soul's an offering fit:

He'll hear your cries,

And still your sighs,

Disperse your doubts, your fears destroy;

He'll fill your souls with heav'nly joy,

And *YAT* your refuge be.

X. W. T.

The following Elegy on the death of a very worthy young Lady is the production of a gentleman who resides in Chestertown, Maryland, and is communicated for publication by a friend.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ELIZABETH MARTHA WICKES, DAUGHTER OF CAPT. WICKES, NEAR GEORGETOWN, MARYLAND.

Dignum laude musa vetat mori.

PEACE my perturbed soul, oh let me rest;—

But see! sure heav'n's sweet light salutes mine eyes;

Away dark phantoms, haunt the guilty breast,—

To him who dwells in light my thoughts would rise.

But hark! what sounds! oh God! what means that noise?

What moans! what sighs! come sobbing in the breeze!

And hark! I hear the unhappy screech-owl's voice,

In dismal concert with you groaning trees.

To banish fancied fears I rose from bed,

The sun's red orb hung o'er the eastern main,

The gloomy clouds of night had not yet fled,

It seem'd still doubtful which should mast'ry gain;

Pleas'd with thy charms, sweet peaceful *Morgan's* creek,

Thy swelling hills, tall woods, and verdant dale,

I thought that none in vain could comfort seek—

The heart is sick when rural medicine fails.

A lonely *Esplanade* I oft did view;

Hard fate had torn it from its native plains,

One only Rose yet sip'd October's dew,—

The lovely flower oft sooth'd my mental pains.

To this sweet flow'r I bent my lonely walk,

For sympathy is sweet to him that grieves;

But ah! the cruel blast had nip'd its stalk—

My *Lovely Rose* lay 'mong the fallen leaves.

Thus struck on *Aleganey*, deep by death,

The wounded Hind flies thro' the spacious groves,

And vainly searches till her latest breath,

To soothe her pangs, by finding those she loves:

Thus sad I travers'd the deserted walk,

Where innocence and wit, oft op'd their charms;

Where fav'rite plants and shrubs recall'd sweet talk,

Where—Oh my heart—what new unfelt alarms?

On rapid pinnions borne, the trump of fame,

Had far reported thro' the eastern shore,

And to my sicken'd heart that moment came,

With mournful tidings....*BETSEY* is no more—

No more—I cried—Oh! can it be she's gone?

Yes, my prophetic soul was not beguild—

Kind nature wept, and put her mourning on,

To shew her feelings for her favour'd child.

Benevolent nature, anxious she should please,

Lent all the graces in her ample store;

To crown the whole, simplicity and ease—

But *Betsy*, nature's favorite, is no more.

Tho' conscious of the debt to nature due,

An inmate, aident love to her she bore;

Enraptur'd oft, the living landscape drew—

Lest nature mourn, her pupil is no more.

An early knowledge of the *Galic* tongue,

Her taste and fertile genius much improv'd:

The moral beauties of a *Fenelon*,

And *Rousseau's* tender strokes she dearly lov'd.

Such views of nature, thus enjoy'd at home,
I sigh'd a wish to explore the vast domain,
O'er seas, and soils, and climes she long'd to roam,
To read the works of nature of men.

From geographic studies oft her mind,

On science' heavenly wing, aloft would rise

'Mong rolling worlds, intensely pleas'd to find

Wise nature's laws most simple in the skies.

On thought expansive as divergent rays,

"From nature up to nature's God" she'd soar,

And sigh she saw no more of Wisdom's ways—

Her sigh was heard....and *Betsy* is no more.

Father in heaven, on earth thy will be done,

O teach parental grief the humble theme;

'Twas heaven's high will that call'd the minor hymn

To taste those pleasures silence best can name.

REV. J. — D — S.

SELECTED.

THE JOYS OF SCOLDING.

SOME women take delight in dress,

And some in cards take pleasure,

While others place their happiness

In heaping hoards of treasure.

In private some delight to kiss,

Their hidden charms unfolding;

But they mistake their sover'ign bliss,

There's no such joy as scolding.

Each morning as I open my eyes,

I soon disperse all silence,

Before my neighbours can arise,

They hear my clack a mile hence.

When at the board I take my seat

There's one continued riot;

I eat, I scold,—I scold, I eat,

My clack is never quiet.

Let it be flesh, or fowl, or fish,

Though of my own providing,

I still find fault with every dish,

Still every servant chiding.

Too fat, too lean, too salt, too fresh,

I never can be suited,

But give a blast at every dish,

Bak'd, roasted, boil'd or stewed.

At night when I retire to bed,

I surely fall a weeping,

For silence is the thing I dread,

I cannot scold when sleeping.

But then my pains to mitigate,

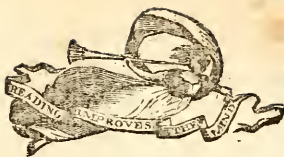
And drive away all sorrow,

Although to night may be too late,

I'll pay them off to-morrow.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository, are respectfully informed, that their 22d payment of 25 Cents, will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.

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Saturday, July 17, 1802.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XXII.

Feelings—The best meal love makes.—A country gentleman.—A living thermometer and barometer.—The old questions.—The diseases of the mind and body: which the worse.—Hiring a servant.—How to cure yourself of jacobinism.—A shriek.—The consequence. Barclay attacked by numbers.—Gregory's conduct on the occasion.—A broken head.—A discovery very little expected.—Anguish and remorse.—Barclay pressed her to his heart, and she revived.

AS Gregory had proved himself capable of such friendship as might vie with all antiquity, adhering to Barclay to the last, in the height of prosperity and in the depth of misfortune, he could not refuse him any thing. Therefore, when he petitioned to accompany him into the country, he granted his request. Barclay was anxious to begin the course which the merchant might have laid down for him, that he might the sooner refund the money he and the parson had advanced. The day after his emancipation was consequently fixed for their departure. Having packed up what things they wanted, Gregory carried them to the stage, and as Barclay found in the morning, took a place for him in the inside, and one for himself on the out. Barclay would have altered this arrangement, but Gregory's intreaties prevailed, and he let him indulge his humour.

When Barclay was seated, and the coach went off, he felt a certain pleasing premeditation about his heart, which he

could not easily define. The thought, however, that he was every minute drawing nearer and nearer to Penelope, and that he should in the end almost breathe the same atmosphere with her; and the expectation that he might perhaps even hear from her, may, without understanding much of the art of love, be found perhaps, to account pretty tolerably for the feelings he experienced. "No passion," says Granger,* "makes more frequent feasts on expectation than love; and a wicked wit has said, that these are the most pleasing meals it enjoys."

His sole companion in the carriage was a respectable-looking country gentleman, and, as he afterwards proved to be, a well informed sensible man. I have already touched on the taciturnity of strangers in this country, and it is too true (I beg the reader's pardon for having been guilty of a truth!) to admit of a contradiction. Added to this characteristic, an Englishman is the most perfect living thermometer and barometer in the universe. If all his friends had lost their sense of feeling and seeing, they would know as well from him, every time they met him, whether the weather was hot or cold, wet or dry, as if they had the liveliest use of both.

"Nice warm weather this, Sir?" said the gentleman.

"Very much so, indeed," replied Barclay, "and I hope it will be of service to the harvest."

"Hope it will, Sir," was the reply; and then a dead silence reigned for an hour, when Barclay, purchasing a news-paper at one of the turnpikes, gave rise to a more animated conversation. First, however, another eternal, never-failing question was put—

"Any news, Sir?"

"I'll read to you," said Barclay, "if you'll give me leave?"

This being readily allowed, Barclay proceeded, commenting, in a pleasant manner, as he went on, which made so great a breach in the formality before existing between them, that the gentleman began to be more communicative of his thoughts. Reading a literary paragraph, he observed:

"Sir, we have too many books already, in my opinion, and if there was not another written for a hundred years, we should still have more than are needful. The author you have been reading about, is, tho' he cloaths it in his writings, an atheist—his mind is desecrated, and no good fruit can proceed from it."

"You are in the right, Sir," replied Barclay; "and Cicero justly observes, that the diseases of the mind are more pernicious than those of the body; but he does not give this reason for it, namely, that the diseases of the body commonly affect none but the person afflicted, whilst those of the mind are often injurious to many others; and sometimes, when they attack great minds, to a whole race!"

"Which comment," said he, "seems equally just."

After these mutual compliments, they became much more familiar; and the subject of democracy being started, the gentleman told him, that he had lately had a curious conversation, in hiring a servant in the country; which Barclay intimating a wish to hear, the other related it in the following way:

"Well, Sir," said I to the man, after being satisfied with respect to the rest of his character, "I hope you are neither a ministerialist, nor an anti-ministerialist—what have such fellows as you to do with politics?"

"True, your honour," he replied, "and I am neither—but I was some time ago at

* Note on El. 5. of Tibullus.

rank Jacobin. However, I cured myself of that."

"Ay, how, prithee?" I enquired.

"Why, I said to myself one day," continued he, "Nol, said I, what is the reason my friend, that you wished the minister deposed, and the other party in place? Do you think you'd be any the better for it? Zooks, Sir, I found I could not answer this as an honest man should, so I concluded that I had been only joining the hue and cry of 'stop thief,' without knowing whether the man we were in pursuit of was a thief, or indeed, whether the thief was not amongst those who were crying, 'stop thief;' and further, I began to perceive, that I only wished a change for the sake of a bustle and a riot. Seeing this, I was ashamed of myself, and resolved never to meddle with party matters again."

"In truth, Nol," said I, "you acted the part of a wise man, and I wish the habit of consulting our consciences, about our actions, was a little more prevalent than it is. A politician is a great character, so is a philosopher, but don't be deceived by appearance: every man who abuses ministers, and complains of the constitution and laws of his country, is not a politician; nor is every one a philosopher who laughs at religion, despises all human ties, lets his beard grow, and banishes pity and humanity from his heart. Yet there are many, Nol, who would pass for politicians and philosophers, merely because they come under these descriptions."

Various other topics were now discussed, which are not of sufficient interest to merit repetition. Arriving late in the night at the inn where Barclay was obliged to quit the coach, as he was going no further on the great road, he took leave of his fellow-traveller, and it not being more than twelve miles to the place the merchant had appointed him as a rendezvous, he resolved to rest at the inn that night, and set off some time after breakfast the next morning. He was the more inclined to make this resolution, as he had a long heath to cross in his way, which, if not dangerous, was certainly, in the dark, not very agreeable or inviting. The inn he slept at stood alone on the edge of the heath, for the purpose, as it would appear, of accommodation to post-chaises and stages.

Having supped, they retired to rest. It was then about one o'clock in the morning. Barclay had not been in bed above two hours, when his attention was excited by a violent scuffling, a few rooms from the one he occupied, and he presently heard a faint shriek—faint to his ear, owing to the distance, but loud enough to fill his soul

with alarm. He started up in his bed, listened, and heard it again. 'Twas Penelope's! he had no longer cause to doubt it.

Hurrying on a part of his cloaths, and seizing his cudgel, he rushed out of his chamber, and following the sound, soon came to the door of the room—he burst in, and, with terrified looks, beheld Penelope, her hair dishevelled, struggling to escape from the arms of the Honourable Mr. Buckle, who at the sight of our hero, stood aghast, not knowing what to do.

'Villian!' cried Barclay, 'release her!'

Here he darted between them, and caught Penelope in his arms. She knew her deliverer, and stammering out his name, fainted away.

At this moment the Abbe, who had been on the watch, entered precipitately, and locked the door. Mr. Buckle being seconded, felt his courage return, and they together attacked Barclay, who held Penelope in one arm, and with the other brandished his club, in defiance of them both.

The Abbe had taken the poker, and Mr. Buckle presented a pistol, threatening to fire, if he did not instantly quit the room. Barclay was careless of his threats, and he fearing to fire, lest, as they were situated, he should hit Penelope, Barclay twice struck his pistol from his hand.

The riot was now loud enough to rouse the whole house; but the family, being probably paid for pretending to be asleep, never appeared. Not so with Gregory—he heard the bustle, and amongst other voices, his master's, and came like lightning to his assistance. He thundered and roared at the door, but all to no purpose. He would have presently broke it open, but the Abbe, aware of that, placed his back against it, and prevented him. In the midst of his rage, a thought occurred to him, and, hurrying out of the house, he climbed up to one of the windows, and just as his master was nearly overpowered, jumped into the room, and decided the fate of the day. He seized Mr. Buckle's pistol, and endeavoured to discharge it at him, but in vain; he then assaulted the Abbe, who defended himself as well as he was able; but Gregory soon brought him with a blow of his cudgel, to measure his length on the ground, with an head nearly split in two. Throwing away his stick, Gregory now began to pummel him with all his might. The Abbe vainly exclaimed—"*Monsieur Gregoire, vat you do!* Pardon, pardon!" for Gregory still persevered, swearing all the time in the most bitter manner.

At this crisis the door was broke open, and the Parson rushed in, the very picture of horror and dismay!

Seeing Mr. Buckle, he ejaculated in a piercing tone:

'Your child! She is your own child! I!' and then unable to stand, he sunk into a chair.

'Who?' cried Mr. Buckle, wildly.

'She! she!' exclaimed the Parson, pointing to Penelope, still leaning, insensible, on Barclay.

'Great God!!' he ejaculated, hiding his face with his handkerchief, then turning quickly round he added hastily—"But how—how!"

The Parson now explained as well he was able, that before Mr. Buckle went on his travels, he debauched a great number of girls, among t whom, he got one, a peasant's daughter, with child. 'She lived,' continued he, 'in a village some miles from us. The mother died of a broken heart, and I took the infant, and brought her up, and at a convenient season, let her come and live with me. She grew to my heart. I loved her as my own! and still marking the profligacy of your conduct, I could not—could not let you know she was yours. But how nearly had my well-meant secrecy, filled the remnant of my days with sore affliction and unavailing sorrow! here he closed his hands together, and bowing his head, he added, "but thou, O God, seest every thing—thou art all-wise, and orderest all things for the best!"

Mr. Buckle now, for the first time, took an inward view of himself, and shocked at the backness of his perpetual, and ever-accumulating crimes, he exclaimed, striking his forehead: 'wretch, wretch that I am: there is no mercy for me! Cling, cling misery to my heart, for, oh! I have well deserved thee! I cannot,' (looking towards Penelope, and making a motion to approach) 'no, no—I cannot—I cannot.' With this he forced himself out of the room, and throwing himself into his chaise, hurried from the scene.

Listening to the Parson's relation with extended hands, and a mind incapable of other thought, Gregory had suffered the Abbe to creep away, who had waited below, expecting Mr. Buckle to take him home; but when Mr. Buckle beheld him, he loathed his sight, and avoiding him as a pest, would not suffer his approach.

Penelope was by this time somewhat recovered, and seeing the Parson, had thrown herself into his arms. Then pointing to Barclay—"he is my deliverer!" she cried, and burst into tears. The Parson wept also.

Barclay, thinking it necessary, explained the cause of his presence there, to the per-

fect satisfaction of the Parson, who shook him warmly by the hand.

'I will stay in this detested house,' said he, 'no longer. Pen, you are weak, but bear up my child; we shall soon get relief. The chaise is waiting that brought me hither—let us return this instant.'

Penelope was so exhausted with fright, that she could make no reply, but, supported by the Parson and Barclay, she descended the stairs. Endeavouring to get into the chaise, she again almost fainted, and again reclined on Barclay. He pressed her to his heart, and she revived. Being at length seated in the chaise, they drove away leaving Barclay in doubt, so suddenly had every thing happened, whether he had not been the dupe of some idle dream.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Anecdote of General Elliot, fully equal to the one lately related of Buonaparte.

During the siege of the impenetrable fortress of Gibraltar by the Spaniards, it was customary with the general to take his nightly rounds, in order to see if all was safe, and the sentinels alert on there duty. One night disguised in his roqueleau, when on this business, he came up to a sentinel, who, overcome with fatigue, was fast asleep, with his musket in his arms. The general clapt him on the shoulder, and rousing him, said, 'thank God, General Elliot awoke you.' The poor fellow almost petrified with astonishment, dropped his arms and fell down; but in a few minutes recovering himself, the General walked on, and desired him to be more careful. Death the soldier expected must be his punishment, and dreaded the dawn of day, which he supposed would usher him to a Court-martial. Fortunately, however, for him, the General did not mention the circumstance, nor ever took further notice of it; but, a few days afterwards, the General being present while the soldiers were busily employed in carrying bags of sand, the man shewed himself particularly industrious, and, as if eager to make atonement for his past neglect, took two to carry, beneath the weight of which he could scarcely stand; this being observed by the General, he again addressed him, saying, 'My good fellow, do not attempt more than you are able to carry, lest you should sustain an injury that may deprive us of your future services which are of infinitely more consequence than the additional burden you would now carry.'

AS a cock and a horse were travelling together, 'Let us make a bargain (said the cock) not to tread on each other.'

MORAL.

Every man should take care of himself.

ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

ONE of my friends used to boast, that the most beautiful woman in the world could never make him forget his duty as a Judge. I believe you I replied, but every magistrate is a man before he is a Judge. The first emotion will be for the fair plaintiff, the second for justice; and then I related to him this tale.

A countess, handsome enough to influence the most rigid Judge in favour of the worst cause, was desired to take the part of a colonel in the army against a tradesman. The tradesman was in conference with the judge, who found his claim so clear, and so just, that he assured him of success. At the moment, the charming countess appeared in the anti-chamber. The judge ran to meet her. Her address, her air, her eyes, the tone of her voice, such an accumulation of charms were so persuasive, that in the moment he felt more as a man than a judge and he promised the lovely advocate that the colonel should gain his cause. Here the judge was engaged on both sides. When he returned to his study he found the tradesman in despair. 'I have seen her,' cried the poor man, out of his senses, 'I have seen the lady who solicits against me, she is as handsome as an angel. 'O sir! my cause is lost.' 'Put yourself in my place,' says the judge, quite confused, 'Could I refuse her?' and saying this, he took a hundred pistoles from his purse, which was the amount of the tradesman's demand, and gave them to him. The lady heard of this; and as she was scrupulously virtuous, she was fearful of laying under too great an obligation to the judge, and immediately sent him the hundred pistoles. The colonel who was as gallant as the lady was scrupulous, repaid her the money, and so in the end every one did what was right. The judge feared to be unjust, the countess was cautious of laying under too great an obligation, the colonel paid his debt, and the tradesman received his due.

Recipe to Destroy Bugs, very useful at this season of the year.

TAKE of the highest rectified spirit of wine, (viz. lamp spirits), that will burn all away dry, and leave not the least moisture behind, half a pint; newly distilled oil, or spirit of turpentine, half a pint; mix them together and break into it, in small pieces, half an ounce of camphire, which will dissolve in it in a few minutes: shake them together, & with a piece of sponge or a brush dipped in some of it, wet very well the bed or furniture wherein those vermin harbour and breed, and it will infallibly kill and de-

stroy both them and their nits, should they swarm ever so much. The bed or furniture must be well and thoroughly wet with it (the dust upon them being first brushed and shook off, by which means, it will neither stain, soil, or in the least, hurt the finest silk or damask bed. The quantity above mentioned, of this curious neat white mixture will rid any one bed whatever, if it should swarm with bugs: if you touch a live bug with a drop of it, it will die instantly. If any bug or bugs should happen to appear after once using it, it will only be for want of well wetting the lacing, &c. of the bed, or the folding of the linings or curtains near the rings, on the joints or holes in or about the bed, head-board, &c. wherein the bugs or nits nestle and breed; and then, after being well wet again with more of the same mixture, which dries in as fast as you use it, pouring some of it into the joints and holes where the sponge or brush cannot reach, will never fail absolutely to destroy them all. Some beds that have much wood work, can hardly be thoroughly cleared without being first taken down; but others may that can be drawn out or that you can get well behind, to be done as it should be.

The smell which this mixture occasions will be all gone in two or three days: its scent is very wholesome, and, to many people, agreeable. You must remember always to shake the mixture well together whenever you use it, which must be in the day-time, not by candle-light, lest the subtlety of the mixture should catch the flame whilst you are using it, and occasion damage.

ANECDOTE.

ABOUT thirty years ago, a man in the town of —, Massachusetts, endeavoured to push his own election for a member in the General Assembly; but his townsmen were so disgusted at the circumstance of his electioneering for himself, that they almost unanimously denied him their votes, and instead of making him an Assemblyman, they appointed him an over-seer of swine. Immediately on his being elected to this unexpected office, he stepped forward in town meeting, and addressing his fellow-townsmen in a very handsome manner, thanked them for the honor they had done him, and promised to discharge the duties of his office to the best of his abilities.—This promise he faithfully performed, inasmuch that not a single swine was suffered to run at large in his district, without being well yoked and ringed. At the next election, he had policy enough to be passive, when his townsmen of their own accord, set him up as candidate for the General Assembly, and almost unanimously gave him their votes.

[Balance.]

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

The Cynic, No. 4.

..... *The fair commands the song.*
Time was when clothing, sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted skins, our sires had
none.

COWPER.

WHEN I first introduced myself to the reader, I believe there was a contract made on my part for the smallest possible use of *egotism* in my lucubrations. There was, however, one thing emitted in my account of myself, for which pardon must be solicited of the fair, if any of the sex should be included in the number of my readers. This circumstance being of some importance, has induced me to repeat the monosyllable *I*, oftener perhaps than would otherwise be the case. But I hate apologies, and so to my relation. When very young, the perusal of romances, and other works of the imagination, operated so forcibly on my mind, that I worked myself more than once into a violent love-fit. Fortunately for me, the objects of my ideal passion, were wise enough to turn a deaf ear to my rapturous effusions. Reiterated disappointments converted my enthusiastic attachment to individuals into a temperate affection for the whole sex. This however was effected as much by the operation of fear as any thing else, for I had endured so much ridicule from the goddesses of my idolatry, that it inspired me with a reverential awe, which has been but little diminished as I have advanced in years. The observations I have since been enabled to make on their general character, has confirmed me in the opinion, that their talents, by their superior brilliancy, compensate for the deficiency of that solidity which distinguishes my own sex, and their aptness to receive and improve upon all ideas, with their docility in learning the more refined branches of *science*, as *dancing*, &c. must certainly place them on a parallel with men, if not elevate them above it. I was led into these reflections, by observing what immense improvements were daily made by my fair country-women in the regions of *Fancy* and *Fashion*. Indeed their talents for improvement and extension are universal. Every idea of a new absurdity in dress which they borrow, is so vastly improved, that like most of the empty bubbles that float on the buoyant surface of the

wildly-meandering stream of fashion, the original parents are obliged to consign the offspring of fancy to those who have erased every feature of rationality from its countenance. *Head-dresses* have heretofore been the centre of operations—Turbans from the black inhabitants of St. Domingo—Bonnets from the Nile (or Nile Bonnets at least)—Wigs, originally from the ensanguined plains of Italy, or the blood-stained banks of the Rhine, have in their turns presided on the head of beauty; and those locks which were once the pride of some of their uninformed fellow-creatures, pressed into the service of the ladies, become the ornaments of refinement and the auxiliaries of fashion. How much to be admired is this disposition to make things apparently of no intrinsic value, contribute to the triumph of beauty, and aid the powers of fascination! With the male part of the creation, who boast the possession of reason, the progress of fashion, though considerable, is not so rapid. Indeed the fair seem to anticipate every improvement, and appropriate the cultivation of personal attraction almost exclusively to themselves. How delighted must every admirer of beauty feel—how elated must be every patriotic bosom, when we behold the fashionable follies of the old world transplanted into the prolific soil of America, and flourish in all their natural luxuriance. These exotics, thus engrafted on the fruitful stock of our native genius, expand their gaudy blossoms, and throw the veteran nations of Europe in the back ground of this genuine sketch of the state of the present fashionable times. The celebrated Cowper observes,

Time was when clothing, sumptuous or for use,
Save their own painted skins our sires had none.

The belles of the present day venerating the virtues of their renowned ancestors, are emulous of recalling the age of perfect simplicity, and by a rapid gradation are approaching the enviable situation of their predecessors, as recorded by the poet. Animated by a noble spirit of generosity and independence, and conscious of the powers of attraction they possess, they appear determined to rise superior to vulgar maxims and received prejudices, and reveal in all their native *loveliness*, those charms which the influence of the despot, Custom, has too long concealed. Admirable elevation of sentiment!—how will every bosom heave, every heart throb with wild emotion, when the joyful period shall arrive, and the glorious contemplated reformation in the habits of the sex shall be completed!

What incalculable benefits must result from the proposed revolution! Manners must correspond with appearances; the artful decorations which at present are used to set off the fair form of beauty, will be laid aside, and the simple ornaments of our sires substituted in their place; then my country with what pride will I acknowledge thee! Comparatively in a state of infancy when weighed in the balance against the old world, how rapid has been thy progress in refinement!—last to receive the genial influence of fashion, thou wilt be the first to establish her unlimited empire over the mind, and rear her fantastic ensign on the annihilation of those degrading customs which have hitherto depressed genius, and chained down the powers of intellect. The ladies patriotically resolve to prove the daring spirit of their country, and evince to the world their heroism. Go on ye fair champions of folly, and daughters of dissipation—go on and prosper. Succeeding ages shall find no improvement to make in the vast field you have engaged in, for you will have anticipated them all. Fame shall record on her page, in characters never to be obliterated, the courage with which you burst the chains of those tyrants—Delicacy and Virtue. Let Europe boast her statesmen, her warriors and her men of science—let them obey the imperious dictates of custom, duty or honour; be it *your* pride to condemn their despicable meanness, and while they embrace their fetters as the preservers of their dearest privileges, with the uninteresting languid smile of servile pride, be it *yours* to erect on the ruins of prejudice, a monument to your genius and heroism, immortal as the goddess of your adorations. Society must bless the happy æra; recorded in the annals of our country, posterity must celebrate the joyful epocha of this our second attainment of Independence, with infinitely greater gladness than the first. No longer shall there exist such species of beings, as prudes, coquettes, or old *maids*; but all distinctions will be lost amid the reign of Folly, the whirl of Fashion, and the triumph of Pleasure. Variety, in all her fantastic shapes, will preside over the widely-extended scene of uninterrupted delight, and banishing Prudence and Reflection to the wild deserts of some country, whose impervious mazes have never been explored by human eye, continue to be the benignant divinity of an earthly Elysium—*O virtue! O patria mea!*

The Caterer.

NO. III.

By PETER DILIGENT.

AMONG the many foolish modes of gratifying the malignant passions, none can be more inconsistent, than that which sometimes takes place among the Hindoos in the East-Indies. Not very long ago, one of these people living at a small village, a few miles from Benares, had a dispute with one of his neighbours, concerning the use of a sugar-mill, the right of watering his grounds, and some other matters, which could easily have been redressed, had he made proper application; but without seeking relief by law, he repaired to the door of his opponent, and in the frenzy of passion, ripped up his own body, and then desired to be carried to the Resident in order to obtain justice; but he expired on the way.—This to be sure must be allowed to be a more summary mode, than that which is prevalent in this country, among our *Majors and Generals*, and *ceteras*; but it is quite as safe for society. The poor Hindoo vents his passion at once, and is the alone sufferer; but here (mark the progress of civilization!) our high-blooded *gentry* must first challenge each other to fight a duel—awaken the utmost anxiety of their friends and families—place their feelings on the rack—they must meet, with their seconds—measure their ground—and fire both at once: that is to say, they must try to murder each other both at the same time. If they don't do it the first fire, they must try a second time, perhaps a third or fourth; or even a fifth; of which we have had a recent example. For such is the sanguinary *laws of honour*, that nothing but the blood of one or both of the parties will satisfy them.—But where, O my country! do thy laws slumber?—to what dark corner have they fled? when even those who have had a voice in making them, are suffered to violate them with impunity. Nay, thy laws have not fled—they still exist, a satire upon thy citizens; and proclaim aloud, that *virtue* no longer actuates their bosoms.

To tell these *men of honour*, that their sanguinary mode of settling differences is contrary to the laws of the land, destructive of domestic happiness, and an open violation of the precepts of Christianity, is talking to the wind.—To forgive injuries is no part of their creed.

OF LIFE.

THERE is not a word in the English language more frequently used, nor more am-

biguous in its meaning, than LIFE. We hear of persons being *acquainted with life*, *enjoying life*, *having a taste for life*. Misers, lovers, men of pleasure, business and ambition, appropriate it to themselves, and exclude the pretension of all the world beside. They permit others to breathe, and move and exist; but to LIVE, is a peculiar privilege of their own. Even those who invert the course of nature, and never begin to wake 'till the season of repose, assume the name of *fine spirits*, possessed of the "invaluable secret of improving life to the utmost, and entitled to treat the most respectable characters with contempt. Passion, education, and fancy, determine men to different pursuits, and pride is always ready to vindicate their choice. Hence it happens, that every station has had its friends and advocates; that some are charmed with the grandeur of a public scene, and others with the freedom and independence of obscurity; that some look upon life as a ridiculous farce, and others as an agreeable tour, always presenting new prospects, pleasures, and adventures. If you will believe the philosopher, no gratification is so exquisite as the discovery of truth; and if you credit the Epicure, no entertainment is like that of a luxurious table.

According to the degrees of life which mankind seem to possess, they cannot be more justly divided than into the three classes of *rational*, *animal*, and *vegetable*. If all but the first were to be cancelled out of existence, what a proscription would there be of the human race! For none belong to that order, but those who consider the end pointed out by their frame and situation, and unite every passion and faculty in the pursuit of them: who fill some useful place in society, and direct their actions by well examined and approved principles. In the second class, we may range all those who blindly follow the dictates of custom, and yield to the impression of every object round them, without any guide but sense, or any power but that of imitation, who have sensibility without sentiment and vivacity without pleasure. The lowest in this scale are those who look upon themselves as made to consume the fruits of the ground, and have no other sense but hunger and thirst. Their whole employment is to excite and gratify their appetites: their pleasure is insensibility, and the most distinguished periods of their lives are the seasons of refreshment and rest; and, therefore, they may be compared to those vegetables which flourish or

decay as the elements bestow or deny their influence.

The highest perfection of life is, that regular system of thinking or acting, which affords the completest gratification to the mind and body, and produces most public and private happiness.

A RECEIPT FOR FRIENDSHIP.

IN Pliny's Natural History, we find a curious receipt for making the Roman *Friendship*; a cordial that was universally esteemed in those days, and very few families of any credit were without it. In the same place, he says, they were indebted to the Greeks for this receipt, who had it in the greatest perfection.

The old Roman friendship, was a composition of several ingredients, of which the principal was *union of hearts*, a fine flower that grew in several parts of the empire; *sincerity*, *frankness*, *disinterestedness*, *pity*, and *tenderness*, of each an equal quantity; these were all mixed together with two rich oils, which they called *perpetual kind wishes*, and *serenity of temper*; and the whole was strongly perfumed with the *desire of pleasing*, which gave it a most grateful smell, and was a sure restorative in all sorts of vapours. This cordial thus prepared, was of so durable a nature, that no length of time could waste it; and what is very remarkable, says our author, it increased in weight and value the longer you kept it.

The Moderns have most grossly adulterated this fine receipt: some of the ingredients, indeed, are not to be found; but what they impose upon you, as friendship, is as follows:

Outward professions, (a common weed that grows every where) instead of the flower of *union*; the *desire of being pleased*, a large quantity; of *self-interest*, *convenience*, and *reservedness*, many handfuls; a *little pity* and *tenderness*. But some pretend to make it up without these two last; and the common oil of *inconstancy*, which, like our linseed oil, is cold drawn every hour, serves to mix them together. Most of these ingredients being of a perishable nature, it will not keep, and shews itself to be counterfeit, by lessening continually in weight and value.

MAXIM.

THE advantage of living does not consist in length of days, but in the right improvement of them. As many days as we pass without doing some good, are so many days entirely lost.

The Enigmatist, No. 4.

....*"Vtalis quodcumque potest, aigne addit aceruo"*
1102.

He collects everything in his power, and adds it to the heap.

25. In what order must I plant 14 trees, to make 21 rows, each row to contain 3 trees?

26. 2 pray meet me 2.

27. What is the signification of *Em*?

28. Why is a man above stairs, murdering his wife, doing what every good man ought?

29. If you were up-stairs when the house was on fire, and the stairs away, how would you get down?

30. Why do *white* sheep eat more than *black*?

31. My first, if you do, will increase,
My second, will keep you from heav'n,
My whole, such is human caprice,
Is seldom taken than giv'n.

32. What word is that of seven syllables in which there is only one of the vowels used?

ROGO.

CARD.—*Rogo begs leave to state to his readers, that he is not accountable for any trespass upon orthographical accuracy, which they may find in his communications, as they are not original, as was expressed in his introduction.*

Answers to the Enigmatist, No. 3, page 277.

21. A Bed-fellow.

22. Innocence.—In O sense.

23. Abundance.

24. Wo-man.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

TO so great an excess is LUXURY carried in Paris, that several ladies actually have their hair powdered with FILINGS OF GOLD! We thought this folly would have expired with the profligate and silly successor of MARCUS AURELIUS.

The young ladies wear their wigs a LA TITUS; the matrons have got into more sober attire; crape gowns are all the mode, and wreaths of muslin, with vine leaves and wreaths of flowers, form the generality of head dresses. Some have their veils twisted into turbans, but this fashion seems on the decline.

Their favourite head-dress in the CÔTE DE BEAL at Paris, consists of the hair in tortuous locks upon the forehead and

cheek, and then combed smoothly back to the nape of the neck, where it is twisted, braided with pearls, comes round the fore part of the head, beneath which, on the left side, passes a golden arrow, standing erect, the feathered end up, like an esprit, and the barb pointing down towards the ear. A white petticoat ornamented round the bottom with pink lozenges, edged with gold or silver muslin, with short sleeves, and cut low behind and before. No handkerchief.

The Parisian young men of fashion have laid aside the figured flaps to the pockets of their blue frock coats. The scarlet waistcoat with falling flaps, is sometimes trimmed with gold edging, and sometimes with bread galloon. The black *culotte* is still worn short, with small tufts to the knee-bands, which pass into small golden buckles. The hat has departed a little from the Prussian form, though its leaf is still very broad. The watch keys are in the shape of a pair of bellows; some of them are at once a key, a double seal, and a box for a portrait.

NEW HEAD DRESS.

The Fury Head-Dress is one of the most fashionable in the present Parisian costume. It consists of a band of long twisted curls round the face in imitation of *snakes and scorpions*.

AN ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

SIR,

YOUR behaviour last night has convinced me, that you are a scoundrel; and your letter this morning that you are a fool. If I should accept your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a duty to God, and to my country, which I think cannot without folly be staked against your's. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this letter, secretly exult in your own safety: but remember, to prevent assassination, I have a *sword*; and to chastise insolence, a *cane*.

GREATNESS OF SCUL.

When Lord Carlisle, Mr. Eden, and Governor Johnstone came to this country, in the year 1778, as Commissioners to accommodate the differences between Great Britain and the United States, they employed an American lady to make secret overtures to several of the leading members of Congress. To General Read she was authorised to promise the sum of £. 10,000 sterling, and the best office in the country in his majesty's gift, on condition of his exerting his talents and influence in bringing about a reconciliation between the contending parties.—His reply to this proposition is equal perhaps to any thing on record.—"Madam," said he, "I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of England is not rich enough to do it."

ANECDOTE.

AMONG the strange, and generally ridiculous anecdotes of Americans, so common in foreign prints, we have not seen any more singular than the following, from a Glasgow paper of the 23th January, 1802.—"The following anecdote is told by a gentleman who came passenger in the Recovery, from New-York, at the time the Fever was raging there, he met a dray loaded with coffins; the drayman swaggering behind, half drunk, singing, "Hail Columbia! happy land!"

NATIONAL DEBT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The London Monthly Magazine says,—"the value of all the gold and silver that has been taken from the bowels of the earth, as far as history or tradition extends, falls short of the national debt of Great Britain; for the latter on the 5th of August 1796 amounted to 409,665,570l. 18s. 4d. and the whole of the former makes only 367,166,668l. so that the national debt is greater by above 42 millions sterling,

"It appears also that if Great Britain had possession of all the mines in the world, they would not pay half the interest of her debt; for the whole annual produce of the mines are below eight millions sterling; and the interest of the national debt, on the 5th of August, was 16,272,597l. 5s. 7d.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Annapolis, (Mar.) June 26.

SIR,

The following are copied from publications of twenty years standing; they may probably amuse some of your readers F. G.

PARADOX.

ONE thing of you kind sir, I crave, Which you yourself can never have; Yet, if you love me as you say, Pray give it me—I'm sure you may.

REBUSES.

Cato and Chloe combin'd well together, Will furnish a thing not amiss in cold weather.

Ye witty swains, and lovely fair, Take a garment of ye wear, Cast one fourth of it away; Then a savage beast of prey, Equally you must divide; With half what causes ships to ride: Connecting these, a thing you have, That makes our great men often rave.

(To be Continued.)

H Y M N S.

HYMN VI.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Psalm. ciii. 3.

EARLY, my God, from cares, from troubles free,
My soul would rise on Meditation's wing;
Would grateful offering humbly bring to thee,
Who art of life the increased spring:
O Spirit divine, tune my tongue
To praise my Maker in my song.

Since life, thy gift, did warm my feeble frame,
And taught me active members all to move,
Thou ALL-WISE BEING, still my end and aim,
Hast guarded safe, encircling in thy love:
A sure defence I ever found,
And still thy goodness doth abound,
In childhood's playful, thoughtless, giddy age,
When all I would were only trifling toys,
Thy tenderness did every grief assuage,
Lest all my joys, and banish'd all my sighs:
Around me smil'd a pleasing band
Of comforts flowing from thy hand.

When youthful thoughts, and op'ning views impell'd
My hand to act, my active thoughts to soar;
When fancy open'd wide a flow'ry field,
And passion whis'erd, "All these sweets explore,"
Thy Spirit came with heav'nly light,
And dark delusion sunk in night:

Thou clear'd'st from mists my intellect's equal ray,
And sinful pleasures' mists thus from me clear'd;
I saw there DEATH—DESTRUCTION led the way—
Thy Spirit call'd and thy mercy sav'd:
Henceforth my song shall ever be
Thy love, thy goodness, matchless, free.

Thus thou hast led, through every changing stage,
In life's eventful course, me up to man:
By thee my soul has brav'd proud passion's rage,
And every view extends thy mercy's plan:
Inspire my heart, O teach my tongue,
To sound thy praise in endless song.

X. W. T.

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 17, 1802.

MR. WILLIAM MORSE, of New-Haven, Connecticut, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, *Mavor's Voyages and Travels*, in the same style, and at the same price as the Philadelphia edition, now publishing by Mr. SAMUEL F. BRADFORD.

Accounts respecting the Revival of Religion, from Camden, South Carolina, dated June 1st, state, that at a meeting lately held at the Wexhaw settlement in that place, not less than *twenty-one* *divines* attended, viz. eleven of the Presbyterian, five of the Baptist, and five of the Methodist denomination; and upwards of 6,000 people,

[FROM FOULSON'S GAZETTE.]

Interments in the different Burial Grounds in the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, in June, 1802, to wit,

	Adults.		Children.	
1 Christ's Church	-	4	3	
2 Saint Peter's	-	4	3	
3 Saint Paul's	-	1	1	
4 German Lutheran	-	14	10	
5 German Presbyterian	-	6	3	
6 Society of Friends	-	13	7	
7 Saint Mary's	-	2	2	
8 Holy Trinity	-	3	4	
9 First Presbyterian	-	1	2	
10 Second Presbyterian	-	2	1	
11 Third Presbyterian	-	0	2	
12 Scotch Presbyterian	-	2	2	
13 Associate Church	-	0	0	
14 Moravians	-	0	0	
15 Swedes	-	2	1	
16 Methodists	-	2	1	
17 Free Quakers	-	0	0	
18 Baptists	-	3	1	
19 Universalists	-	0	0	
20 Jews	-	0	0	
21 African Episcopalians	-	1	0	
22 African Methodists	-	0	0	
23 Kensington burial ground	-	9	5	
24 Coats's burial ground	-	0	0	
25 Public burial ground	-	27	19	
Totals	-	93	67	
Grown Persons	-	96		
Children	-	67		
TOTAL	-	163		

The following are the diseases of which they died, as far as can be correctly ascertained:

Apoplexy	-	3	Brought forward	48
Bilious cholera	-	2	Mortification	1
Childbed	-	3	Masies	2
Cold	-	1	Nervous Fever	2
Consumption	-	10	Old Age	6
Croup	-	1	Pleurisy	3
Dropsy	-	2	Purging and Vomiting	8
Drowned	-	1	Palsy	1
Erys	-	1	Quinsy	1
Fits	-	5	Sore Throat	3
Fever	-	4	Small Pox	5
Fall	-	1	Scarlet Fever	11
Hives	-	6	Still-born	1
Hoopings Cough	-	3	Teeth and worms	3
Infancy	-	5		
			Diseases not mentioned	6
Carried forward	48			67

RECAPITULATION.

1802.	Adults.	Children.	Totals.
January,	142	75	217
February,	110	60	170
March,	100	47	147
April,	90	58	148
May,	82	59	141
June,	96	67	163
	625	366	991

According to a calculation formed upon the population of the Count D'ARANDA, the population of Spain amounts to 9,307,304 individuals, of whom 137,805 are composed of the regular and secular clergy.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. George Potts, Mr. Samuel Park, to Miss Christina Johnson, both of this city.

—On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Ustick, Mr. Jacob Warren, to Miss Elizabeth Taylor.

—On the 15th inst. by Alderman Wharton, Walter Franklin, Esq. Attorney and Counsellor at Law, to Miss Ann Lamb, daughter of the late Mr. James Emitt.

—Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Samuel Evans, to Miss Hannah Oldfield, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, at Winchester, Virginia, on the 6th inst. GEN. DANIEL MORGAN, in the 66th year of his age.

To enumerate his heroic exploits during the contest with Great Britain, which ended in the establishment of the independence of these United States, would require the pen of a more able panegyrist. Should the writer of this article make the attempt, the subject would be too copious for a newspaper. History has done justice to his name, and will hand it to posterity as an example of cool, undaunted and determinate bravery. Since it to say, that his expedition to Quebec, in which he surmounted, with his brave associates, the astonishment of his country, every difficulty and danger which human nature can be exposed to; and the battle of the Cowpens, in which he completely routed and captured a superior force, will long be themes on which an American tongue will delight to dwell. No man knew better how to gain the love and esteem of his men; where he led they always followed with alacrity and confidence.

For his victory at the Cowpens, Congress presented him with a medal of Gold, and the Legislature of Virginia an elegant sword and a pair of pistols, as testimonials of the exalted opinion they entertained of his great military genius.

—At Washington, on the 7th, Mrs. Letitia Jack, wife of Mr. John Jack, of that city, aged 26.

—On the 11th, in the 46th year of her age, Mary Oliver, wife of Nicholas Oliver, late of Germantown.

—At Germantown, on the 12th, Mr. James McGee, aged 84 years. In the faithful discharge of the various duties of life without a sigh:

*Like timely fruit, not shaken by the wind,
But ripely dropping from the sapling bough!*

—On the 13th, in the 63d year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Harris.

—On the 14th, Mr. John Crawford, cabinet-maker, late of the house of Kelly and Crawford.

—On the 15th, Mr. ROBERT ALEX. Printer and Bookseller, an old and much respected citizen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Enigmatist, No. 5, 6 & 7," are received. As *Alonso S.* appears extremely solicitous to be permitted to continue his enigmatical list of young ladies, the editor will for a time waive his objections to this species of composition.

"The Emigrants," by *Charles*, in our next. Further communications from our correspondent in Annapolis have been received, and will be punctually attended to.

Several poetical favours, deferred some weeks, will be speedily published.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSES

WRITTEN AFTER SICKNESS.

HAIL sylvan scenes! blithe Pleasures gladsome glades!
Once more my raptur'd eyes, well pleas'd, behold
The jocund train led out beneath your shades;
While parting Phæbus gilds the mount with gold.

And thou, my pipe, begin thy wonted song,
Health calls thee to resume the cheering strains;
Begin, and echo shall the notes prolong,
Begin and joy shall roll along the plains.

When late Disease, with ghastly, baleful eye,
Her poisonous m'dew in my bosom shed;
Hope, lovely nymph, came tripping gently by,
Spoke peace, and kindly rais'd my drooping head.

Sweet were the sounds, which from her gentle tongue,
Mellifluous roll'd soft as the warbling lyre;
My heart entranced caught the plaintive song,
Bounded with joy—such joy can Hope inspire.

Thus spoke the power:—"My vot'ry lend an ear;
"Thy bark which floats along the stream of life,
"Which oft has struck against the rocks of care,
"Shall soon be inord, safe from the storms of strife:

"Shall soon be wafed, by the pleasurable gales
"Of fond desire, to a kind harbour near;
"Where love shall gently furl her spreading sails,
"And bliss shall give the little wanderer cheer."

The goddess ceas'd—but still her fancied voice
Spoke peace beyond the reach of care to move;
My fluttering heart cried out aloud, "Rejoice,
Hope gives the word"—and sure her words are love.

See o'er the wood pale Cynthia guides her car!
The fairy choir, enliv'd by her beam,
Collect their busy numbers from afar,
And play their airy gambols on the green.

The shepherd's pipe, the signal for the dance,
Now swells upon the gale with cheering sound;
See the fair maidens' lovely train advance,
While love wakes joy and archly smiles around.

Fair as the dew-drop—comely as the morn,—
Lovely as innocence in smiles array'd,
Is that fond maid, whom virtue's robes adorn,
When partial honours by her swain are paid.

Warm is the cheek which glows with youthful bloom,
Sweet is the throbbing breast to love allied;
Sparkling the eyes that beauty's smiles illumine—
The shepherd's pleasure, and the poet's pride.

The dance commences—come ye jovial swains!
Old folks delight here the young appear;
Hark! blithesome fancy, o'er the dewy plains,
Whispers, "Content and happiness are here."

Hail sylvan scenes! where oft my youth essay'd
(Charm'd with soft song) the love-strain'd notes to raise;
Bright goddess, Health, to thee my vows be paid,
The incense pure of gratitude and praise.

FLORIO.

TO THE REV. J.—D.—S.

WHO RESIDES IN CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.

And Rousseau's tender strokes she dearly lov'd!!

REV. J.—D.—S.

UNHAPPY Bard! and do you wish for "rest,"
While "moans" and "sighs come sobbing in the breeze?"

While flies "th' unhappy screech-owl" from her nest,
And hoots "in concert with you grating trees?"

O! "banish fancied fears," and rise "from bed,"
While yet the sun hangs "o'er the eastern main;"
O! seize thy lyre (the "phantoms dark" are fled)
While we enrag'd listen to its strain.

Or take thy pen, that magic wand! and give
The rose of June to "sip October's dew;"
Nor heed the garner, should he say, none live
In that late season, that he ever knew.

A Goth! a Vandal! how dares he compare
Dull nature's rules with thy poetic glow!
Perhaps (as obstinate) he'd even swear
On "Eglantine" that Roses seldom blow!

No more—of him—Oh! how I pant for breath!
What rage at Critics all his bosom moves!
Who think, too soon! a Hind, when "struck by death,"
Can neither "fly," nor "find out those she loves."

For such may none "traverse the desert walk!"
Nor "innocence" nor "wit" o'er "ope their charms!"
No "fav'rite plants nor shrubs recall sweet talk!"
Nor e'en a heart feel "new unfeild alarms!"

Whilst thou thy "fertile genius much improv'd,"
Inspird, shalt burn with all the muses' flame;
And, raptur'd, feel "an innate ardent love"
To taste those pleasures *silence* best can name.

Yes! while such Critics are beheld with scorn,
Thy song, sweet Bard! whose *music forbids to die*,
"The trumpet of fame on rapid pinions borne,"
Shall spread around—where'er a trumpet can fly.

Then chaunt again that strain of sense and wit,
Which loud resounded "thro' the eastern shire!"—
How would we grieve if thou thy lyre should'st quit!
How sigh, alas! if thou should'st sing—"no more!"

PASQUIN.

A DREAM.

LAST night when on my pillow laid,
My busy thoughts immerse'd in care,
Fancy her airy visions rais'd
Of future ill an ample share.

Methought, as in life's crooked way,
Headless I saunter'd on secure,
Pleasure stood thence, blythe and gay,
Jocund with smiles, her constant lure.

Not rich, not poor—but health, content
And competence my efforts bless'd,
Joyous the busy day was spent,
My grateful thanks to heav'n address'd.

The cup of bliss thus so replete,
Could ought be wanting to ensure
A sum of fortune more complete—
'Twas love's return, ardent and pure.

I look'd among the giddy train,
Of gaudy flirts that flutter'd round;
'Twas labour lost, 'twas all in vain,
Nothing but folly there I found.

Still crowding with the lively throng
Of sprightly belles that circled round,
Buoy'd by hope still pressing on,
The choice was made, the girl was found.

I found the girl, that with her smiles
Could fascinate my future cares,
Whose soft and sweet bewitching wiles
Could sweeten all my future years.

I play'd her gently with my love,
She soothing gave me kind return,
And oft involk'd the pow'r above
To witness of her love in turn.

The cup of bliss thus so replete,
Could ought my happiness improve?
What but a gift of God complete,—
The sweet return of constant love.

Woman! thou all that life can bless;
Thou all that life with gloom may curse;
Thou gentle source of happiness,
Must I thy falsehood now rehearse?

One eve when all were hush'd in sleep,
When nought the silent calm disturb'd,
And nature from her inmost deep
Whisper'd her cares, no breath was heard.

No sleep my eyelids then would close,
Still thinking on my soul's delight,
I sought in vain the wish'd repose,
Her image still stood in my sight.

I rose and travers'd o'er the leath,
With rapid pace I sought her home,
Onward I trac'd the devious path,
Hoping the welcome yet to come.

As now toward the house I bend,
Far from the path my footsteps stray'd,
They led me to my purpos'd end—
But blackest falsehood soon betray'd.

List'ning, in care still tracing out,
With fearful tread my crooked way,
I heard a voice with rapture shout,
"Hasten my love, why this delay!"

The voice was her's—I hasten'd on—
The Syren! 'twas not meant for me;
Now saw her on another fawn,
Repeating vows of constancy.

The cup of bliss dash'd to the ground,
I curs'd her false deluding reign,
'Woke in despair, rejoicing found....
'Twas but a phantom of the brain.

CORYDON.

Answer to the Enigmatical List of ***** Young,
Ladies, in Page 256.

1. Miss Pearson
2. Miss Poultney
3. Miss Biddle
4. Miss Cruikshank
5. Miss Esther M. Roberts
7. Miss Green,

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONCLUDED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XXIII.

Which being the last, cannot fail of proving perfectly agreeable, and, I hope satisfactory to the Reader.

THE people of the house were now stirring, and professed great astonishment at what had happened. The Abbe, thinking that no safe place for him, got his head bound up, and, taking a post-house (the only way of retreating that presented itself) he left the inn.

Barclay and Gregory again retired to rest, both well pleased with the adventure—Barclay, that he had been the means of rescuing Penelope, and at the same time obliging the parson, who was convinced that he had no hand in her elopement; and Gregory, that he had opportunity of well-dubbing the Abbe, whom he always suspected to be a rascal. But the affair did not terminate here.

In the morning, while Barclay was breakfasting by himself, for Gregory would not suffer his company to degrade his master, whenever he could avoid it, he heard a chaise driving hastily up to the inn. In a few moments a well-known voice struck his ear, of one inquiring by description for him, and he had scarcely time to collect himself, when the door of his room was thrown open, and in bolted Von Hein, with looks dark as night, and almost bursting with passion.

When Penelope was carried off by Mr.

Buckle, Von Hein and the Parson, discovering it, set off different ways in pursuit, and the former was returning this road, when he overtook the Abbe. Threatening to annihilate him if he did not tell the whole truth of the affair, the Abbe, to cover his own iniquity, and in some measure to be revenged of Barclay, assured him that Mr. Buckle had been entirely deceived by Penelope; that she had consented to elope with him merely for the purpose of getting to Barclay, who had, according to her contrivance rescued her, and was going to carry her off, when Mr. Pawlet luckily arrived, and took her away, leaving Barclay at the inn (which he named) to enjoy his defeat. To corroborate this statement, he pointed to his broken head, declaring that he had received the blows in endeavouring to prevent our hero's succeeding in his scheme.

This artful story had the proposed effect, and, desiring the postillions to turn round and gallop to the inn described, he quickly arrived there full of rage against Barclay, for this last attempt, added to no little disappointment at his having procured his enlargement.

When Barclay saw Von Hein, he rose from his chair, and fixed his eyes upon him, with no signs of fear, and supported by a consciousness of being himself the injured man. Von Hein, though bursting with passion, was awed by his look—he could not command his utterance, and was compelled to turn his face aside. At length, having shut the door, he came up to Barclay, and said:

"You have practised such arts against me, Sir, as to leave no choice of epithets to be applied to you—the worst only does you justice."

"What arts?" inquired Barclay, mildly.

"I will not condescend to explain, nor is it necessary. I have torn you, or rather

your conduct has utterly torn you from my heart. I will never forgive the designing friend, who plots in every insidious way to destroy my happiness."

"I know," said Barclay, "that you will not forgive me, because I am aware of the maxim which informs, that men never forgive those they injure."

"'Tis a lie!" exclaimed Von Hein.

Barclay's colour came, and his lip trembled.

"Keppel!" said he, looking at him severely.

"Call me by no such familiar term," cried Von Hein; "I will not suffer it from a villain!"

Barclay was not to be daunted—he was too high-spirit, and too proud, to bear an insult, and he was about to reply with added force, when, recollecting their former friendship, he turned from him and would have left the room.

"No, no!" exclaimed Von Hein, interposing himself between our hero and the door, "I shall not permit a poltroon to escape thus!"

Here he seized Barclay by the collar. He could contain himself no longer, and placing his hands against Von Hein, he pushed him from him so rudely, that he staggered to the further end of the room before he could recover himself.

"Enough!" cried Von Hein—"I expect, that you will follow me."

Saying this he went out, and, taking a case of pistols from his chaise made towards an adjoining field. Barclay obeyed the summons.

By the time they had measured the distance and taken their stand, Barclay felt, but not through fear, a hearty repugnance to fight with Von Hein.—He would have taken any thing like an apology, but could not think of quitting the field without.

'Hold!' said he, 'you must be convinced—I am sure you are—that you have used very unbecoming language. Will you say you did not intend to offend me?'

'Never!' cried Von Hein.

'Well, Sir,' continued Barclay, 'Since you will not excuse yourself, though undoubtedly the transgressor, we must terminate the affair in a different manner. However, as you say that you have been aggrieved, I shall, in the combat, wave my right to discharge my pistol first. I am ready to receive your fire!'

Von Hein made no reply, but taking his ground, fired, and Barclay received the ball in his breast. He did not, nor was it his intention to fire. Putting his hand to the wound, he said 'that—that's sufficient—you have had your revenge—I want none!' He had scarcely uttered these words, when the blood flowed so copiously, that he fell, insensible to the earth.

Von Hein now felt how much he had wronged him. He admired his noble conduct, and all his former friendship returned. Almost distracted, he ran to his assistance. Barclay in a short time recovered, and, finding Von Hein mourning over him, using numberless kind expressions, he exclaimed:

'Then shall I die in peace—I have not paid too dear for this! Keppel—I may at present call you by that name—Keppel, we may now be friends again:—your oath will not prevent it, for I give up all thoughts of Penelope—I die!'

Here he swooned a second time, and Von Hein had just brought him to his senses, when Gregory, who heard the report of the pistol, came running toward them. He would have revenged his master, but Barclay entreated him to desist. They now, both in tears, led, or rather carried him to the inn, and putting him to bed, sent for immediate assistance. A surgeon was at last procured, and the ball in his right breast, with much pain and difficulty extracted. A fever and delirium followed, and for several days he knew no one, and was expected to expire every hour. Von Hein and Gregory never left him. Keppel having learnt that the Abbe had deceived him in all he had said, was ready to destroy himself. He raved, he stormed, he wept, and took no rest day or night, continually watching the symptoms of Barclay's indisposition. Gregory refused all subsistence, cried, prayed, swore, and behaved often like a maniac.

During this state of things, Von Hein sent one of his servants to the parsonage, where he was expected, to tell Mr. Pawlet that he was obliged to be absent for a fort-

night, desiring the man by no means to divulge what had happened. When he returned, he brought a letter from the Parson, who, after recounting all that had occurred, and praising Barclay's gallant behaviour, he recommended him to his esteem; which, as he read wounded him to the heart, and he could not proceed, so great was his affliction.

'My esteem!' he ejaculated—'I have killed him.'

Recovering, he went on, and learnt to his excessive satisfaction, that the Hon. Mr. Buckle had expressed a most sincere repentance for all his misdemeanors—and had taken his wife and child again, and had acknowledged his daughter. Further, and that for some private villainy he knew him guilty of, he had thrown the Abbe into prison, where he would, in all probability, receive the reward due to his labours.

In about ten days, to the inexpressible joy of Mr. Von Hein and Gregory, Barclay was pronounced out of danger. Von Hein was now constantly at his bed-side, repeatedly imploring, and as often receiving pardon, for having persecuted him.

'You will forgive me, Barclay,' said he, one day, sitting at the foot of the bed, 'for persevering in my desire to be united to Penelope, when you hear what I have to say of myself. I have hitherto concealed it from you, but I need much vindication, and I will keep it a secret from you no longer. I am a forlorn—an outcast—alone in the world—I am—I shudder when I speak the word, for it has embittered all my days—I am a bastard! Cut off from the kindred ties of nature, knowing no one living that is related to me. The first I can recollect of my life,' continued he, was passed in a workhouse.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Barclay, recollecting a thousand things at the moment; 'proceed—pray go on!'

'Abandoned by both father and mother, neither of whom I ever saw, I was left a burthen on the parish. The person I have since learnt to have been my mother, died suddenly, as she was about to embark at Helvoetsluys for England. She was, I am told, a servant, and that after bearing me, and being turned adrift by her seducer, she got another place, where her beauty attracted the notice, and won the heart of Mr. Von Hein, a young Dutch merchant, who was then in England on business. He married her privately, and took her over with him to Holland. Not daring, I suppose, to mention to him that she had a child, she thought it best to endeavour to forget it herself. But I see, my friend,' said he, 'that my narrative affects you—It may

make you ill—I will postpone the remainder.'

'No, no—go on—let me hear it all!' cried Barclay.

'In some years, without having any children, he died, leaving her fourteen thousand pounds. She then resolved to quit a country she had no interest in, and, collecting her fortune, to come and seek her son in England. This done, for fear of the danger of the sea, she made her will, making me the heir of all she possessed, and was preparing to depart, when death arrested her course. I was nearly ten years old, when I received the intelligence that I was master of fourteen thousand pounds. The trustee was my mother's old master, from whom she had married. He gave me a clear account of her, from the time she had lived with him, but was unacquainted with any thing that had happened before. From the parish I could gather merely, that she was my mother. My father's name they were either bound to conceal, or he, having commissioned some friend to pay the money, they really knew nothing of him. My trustee dying I was consigned to the Rev. Mr. Pawler, who sent me to Eton, and bred me up to the law. And now you know my whole story. I am in possession of a considerable fortune; my profession also brings me in a handsome annuity, and I am in every thing happy, but that I nightly weep the death of my mother—and father too—for he is dead to me!'

Barclay was agitated to such a degree, that he lost all power of speech. When Von Hein had finished, he could but extend his arms, and murmur.

'Brother! you are my brother!' and then sinking on the pillow, weak and overpowered, he fainted away.

His senses returning, he caught Von Hein in his arms, who readily accepted his embrace, but anxiously begged him to explain what he meant by his exclamation. Barclay presently related his father's history, and would have taken him to his heart, but amidst Keppel's joy, he recollected that he had attempted his brother's life, and, turning from him, he wept bitterly.

At length, coming to the bed, and taking Barclay's hand between his, he said:

'I have no parent—I had no relation that I knew of—no dear tie to link me to society, and I would have married that lovely girl, merely not to live and die an outcast from the tender connections that bind mankind together—But I have found a brother!—My end is gained—Penelope is yours!'

The Curtain drops.

EPILOGUE.

The Play being over, my character ceases and I may be allowed, without offence, to say one word of *truth* at parting.

I feel that I cannot take leave of the Reader, without unburdening my conscience of a weight it suffers, through some imprudencies (to call them no worse) which I have been guilty of in the recital of the foregoing history—other historians, or romance-writers, may consider it in a different light, but I am of too delicate a sense, after having, in pursuing their custom, taken upon myself to tell what my hero or heroine thought, when they did not speak, not to acknowledge that it was merely my imagination, since I must own they never made me their confessor; and when I have said that the latter passed a restless night, I beg for the lady's sake, that it may be considered as a mere supposition, for I solemnly declare, I never slept with her in my life. After this confession, so highly necessary, the Reader will, I trust, hold the lady's morality fair, pure, and unsullied as her bosom, and, if he should conceive that I have in any instance made my hero or any other person say, think, or do, what he deems improper, let him first be sure, he never does so himself, and then he has my free and unreserved permission to make him or her, say, think, or do, whatever else he pleases. And now to use the words of POLONIUS, 'I will most humbly take leave of you.'

READER.—To reply with HAMLET.
'You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal.'
(Exit Author) Amen.

OLD NICK is now concluded, a circumstance that will not displease some of our readers; who, we suspect, have not been able to relish the genuine wit it contains. But it is a source of satisfaction to the editor to know, that this truly satirical story has been an agreeable repast to a number, whose classical knowledge and correct taste, enabled them to discern its beauties, and appreciate the author's powers of humour, his satirical descriptions, and particularly his delineations of character.

In addition to the extract given in page 31, from the Monthly Review, in favour of this work, we subjoin the concluding observations of the editors of the London Monthly Mirror, in their review of it.

"Barclay Temple, the hero of the novel, is a manly and interesting character; and, his faithful follower, Gregory, will rank with the Strop and Partridge of Smollet and Fielding. Kappel Von Heir very early excites our curiosity and attracts our esteem. The portrait of

the Rev. Mr. Paulet is very naturally drawn, and Mr. and Mrs. George, and Miss Phyllis Paulet, have evidently their origin in real life. The Abbe Dupont is a masterly sketch, and we are afraid that the public have, at this moment, too much reason to be upon their guard against characters of that description. Penelope is delineated with a pencil of exquisite delicacy, and possesses all the attractive qualities which belong to the heroines of the best novelists of the English schools—elegance, good sense, modesty, tenderness, and truth."

They preface their extracts from the work, with the following remarkable words, expressive of a high degree of satisfaction from its perusal.—"And here, from the multiplicity of passages which invite our attention, we find ourselves in the situation of the Epicure, who, surrounded by all the delicacies of the season, hardly knows what to select first."

Upon the whole, it is believed this novel, (as it is termed,) will be read with pleasure, in time to come; while other works of the kind that please the superficial reader, will lie neglected.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

On Poverty.

Hail, happy POVERTY! thou chiefest good
Bestow'd by Heaven; but seldom understood.
M. H.....

The discontented mind is ever on the rack—Place man in any situation in life, however good, his mind is still craving contentment; but happiness seems as far from him as when he first started in pursuit of the phantom.....Notwithstanding Poverty is so much deprecated by mankind, yet many are doomed to remain in it; and it is wisely ordered it should be so. There are very considerable advantages attendant on such a state, which those who are basking in the sunshine of affluence seldom enjoy: for while the poor man is often found resting in the welcome shade of Poverty, enjoying the wholesome morsel of his honest earnings, which he most cheerfully shares with his healthy family, the affluent person is enervating both his body and mind by the most sumptuous food, and indulging himself in all the foreign and domestic luxuries that can be obtained. These, instead of proving enjoyments, are only calculated to unfit him for business, and for debilitating that mental and coporeal energy, so essential to producing true happiness. But this is not all—disease in every shape assails him, and he too late finds himself the VICTIM of affluence.....Is not poverty a bar to those horrid effects?—Certainly it is

—Why then are we daily wishing and striving, to obtain power to *raise ourselves*—It can be attributed to nothing but a want of that necessary Philosophy, which teaches us to know and enjoy the advantages of any situation in which Providence may place us; and to make ourselves contented even in POVERTY....which is the state enjoyed by

Your friend
TIM. TINDER.

Criticism.

MR. HOGAN,

THE man who attempts to correct the faults of others generally receives few thanks for his trouble: it is a task for which not many men are well qualified, and one which the man whose heart is not filled with the milk of human kindness ought never to attempt. If by his observations he hopes to improve his neighbor, the design is laudable, it is godlike: If only to expose, it is mean, and unmanly: does the first deserve our esteem? the other merits our detestation. If the first be his aim I would embrace him as a friend; if the other, shun him as an enemy.

I am led to these observations by the severe lines of *Paquin*, addressed to J. D.—s occasioned by his Elegy. An endeavour to expose seems evidently the intention of the author; but perhaps I am censuring too severely—his lines may have been written in a playful moment, and not the effect of badness of heart; if so, I hope in future he will be more on his guard, lest his satirical wit should prove a source of uneasiness to himself as well as to others.

I do not intend to justify J. D.—s in the use of all his expressions, or maintain that all his figures are correctly used; but only to shew, that a good heart might have put a more favourable construction on the lines objected to by *Paquin*.

"And Rousseau's tender strokes she dearly lov'd!" Our critic places this line first, as if it were the most faulty. It is difficult to deal with fault-finders, who quote without making observations on the quotation; and indeed little profit can be derived from their work. If he blame the sentiment contained in the line, in my opinion, he is not correct. Every person acquainted with the writings of Rousseau, must acknowledge, that his *feeling strokes* are indeed very many. He abounds with the sympathetic—read his *Village Confessor*; you will find it remarkable for its tender and interesting style. In his new *Helois*a the tender style is very conspicuous; some of the letters are admirably written; those of Julia are full of tenderness, pity, and ele-

vation of soul; and no good critic, I am convinced, will deny him whatever merit is his due. In his *Emelius*, which has been justly styled a Moral Romance, his precepts are expressed with the force and dignity of a mind full of the leading truths of morality. If he has not been always virtuous nobody at least has *felt* it more, or made it appear to more advantage.* Do not however mistake me; I do not vindicate the works of *Rousseau* in toto; I am convinced that many things in them do the writer no honour: nay, that many passages have, perhaps, had an evil tendency. But I maintain, that a poet, in using these expressions, "the tender strokes of Rousseau," and "the moral beauties of Fenelon," is correct.

Our Critic, if he deserve that name, does not altogether do justice to J. D.—s In his first verse.

"Do you wish for rest,
While moans and sighs come sobbing in the breeze."

By reading again he will find he did not *then* wish for rest, but before he heard the sounds which created his alarm. I do not consider this as unnatural; a person awakes much discomposed by a terrifying dream; he wishes to banish the scene from his recollection—and to whom could he fly for succour? to whom?—to that Being who can bring light out of darkness, and console the mind. Perhaps the sentiment is too much tainted with piety for *Pasquin*,—but I hope not.

"What means! what sighs! come sobbing on the breeze."

I do not think this is unpoetical; an attentive observer of nature will admit, that the sounds conveyed to us by the wind are various, and if they have not filled *Pasquin's* mind with awe, his feelings are very different from mine, and perhaps for him so much the better.

"Groaning trees!"

I almost think I hear *Pasquin* laughing at this expression.—But be in no haste, my good Sir, you can laugh at a number of our best poets for such expressions. All the sacred oaks which grew in *Dodona*, had, if we believe the priests and poets, not only the faculty of *groaning*, but also of prophesying. Dryden, in his translation of *Ovid*, has the following lines—

"The mild *Lucina* came uncalled, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood."

"Who from the chiding stream or groaning oak."

TRAC. DOCT.

"The mountains murmur, and the nodding oaks
Groan with their wounds."

BLACKMORE.

† See *Encyclopædia*, B.

Happy for Dryden, *Pasquin* did not exist when he wrote the following lines—

As when a place is hew'd upon the plains,
Lab'ring in pangs of death, and threatening all,
This way and that she nods, considering where to fall."

"Fancied fears"

Next engage the critic. And are there not fears which only exist in fancy. Ah! *Pasquin*, do not you remember when a boy, how you ran by the church-yard, in a dark night, and fancied you heard a ghost patting at your heels,—and it was only a *fancied* fear!

Who would believe what strange bugbears
Mankind creates itself, of fears
That spring like fern, that insect weed,
Equivocally—without seed,
And have no possible foundation,
But merely in the imagination;
And yet can do more dreadful feats,
Than haze with all their imps and teats;
For fear does things so like a witch
'Tis hard to unriddle which is which.

MUDIBRASS.

"A lonely rose yet sip'd October's dew!"

This line seems to give our modest *Pasquin* a triumph. Our florist, or gardener, if he please, knows undoubtedly that the general time of flowering for the thirteen kinds of roses, is from May to October. *Eglanteria*, or *Sweet-brier*, is a native of England and Switzerland; and although it may not in this country, so late as October, be found to bear roses, yet a gentleman lately from a part of the world where it was no phenomenon, might have been excused for thus introducing it. But supposing he had put the *Eglantine*, a species, for the genus, we must allow still that good-nature could have found an excuse; as the blow of roses, in a full collection of the different species, is continued even sometimes in Europe from May to near Christmas.

How our critic reasoned in his next objection, if he reasoned at all, I am at a loss to determine. We well know, that the hind may receive a wound which will prove mortal, and yet live many days after she has been wounded.—Know, therefore, O most excellent critic, that every wound given by death, does not produce instantaneous dissolution.

"Silence best can name:"

The meaning is, that all our attempts to describe the pleasures of heaven, fall so infinitely short of the truth, that he who is silent is in the smallest error; because he who makes the attempt, darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge. So

the poet *Thompson* thought when he wrote this beautiful line,

Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

"On rapid pinions borne, the trump of fame
Had far reported."

The meaning here is by no means difficult to ascertain. The trump of fame carried on rapid pinions had far reported. By the figure *Metonymy*, the trump of fame is put for fame herself, which is far from being unpoetical; but perhaps our critic had forgotten, that figurative language is the life of poetry; and he is assuredly wrong in making J. D.—s say, that the trump flew, when he only asserts that it was carried.

I have now done with *Pasquin*—Had J. D.—s been here, he, no doubt, could have given more satisfaction on the subject; but he knows nothing of the matter, and I only have been defending the cause of the absent. AMICUS.

The Transient Observer.

Da pueris res puerorum.

Give unto children the things that are suited for children.

ALTHOUGH, Mr. Hogan, I have been so long silent, I have not been an inattentive observer of the progress of your Repository, and have been determined, wherever I discerned any thing that in my opinion required correction, to freely offer my sentiments. In a literary miscellany, conducted upon a plan similar to the Repository, it is generally expected that the selections and original communications should be void of all puerilities, and possess some intrinsic merit ere it found its way to the public through the medium of the press. For children, there is in this city, a magazine almost exclusively published for their particular use. Then why is it necessary for your correspondents *Rogo* and *Alonzo S.* to exert their editorial powers to collect the honey which from age has become stale and disgusting. The Enigmatist knows that the road to Fame is open to every one. But he has been utterly mistaken, if he conceived it possible to attain the pinnacle of the temple by detailing infantine conundrums, which are familiar to most children at six or seven years of age. From such futile attempts nothing can be produced worthy of observation, further than to discourage it, with whatever has a tendency to diminish the value of the Repository. A correspondent from Annapolis has also

pursued the same tract, and gives us as rational amusement one article, which I well remember, when a boy, in a two-penny pamphlet. This species of amusement, this new method of dissipating the fumes of literary intoxication, would call forth a smile were it not insulting and degrading to the editor and readers of the Repository. The language I have used may be deemed too harsh for a subject trifling and innocent in itself; but the consequences may be felt by the subscribers to this miscellany; for what person who felt conscious of his talents for writing, and qualified to amuse and instruct by playful elegance and sound doctrine, would wish to see his productions associated with those of such extreme insignificance?—Enigmatical Lists are also harmless, but they are still useless. The names of young ladies publicly laid before the community, exposes them personally to inquiry and the curious investigations of impertinence. Several ladies have, in my presence, expressed their resentment at those silly pretenders to the laurel, and their mortification at being exposed to the prying eye of curiosity in consequence. Besides this, the association of names is in most instances, incongruous, and in some, insulting. You, Mr. Editor, from being a perfect stranger to many of those who have been thus exposed to the ordeal of public comment, cannot be sensible of the insults you may receive in your editorial capacity, or the injury you may finally sustain. You must be exonerated from all blame. The unfledged authors who presumptuously aspire to renown, and offer their crude productions at the temple of Fame, deserve contempt, if nothing else; and once more I repeat—Give unto children the things that are suited to the capacities of children, and unto men things calculated for them.

SENEX.

Religion.

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

A Minister of the gospel, for whom I had a very high esteem, and who is now enjoying the fruit of his very eminent services, discoursing with me on the insignificance of the promises of amendment which are made by persons on a sick-bed, related the following story:

IN the boundaries of the congregation in Virginia, of which I was formerly the pastor, lived a man of some reputation in the world, for his wealth and affluence, but

who was notoriously wicked. Near him lived a poor man named John, who was as remarkable for his piety, as the other was for profanity. If any person was taken ill in the neighbourhood, John was sent for, and his prayers were esteemed more efficacious than the prescriptions of the most skillful physician.

This irreligious person was suddenly taken ill,—the physician solemnly shook his head—all were alarmed—the prescriptions did not produce the wished-for effect—and finally they sent for John.—John came, and was ushered into the sick man's room.

Sick Man. Ah! John, John! I am very ill—I doubt it is over with me. The doctor says nothing—but I know that God can cure me.

John. I am glad you know that, for, I must inform you that your conduct has been such, that I thought you doubted the being of a God.

Sick Man. Indeed John 'tis too true, I have been awfully wicked. Oh! if God would but spare me—I would!—O John I sent for you to pray for me—I have been wicked, very wicked; but if I were spared, I would endeavour to lead a new life.—O John, John! my sins,—my sins are a heavy load—what shall become of me? Oh! I will surely die in my sins.

John. My dear Sir, take comfort—God is a kind father; He afflicteth not willingly. Put your trust in him, he is ready to pardon and willing to forgive. Come to him now,—even at the *eleventh hour*, and he will not cast you out.

Sick Man. O John! pray to God for me; perhaps it is not yet too late. O that he would graciously grant me time to repent.

John complied with the sick man's request, and after giving him such advice as he thought fit, departed, and, strange to tell, the sick-man from that moment recovered. But instead of reforming his life, as he had promised, he was more notoriously wicked than he formerly had been. He put the evil day far from him, and his vows were forgotten.

About six months after he was again taken. His disease was more desperate than formerly; life was despaired of; and once more John was sent for.—He came—was introduced. O John! I am ashamed to see you—I am indeed mortally sick, and the torment of my mind is even greater than that of my body—I promised amendment, when formerly afflicted; but I kept not my promise. I have ran after wickedness with greediness—O to be free from

guilt!! to be able to look to God as my Father who is in heaven—O John pray for me—God may yet hear you in my behalf. O John! John! I will, indeed I will amend!!

John's heart was moved—for it was the heart of a christian. He knelt before his Father, and prayed in the name and Spirit of Christ—he poured out his whole soul. God accepted the prayer, and in a few days the sick man was out of danger....But mark the power of vicious habits: no sooner was he out of the fear of death, than his purposes of amendment were again forgotten! Surrounded by his old companions his vices sprung a fresh: His lusts returned,—they found the house swept and garnished, and having increased their number sevenfold, domineered without control!

In this awful state a third time he was attacked,—and a third time John was sent for; he came; and again listened to the afflicted man's groanings—O John! indeed I am ashamed to see you. Why ashamed to see me? said John. Why because I have not kept my promise; but I hope you will pray for me, and all yet may be well. Strange, replied John, ashamed to see a mortal like yourself, to whom you never were under any obligation, and whom you never injured; and yet how many years have you, undismayed, ran in the ways of wickedness with greediness! affronting the God of the whole earth, who searcheth the heart and trieth the reins! Twice I have bent before him on your behalf, and have in your name told lies before my Maker—but no more shall I be guilty of such profanity; my prayer shall nevertheless be, that God may touch thy heart—yet pluck thee as brand out of the fire; but I cannot, I dare not again bend at thy request.

All intreaties were used in vain to shake John's resolution; he departed—and in two days the man died!!!—Let those who are in the practice of promising amendment and paying no regard to their vowspause....consider....and read again this strange, but true story.

THE DRUNKARD

IS the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the ale-house benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbour's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and the monster of a man.

A CURIOUS FACT,

Related in a late work, published in London, entitled, the Environs of London, by the Rev. Daniel Lysons.

THE following account of a Canada Goose is so extraordinary, that I am aware it would with difficulty gain credit, was not a whole parish able to vouch for the truth of it. The Canada geese are not fond of a poultry yard, but are rather of a rambling disposition; one of these birds was observed, however, to attach itself, in the strongest and most affectionate manner to the house dog, and would never quit the kennel except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel, except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog; but this the dog, who treated his faithful companion with indifference, would not suffer. This bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force; and when in the morning she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard gate, but sit there the whole of the day in sight of the dog. At last, orders were given, that she should be no longer molested, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked: being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night; and what is particularly extraordinary, and can be attested by the whole parish, when the dog went out of the yard and ran into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings, and in this way of running and flying followed him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog, which continued till his death, two years after it was first observed, is supposed to have originated from his having accidentally saved her from a fox in the very moment of distress. While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day nor night, not even to feed; and it was apprehended that she would have been starved to death, had not orders been given for a pen of corn to be set for her every day close to the kennel. At this time the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would suffer no one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy; for when the dog died, she would still keep possession of the kennel, and a

new house-dog being introduced, which in size and colour resembled that lately lost, the goose was unhappily deceived, and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat, and killed her.

A similar affection was observed between a cat and a pigeon, some years ago, at the house of the late Robert James, esq. of Putney, with this difference, that it appeared to be reciprocal. What rendered it more extraordinary, was, that they were both found one day on the wall of the garden, and both became domesticated at Mr. James's, where they continued to be inseparable companions.

Pertinent Remarks on the revival of SLAVERY by the National Legislature of France.

(From the New-York Museum.)

THE exhilarating prospect which the emancipation of the abject children of Africa from the grasp of European avarice, afforded the friend of humanity, is again shrouded by the glooms of renewed woe. West-Indian cruelty has but slumbered for awhile, that it might awaken with renovated fury—and the offspring of calamity, who, for a short season, has banqueted on joy, must return to the soul-sickening draught of slavery.—Man, civilized and enlightened man! who boasts of refinement, and prides himself in his superior endowments, sacrifices with pleasure at the shrine of interest, every distinguishing sentiment—Visionary refinement!—and was it for this that a ten years war has desolated our globe?—was the slave instructed to hail the bright dawnings of happiness, that his misery might be the more acute? Were the manacles taken from his lacerated body, that he might the more sensibly feel the augmentation of his woe, when the hand of cruelty should rivet them again?—The intoxications of superiority too often mislead the powerful; and the ability to do justice is frequently lost in the consciousness of importance. France, forgetful of the causes of her late struggle, rich in conquests, and elevated to the summit of earthly grandeur, proclaims the sad truth, that power and right seldom exist together. We presume, ere this, the horrors of slavery have recommenced, and those unfortunate beings who at the beginning of the Revolution, were declared, by a decree of the National Assembly, to possess the rights and privileges of French citizens, again doomed to servitude. “The project of a decree has been introduced in the Legisla-

tive body of the French Republic, which reduces the blacks in the different French Colonies, to the same state of slavery they were in previous to their enfranchisement in the year '89. It also provides for the opening of the SLAVE TRADE again, the most iniquitous of human transactions. The orator who introduced this law, spoke of the “illusions of liberty and equality,” and added, that an equality of rights in the colonies has only produced an equality of unhappiness.”

WONDERFUL ANECDOTE OF MACHAMUT, a Moorish King.

MR. PURCHAS, in his Pilgrimage, has related of one Machamut, a Moorish king, who deserveth mention for one thing, wherein the sun hath scarcely beheld his like. He so accustomed himself to poisons, that no day passed wherein he took not some, for else he himself died, as it fared with avarice or opium, the use whereof killeth such as never took it, and the disease such as have; and beyond that which we read of Mithridates, in the like practise. His nature was transformed in so venomous an habit, that when he designed to put any of his nobles to death, he would cause them to be set naked before him, and chewing certain fruits in his mouth, which they call chofolos and tambolos, with lime made of shells, by spitting upon him, in one half hour deprived him of life: if a fly sat upon his hand it would presently fall off dead. Neither was his love preferred to his hatred, or with women were his dealings less deadly. His mustachos (or hair of his upper lip) was so long, that he bound it upon his head, as women do with an hair-lace, and his beard was white, reaching to his waist. Every day when he rose and dined, fifty elephants were brought into the palace to do him reverence on their knees, accompanied with trumpets and other music.

FEMALE INGENUITY.

THE following curious anecdote has given rise to much pleasantry and amusement in the fashionable circles of Paris: Three young ladies, nearly of the same age, and brought up from their infancy in a boarding-school at Paris, had contracted so strong an affection for each other, that they formed the resolution of remaining together for their lives. A very painful idea, however, embittered this happy prospect, and that idea was marriage—which, should their parents insist upon, their contract would inevitably prevent the eternal union they,

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

H Y M N S.

HYMN VII.

*Cast me not off in the time of old age : forsake me not
when my strength faileth. Psal. lxxi. 9.*

WHEN rev'rend age, with silv'ring hand, arrays
My head with honour'd hairs, sage wisdom's form,
Extend thy goodness, as decline my days,
Cheer all my hopes, and all my fears disarm ;
So shall my song forever be,
Thy grace unpurchas'd, boundless, free.

Thou my support, affliction's storm may rage,
Loss come, want press, and friends extend depart ;
Yea, with my foes, against my peace engage,
And none be near to ease my troubl'd heart :
Still on thy everlasting arm,
Compos'd I'll rest secure from harm.

Thy Spirit wise will teach me to resign,
To know my FATHER, and to kiss his rod :
Why should vain mortals arrogant repine,
Rejudge their Maker, and arraign their God ?
O thou, my heart, be humble still,
And bend submissive to his will.

Should pale infirmity this body press,
And it should long to join its kindred clay,
Turn for aside despair and keen distress,
And shew the glories of the coming day :
Inspire my heart, inspire my tongue,
And make Redeeming Love my song.

And when thy messenger, pale Death, draws near,
O send thy angel to assuage the pain :
With heav'nly joys the drooping spirit cheer,
And thro' that awful conflict well sustain :
Then waft my spirit to the skies,
To join angelic sympathies.

Glory to God will be th' eternal song,
For grace reveal'd through his beloved Son ;
Bright seraphs shall the grateful strain prolong,
And time infinite see it but begun :
O friend ! sweet *Meditation*, come !
And teach my soul to prize her home.

X. W. T.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

YE sons of Humanity, pity the fate,
Of one who once freedom enjoy'd !
Whose heart once with joy and content was elate,
But now ev'ry bliss is destroy'd.

I was 'told by a plundering pitiless foe,
And the claims of felt bondage I bear !
I sigh here in vain, and my tears silent flow—
I only know toil and despair.

But oppressors they came to my dear native shore,
(Where freedom and joy reigns around,)
And me from my wife, and my children they tore—
My limbs in their fetters were bound.

The bright "orb of day," had just set in the west,
And ev'ning reign'd mild and serene ;
The pale Moon arising, with majesty dress'd,
Shed her lustre thro' ev'ry scene.

Unthoughtful of danger, we danc'd on the green,
And festivity closed the day—
When, oh !—still I shudder to think on the scene !
I was seized, and carried away.

Confid'g, I was borne o'er the wide wat'ry main,—
And here 'neath oppression I mourn :
To my cruel task-masters I dare not complain,
For their hearts unto marble are turn'd.

Oppress'd and fatigu'd ev'ry day must I toil,
For my tyrants, who revel and rest—
My sighs fill the breezes, my tears wet the soil,
And keen anguish now reigns in my breast.

If from toil in the day I seek for relief,
And rest myself in the cool shade,
The lash does arouse, which redoubles my grief,
And pitiless on me 'tis laid.

* * * * *

No more will I sigh, nor for liberty mourn,
Since death soon will end all my pain.
Again to my country I then shall return,
Where freedom and happiness reign.*

ORLANDO.

* *It is the opinion of almost all the oppress'd Africans,
that after they quit this life, they return to their native
country, to enjoy unadulterated happiness.*

THE EMIGRANT,

Written after the manner of LEWIS.

OH pity me ! a poor unhappy stranger,
Whose miseries a kind relief demand ;
Who from a scene of wretchedness and danger,
Sought for a refuge in this peaceful land.

Oh how my lab'ring bosom throbs with anguish,
Full oft a tear starts from my aching eye,
For here a prey to want and pain I languish,
Here far from friends and home I'm doom'd to die.

Far from a land where discord and oppression,
Have fix'd their gloomy and terrific reign,
I fled,—I left my country and possession,
And brav'd the dangers of the boist'rous main.

Calm was the ocean, bright the smiling morning,
When to my native shore I bade adieu,
The rising sun the glowing scene adorning,
Ede cheer'd prospects open to my view.

Our sails were fill'd, a steady gale was blowing,
Swift flew our bark along th' Atlantic ray ;
Our conscious hearts with pure joy were glowing,
While dolphins in the deep were seen to play.

Soon chang'd the scene,—the furious tempest roaring,
Heap'd waves on waves, upon the raging deep ;
While from the clouds th' overwhelming torrent
pouring,
With fury fell upon the tossing ship.

An awful darkness hover'd o'er the ocean,
Loud thunders roll'd along the angry skies,
The livid light'ning flew with rapid motion,
And scenes of horror open'd to our eyes.

High o'er our masts the foaming surges swelling,
Broke on our shatter'd bark with horrid roar ;
In vain our skill,—the furious winds impelling—
She struck, and stranded on the rocky shore.

O night of horror ! all that I possess'd,
Was in one moment in the ocean lost,
And I, with pain and misery oppress'd,
Am a poor stranger on Columbia's coast.

Oh ! pity me, a poor unhappy stranger,
Whose miseries a kind relief demand ;
Who 'scap'd from scenes of wretchedness and danger,
Now seeks a refuge in this peaceful land.

CARLOS.

THE LABOURS OF SISYPHUS IN HELL.

(A Verification—by Carlos.)

'MIDST the dread gloom of Pluto's drear domain,
Where never-ceasing woe and anguish hold their reign,
Sisyphus' shade, doom'd still 'neath toils to groan,
Rolls up a high steep hill, a huge, round, pond'rous
stone ;

Falling from thence, it bounds from rock to rock,
Headlong rolls thund'ring down, and gives all hell a
shock....

Again he labours, sweats, groans, and complains,
Again it thunders down, soon as the top it gains ;
Still constant woe succeeds to constant toil,
Still constant disappointments all his efforts foil.

REBUSES, &c.

From Annapolis.

(CONTINUED.)

4. A ring and a wing, and three-fourths of a fog,
Will bring to your view, Sir, an obstinate dog.

5. An herbaceous plant, if with care you transpose,
The emblem of innocence it will disclose.

6. What is oft stuck on glass, with three-ninths of a
cold,
Tell what in this rebus is eighty times told.

7. What stage-performers often do,
A well known fish when added to,
Will bring an useful trade to view.

8. Take three-fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,
Then let two semi-circles a perpendicular meet ;
A triangle next, set on its two feet,
And add two semicircles with a circle complete,
Then you'll have what by some is deem'd very
sweet,
Tho' its sent forces delicate folks to retreat.

9. Take part of a foot, then with judgment transpose,
And you'll find you've an answer just under your
nose.

ORIGINAL.

10. To two-thirds of a month, two-thirds of a grain,
Three-fourths of a street that's not wide,
If you add a letter, 'twill show you most plain,
A place where some thousands shade.

(To be Continued.)

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Saturday, July 31, 1802.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

AS the writings and character of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, have been of late several times adverted to in your Repository, I hope I shall not offend by offering a few thoughts on the subject. The first notice that was taken of Rousseau in your paper, was in a note to the story of Old Nick,* where his character is placed in a very disadvantageous point of view. Shortly after this a writer under the signature of E† attempts to defend his character from the aspersions said to be cast upon it in the note above referred to. The defence is contained in a quotation from Mackintosh, the author of *Findica Gallice*; the point of which, if it has any, appears to consist in the following sentence:—"The Scottish philosopher [Hume] "insensible to the enthusiasm, and little "susceptible of those depressions and elevations, those agonies and raptures, so "familiar to the warm and wayward heart "of Rousseau, neither knew the sport to "which he could be excited by gaiety, nor "the ardour into which he could be exalted by passion." This, reader, is the defence offered of the conduct and principles of Rousseau, by one of his professed admirers! a man of literature! a defender of the doctrine of the NEW SCHOOL!—And what does it amount to?—In the first place, it implies, that Rousseau was a man of *enthusiastic feelings*; deducible from the assertion, that Hume was "insensible to" the same "enthusiasm." Secondly, that he was

a man of strong passions,—of passions not under the control of right reason; not only implied, but plainly asserted in the expressions—"and little susceptible of those depressions and elevations, those AGONIES and RAPTURES," &c. Thirdly, that he was naturally of a warm constitution, and of a froward, peevish disposition—"familiar to the warm and wayward heart of Rousseau." And lastly, that he was frequently "EXALTED BY PASSION!" and in his moments of his "gaiety," scarcely placed any bounds to his "SPORT!".....The reader will judge of the justness of this analysis of an eulogy pronounced on Rousseau by one of his professed admirers, and then decide respecting the correctness of his principles, the propriety of his conduct, and his exalted character.—IF THESE ARE THE KISSES OF A FRIEND, WHAT MUST BE THE WOUNDS OF AN ENEMY!

Amicus* next comes forward, if not altogether to justify, at least to palliate the writings of this celebrated author; and to recommend to young ladies his "tender," his "jeeling strokes." It is true he does not do this in so many words, but his reasoning amounts to the same thing. Amicus, however appears to have been led into this error, by a desire to exonerate his friend J. D—s;† as is evident from the manner in which he endeavours to qualify his remarks, and the doubt with which he expresses himself respecting the moral tendency of Rousseau's writings: But he is absolutely inexcusable for classing the "moral beauties of a FENELON" with the "tender strokes of Rousseau." There is much more impropriety

in coupling these two authors, as moral writers, than there is in citing, for authority, the celebrated hero of the *Dunciad* in the same page with the admired Thompson!

I shall, Mr. Hogan, conclude these observations, by enclosing an article, copied from the *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine*, published some years ago; whether it has appeared before in any American print, or not, is a matter of indifference. Its publication in your Repository, will certainly be very proper at this time, when attempts are made to extenuate the faults, and exonerate the character of one whose writings are calculated to sap the foundations of moral rectitude in the female breast. Tho' appearing in the form of a satire, it exhibits a correct view of the subject—and renders unnecessary any further remarks from

A FRIEND TO MORALITY.

To the Publisher of the *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine*.

SIR,

IN no point has our boasted liberty made a more rapid progress towards licentiousness, than in the freedom of the press. It has been remarked by a certain author, that a bad book ought as much to be guarded against as a bad companion.—There certainly is nothing more true, and yet the most dangerous books are daily published uncensored; and a mean, ignorant, mercenary, or unprincipled bookseller may spread poison every day, more detrimental than arsenic. Some books, like men, acquire reputation by some brilliant points they may possess, while the general tendency, or general character, is never investigated.

In no instance is this more remarkable than in the writings of the celebrated madman, Rousseau. The annals of literature never exhibited to the world a more paradoxical, whimsical, ingenious, eloquent, weak, and dangerous author.

* Page 291.—2.

† I have the charity to believe, that the Rev. J. D—s did not so much mean to praise Rousseau, in the obnoxious line,—"And Rousseau's tender strokes she dearly lov'd,"—as to shew the deceased young lady's sensibility.

* See Repository, p. 147. Vol. II.

† Ibid. p. 131.

This author's works have been much read, while few have examined the truth of his pictures, or analysed the consistency or tendency of his doctrines. In the preface to his novel, he says, "Chaste girls never read romances; and the girl who reads a single page of this is undone."

Yet no books are more called for at circulating libraries than romances, and none more than this. With such sentiments he gives his book to the world, and then presumes to write another upon education.

The following fragment, said to be found among some old MSS. it is believed, will convey, in a strong light, what is above said of his writings, and may, perhaps, lead some people to think when they read. I am, &c. CATO.

A Prophecy found in an old Manuscript.

A SATIRE ON ROUSSEAU.

IN those days a strange person shall appear in France, coming from the borders of a lake, and he shall cry to the people, Behold I am possessed by the demon of enthusiasm; I am a philosopher, a professor of paradoxes.

And a multitude shall follow him, and many shall believe in him.

And he shall say to them, you are all knaves and fools; and your wives and daughters are debauched; and I will come and live among you.—And he shall abuse the natural gentleness of the people by his soul speeches.

And he shall cry aloud, "All men are virtuous in the country where I was born; but I will not live in the country where I was born."

And he shall maintain, that arts and sciences necessarily corrupt the manners; and he shall write upon all arts and sciences.

And he shall declare the theatre a source of prostitution and corruption, and he shall write operas and comedies.

And he shall say to men, cast away your fine garments and go naked, and he himself shall wear laced cloaths when they are given him.

And he shall say to the great, "they are more despicable than their fortunes;" but he shall frequent their houses, and they shall behold him as a curious animal brought from a strange land.

And his occupation shall be to copy French music, and he shall say there is no French music.

And he shall declare romances destructive to morality, and he shall write a romance, and in his romance the words shall be virtuous, and the morals wicked; and

his characters shall be outrageous lovers and philosophers.

And he shall get drunk with an English Lord, who shall insult him; and he shall propose to fight with the English Lord; and his mistress, who has lost the honour of her own sex, shall decide upon that of men; and she shall teach him, who taught her every thing, that he ought not to fight.

And he shall receive a pension from the Lord, and shall go, to Paris, where he shall not frequent the society of well-bred and sensible people, but of flirts and petit-maitres, and he shall believe he has seen Paris.

And he shall write to his mistress that the women are grenadiers, go naked, and refuse nothing to any man they chance to meet.

And when the same women shall receive him at their country-houses, and amuse themselves with his vanity, he shall say they are prodigies of reason and virtue.

And he shall receive his mistress's picture, and his imagination shall kindle at the sight; and his mistress shall give him obscene lessons on solitary chastity.

And his mistress shall marry the first man that arrives from the world's end, and, notwithstanding all her craft, she shall imagine no means to break off the match; and shall pass intrepidly from her lover's to her husband's arms.

And the philosophic lover shall resolve to kill himself.

And he shall write a long dissertation, to prove that a man ought to kill himself when he has lost his mistress; and his friend shall prove the thing not worth the trouble; and the philosopher shall not kill himself.

And he shall make the tour of the globe, to give his mistress's children time to grow, that he may return to be their preceptor, and teach them virtue, as he taught their mother.

And the philosopher shall see nothing in his tour round the globe.

And he shall return to Europe.

And he shall call all this virtue and philosophy.

And while he talks of virtue and philosophy, no one shall be able to comprehend what is either virtue or philosophy.

And he shall prove virtue no longer to consist in the fear and slight of temptation, but in the pleasure of being continually exposed to it; and philosophy shall be the art of making vice amiable.

And the whole romance shall be useful, good and moral; for it shall prove that daughters have a right to dispose of their hearts, hands, and favours, without consult-

ing parents, or regarding the inequality of conditions.

And it shall show that, while you talk of virtue, it is useless to practise it.

And this book shall be written in an emphatic style, which shall impose upon simple people.

And the author shall abound in words, and shall suppose he abounds in arguments.

And he shall heap one exaggeration upon another, and he shall have no exceptions.

And he shall wish to be forcible; and he shall be extravagant; and he shall always industriously draws general conclusions from particular cases.

And he shall neither know simplicity, truth or nature; and he shall apply all his force to explain the easiest or most trifling things; and sarcasm shall be thought reason, and his talent shall caricature virtue, and overthrow good sense; and he shall gaze upon the phantoms of his brain, and his eyes shall never see reality.

And, like empirics, who make wounds to show the power of their specifics, he shall poison souls, that he may have the glory of curing them; and the poison shall act violently on the mind and on the heart; but the antidote shall act on the mind only, and the poison shall prevail.

And he shall vaunt that he has dug a pit, and think himself free from reproach, by saying, "woe be to the young girls that fall into my pit; I have warned them of it in my preface."—And young girls never read prefaces.

And when, in his romance, he shall have mutually degraded philosophy by manners, and manners by philosophy, he shall say, a corrupt people must have romances.

And he shall also say, a corrupt people must have rogues.

And he shall leave the world to draw the conclusion.

And he shall add, to justify himself for having written a book where vice predominates, that he lived in an age when it is impossible to be good.

And, to excuse himself, he shall calumniate all mankind.

And shall threaten to despise all those who do not believe in his book.

And virtuous people shall consider his folly with an eye of pity.

And he shall no longer be called a philosopher, but the most eloquent of all the sophists.

And they shall wonder how a pure mind could conceive such an impure book.

And those who believed in him shall believe in him no more.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

REVOLUTIONS OF LIFE.

A Fragment.

Indigence and Obscurity are the parents of Vigilance and Economy.—Vigilance and Economy of Riches and Honor.—Riches and Honour of Pride and Luxury.—Pride and Luxury of Impurity and Idleness.—Impurity and Idleness of Indigence and Obscurity.—Such are the revolutions of Life!

WHEN St. Clair's army was routed on the memorable 4th of Novemb. a subaltern, who was pursued by three Indians, fled with the utmost precipitation; directing his course towards an eminence at a considerable distance.

The moment he had passed the summit of the hill, he fell down perfectly exhausted, and resigned himself to the fate, which seemed inevitable. He had lain here but a few moments before he was overtaken by the Indians, who imagining he had descended from the hill, kept their eyes fixed at a distance, and passed within two yards, without discovering him. Astonished at this signal delivery, he arose as soon as the Indians were out of sight, returned by the same route he came, and never saw them again. For many days he subsisted upon acorns, and after a series of difficulties, arrived at Fort Jefferson.

Capt. HUBBELL, who lately arrived at New-York, in the ship *Enterprise*, in 110 days from Canton, has been gone nearly two years and a half. His route was round Cape Horne, up the Pacific Ocean, upon the North-West coast, and thence to Canton. He has brought home with him one of the natives of the Sandwich Islands, where Capt. Cook was killed, who is now at school in Bridgport, where Capt. Hubbell resides. He is said to be a likely and ingenious lad, about 12 years of age, of an olive complexion, with black straight hair. Capt. H. informs, that the natives of those islands are making great improvements from what they were in Capt. Cook's day, by the help of some white mechanics settled among them.—The native who killed Capt. Cook was yet living, and was pointed out to Capt. Hubbell.

The Sovereign Pontiff of the Catholic Church has pronounced Buonaparte the greatest man that ever existed, excepting the SAVIOUR of the World!!

NAIMBANNA, an African, who a few years ago was sent to England for instruction, on a certain occasion made use of these words—"When I saw that all good men read and valued the scriptures, and all bad men opposed them, I was sure they must be, what they were said to be.—*The word of God.*"

IN the days of yore, and even less than two centuries ago, it was not uncommon for the ladies of British noblemen to give as much attention to domestic affairs as farmers' wives do now.—It happened, in those times of industry and economy, that, Sir Walter Raleigh, lodging at the house of a noble Lord, overheard the lady, before he was up in the morning, demanding of the maid, whether she had fed the pigs. After Sir Walter had risen from bed, and while breakfast was preparing, he facetiously asked the lady whether the pigs had been fed.—"Yes," she retorted, with a significant look "the pigs have all had their breakfast, excepting one *strange* pig that we have but very lately had in keeping."

A SPLENETIC blacksmith, that fancied himself sick, would frequently teize a neighbouring physician to give him relief; the physician knowing him to be in perfect health, yet, not willing to offend him, told him he must be careful in his diet, and not eat any thing that was *heavy* and *windy*. The blacksmith went off satisfied—but on casting in his mind what food was heavy and windy, and being ignorant, back he posts to the Doctor, who being quite out of patience with his *patient*, said, "don't you know what things are heavy and what are windy?"—"No," answered the blacksmith—"why then I will tell you," said the Dr. "there's your *anvil* is heavy and your *bellows* are windy—do not eat either and you'll do well enough."

EVIL TENDENCY OF NOVELS.

THE following story, extracted from a French paper, is a new proof of the fatal effect of those modern romances, which seem intended to break down every check of reason and principle, and give new strength to the violence of unbridled feeling and passion. ROGÈRE, a young officer of artillery, in the French service, had conceived a violent attachment to a young lady whose parents did not approve of his addresses. A novel, entitled, *The Unfortunate Lovers*, happened to fall into his hands; he found a resemblance in it to his own story, and the fatal catastrophe made an im-

pression on his mind that hurried him on to despair. For some days he continued to read over the novel repeatedly; sometimes he threw it aside; and, at last, in a paroxysm of anguish he committed it to the flames. But his feelings were too much agitated to be restored to tranquillity. He ran wildly about the streets, distributing his money among the poor people he met, entreating them to pray that he might die. At last, unable to support his despair any longer, he applied a pistol to his mouth, and put an end to his existence.

A few days ago, as Mr. William Weldon, of Warren Co. (N.Y.) was walking near a branch, he perceived a hern seized by a turtle. He hastened to relieve the hern; but on approaching her, she darted her bill into the socket of his eye, and holding by the ball, suspended herself and the turtle for some time; by which he has lost the sight of that eye. [*Mas. Spy.*]

At the late sale of Gen. Washington's stock, the following prices were given:

	dolls.
The large Imported Bull sold for	334
The 2d size	115
2 Cows for	205
Imported ram	38
Sheep	13 dis. each

IN the country of Greenville. (S. C.) there is a couple by the name of *Easily*, still living, who since their union in wedlock have had had thirty-two children! the most of them, however, died young.

The General in his proper place.

WHEN general Bernadotte was in the camp at Dijon, a person asked him if it was true that his health would not allow him to follow the army? "What do you call *following* the army?" replied the general. "I never *followed* the army; I always marched at the head of it!"

ORIGINAL CHARADE

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

My *first* is, what all lawyers will agree
The very object that precedes their fee;
My *second* is what men use to express
Things beyond any doubt or any guess:
My *whole* is as the idol of the soul
Of every one, which nothing can control.

RELAXATION.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

The Cynic, No. 5.

*Say, should the philanthropic mind disdain
That good which makes each humble bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can;
These little things are great to little man:
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.*

GOLDSMITH.

THOUGH an avowed Cynic, and wishing to preserve my sentiments of misanthropy, as far as they respect many, too many of mankind, when I take a tour through the country, and see the manners of the inhabitants, untainted by the example of the town,* I feel rejoiced that there are some of my fellow-creatures who are happy, and know how to justly appreciate that happiness. The more distant you leave the city behind, the nearer you approach the residence of innocence and contentment. The rural pleasures which are equally shared by the wealthy farmer or his laborious tenant, are more pleasing, with all their simplicity, than the gaudy senseless entertainments furnished in the city at a vast expence. Here the concourse of all ages, and both sexes, who are attracted by the wish to display themselves, their persons, or their fashionable accomplishments, is productive of no rational amusement. Each belle comes to astonish, not to please; to be admired, not beloved. Empty compliment or unmeaning talk, here supplies the place of unaffected welcome or rational conversation. Here in the capital, in the midst of splendour and profusion, dissimulation pervades all ranks; while in the humble cottage of the peasant, or under the uncontaminated roof of the farmer, the only language understood is the language of sincerity, expressed with frankness and dictated by the heart.

Some short time since, fatigued with the dull uniformity of city-pleasures, I made an excursion into the country. The luxuriant beauties of unconfined nature were to me always more pleasing than the polished imitations of art. Disengaged from the trammels of business, the mind has un-

limited space to exercise itself; fancy may soar uncontrolled through the regions of immensity, and roam at will through the boundless range of objects that present themselves to the view. I sought the hospital mansion in which I had found a pleasing retirement, when the avenging breath of Pestilence desolated the streets of this metropolis, and was received with that welcome which proceeds from the heart, and which the sons of nature and simplicity give without affectation. It was evening, and a daughter of my host had been married in the course of the day to a young farmer in the vicinity. Joy was visible on every face, and while the young people amused themselves with dancing under the trees, and in a variety of rural pastimes, the old looked on with delight, and participated in their pleasures. A musician had been procured, to whose blythsome measures they beat the ground with artless glee, while their utmost wishes were gratified in the merriment that prevailed. Were then these pleasures deserving the contempt of the haughty man of learning?—Would it be considered a proof of wisdom to despise “That good which makes each humble bosom vain?”—Let the speculatist on the human mind furnish the solution.—All around me was pleasure, innocent virtuous pleasure. The countenance of the youthful pair glowed with rapture, while the eye of paternal affection beamed gratitude for the happiness they beheld diffused around them. Could the philanthropist view a scene like this, and not feel his heart expand with pleasure?—Could the man of the world look on, and not forget his cares?—or the Deist, without feeling his breast inspired with sentiments of devotion to the GIVER of every good and perfect gift, who thus bounteously regarded the most humble of his creatures? Cynic as I was, my eye involuntarily paid the tribute of sensibility to rustic happiness, and the rustic virtue that deserved it. To partake in the luxury of such a scene, the pedant would renounce his scholastic acquirements, and “school-taught pride,” and acknowledge how fallacious are the pursuits of superfluous knowledge, when the husbandman, unacquainted with the sublime maxims of philosophy, enjoys that unalloyed happiness, the consequence of the practice of virtue. For my own part I plunged into the hilarity that prevailed, and in the participation of the pleasures that surrounded me, forgot my detestation of the vices of society, and my own disappointments; and had I resided long in this habitation of Content, I should

have lost every trace of the morbid hue of misanthropy that tinged my sentiments before I visited it.

This scene is not drawn from fancy,—it is no imaginary Arcadia; but the genuine offspring of reality. Let those who place all their delight in the works of art, and the pursuit of visionary bliss, leave them for a moment, and make an excursion, though ever so transitory, into the country. The observations they will be enabled to make, even from a superficial view, will place the infinite superiority of nature over the aspiring imitations of frail humanity, in so strong a light, that they must feel themselves humbled before the CREATOR of the world. Whether they contemplate those stupendous objects that strike the mind with terror at their magnitude, awe of their sublimity, or admiration of their grandeur, or view with more pleasurable sensations the variegated beauties of the landscape, the “winged thought,” by a natural and easy gradation, soars above the surrounding prospect, to the Throne of OMNIPOTENCE; where, heightening and combining the beauties of the creation in himself, sits the animating SOUL of the Universe.

The sports of the youthful companions continued long after the wearied limbs of their happy parents sought, in repose, a recruit to their exhausted strength; and the midnight hour saw them still enjoying themselves beneath the wide spreading foliage of the oak,—their tapers the beams of the full moon sailing through a cloudless sky, their carpet the flower-adorned bosom of Nature. May the city, in whose rank soil the weeds of vicious habits flourish with vigour, while the beautiful plants of virtue disclose their pale sickly hue in sad contrast with the broad unshrinking blossoms of immorality, be, with respect to manners, totally insulated from the country. The contagion of vice spreads but slowly in an air so pure. May its progress be impeded, or rather meet with insurmountable obstructions and a speedy termination. Whoever has taken a comparative estimate of the advantages and disadvantages attendant on a city and country life, if they are divested of that false prejudice which the splendid attractions of apparent pleasure are too apt to inspire, must allow, that the tranquil joys and honest satisfaction of a rural life, are infinitely preferable to gaudy discontent and magnificent wretchedness. Man was not born to be a solitary creature, neither was he endowed with the powers of intellect to employ them in aiding him in the pursuit of the fleeting phan-

* The admired *Crowper*, who wrote in a country where the manners of the city had a still greater influence on the adjacent inhabitants, their purity, and morals, observes,

“The town has tinged the country. And the stain

“Appears a spot upon the vestal robe,

“The worse for what it soils.”

• TASK.

om—imaginary happiness, or to sacrifice his best days at the shrine of Avarice or Ambition. He is but erecting a splendid prison, in which all his hopes of happiness here will be confined, and though he gild the bars with his own hands, it will not render his imprisonment less dreary, or his existence more supportable.

W.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN perusing your last number of the Repository, I perceive a correspondent, under the head of *The Transient Observer*, and signature of *Senex*, prefers a complaint, with which I can by no means coincide. The motto he has taken, if he had finished it, would have been very inappropriate for his subject; for which reason he has chosen to give us but one half of it. If it had been complete it would have read thus:—

"Give unto children the things that are suited to children; and to men the things that are suited to men."

If the sentence had been thus complete, *Senex* would have found that the Repository so exactly answers to this motto, that he must have been a *Transient Observer* indeed, if he had not detected himself. But, as it is, *Senex* sufficiently proves himself a *Transient Observer*: for if he had ever observed the obligations the editor has laid himself under to the public, in the Prospectus to the second volume of the Repository, he would have found his engagement is, to suit (as far as he can, consistent with honor, innocence and propriety) every description of readers, and that the articles *Senex* objects to with so much grey-headed gravity, are expressly stipulated as forming a part of his plan.*

By this *Senex* will find, that whatever his ideas or expectations of "a literary miscellany" may be, the editor is exculpated; although the "selections and original communications should" not be entirely "void of all puerilities." And although the communications of *Rogo* and *Alonso S.* may appear futile or puerile to the grey hairs of *Senex*, yet it may afford amusement to some juvenile minds; and these as well as *Senex* have a claim on the editor to be gratified in their turn. I would, however, beg *Senex* to understand, that I am by no means justifying the *Enigmatist*.

* See the Prospectus to the Second Volume, fourth head of the "General Outline of the Contents:" which runs thus—"Amusing Miscellanies; such as Epithets, Epigrams, Riddles, Rebuses, Mathematical Questions, &c."

in detailing "infantine conundrums;" (tho' by the bye I have not observed any such in his numbers) nor can I advocate the resurrection of "an article from a two penny pamphlet," which having existed so long ago as *Senex* was a boy; must have been dead to literary fame many years since; but my aim is to justify the editor, in fulfilling his promise to his patrons; and the more so, because I differ very much from *Senex*, as it respects the introduction of "this species of amusement." I cannot admit with him, that while these articles are "harmless and innocent in themselves," they are also "useless." A juvenile amusement of this kind will frequently induce a young person to read the Repository: but were it filled with nothing but the "sound doctrine," or even the "playful elegance" of a *Senex*, it would have but few, if any charms for many juvenile readers.—But I think I hear *Senex* reply with all the gravity of the character he has assumed—"What advantage will they derive from reading such trash?" I answer, perhaps none: but if it is a means of leading them to the adjoining page, where something more substantial is to be found, it will answer a very good purpose. But *Senex* thinks that "no person, who felt conscious of his talents for writing, and that is qualified to amuse and instruct, would wish to see his productions associated with those of such extreme insignificance." It is well for literature, and well for mankind, that every writer of talents has neither possessed the *pride*, nor professed the *delicacy* which *Senex* exhibits in this sentence. I can inform him that he will find, in most of the periodical publications of this kind in England, articles as trifling as any in the Repository, accompanied with the productions of some of the first rate talents in that country: and which are not in the least contaminated nor disgraced thereby. And further, if he will take the pains to enquire, he will find that both the *Spectator*, and *Rambler*, were at first "associated with the many insignificant articles" that appeared in a public newspaper, and consequently passed thro' every dirty taproom in the metropolis—and all this conferred no disgrace whatever on the authors.

As to the exhibition of young ladies names in enigmatical lists, I allow, if unauthorized, they may by some be deemed impertinent; but I have strong reasons to believe, that this was by no means an unacceptable sacrifice offered to the greater part of the fair ladies of Philadelphia.

I hope these observations will induce *Senex* to lay aside his qualms as it respects a

mixture of "sound doctrine" and "playful elegance" with the juvenile essays of the day; and that he will recollect that a diamond always shines brightest amongst pebbles.

A CONSTANT OBSERVER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"In close debate, with reason subtly strong,
With answers quick, and arguments not long;
On these resistless weapons we rely,
And shoot all worldly follies as they fly."

OUR great preceptor, *Addison*, has enumerated a number of associations, or clubs, of various pursuits; but the following band of Censors, it is presumed, bears little affinity to any of them.—A few evenings ago, my friend *Dick Easy* requested my company to attend the establishment of an association for the improvement of the age. Impressed with the utility of the measure, I readily assented, and we journeyed onwards, descending on the perverseness of the times.

Arrived at the mansion of *Criticism*, I found a few learned, and benevolent wights, whose object is to eradicate every thing light and playful, and to metamorphose the easy-thinking part of society into philosophers, had formed a circle, and were engaged in cogent disputation. A sufficient number being present, to proceed to business, *Sam Snaat* was placed in the chair;—after looking very grave, adjusting his full-bottom'd wig, and saddling his nose with a pair of green spectacles, he called *Order!*—As soon as colloquial discord ceased, *Tom Crab* rose, and addressed the President as follows:—

"We are, Sir, assembled this evening on business of the first importance: Business that ought to engage the attention and countenance of every discerning person, whose wish is to prostrate the temple of folly. The ties of society are relaxed by the innovators of frivolity. In vain, Sir, do periodical publications attempt to arrest the progress of licentiousness. These in general, often insert the very lucubrations of puerility. We, Sir, whose judgments are not to be misled by sophistry, and whose passions are not excited by superficial appearances; We, Sir, who can resist the artifice of fashion, and dispel the influence of luxury, ought to embark in this arduous contest. We, ought to become a *Court of Criticism*, and regulate the affairs of literary vehicles.—But as an association of any kind requires a name, previous to public or private incorporation, I

more, that the gentlemen present, do now consider an appropriate one.

Gregory Grum rose next, and observed, "That the selection of an appropriate title, for a body so respectable, was a difficult task. Many an author, Sir," said he, "has strained his invention, mortgaged his slumbers, and even failed in the endeavour. A name must designate the society, in *name* and *fact*; the former to distinguish it, and the latter its pursuits.—It ought to be novel, to shew our powers of invention; and therefore I hope it will be known by the name of the "*Grumbling Club*."—Crumbly, Sir, according to our great Monitor, Sam Johnson, is an act of disapprobation, discontent, and displeasure. It cannot be doubted that we are displeased and discontented, and that we disapprove openly of any thing absurd, or ridiculous.—Grumblers, Sir, are characters held high in the page of history, and distinguished greatly in modern times. Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Boileau and Pope, as poets, were great satirical Grumblers at the vices of mankind. In prose the most distinguished Grumblers, were Addison, Steele, Johnson, Goldsmith, Haworth and Roberts. They grumbled with great success, against the propensities of wickedness, and the delusion of credulity. Their works will present a constellation of instruction to succeeding ages. Their opinions will be firm as the axioms of Euclid, while sense holds its worth in the scales of truth: and wit its power in the cabinet of taste. On the whole, Sir, whatever opinion may be entertained by any gentleman present, I trust no affection for a name of his own conception, inferior in point of strength, beauty and novelty will actuate him to oppose the present candidate for distinction."

Senex, a noted Grumbler in the "Repository," rose next, and elevated himself in an oratorical attitude, which would have excited the powers of Hogarth, to a declination. He stated as follows, (in addressing the President) "Altho', Sir, I have been so long silent, I have not been an inattentive observer of the progress of literary intoxication. In the "Repository," a paper, in which some of my pieces are sometimes honoured by insertion, there appears often infantine conundrums, and enigmatical lists of young ladies of this city. This species of amusement requires correction. The unedged authors, who offer their productions at the Temple of Fame, deserve castigation. Several young ladies of my acquaintance, have expressed, in *my presence*, their resentment at those silly pretenders to the laurel, and 'tis our duty to check their im-

pertinence."—Here *President Snarl* interrupted, "*Senex*," and reminded him of his wandering from the question. "Well Sir, continued *Senex*, I stand corrected, and will attend your timely interposition.—The name which my honorable friend, *Mr. Grum*, has offered, I do not altogether approve. The road to fame is open to every one, but he has entirely mistaken if he conceived it possible for us to attain the pinnacle by such a title. I have a better one, Sir, one that has been used, and tried in print, and I move that the society be called "THE TRANSIENT OBSERVING SOCIETY." Looking on my watch I found old *never-stop* had reached the tenth hour, and as my good lady does not suffer me to be out later; & as early hours are a proof of good company, I was obliged to relinquish the pleasure of hearing the *great Senex* finish his harangue. I feel sensible of the loss I have sustained, and I doubt the reader is in the same situation. Anticipating a change for the better in our manners, and relishing any thing diverting, I shall in future devote a requisite attention to this association, and probably report again.—Farewell—"All's well that ends well."

PETER PRY.

From the Seat of Government!

PROCEEDINGS OF A FEMALE LEGISLATURE.

MATRIMONIAL BUDGET.

THE house having resolved itself into a committee of supplies and means, (for what signifies the supplies without the ways and means)—Lady *Long-much* took the chair.

Mrs. WOULD-be rose and spoke to the following purport:—

Mrs. President, I rise upon this occasion to express my sentiments at this very alarming crisis. We are now met in this committee, to consider of ways and means to raise the necessary supplies of husbands throughout the United States.

At a time when so many brave officers, and effective men have fallen in defending their country's rights, it behoves us to look out, and take such measures and resolutions as may seem meet, to prevent a stagnation in the rising generation, and rescue us from that odium attributed to maids who die in a state of celibacy. It therefore is the duty of every one within these walls, to exert her utmost abilities, and throw out such hints as may, in the most eligible manner, tend to remove the evil. I shall therefore, with great submission to the chair, as we are upon

this important business, propose to the committee the following resolutions:

That a tax of four shillings in the pound be imposed upon all Bachelors upwards of 35 years of age, in proportion to their estates, revenues or incomes.

That Bachelors turned of 45, shall moreover make a will, and bequeath one half of their property upon demise, (as they themselves can be of no further use while living,) for the support and relief of distressed maidens against their wills, in order to enable them to obtain husbands suitable to their rank and pretensions. Otherwise the said Bachelors are to be deemed to all intents and purposes old maids, and condemned accordingly, to lead apes in hell.

That all illegitimate children shall be pronounced the offspring of Bachelors, and that they be compelled to provide for them accordingly.

That one million of enchanting smiles, with a proportionate number of captivating ogles be immediately issued for the service of the ladies during the current year.

That 900,000 languishing looks be granted out of the sinking fund of beauty, to make good disappointments and deficiencies incurred last year.

That bewitching kisses, bearing three and a half per cent, be consolidated with pouting lips, and made transferable in the currency of rapture, at the exchequer of bliss.

That 600,000 husbands be raised by way of lottery, with an agreeable *decoeur* to the subscribers—the prizes to be paid immediately upon drawing without any deduction.

That one million necessary blushes and occasional sighs, be issued immediately upon the drawing of the lottery.

That all the artillery of love be properly provided for, from Cupid's board of ordnance, under the sign manual of the Cyprian Queen. [Fed. Gaz.

Washington, June, 1802.

The Enigmatist, No. 6.

"And while thus resolved in doubt,
"He scratch'd his pate to find it out."

NUDIBRAS.

35. In what manner may a line be drawn from the centers of two circles, without touching the circumferences?

40. A vowel, a swine, and a sheep pray unite.
They will shew you a thing without fail,
Tho' the least of its species will oftentimes bite,
And carry a sting in its tail.

41. What is that which God never sees, kings very seldom, but we every day?

42. FROM NINE POUND take an eighth,
Th' strange remain you will see,
Just nine pounds will be left;
Tell me how this can be?

43. What part of a fowl is its elegy?
 44. The beginning of eternity,
 The end of time and space,
 The beginning of every end,
 And the end of every place.

E

45. A Bird is sitting on a peach in my garden: I want that peach? but how must I procure it without disturbing the bird?
 46. What word in the English language contains the six vowels in their grammatical order?

ROGO.

The following Lines are from the Pen of Hector McNeill, a Scottish Bard who last year published two volumes of Poems, at Edinburgh - their charming simplicity will recommend them to every lover of real poetry.

(Ver. Mercury.)

THE WEE THING:

OR, MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

A BALLAD.

SAW ye my wee thing? Saw ye my ain thing?
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
 Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
 Sought she the burnie whar flow'r the haw-tree?

Her hair, it was lint-white; her skin, it was milk-white;
 Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
 Red, red is her ripe lips! and sweeter than roses;
 Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
 Nor saw yon true love down by yon lea;
 But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
 Down by the burnie whar flow'r the haw-tree.

Her hair, it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
 Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
 Red ware her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
 Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me!

It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing;
 It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
 Proud is her leel heart! modest her nature!
 She never loo'd ony, till once she loo'd me.

Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary;
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, many a kice:
 Fair as your face is, war it fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!

It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary;
 It was then your true love I met by the tree;
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me.

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his leel rolling ee;
 Ye's true fair, this morning, your boasts and your scorn-
 ing;

Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.

Awa wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling—
 Aft went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
 The bulted plaid f'ring, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the lo'ing maid with th' dark rolling ee!

Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!
 Is it my true love here that I see!—
 O Jamie, forge me; your heart's constant to me;
 I'll never more wander, dear laddie frae thee!

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 31, 1802.

Philadelphia Benevolent Society.

ON Wednesday evening the 4th of August, at early candle-light, a discourse will be delivered at the second Presbyterian church in Arch-street, by the Rev. Mr. Linn, for the benefit of the Benevolent Society; whose present funds are found to be inadequate to relieve the various cases of real distress which are continually presented to the Society.

It is hoped that the Citizens of Philadelphia, who have on so many occasions manifested such exalted sentiments of sympathy for the distressed, will not be wanting, on the present occasion, to lend their assistance in helping forward a work so truly disinterested and laudable.

In the discourse, the nature and object of the Society will be fully delineated. And when it is known that this society is instituted solely for the purpose of relieving the most distressing cases of sickness and poverty, there is no doubt but humanity will bleed at the altar of sensibility, and freely dispense those tokens of affection for the human family, which so highly exalt the character of man, and which render so acceptable a sacrifice to the Deity.

By order of the Society,

RICHARD WEVIL, Secretary.

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY,

BY MR. N. MAJOR.

$$\text{Given } \begin{cases} x^2 + z^2 = 2466 \\ x^2 y + z^2 y = 2142 \\ x^2 z + y^2 z = 1950 \end{cases} \text{ to find } x, y, \text{ \& } z.$$

MARRIED—On the 25th inst. by Robert Wharton, Esq. Mr. Kinken Johnson, of Germantown, to Miss Lydia Tybout, daughter of Andrew Tybout, of this city.

On the 27th inst. by Peter Brown, Esq. Mr. George Shiras of Moutholly, to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Munn, daughter of Thomas Munn, innkeeper of this city.

On the 27th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. John Cummins, to Mrs. Catherine Kelebre, both of this City.

On the 29th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Jacob Tyson, to Miss Susan Evans, both of Upper Mersey, Delaware county.

On the 29th inst. by the rev. Thomas Ustick, Mr. John Thaw, to Miss Eliza Thomas, both of this city.

On the 23d inst. Mrs. Sylola Jones, in the 61st year of her age, wife of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Jones, of Lower Dublin, Philadelphia county.

On the 26th inst. David Willis, eldest son of Mr. Jonathan Willis, merchant of this city.

On the 21st inst. at Case May, where he had gone for the re-establishment of his health, John Newman, Esq. formerly chief clerk of the department of war, a station which he lately left, with honorable testimonials, for the purpose of studying the law, with a gentleman in Philadelphia.

At Germantown, on the 27th inst. Mrs. Huron, wife of Laurence Huron, of this City, in the 24th year of her age.

At Guernsey, lately, Sergeant Samuel M. Donald, aged 40, of war in his chest. He served during the American war, and some years afterwards was taken into the household of the Prince of Wales as Lodge porter at Carleton-house, and remained in that capacity until 1793: he was then appointed a sergeant in the 1st Life Sutherland Fencible, and continued to act in the corps, and the 33d regiment of foot, until his death. He was six feet ten inches in height, four feet round the chest, and well proportioned. He continued active until his 35th year, when he began to decline. His strength was prodigious, but he was never known to exert it improperly. Several considerable offers were made to engage him at a public exhibition, all of which he refused, and always disliked being stared at.

At Norwich, Eng. Mrs. Braien, aged 88; commonly called the Free Mason, from the circumstance of her contriving to conceal herself one evening in the wain caving of a lod e room, where she learnt some of those secrets, the knowledge of which thousands of her sex have vain attempted to arrive at. She was a very singular old woman, and as a proof of it, she made her heart the sole confidant of the secret.

Melancholy Accident.

The coach and horses, together with the crackman, and a son of Mr. Joseph Anthony, of this city, were unfortunately lost in the river Delaware, on the 24th inst. This distressing occurrence happened in the following manner, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the morning: the family having rode out to their country-seat, situated on the river, about fourteen miles from the city, the coachman, with Mr. Anthony's son William, a promising lad of about 10 years of age, drove to the edge of the river, for the purpose of refreshing his horses and cleansing the carriage. Unfortunately, either from not being well acquainted with the shore, or from being unable to turn the horses in time, they got out of their depth, and in their struggles to swim, it is supposed entangled their feet with the harness or shaft, and immediately sunk. [Rel's Gazette.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If Rogo, in his reply to Senex, (renewed this week) had confined himself to a defence of his own prior actions, it would have been published; but as he attempts to arraign the editor for not publishing his communication made in Feb. last, under the signature of Monitor, on the subject of enigmatical lists of young ladies and gentlemen, and to which the ed. replied in No. 14, he cannot reasonably expect that indulgence. The ed. again remarks, "that his judgment must decide when and where to stop;" and further, that his information, as to the propriety or impropriety of what may appear in the Repository, being derived from the collected sense of his correspondents, as well as many of his readers must, in general, be more correct than that of any individual. The editor, however, would have no objection to gratify Rogo on the present occasion, were it not for the impropriety of devoting so much room to so puerile a subject. His reply to Senex—his communications made in Feb.—and the explanation he perhaps expects from the editor, would occupy at least two pages—This would indeed be trifling with a trifling subject, as well as with the reader. Besides he will find his own defence in the general remarks of a Constant Observer.

The "Milk-Maid," by Amelia, in our next. The "Tinder's Essay on Drinking" is insignificant. The editor is always willing to encourage youthful genius, but never vice.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

H Y M N S.

HYMN VIII.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath laid up for them that love him.

1 Cor. ii. 9.

HEART-cheering thought! away ye fading joys,
Ye unsubstantial forms, nor tempt me more;
A nobler theme my active soul employs,
I part for sweets on the celestial shore:
Peaceful pleasures ever reign

In those amaranthine bow'rs;
Neither sin, nor death, nor pain,
Can disturb the tranquil hours
Of saints, who do the vict'ry win, and rise
To unseen glory 'bove the azure skies.

O Spirit Divine! my soaring soul illumine,
And give a taste of pure, of heav'nly joy;
Cause light and glory thro' the dark thick gloom
Of death to shine, and all my fears destroy:
Banish pining-tac'd despair;
Give dependence on Thy word;—
If a son I am an heir,

Thou my Father, Friend, and Lord:
Infinite heritage! my heav'n! my boast!
I'm in the boundless pleasing prospect lost!

Shall I behold my MAKER face to face?
Bend near his throne and taste his love divine,
Surrounded by the objects of his grace?
And see his Son's unrival'd beauties shine?
Shall my soul, divinely taught,
Soar in wisdom's god-like way,
View the works his hands have wrought,
Mark His mercy's boundless sway;
And see, and know what here we could not scan—
That all His acts are peace, good-will to man?

Thro' worlds unnumber'd, all his pow'r behold,
His laws how just, his judgments all how kind?
Hear Wisdom pure, her sacred lore unfold,
And shew the nice connexions of the mind?
Shall my soul with holy joy,
Sing of love the soothing song?
"Glory be to God on high,
Praises do to him belong!"

Whilst from the earth, sea, air, and boundless skies
Shall one unceasing grateful anthem rise.

Who ye who run in folly's fatal way,
What pure, untadng happiness ye lose!
Whilst from the Source of light and life ye stray,
And for a toy, eternal gain refuse:
Come, O taste the sweets that flow
From your FATHER'S hand on high;
Taste, and bid adieu to woe,
Sin and pain, and ev'ry sigh!
"For neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
The joys which God hath for his son's prepar'd."

X. W. T.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

A SONNET.

COME Sleep, on drowsy pinions hither bend!
Thou bless'd enchantress! hover round my bed,
Strew thy dull poppies 'round my aching head—
O unto me thy pleasing aid extend!
Oft have I felt thy soft and soothing pow'r,
When pain and care were strangers to my breast,
And nought depriv'd me of my peaceful rest;—
But now, repose and rest I know no more.

Now solemn darkness overspreads the skies;
The breezes faintly fan the ambient air,
And scarce a sound invades my list'ning ear,
Whilst "half the world" in peaceful slumber lies.
Come then, sweet soother of the anguish'd soul!
Lull all my cares, and all my fears control.

ORLANDO.

MOON-LIGHT.

BEHOLD yon Moon in majesty arise,
And with her lustre gild the ambient skies;
O'er all around she casts her glorious light,
And reigns triumphant empress of the night:
From her bright throne resplendent lustre sheds,
On mountains, valleys, woods, and flow'ry meads;
On the calm rivers, streams of glory play,
And light the hardy seaman on his way;
Brighten the lustre of the azure plain
And shed refulgence o'er the boundless main.
Her cheering lustre meets th' enraptur'd eyes,
And fills our bosoms with a glad surprise;
At her approach the glit'ring stars retire,
And gild the skies with less than wonted fire....

But sudden clouds th' illumin'd skies deform,
High billows roll, and furious howls the storm;
'Midst the deep gloom tremendous thunders roll,
And forked lightnings dart from pole to pole.
But when obedient to Almighty pow'r,
The thunders cease, and lightnings dart no more,
The clouds disperse, the moon appears anew,
And glorious splendor bursts upon the view:
The parting clouds with sudden glow are bright,
And add refulgence to the arch of night;
While o'er the meads mild fanning zephyrs blow,
And all again is bright with cheering glow;
The cloudless skies are tranquil and serene,
And heav'nly splendor gilds the charming scene.

CARLOS.

GOOD-NATURE.

TO AMICUS.

Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.

AMICUS, why with serious mein,
Regard the laughing poet's strain?
Or when dull elegy appears,
Surcharg'd with all the author's tears,
Why frown, if chance the sportive muse
Should from the poppy shake its dew?

Well hast thou thought, this playful heart
Would ne'er envenom satire's dart,

Nor to another give a pain,
For all the muses' sweetest strain.
Full often has it known to glow,
With all the luxury of woe;
And even (which I know is wrong)
Has blaz'd, deluded by a song:
But when I'm told of "groaning trees,"
When "sighs come sobbing in the breeze,"
And *silence* self is taught to speak,
To call the tear-drop down the cheek,
No dull Heraclitus am I,
And for my soul I cannot cry.

Amicus, have you ever been,
When keen burlesque display'd her scene?
Where sullen gloom'd the pompous show
Of heroes sunk in deepest woe?
Nor join'd the universal roar,
When Bernard swore he'd die *no more*?
Oh! if you have—to seek relief,
Go whine in elegiac grief.

But whv, in ardour for your friend,
The dangerous Rousseau's page defend?
O rather shun his Syren-song!
For he can drag the sense along
In magic fetters; can control
The finer feelings of the soul;
And with his style enchant the ear,
'Till drest like virtue vice appear.
Then let not on the female breast,
His glowing thoughts be e'er impress'd;
But teach discreetly to fly
Th' excess of sensibility,—
(I hat soft mimosa of the mind)
His ruin, if too unconfin'd.

But tell me, where's the greater crime,
Indulging in the flow of rhyme,
To pen a stanza to your friend,
And shew where he his style may mend;
Than to write sonnets to the eye
Of her who gives this breast to sigh,
And (which is worth an age's toll)
Rewards her poet with a smile?

You see, good nature rules my song.
Or in these lines, which glide along
With rapid pace, I might incline
To cavil at some phrase of thing;
Or ask, what 'tis *pretence* a saint,
If meek-eyed piety can "taint?"
But far remov'd be such intent;
With me all's well that is well meant,
And Hadibrass now fully clears,
What were not doubted—"Fancied fears:"
(Tho' ne'er till now I thought to feel
A ghost pit—"patting at my heel.")
Authorities, when other's fail,
You'll find in wanton Ovid's tale;
And as a proof of "groaning trees,"
E'en Blackmore's classic, if you please.

Amicus, fare you well!—I see
My barber waiting—if *J. D.*
Should chaunt once more his tuneful strain,
Why—Pasquin then may laugh again.

PASQUIN.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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Saturday, August 7, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

- " Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 " Their heavenly birth, or parentage obscure
 " Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 " The short and simple annals of the poor !"

SLOWLY and heavily the bell of the great clock in the turret tolled out three: the gloomy mists of night were gradually dispersing, while a faint yellow, tinging the eastern hemisphere, already indicated the approach of day.—Matilda started from her couch yet wet with tears, and which had that night afforded her but broken and imperfect slumbers. Fearing that she had exceeded the appointed time, she hastily arrayed herself in her simple habit, and bending mournfully over the bed of the yet sleeping Raymond, bestowed innumerable kisses on his dimpled mouth.

" Sweet babe !" cried she in an agony of tears: " perhaps I for the last time view thy lovely countenance!—no longer shall I receive pleasure from thy innocent endearments! Oh! why does virtue demand this painful sacrifice!—my dear lady, too—all—all lost !!"

Again she pressed her lips to those of the child, who opened his eyes, and, fixing them on Matilda, smiled sweetly. The smile undid all her resolution; and seating herself by his side, she soothed him with her accustomed tenderness, heedless of the passing time. The clock again reminded her of her tardiness, and with reluctance she replaced the child; and, cas-

ting a mournful look round her little apartment, departed.

With trembling steps and perturbed heart she descended the great staircase. All was yet profoundly still. At the appointed spot she met Jacques, who waited (faithful to the trust reposed in him) to open the gate for her.

" Alack! Matilda," said he, brushing away an involuntary tear with the sleeve of his coat, " are you, then, determined to quit us? Sorrowful will be the day to us poor servants! don't you remember the many merry dances we have had in this hall, and how jealous Claude and Felix used to be, when you gave me your hand in preference?"

" Yes!" said Matilda, raising her eyes to heaven with fervor—" think not that I shall ever forget the many happy days I have passed under this roof. But do not, my best friend, endeavour to alter, by your lamentation, a determination you know the necessity of."

" But, surely, Matilda," said Jacques, " you will not *now* be so coy as to deny me a parting salute!"

Matilda smiled though her undried tears, and, giving him her hand, said—

" Receive my thanks for your kind services. Day now breaks on a pace: I must bid you adieu. I well know that it is needless for me to bid you remember Matilda."

Jacques took a purse from his pocket, and, pressing it into her hand, said—

" Accept this, my dear girl: when the contents are expended, the purse will remain as a small token of remembrance."

She assured him that the liberality of her lady had rendered his gift unnecessary; but, rather than hurt his generous spirit, she accepted it. He then softly, though unwillingly, opened the door, and, again

bidding her a tender adieu closed it after her.

She tripped nimbly across the lawn, but her heart did not keep pace with the swiftness of her feet. When she had travelled about three quarters of a mile, tired and breathless, she threw herself upon the grass, and with tearful eyes contemplated the distant battlements of Warrenne Castle.

Matilda, at this period, had just completed her fourteenth year. Her figure was elegantly formed, and tho' it had not attained its perfect stature, was nevertheless far from contemptible. Her complexion, exquisitely fair, was admirably contrasted with a profusion of chestnut-coloured hair, which fell in careless ringlets over her forehead and bosom. Her eyes were bright and piercing, and the contraction of the eyes at the temples gave an expression of archness highly fascinating. Her dress consisted of a grey camelot jacket and petticoat, neatly bound with black ribbon, which served to exhibit to advantage her fine shape. A net fillet confined the superfluous hair, over which was tied a little black chip hat; and a pair of blue silk mittens completed her dress, at once simple and becoming.

Such was the person of our little heroine, as she sunk fatigued and exhausted upon the turf. Her little bundle, containing her change of linen, she disengaged from her arm, and for a few moments freely indulged in an extravagance of grief: then, more composed and refreshed, she rose, and pursued her solitary journey.

The parents of Matilda were poor industrious peasants in the province of Chantilly, whose only pleasurable relaxation from labour was in the infantile sports of their darling girl. As her personal attractions daily increased, her mind proportionally expanded; and her eagerness for instruction far exceeded their means of gratifica-

tion. One accomplishment it was in their power to afford her;—Matilda had a sweetly plaintive voice, and warbled the little rustic airs with peculiar grace. The savings of a twelve-month's economy were expended in the purchase of a lute, on which a neighbouring cottager instructed her to play, and in a short time perceived that his pretty pupil made such rapid progress in the wonder-working science, as to attract the notice of every passing traveller. On an evening, when her allotted household task was finished, she usually seated herself upon the mossy bench at the door of their hut, and played madrigals for the amusement of her young village companions, who thronged delighted round her.

On one of these occasions, the cheerful party were dispersed by the approach of a carriage, containing a lady and gentleman. Matilda abashed, put up her lute, and was returning into the cottage; when the lady, perceiving, and struck with her appearance, beckoned her to them.—Trembling with modest timidity, Matilda approached, and, curtsying respectfully, requested to know if she should prepare them any refreshment.

The lady regarded her attentively, and demanded her name, with several other questions, which she answered with less embarrassment. Pleased with her manner, the strangers alighted; and, after taking some fruit and milk, made her an offer to accompany them back in their carriage to view the Castle.

Elated with the prospect of such a distinguished honour, it was accepted by the humble family with a profusion of thanks; and Matilda, delighted with the grade of her new company, gladly repaired with them to Warrenne Castle. Lady de Warrenne, charmed with the person and behaviour of her lovely guest, felt unwilling to relinquish her, and with some little difficulty prevailed upon the simple cottagers to permit her attendance upon little Raymond.

Sir Author de Warrenne had been a firm adherent to the cause of his sovereign John. Some domestic concerns had obliged him to desert his parental estate in Ireland, and fix his residence in France. His unshaken fidelity to his monarch, tho' exerted in a bad cause, could not but reflect honour on his character, as firm allegiance should ever distinguish a courtier. He possessed generosity and valour, but at the same time he gave way to an impetuosity of temper, which rendered him unfit to bear disappointment or contradiction:

pride, avarice, and ambition, were his predominant passions.

Early in life he received the hand of an amiable and accomplished woman; but as no children were likely to crown his wishes, not even the amiable disposition of his wife could prevent him from treating her with the grossest disrespect; and his temper, being irritable, received additional mortification from this grievous disappointment.

Indulging his spleen one day in solitary ramble, he perceived at the foot of a tree a large parcel: stooping to take a nearer view, his surprise was extreme to observe it agitated with a gentle motion; and raising it with his hand, found it to contain an infant boy wrapped in costly cloaths. Upon unfolding the cloth with which it was enveloped, he found it to contain a necklace and cross, of diamonds, of considerable value; with a note, which he instantly opened, in which were these words:—

“Should Providence direct any one hither ere this unfortunate babe has breathed its last, let pity plead in their breast for the innocent victim of pride and tyranny!—one born of noble blood, though driven by persecution to this fate. A time may come when its wretched parents shall dare to claim their Raymond.—Till then, oh! stranger, be thou his protector!—Heaven will be thy reward.”

Sir Author mused some time upon the strangeness of the event. His humanity, actuated also by some secret motives, inspired him with a resolution highly favourable to the abandoned infant. Despairing of having a natural heir to his ample possessions, he determined to adopt Raymond for his son. Filled with this intention, as resolute as sudden, he carried the child home; and presented it to his lady, relating the adventure, and insisting upon her receiving it as her own.

Ever accustomed to implicit obedience, Lady de Warrenne gave an immediate consent, notwithstanding her feelings powerfully affected her, at the idea of fostering in her bosom a child of unknown origin. The innocent and engaging looks of the infant soon reconciled her to the necessity, and in a short time her affection for it was little short of what it would have been, had it in reality possessed a natural claim to her love.

It was at this time that Sir Author and his lady met with Matilda, in the manner related. It instantly occurred to them, that her assistance would be of material service to lighten the fatigue Lady de Warrenne experienced in her indefatigable attendance upon Raymond. Sir Au-

thur whose good humour had lately been unbounded, joined in the wish, and Matilda returned with them.

At first, her youthful fancy, dazzled with the prospect of living in such splendour, readily acquiesced in their request; but, upon sight of the large antique Castle, with its mouldering walls and heavy iron gates, her courage failed, and she heartily repented her rashness in quitting the pretty pleasant cottage of Leonard and Pauline. Time, however, at length reconciled her to her situation; she soon loved little Raymond with the most lively affection, and for some time her happiness was unbounded.

The death of Pauline was the first real affliction her gay and artless bosom had ever experienced, and she mourned her loss with true filial piety. Lady De Warrenne generously defrayed the expences of the funeral, and presented Matilda with the mourning before described. The first grief being at length subsided, she began to regain her accustomed gaiety. Her vivacity and good humour endeared her to all the domestics, and the praises of Matilda were sounded from every tongue.

Her felicity was to prove but of short duration. Those charms which are erroneously supposed productive of happiness to the possessor, were in reality to her the sources of misfortune.

The engaging child soon expanded into the lovely woman, and Sir Author found a passion glowing in his breast stronger than *humanity*. Ever ardent and impetuous in his projects, he hesitated not to make her acquainted with the sentiments she had inspired; entreating, nay demanding, a return, as a compensation for the obligations she was under to him.

Poor Matilda heard him with a look of horror and astonishment. She rushed from his presence, in spite of his efforts to detain her, with detestation strongly depicted upon her expressive countenance. Hastening to her chamber, she flung herself upon her knees, and with uplifted hands implored the Almighty protection. She rose inspired with fortitude and resignation, and debated with herself what plan to pursue.

The penetrating eyes of Lady De Warrenne soon discovered her uneasiness, and with maternal tenderness pressed to know the cause. Again, Sir Author met her, and, seizing her hand, forcibly demanded her detention. She screamed with affright, and with a sudden spring disengaged herself from his grasp. Sir Author, his countenance distorted with rage, muttered as she fled, that—if entreaty and gentle methods could not prevail with her, force

should compel her to accede to his wishes.

She was tottering on the staircase, overcome with dread; a faint sickness came over her; her eyes and limbs refused their office; and she fell from the top to the bottom.—When she recovered, she found herself in the arms of Jaques, whose honest heart, sympathizing in her distress, prompted him to give her all the assistance in his power.—She imparted, in confidence, to him her situation; adding, that she would rather herself experience the greatest calamity than give pain to her Lady, by making her acquainted with the baseness of Sir Authur, for which reason she determined secretly to quit the Castle, and return to her father, to whom she might be of service in his declining years.

The generosity of Lady De Warrenne having supplied her so liberally as to satisfy her present wants, for the future she trusted to her own cheerful industry. Jaques, though deeply struck with the sense of her virtue, offered some of objection, to no purpose; and, after gaining him over to her interest in the manner related, quitted the Castle De Warrenne.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN your last number, I observed a critical examination and exposition of the *Transient Observer*, in the preceding paper. Although your correspondent has professed himself *A Constant Observer*, and endeavoured to demonstrate himself an acute critic, I believe he has failed to establish his character for accuracy of observation, or profundity of conception. In the Prospectus to the second volume of the Repository to which he refers, there appears to be no head under which “puerilities” are introduced, or any thing by which they can be understood, and with all *due humility*, I presume, that there may be—“Amusing Miscellanies; such as, *epitaphs, epigrams, riddles, rebuses, and mathematical questions*”—without any thing “puerile or infantine” being necessarily comprehended. If these my “unassuming” conceptions of the subject are accurate, your Constant Observer does not evince any *vast* depth of intellect.

In perusing the maze-windings of this great rhetorician, we find that he has not observed any thing resembling “infantile conundrums” in the numbers of the *Enigmatist*. Whether his sagacity is to be depended upon, and his judgment generally adopted, I leave to the determination of the reader. For the information of a Constant Observer, I will just remark, that a “paradox”

communicated by a correspondent from Annapolis, inserted in the Repository for July 17th, (whose publications were included in the remarks of “The Transient Observer,” and this particular article alluded to) may be found in a book entitled the “Puzzling-Game.” This *valuable* pamphlet, in which a Constant Observer may pursue his favorite studies in this *instructive department of literature* to his great amusement and improvement, may be purchased of most of the booksellers at the moderate price of three pence. I note the price not only for the information of your correspondent before-mentioned, but also to correct an unintentional error in my last communication, wherein it was stated that the book alluded to was a “two-penny pamphlet.” When any essay is to be submitted to the penetrating eye of a person possessed of such *critical sagacity* as a Constant Observer, it becomes necessary to correct errors, tho’ of such a trivial nature as the one just recorded.

His information with respect to “most publications of this kind in England,” I must beg leave to tell him, is totally erroneous, and instead of proving his extensive reading as appears to be intended, is indeed an evidence of his deficiency in accurate intelligence. The argument he advances to support his “*sound doctrine*,” relative to the Spectator and Rambler, is illusory; because at the period when the publication of these eminent works commenced, “public newspapers” were the only medium by which an extensive and immediate circulation was to be obtained, and when a due acquaintance with their respective merits was acquired by the world, they quickly detached themselves from “associates” so unworthy of them. Instead then of this assertion proving advantageous to the argument it was intended to support, it operates to its confutation.

If the ladies of Philadelphia, who have been held up to public notice in the manner stated, feel a just resentment at the impertinence of the scribblers who have insulted them, which I have every reason to believe, they will not be much gratified at the insinuation of a Constant Observer, that they were acceptable sacrifices at the altar of vanity.

Having thus endeavoured to follow your correspondent through his maze of comment and criticism, whose “ways” are indeed

“———Dark and intricate.

“Puzzled in mazes and perplex’d in errors;

“Our unceasing dread we vain,

“Lost and bewild’r’d in the fruitless search.”

I shall take leave of him with an observation in answer to his concluding remark;—that judges of the true value of “diamonds,” do not examine every heap of “pebbles,” to drag the gem from its degraded situation, to place it where its splendor will not be obscured and its worth will be obvious.

As your other correspondent*, who appears to allude to the communication which has been criticised by “A Constant Observer,” swears above sober truth and reality into the regions of fiction, and as I do not feel disposed at present to commence “a wild-geese chase,” he may continue his flight unmolested, and leave me amongst

“———The gaping multitude below,”

Till his pinions like the “waxen wings,” of the artist of antiquity, cease to support him from their inherent debility and natural insufficiency.

SENEX.

* See a communication signed “Peter Fry.”

POTATOES.

IT has been accurately ascertained, that potatoes being washed, and afterwards cut into slices in a mill, or by any other mechanical mode; and then dried on a milk-kiln, till all the moisture be exhausted, may be certainly preserved for many years, and be as fit for use afterwards, as before they were dried. They have also been peeled, and then sliced and dried, hard enough to bear grinding in a common grist mill, from which the flour has been barreled and sent to the West Indies and returned to this country, the whole process taking up four years; when both the potatoes, slices and meal, were as good and free from mould, or any bad flavour, as when they were first manufactured. The celebrated Dr. FRANKLIN recommends bread treated after the same process, as the best for sea-store. It is first sliced and then baked.

A NEW SONG.

BY DIBDIN.

A bachelor leads an easy life,

Five folks that are sowed live better,

A man may live well with a very good wife,

But the puzzle is, how to get her.

There are pretty good wives, and pretty bad wives,

And wives neither one thing nor t’other:

And, as for the wives who scold all their lives,

I’d sooner wed Adam’s grandmother.

Then, ladies and gents, if to marriage inclin’d,

May deceit or ill humour ne’er trap ye!

May those who are single get mates to their mind,

And those who are married live happy.

Some chuse their ladies for ease or for grace,

Or a pretty mind; but as they’re walking;

Some chuse ‘em for figure, and some for a face,

But very few chuse ‘em for talking.

Now, as for the wife I could follow thro’ life,

‘Tis she who can speak sincerely;

Who, not over nice, can give good advice,

And let a good husband clearly.

So, ladies and gents, when to wedlock inclin’d,

May deceit and ill humour ne’er trap ye!

May those who are single find mates to their mind,

And those who are married live happy!

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

The Cynic, No. 6.

"*Dreams are but interludes, which Fancy
mimes
When monarch Reason sleeps.*"

DRYDEN.

RETURNING from a perambulation through the city the other evening, after having fatigued myself with my walk, I sat down to read. GODWIN'S ENQUIRER, through some fortuitous occurrence, was at hand. The meeting was unexpected, and was very dissimilar to that which takes place when two friends, who have been long separated, come together. I took up the book, not to pore over its pages with rapture,—not to devour every half-formed extravagant sentiment with avidity, nor dwell with delight on its happy talent of ridiculing every sacred maxim, every holy object of our superstitious reverence.... but rather to smile at the author's vain attempts at wit, and pity his perverted understanding. From reading I fell into a train of mental reasoning, on the evil effects that were likely to ensue from the promulgation of such doctrines: From thinking, I reverted to the book; but very unphilosophically fell asleep, in the midst of one of the very best dissertations on the efficacy of the new-fangled doctrine, in dispersing the mists of prejudice in which the minds of mankind are so unfortunately shrouded. Although my eyes were closed, and my senses lulled into repose by the soporific influence of this philosophical budget of nonsense, yet imagination took up the subject where reason had left it, and pursuing the same train of ideas, gave me a very pleasing and interesting dream.

Methought I was placed on the summit of a high cliff, that rose from the surrounding vale in majestic grandeur, and commanded an extensive view of the adjacent country. My faculties of vision seemed increased, space annihilated, and the whole world placed at my feet. The shepherd tended his flocks in the valley, the fisherman drew his nets to the bank of the stream,—the citizen toiled in his daily search after affluence, and every class of men pursued their different avocations in their ordinary manner. A serene sky, and a gentle breeze bespoke the happiness of the world, and the munificence of its CREATOR. I viewed, with silent rever-

ence, the order that pervaded the whole, and the admirable propriety with which every thing was placed in its proper sphere of action. Suddenly the heavens became overcast,—a "dread repose" diffused itself over the face of nature: The terrible stillness that prevailed was the presage of a scene replete with horror. An earthquake rocked the ground. The earth rolled in waves like the ocean when agitated by a storm! Even the apparently immovable rock on which I was placed, trembled to its base, and the most alarming convulsions succeeded the serenity which had before existed through all the grades of civilized and savage nature." When the commotions which agitated the surface of the earth had in some degree abated, I perceived that the ground had in many places sunk, and left in its place huge lakes, which emitted sulphureous vapours, that almost overcame me with suffocating oppression. I thought that the inhabitants must have met with inevitable destruction, as I doubted not but the dissolution of the world and the annihilation of all matter was at hand. Suddenly, at my right hand, I observed a form of ethereal brightness, and by the angelic expression of her countenance I supposed it the messenger of the Eternal, who had come to announce the destruction of all things. I was mistaken. With a voice of unutterable benignity she informed me her name was *Truth*, and commanded me to observe the scene exhibited in the plain below. Waving her magic wand, I was enabled to penetrate the stygian gloom in which the world was enveloped, and comprehend the mysterious horrors of the prospect. I saw the inhabitants of the earth exhibit no symptoms of terror at the terrific convulsions which had inspired my mind with awe and dread; and they appeared totally insensible to the dangers to which they had been exposed. "Yon frail offsprings of mortality," said my divine attendant, "suppose that the convulsions which have so terrified you, were caused by the operations of Truth! Alas! they are strangers to my influence, and it has in reality been effected by the machinations of the fiend of darkness. Behold their infatuation. They conceive their minds to be illuminated with the glorious dawns of the light of *philosophy*; they have destroyed the institutions that were erected by piety and virtue, and laugh at the ties of gratitude, of natural affection and religion, as the offsprings of visionaries and enthusiasts. As their inclination stimulates, or the brutal propensities of their nature prompts them, they are guilty of a viola-

tion of every sacred ordinance—of every moral precept. Murder and rapine they consider as the first steps toward the annihilation of prejudice, and their return to a happy state of nature. All the tender ties that are the ligaments of society are broken, and the powers of hell triumph in the reign of Anarchy and Deism, and dance in frantic exultation over the mouldering ruins of order—over the sacred ashes of violated virtue! Their triumph will be short; the day will come when reason shall resume her wonted powers, when they will be sensible of the efficacy of my authority, and"—Here my dream was suddenly interrupted by a peal of thunder, or rather, as I afterwards found, by the falling of a pile of volumes at my right hand.

W.

Criticism.

Quid verum atque decens, curo rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.

HOR. EPIST. FIRST.

MR. HOGAN,

IF *A Friend to Morality* had examined my observations with that candor which is the glory of a moral writer, I would not have taken any notice of his remarks. How it entered into his mind, that I recommended Rousseau's tender strokes to young ladies, or old ones, is altogether beyond my comprehension. What I said on that subject can bear no such construction, if words have any meaning.

I first asserted, that Rousseau's works abounded with feeling strokes,—and he has not attempted to deny it. I secondly said, that no good critic would deny him what ever merit was his due,—and this he has not attempted to controvert. In the third place, I gave it as my opinion, that since there were very many feeling strokes in Rousseau's works, and that as Fenelon's moral beauties were acknowledged by all, the poet did not commit a crime in writing thus, "the moral beauties of a Fenelon, and Rousseau's tender strokes she dearly lov'd." There certainly is more contained in these two lines, thus connected, than our critics appears to have clearly seen. The true meaning is, she loved the tender, sympathetic feeling sentiments of Rousseau, but governed all these by the strict morality of Fenelon.

It is well worth of observation, that were we to banish every author from our libraries in which any pieces are found of an immoral tendency, few of the ancients would find a place, and not very many of

the moderns be left. I am by no means an admirer of Rousseau, but I desire to do him justice; if I banish him from the library, I would banish Virgil for his warm verses, in his 2d Eclogue; Ovid would also find no place, for his faulty pages are numerous; Horace, Juvenal, &c. &c. would be excluded;—the dirty and indelicate Swift,—the syrtical, and I had almost said, immodest Smollet,—the facetious and often indelicate Fielding,—the works of the humorous Sterne, with many others, too tedious to mention, would no more be heard of. But we may rest assured, that their beauties, *being so many*, will preserve them in existence when the works of those who have severely criticised them for their faults will be lost in oblivion.

Our moral friend is indeed very generous,—“Amicus,” says he, “comes forward to recommend to young ladies his feeling strokes. It is true, he does not do this in so many words; but his reasoning amounts to the same thing.” Do I recommend indeed? Does my reasoning amount to a recommendation when I say, “Do not however mistake me, I do not vindicate the works of Rousseau in toto. I am convinced many things in them do the writer no honor: nay, that many passages have, perhaps, had an evil tendency.” If this be recommending, or if this reasoning amounts to the same thing, I wish to know what is censured? I blame him for his faults,—and so I do every author, that in my opinion has transgressed the rules of morality or proper decorum. But I trust, I shall also be at liberty to admire their beauties; and like the bee, extract the honey, whether I find it on the leaf of the sweet-scented shrub or the apparently useless weed.

—
Pasquin next, in his good-natured humorous strains seems not yet satisfied. I am well pleased to find that his strictures did not flow from any evil intention: tho’ from the following verses I confess, I could not have drawn the same conclusion.

“For such may none traverse the desert walk,
“Nor innocence nor wit e’er ope their charms!
“Nor favorite plants or shrubs recall sweet talk,
“Nor e’en a heart feel new unfelt alarms.”

The literal meaning of the above, would I think be,—“for such a poet may no favorite female traverse the desert walk, innocence or wit never open their charms, nor a heart feel a passion.” In my opinion, these punishments would be very severe for the committed offence.

Pasquin deserves praise for the smoothness of his lines; he really possesses a very delicate ear, and is by no means destitute of taste; he is, however, sometimes above

my comprehension; but that, you know, may be my fault, not his: For instance, in his lines to J. D.—:s:

“No more of *him*—Oh! how I pant for I reach,
“What rage at critics all his beam flies.”

I am not able to find out who is meant by *him*, and *I*, and *his*—Whether the gardener, the poet, or Pasquin, or all three be meant? I propose as an enigma.

Again, in his verses to Amicus, I am lost in the following:

“Amicus have you ever been,
“Where keen burlesque display’d her scene?”

Answer. Yes.

“Where sullen gloom’d the pompous show
“Of herces sunk in deepest woe?”

No; I never saw a pompous show glooming sullenly.

“Nor join’d the universal roar,
“When Bernard swore he’d die no more!”

Yes, I have with pleasure.

“Oh! if you have—to seek relief
“Go whine in elegiac grief.”

Relief from what? From that pleasure?—I will ask none—It passed off long ago—But why whine in grief because I was then merry?—I confess I cannot see the reason. I do not say there is none, but only that it lies too deep for my penetration.

Again,—

“But tell me where the greater crime,*
“Indulging in a flow of rhime,
“To pen a stanza to your friend
“And shew where’t he’s style may mend;
“Thin to write sonnets to the eye
“Of her who gives this breast to sigh.”

Here he is too hard for me; I must answer, I don’t know; for I thought neither was a crime.

“You see good-nature rules my song.”

I believe it does, and I hope it ever shall; and Pasquin may rest assured, that there is nothing farther from the breast of Amicus, than a desire of giving a moment’s uneasiness: he writes to correct and to be corrected—but he is convinced that Pasquin must see that he committed no blunder in these words, “perhaps the sentiment is too much tainted with piety for Pasquin—but I hope not”—Amicus never entertained such a thought as that piety can taint; but some men are found in the world, I hope they are few, who think every pious person ought to be avoided; and sentiments that are pious are never used by them.—To such only the sentence reaches.

In the last place, he objects gently to my authorities, “Blackmore and Ovid”—Pasquin is correct in not placing much dependence on the taste of Blackmore, for tho’ some parts of his productions are very

* I suppose he meant *which* is the greater crime.

† I suppose it ought to have been, *low*.

beautiful, yet he is guilty of very great faults. Ovid is generally correct in his epithets and figures, and Dryden is admitted as a classical authority; Virgil makes the earth, caves, sea, woods, and ships groan; so that authorities for such a ship are too numerous to be utterly laid aside.

I shall close these remarks, by requesting Pasquin once more to read over, in Ovid’s Metamorphosis, the elegant address of the earth to Jupiter, in the midst of the conflagration occasioned by Phaeton—he will there hear of the earth opening her jaws, pressing her forehead with her hand, speaking with an audible voice, and pleading her cause with great eloquence; while her eyes were filled with smoke, her hair singed, and her face covered with hot embers.

AMICUS.

Medical.

AN EXTRACT

From Mr. Baldwin’s “*Recollections relative to Egypt*.”

“IN a glass I put some pure olive oil, and over it, on the glass, at the distance of half an inch at least, I put a lemon, perfect and almost mature. And in a few hours I had the satisfaction to see the acid of the lemon trickling down the glass, and mixing with the oil; and in about eight days the lemon had almost exhausted itself of every drop of its juice. I have always succeeded in this experiment, but with great diversity as to the time, from the diversity of the season, and quality of the fruit. I had now an evidence of the predilection of the acid for an oil; and so strong a predilection, that it would quit its natural body to internix itself with this stranger. These things may be common to professors in Chymia: so much the better; they will be the readier to approve me. But I have found them only now in the way to my purpose. What remained to be done now but to try the experiment on the plague itself. An opportunity soon offered.

“My opposite neighbour, being at his window looked afflicted. I asked him what ailed him? He told me, that a young man, his relation, in a part of the same building he inhabited, was struck with the plague. “Anoint him with oil,” said I, “and he will do well.” He had no opinion of the oil, and did nothing. The next day I questioned him, “Well how is your relation? Have you anointed him?” “No; he is better. It was false, the man was worse. The third day in the evening I saw

him again; he was crying; "What is the matter with you, is your relation dead?"—"No; but he is very ill; he is dying!"—"Anoint him with oil," I said to him again. "Oil is heating," he replied. "Heating or cooling," I said, "would you have the man die? Try it!"—And he left me, and went and saw that his relation was anointed; and the next day the man was free from pain; with a good appetite, and a large tumor in his groin, but perfectly easy. I ordered him to hument frequently the tumor with oil: and in eight days it came to a suppuration, and the man is now walking in the streets.

"This being promulgated among the neighbours, another infected person tried it, and was cured; and then another, and another, to the number of 7, whose names I possess, and whose blessings I enjoy.

"But this is not the only instance of mortal diseases being cured by oil; should I say, "diseases that would have proved mortal without it?" I have tried it on five rats, stung one by one by a scorpion. The first swelled to a great size, and appeared to be near dead. I poured some pure oil upon him, and he recovered, and in a few minutes ran away. But he might have recovered without the oil, as people say of my seven persons recovered from the plague. I put a second to the scorpion, and the rat was stung; and I left him to himself, and he died very soon. Then I presumed that the former had been cured by the oil. I tried another, and cured him, and another, and he died; and another, and he was cured.

"There was that virtue therefore in the oil, or that predilection in the malignant humour which the sting infused for the oil, as to draw it from the body, and avert the poison.

"I have applied oil to my foot, in fits of the gout, and have appeased the pain, and abated the inflammation almost instantly, without suffering a return. It is now six years since I have used it in fits of the gout with never-failing success. I have many witnesses to this truth, and do consider it as an infallible cure for the gout, as soon as it has resolved itself into an inflammation externally. My receipt therefore is:—

"As soon as the first symptoms of the plague appear, to anoint the body with pure olive oil; for tho' the doctrine of this remedy seems to apply more to the stage of the disorder in which the tumours appear, yet the crisis of the greater danger laying between the attack and its attainment to this stage, it may be fatal to wait for the appearance of the tumours. And, besides,

its efficacy is likely to be more certain in this case than the other.

"When the tumours appear, there needeth little more attention than to hument them frequently with oil.

"And, I believe, that people having anointed their bodies with oil, will find it to be a preservative against the infection, and may attend their friends without apprehension of danger."

CITIZENS,

Pay a due attention to the following discovery of the learned Citizen GURTON MOREAU, in cases of Yellow Fever:

Recipe to prevent persons in health attending the Sick, from receiving contagion:

TAKE 3 oz. 2 drams, and 10 grains of Muriate de Soude (fine salt)—5 drams, 17 grains d'oxide Manganese, 1 oz. 2 drams and 33 grains pump-water, 1 oz. 7 drams, 50 grains of spirits of vitriol; mix your salt with your Maganese, and put the quantity of water and vitriol in a bason of china, or queen's ware, and place it in a corner of the room where the sick are, and it will disperse the infected miasma and corrupt air, and the process will by being repeated two or three times a-day, prevent the persons attending the sick, and the family from receiving any contagion.

This information is made public as a duty to my fellow-citizens. B. N.

n. b. The expence per day is but 25 Cts.

The different printers are requested to insert this for the information of the inhabitants of the United States.

DR. HOYGARTH

Rules to be observed in Houses where Infectious Fevers subsist.

1. AS safety from danger entirely depends on cleanliness and fresh air, the chamber door of a patient infected, or ill of an infectious fever, especially the habitations of the poor, should never be shut; a window in it ought to be generally opened during the day, and frequently in the night. Such regulations would be highly useful, both to the patient and nurses; but are particularly important, previous to the arrival of any visitor.

2. The bed-curtains should never be close drawn round the patient; but only on the side next the light, so as to shade the face.

3. Dirty clothes, utensils, &c. should be frequently changed, immediately immersed

in cold water, and washed clean when taken out of it.

4. All discharges from the patient should be instantly removed. The floor near the patient's bed should be rubbed clean every day with a wet mop, or cloth.

5. The air in a sick-room has, at the same time, a more infectious quality in some parts than in others. Visitors and attendants should avoid the current of the patient's breath, the air which ascends from his body, especially if the bed-curtains be closed,—and the vapour arising from all evacuations. When medical or other duties require a visitor or nurse to be placed in these situations of danger, infection may be frequently prevented by a temporary suspension of respiration.

6. Visitors should not go into an infectious chamber with an empty stomach; and in doubtful circumstances, on coming out, they should blow from the nose, and spit from the mouth, any infectious poison, which may have been drawn in by the breath, and may adhere to these passages.

MORALIST.

THE support and solace that are frequently derived, in the sufferings of life, from social connections, do not always stand forward to our view, when those sufferings are presented to our eyes. How sweet to the afflicted is the silent tear, or the soothing tones of sympathy, none but they that have suffered, and been thus consoled, can say.—And thus consoled, by some one or other, the majority of mourners have been.—Where is the man that has wept, and found no one to weep with him? these social consolations are of a secret, and silent nature; they make no noise, like the misfortunes which they remedy; they appear not, along with them, in the front and surface of the situation to which they look; they lie concealed in its recesses, and retire from our view. We hear of sickness, but we see not into the room that is the seat of it; we perceive not the affection that is attending there; whose tender office it is to enliven its languor, and smooth its bed; to "explore the tho't and explain the asking eye." We are informed of shipwrecked fortunes; the crash resounds, and reaches every ear; but we follow not the ruined man in his retirements from the world; we trace not his silent retreat to the hearts who receive him; our eyes go not after him in his secret entrance into that temple of Friendship which is his sanctuary from the pursuit of sorrow.—We behold the virtuous victim of cummy robbed of his good

name, injured, perhaps, in the public estimation; we regard him, (if our judgment have escaped the general delusion, and go not with the voice of the multitude) with all the depression of pity, as a temporary out-cast from human love; without thinking of the circle of those, whose good opinion of him is protected by intimate knowledge of his merit; that circle of an affectionate few, to which he is able to retire from the frown of the many; within which he sits in peace, and, cheered by its genial warmth, listens to the tempest of evil tongues with all the serenity of one, around whose house the wind howls and the rain drives, without being able to penetrate to his pul-lover, or to his heart.

Literary.

MR HOGAN.

I this day experienced much pleasure in subscribing my name to a proposal by Mr. John W. Scott, for publishing a work entitled, "the Juveniliad: or, Young Gentleman and Ladies' Moral Library:"—a work of this nature, I doubt not, will be both useful and entertaining, not only to those for whom it is particularly designed, but it must be highly interesting to parents, guardians, and all those who have the instruction and welfare of the rising generation at heart.

Mr. Scott, not chosing to follow the bombastic plan of most modern publishers, merely draws the outlines of the work, leaving a candid public to judge of its merits;—and should we venture to decide from the character he bears in society, we would not hesitate to pronounce it worthy of a generous patronage, to which end shall be exercised the endeavors of

A PARENT.

PHILADELPHIA, }
August 4, 1802. }

ANECDOTES.

THE following instance of sagacity in one of the *senine* race, we are will assured is a fact.—An old maiden Lady of fortune, a few weeks since, made a favourite cat her chief companion. In her usual sitting room was a closet where Puss's victuals was kept, and in which also was a private drawer, that the cat had been drawn out, by her fond mistress. After the old lady's death, the cat, finding no victuals in the closet, was observed repeatedly to scratch very earnestly over the spot where lay the private drawer. This at length excited attention—the place was searched, the drawer discovered, and in it found in bank notes

and cash, upwards of 2000l. The old maiden's heir in consequence, settled 10l. per annum on the cat, for its comfortable support during life!

Two neighbours speaking of the recent conduct of Buonaparte, one of them observed, "that the Chief Consul's head was long enough to out-wit the whole French nation."—"Yes," replied the other, "but he will soon find somebody that has wit enough to make him a head shorter!"

[Balance.

PHILADELPHIA,

AUGUST 7, 1802.

NOTICE.

THE Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are informed, that, on account of the prevalence of the Fever, and the general removal of the Citizens, its publication will be suspended, until Saturday, the 6th day of NOVEMBER next; unless more favourable circumstances shall permit its recommencement sooner.

Those Subscribers who yet remain in the city, would oblige the Editor by paying their arrearages to the CARRIERS.

Subscribers at a distance, who have not forwarded their subscription-money for the Second Volume (*agreeably to the conditions of publication*) will no doubt reflect, that both justice and humanity call upon them, at this distressing period, for an immediate fulfillment of their engagements.

* * Letters and other communications, forwarded to the Editor's usual address, will be punctually attended to.

The Fever,

Notwithstanding the late flattering prospects of its totally subsiding, has again made its appearance, under very alarming circumstances. The following is a summary of the Reports of the Board of Health, since the 31st ult.

July 31st, Eleven persons indisposed of various complaints in the neighbourhood of Vine, Callowhill, Front and Water-streets.—But four persons had died—(one of an apoplectic fit) in that district, since the report of the 22d.

August 2d. Since the last report five persons have been taken sick, six have died, four sent to the hospital, and eleven remain sick, four of whom deemed dangerous.

—3d. Seven persons taken sick in the Northern Liberties; and seven persons ill with malignant fevers within the limits of the City.

—5th. The number reported as taken sick this day within the City and Liberties, *ten*—Deaths as follow:—

Mrs. Innes and her grand-child, Water near Vine street.—Joseph Burns's son and daughter, Front above Callowhill street.—John Smith, Innkeeper, Water-street near the Drawbridge.—Nancy Rourke, removed from the same place on the 3d, died on the 5th in Moyamensing.—Mr. Smith, in Third street, near Cherry alley.—Mrs. Smith, who nursed in a sick family, near Vine street, died out of town on the 3d.—At the City Hospital, none.

—6th. Taken sick, *seven*—Died, —George Denzill, in Lilly alley, between Greene and Noble streets.—Mrs. Pollock, near Vine street.—Admissions at the City Hospital, *two*—Remaining in the Hospital, *twelve*—Eloped, *one*.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

HAVING observed a paragraph in the Repository of Saturday last, mentioning, the marriage of G. S. to Miss E. Munns, and as I am the only person of that name in Mountholly, I must beg you to contradict the assertion in your next number, in the most positive terms.

With due respect,
I am, Your's,

GEORGE SHIRAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rogo is informed, that a consciousness of the disinterested principles upon which the editor acts with respect to all his correspondents, render every attempt futile to assail him with the bur bear of PARTIALITY; and that his declining to publish an answer to a Transient Observer, arose solely from the repugnance he felt to devote so much room to so trivial, tho' innocent a subject,—and from his attempt to "arraign," not the editor's "judgment," but his conduct, by calling for the publication of a piece against which he had long ago decided. Would he, however, condense his answer to a Transient Observer, and confine himself to a defence of "his own productions," it may yet be published. In the mean time he is assured, that a continuation of the *Enigmatist*, will be acceptable.

Alonso S. has mistaken the editor's note to Rogo in the last number, if he has construed any part of it into a permission to continue his *Enigmatist* Letters—delicacy requires that this subject should now be dropped. Sundry communications received this week, and a number remaining on our file, will receive prompt attention, if I feel so, and our editorial labours again commence. For these and former favours the editor most sincerely thanks his correspondents.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

H Y M N S.

HYMN IX.

To God only raise be glory.

ROM. XVI. 27.

GLORY to God on high,
The universal Lord,
Who form'd the earth and sky,—
Still be his name ador'd,
Where thought can soar,
Or being rise;
His grace adore,
Earth, sea, and skies.

He form'd this wondrous earth,
By one almighty word,
And gave creation birth.—
Still be his power a lord:
Raise high the song,
Ye saints on earth;
Angels prolong
The heavenly mirth.

Praise Him whose bounteous hand
Did form our mortal frame,
Bade ev'ry thought expand,
Gave ev'ry thought an aim
In wisdom great,
And fitly join'd
Our frame complete,
And reasoning mind.

How matchless is his love,
How infinite his grace,
His mighty works do prove,
Done for the human race
In ev'ry age,
And still the same;
O! come engage
To praise his name.

Soon shall our feeble forms
Return to native dust,
And yield to kindred worms;
Their power, and wealth and trust:
But still the same
Our God remains;
O praise his name
In endless strains.

Praise him for life and health,
For hopes of glory giv'n,
For reason, real wealth,
And all the joys of heav'n
By Christ proclaim'd,
Who hath prepar'd
For the redeem'd
A great reward.

He'll from the darkness grave
Us raise to life, and joy;

From death and hell will save,
And all their pow'r destroy.
Creation, all
Thy pow'r extend,
Praise, great and small,
Him, without end.

X. W. T.

THE MILK MAID.

THE orient skies with purple glow;
Susan! pray hand me down my pail;
For soon the sun his face will shew,
And ply his beams around the vale.
Give me my bonnet, I'm in haste;
Bless me how warm I feel 'twill be;
What pity that my time should waste,
While Colin may be, waits for me.

Now to the field with speed I'll go,
For Colin vow'd to meet me there:
I'm sure his arms he'll round me throw,
And press my cheeks, and call me fair.
O what delight to sit and hear
The pleasing accents of his tongue;
Or listen with attentive ear,
To the sweet music of his song.

Last May-day, when, around the green,
The village lasses tripp'd so gay:
Each strove the fairest to be seen—
Each strove to bear the palm away.
Colin advance, with speaking eye,
And round my brows a wreath he wove,—
O how the maids were heard to sigh
For that sweet token of his love.

Haste moments—bring him to my view!
O dear, why does my lover stay?
He surely will not prove untrue—
No, no, he'll shortly pass this way.
Then will I whisper in his ear,
What he has heard, with joy before—
That every time he meets me here,
Mira will love him more and more.

BALTIMORE,
JULY 15, 1802.

AMELIA.

EVENING.

SEE in the west the sun is fast descending;
And the mild ev'ning now serenely reigns—
The gentle breezes all around attending,
Spread the sweet incense of the flow'ry plains.
See the gay clouds their beauties now unfolding,
Tint'd with the crimson, and the golden dyes;
Enrob'd in splendor, we their form beholding,
Admire the glory of the juddy skies.
Behold the sun in solemn pomp declining,
Each object casts a long extended shade—
Yon stream, on which his beams are faintly shining
With glistening waves flows gently thro' the mead.
The feather'd warblers to their nests retreating,
Chant forth harmoniously their ev'ning song—
The fleecy flocks along the plains are bleating,
And slowly to their folds they move along.

See the gay rustics to their homes repairing,
With the rich harvest of the fruitful field:
Whilst maidens a the rural fete preparing,—
Then all to joyful mirth and pleasure yield.
Ah! happy swains—their artless bosoms teeming,
With purest friendship and ecstatic joys;
Health in their looks, their eyes with transport beam-
ing,
Drives care away, and ev'ry grief destroys.

Lo! now the sun no more his light bestowing,
His course is ended in the crimson'd west:
And gloomy night her sable curtain drawing
O'er all the earth—bids nature sink to rest.

ORLANDO.

JULY, 1802.

BOOK 000

NIGHT.

"Night! sable goddess! from her ebony throne,
"In rayless majesty, now stretchest forth
"Her laden sceptre o'er a slumbering world."
YOUNG.

THE sun has hid his glories in the west,
And night in sable darkness shrouds the plains;
From care and labour man retires to rest,
And all around a solemn silence reigns:—
Save where the hoarse resounding cat'ract roars,
With fury trembling 'twixt the mountains' sides,
Thro' the deep vale the foaming torrent pours,
Thence with yon river's winding current glides.
Now in the boundless azure vault above,
Unnumber'd stars with twinkling lustre glow;
Far as the eye thro' endless skies can rove,
New cause for wonder wakens to the view.

How awful is this melancholy gloom;
No light (save what yon rolling planets yield)
Emits its ray; the eye's forbid to roam
Far as the neighboring solitary field.

Perhaps ev'n now, the wayfarer on his way,
Looks round in vain to find a place of rest;
Whilst daring thieves, who shun the light of day,
With murderous fury rush against his breast.

Beneath their deadly wounds he bleeding bends,
Sinks to the ground with dying uprais'd eyes:
In vain for mercy calls!—the plaud'ring fiends
No mercy know—He faintly groans—and dies!

Behold (to cheer the solemn gloom of night,)
The moon, robb'd of her majestic splendor rise;
Around she casts her pleasing welcome light,
And shines unvail'd in the spangled skies!

She mounts resplendent thro' the azure blue,
And to all nature yields a softer day:
The shadowy plains awaken to my view,
And gentle breezes o'er the landscapes play.

Her borrow'd light thro' yonder forest gleams,
And the fair dew-drop glitters to her rays;
The glassy bosom of the winding streams
Reflect her image in a silver blaze!

Pleas'd I survey the moon's refulgent light,
And ev'ry wand'ring star which round her glows,
Each hill and plain with rapture fills my sight,
'Till drowsy sleep compels me to repose.

ORLANDO.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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Saturday, October 2, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. II.

For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry stay,—save Innocence and Heav'n.

THOMPSON.

MATILDA reached her father's cottage just as the sun withdrew its last ray. The inhabitants of the village were all retired within their huts; and the stillness of the scene around increased the gloom of her spirits. She approached their humble mansion—the door was closed—it was unusual—and her heart beat high with apprehension.—With a fluttering hand she raised the latch, and beheld the venerable Leonard seated in an arm-chair, supported by cushions. In an instant she was at his feet.

“Ah! Matilda,” said he, in a feeble voice, “I feared I should never see thee more!—But what means this sudden return?”

Matilda could not speak: she pressed his hand to her lips, and, hiding her face in his lap, sobbed bitterly.

“Matilda,” exclaimed Leonard, drawing her still nearer to his heart, “I am dying—I shall soon join my sainted Pauline.”

“Oh! my father,” cried Matilda, “do not say so—what will become of your child? She will not have a friend on earth, when you are gone, to supply your loss.”

She then explained to him her situation. He heard her with astonishment; and when

she had finished, he clasped his arms round her, and exclaimed, with emotion—

“Fear not, my child—Heaven will reward your virtue. Trust to that Providence which has hitherto never deserted you. It gives me great satisfaction to find that the meanness of thy education has not obscured the lustre of thy birth.”

Matilda, surprised at his words, interrogated him as to their meaning.

“It is useless, my child,” said he, to conceal the truth from you: the period approaches when all deception must end:—Know then, Matilda; you are not my daughter.—I once was servant to a nobleman of distinguished merit; my faithful services endeared me both to him and my lady, who ever distinguished me from the rest of thy domestics; and, when I courted Pauline, they portioned her, and settled me in the cottage where I have dwelt ever since. My lord died soon after I quitted his service.—Alack! then there were sad doings!—his brother, a man cruel and imperious, came to the castle, and forcibly took possession of the estate; accusing my lady of holding criminal intercourse with one of the domestics, by that means attempting to prove the infant illegitimate; but, at the same time pretending to compassionate her on account of her youth and beauty, he had her sent to a nunnery, where, in all probability, she has long since ended her days.

“One evening, as we were sitting down to our homely meal, Pauline and I were alarmed by the trampling of horses close to our cottage; and presently our door was opened by a well-drest man, who delivered into my hands a lovely little infant, for which, in the ever-honoured name of my dear lady, he besought my protection. He excused himself from explaining particulars, but informed me, that it was the wish

of his lady that you should be kept, as long as possible, ignorant of your real parents, nor was I even permitted to reveal your name under any circumstances whatever. The only memorial of your identity is a small locket, which you will find in the drawer of that little cabinet, the gift of your unfortunate mother to my wife: by that token you may one day be discovered. Till then rest satisfied; and remember, my Matilda, in all your hours of adversity, that a superior Power guides your fate, and that the Supreme Judgment is unerring:—learn, then, to bear with resignation whatever ills may befall you!”

Matilda, unwilling to distress him with her own emotions, suppressed, as much as possible, her feelings; and his increased illness took from her all other concern, and she attended him with unceasing care. Her tender zeal soothed the pains of infirmity, but could not prolong his existence beyond its limited period; and, a few days after her arrival at the cottage, Leonard expired in her arms!

Overpowered with grief, Matilda continued motionless at the bed-side of Leonard, until awakened to a painful sense of her desolate situation by the old woman who had attended him since the death of Pauline—who wondered, she declared, what good fretting and crying there would do.”

Matilda, thinking it advisable to make this woman her friend, rose from her suppliant posture, and, wiping away her tears, assured Maud she would do whatever she thought best; then, with a forced composure, seated herself at the table, and affected to partake of the repast with which Maud was plentifully regaling herself. Her politeness gratified the old lady, who in her turn, began to take more complacent notice of her companion.

“And so, miss,” said she, in a voice ra-

ther softened, "you have lost your father!—Ah! well—it's a sad thing, to be sure; but, pray, what is it you mean to do now?—you are not strong enough for hard work."

"Any thing, good Maud," replied Matilda; "I am not ashamed to earn an honest livelihood by labour, should I find it necessary."

"That's right," replied Maud; "for most girls now are too proud or too lazy to work. When I was a girl—"

Matilda, unwilling to hear the recapitulation of her youthful exploits, interrupted her, by saying—"Truly, Maud, my situation is a melancholy one!"

"Melancholy enough!" returned the old woman, shrugging her shoulders, and looking apprehensively around; "for my own part, I don't much like moping here with a coffin in the room;—'tis very dismal, and I hope it will be soon removed."

To this feeling harangue Matilda made no reply. The next words of Maud caught her attention:—

"To be sure," resumed she, "I could tell you of a situation, where you would not be very hard-worked; but that would not be much better than burying yourself alive."

"Name it, I entreat you," said Matilda, impatiently.

"It is to take charge of a mad lady," said Maud.

"A mad lady!" re-echoed the disappointed Matilda; but, recollecting herself, she resumed:—but is she very bad—incurable?"

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed the woman, crossing herself; "how should I know? I will tell you all the story—that you may judge.—A great baron, William de Barome I think his name was, rebelled against the King of England, and, after his affairs were settled, refusing to give up his son as an hostage, was ordered by King John into confinement, with all his family. The baron, however, made his escape; and it is supposed that the lady found means to dispose of the child, for neither have been heard of since: she is now under the care of Sir Roger de Lacy, and is reported to be raving mad. I have a sister who has attended her these two years, in a lone castle, but she writes me word that she is tired of the solitary life she leads, and means to resign her place, though she does not care to leave the poor soul without an attendant. I would offer myself to supply her place, but am too old to go travelling about now: so I think you might undertake it, if you are not afraid to cross the ocean."

"Never fear," said Matilda: "if you are willing to recommend me, I will not let trifling obstacles impede me."

They then parted, Maud to arrange her household concerns, and Matilda to inspect the cabinet mentioned by Leonard. Within the drawers she found the locket described: it was in the form of an eagle supporting a coronet; the wings of the bird beautifully shaded with coloured gems; the coronet of rubies; on the back was a device in dark hair, with a cypher, W. B. In another drawer she found a folded paper, in which was gold and silver coin to the amount of about a hundred and fifty pounds, and a plait of light auburn hair. On the envelope was written in the hand of Leonard—"The gift of my lady to Pauline du Pont; preserved entire for the use of her daughter Matilda."

Matilda was sensibly affected at the benevolent intentions of Leonard, and her tears flowed unrestrained.—Knowing it would not be in her power to take the large cabinet with her, she packed her little memorials in a separate case, and prepared to give orders for the interment of Leonard. When his remains were consigned to their native earth, she felt all the affliction of a daughter. The debt of gratitude paid, Matilda waited in anxious suspense, the answer to a letter of introduction which she had written to Mrs. Barlow, Maud's sister; and tedious did the time seem that intervened. At length her uneasiness was removed by the arrival of a favourable answer from Mrs. Barlow, who readily resigned her office.

In a few days all was ready for Matilda's departure, and her passage taken in a trading vessel then bound for England. In respect to Maud, Matilda presented her with their little cottage, and all the effects they possessed; and, after writing an affectionate farewell letter to Lady de Warrenne, visited the grave of Leonard, and bedewed it with the tears of sensibility; then, with a heart more oppressed than usual, stepped into the boat which was to convey her to the ship. A faint sickness came over her as she was lifted up the side of the vessel. The sailors paid her every attention, kindly seated her on deck, and wrapping a watch coat round her, left her to her own meditations; while they, with cheerful hearts, weighed anchor, and, a favourable gale springing up, soon lost sight of land.

CHAP. III.

Ah! how I leave masters the most strong,
And simple truth subdues avenging wrong!

SPENCER.

FORTUNATELY there were other female passengers on board, from whom Matilda experienced the utmost kindness during her sickness, which was excessive; and her joy was great, when, after a tedious passage, they arrived at Torbay, from whence she could proceed with ease, to the place of her destination.

At the place appointed, she was met by the man who was sent by Mrs. Barlow, to conduct her to the castle, and who had been several days waiting the arrival of the ship. He greeted her in his uncouth dialect; and Matilda, sick, spiritless, or probably not comprehending him, mounted the horse provided for her in silence, which the man, offended at her reserve, did not attempt to break: in this cheerless manner they travelled near fourteen miles across a country rugged and barren. Accustomed to a warmer climate, Matilda found the cold bleak air intense; but the man, hardened to his native soil, felt not the inconvenience that her repeated shiverings declared her to suffer.

At length they arrived at the gates of a large gloomy-looking castle. Her conductor, alighting, sounded a horn, which, echoing through the vaulted roof, made the heart of Matilda shrink back, appalled. After waiting a considerable time, the rusty hinges began to creak; the gate was opened, and a woman made her appearance, who soon announced herself to be Mrs. Barlow.—Casting her piercing eyes upon the trembling girl, she muttered something in a disconcerted tone; and, with a slight inclination of her head, led the way into a small saloon, furnished more commodiously than could have been expected from the external appearance of the building. When seated, Matilda had an opportunity of observing her companion, who, in her turn, paid no less attention to the dress and person of her guest.

The personal attractions of Mrs. Barlow were by no means prepossessing; her tall bony figure could boast but little elegance or symmetry in the formation; and a pair of sharp-twinkling grey eyes, divided by a nose of enormous length, gave little charms to a countenance furrowed by age.

"You may well be surprised, child," said she, observing that Matilda surveyed her with a look of astonishment, "you may well be surprised, I say, that a person of my pretensions should bury myself in this frightful solitude, to associate with none but lunatics or ignorant country boors; but I assure you, so far from wishing to enter the gay world, it is my sole desire to hide myself from the sight of man, where I shall

be sure to avoid the temptations which delude so many of my sex into the paths of vice.—But, I declare, I find this incessant confinement too much for my spirits; and my constitution, naturally delicate, is materially injured; so that I am glad you are come, for you look so dismally, that this place will be quite in your own style.”

Matilda, in hopes to escape from her affected hostess, complained of fatigue, and requested to retire. Mrs. Barlow, with much good nature, made her some tea, and then conducted her into a neatly furnished chamber, where she told her she might rest that night, but that on the next she must take possession of her chamber.

Matilda gladly wished her a good-night. After offering up her orisons to Heaven for her safety, she prepared to take that repose which she was so much in need of. In the morning Mrs. Barlow came into her apartment, and ordered her to prepare to visit their unfortunate maniac.—Matilda instantly dressed herself, and followed her conductress through a long gallery, hung round on each side with whole-length portraits of the celebrated warriors who had distinguished themselves in the family of De Laey for centuries past. The next apartment they came to, was a kind of armoury, from whence issued a pair of folding doors, thro' which they passed. In a magnificently furnished room stood a sofa, upon which reclined a lovely woman, in an elegant, but careless undress. She raised herself at their entrance, and fixed her eyes on Matilda with a vacant stare, who beheld with lively compassion, her piteous state. Her hair, a bright flaxen, hung dishevelled over her face and neck, and the most perfect insensibility sat on every feature.

Matilda softened into tears, gazed mournfully on the fair sufferer, who was lying in careless locks, her long tresses. Mrs. Barlow soon contrived to draw Matilda from the room, and, leading her through the several apartments, instructed her in the nature of her new situation.

“This room,” said she, speaking of one adjoining that in which they had left Lady Barome, “you may consider as your own: within it is the one where my lady sleeps; beyond it is a library where you will find drawing and writing materials; the picture gallery is your boundary, which you are never to pass beyond, except on particular occasions. Whenever you want any thing, ring the bell, and Margery will attend you. Your sole business is to dress and undress my lady, walk with her on the ramparts, a privilege she is necessarily allowed, and attend her at meals: the rest

of your time you may occupy as you please. She is attended once a week by a physician, and sometimes Sir William takes it into his head to visit the castle: on these occasions you must keep yourself as much as possible secreted. Margery will tell you of their approach.

The comfortable air the place wore, to what she had been led to expect, filled her with a gleam of satisfaction; and the hope that her assiduous care might, in time, assist in recalling reason to the unhappy lady, made her determine to brave all other disagreeables, and she acquainted Mrs. Barlow with her settled resolution to attend upon Lady Barome.

Mrs. Barlow departed the next day, and Matilda repaired to the apartment of her lady, and assisted her to arise, who soon after sat down to her breakfast. A harp stood in one corner of the room, which Matilda, after turning her fingers over the chords, found to be in tolerable tune. As Lady Warrene had taken great pains to instruct her on that instrument, she was rather a proficient, and soon struck off a lively French air. The next which she chose was a plaintive, affecting strain, which she accompanied with her melodious voice.—Wholly absorbed in her pleasing occupation, she for a while forgot her accustomed attention to Lady Barome, who had risen from her seat, and hung enraptured upon Matilda's chair. Perceiving the effect of the music, she continued to play, without appearing to notice her. In a little time she perceived the tears fall slowly down her cheeks. She then ceased playing, and Lady Barome, clasping her hands together, exclaimed—

“Oh! you are an angel!”

Matilda, joyful at her approaching return of reason, took this opportunity to inform her of the change in her household; but ere her tale was finished, the wandering senses of the beautiful sufferer were again fled. From that time Lady Barome had many short lucid intervals, during which she seemed to manifest the strongest partiality for Matilda, who omitted nothing that could contribute to soften the severity of her malady.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF

Passwan Oglu, or Pazman Ohlu.

(From the American Literary Advertiser.)

OSMAN, Pazman Ohlu's grandfather, had been in Phillippopolis, Adrianople and Widdin, one of the watchmen who in the large Turkish cities are appointed to guard during night, the warehouses of the mer-

chants. He was poor; but his integrity acquired him the favor and esteem of his superiors. At the commencement of the war with Russia in 1753, he entered into the army, and so distinguished himself at an attack in the Kraina, that the Grand Vizier, as a reward for his valour, raised him to the rank of a Serdengets Hi-Agani, or nobleman and land owner. Osman continued with the army during the whole war; and his Sovereign, the Grand Signor, as a mark of his satisfaction and favour, conferred upon him the lordship of Parabin, in Moldavia, with all its appurtenances. On his newly acquired estate, he endeavoured by every means in his power to gain the affection and attachment of his subjects; he resided at Widdin, where a son was born to him, named Omar Aga, to whom he gave a good education after the Turkish manner. Omar Aga, as well as his father enjoyed the favor of the Grand Signor, who appointed him a Bassi-Aga, i. e. chief over several districts. He had two sons: one of them was called Osman, and has become famous by the name of Pazman Ohlu; the other, Ibrahim Beg, is at present a merchant at Constantinople, having been from early youth educated for that profession, Osman, or Pazman Ohlu, i. e. Son of the Night-watchman, whom his father caused to be instructed in different branches of knowledge relating to politics, economics, and military affairs, resided at Widdin. In the year 1785, a quarrel ensued between him and his father, who lived upon his estates. Both raised men in their respective possessions; and the son made frequent and successful attacks on the troops of his father. The principal inhabitants of Widdin, however interposed; and in 1788, the father was obliged to submit to the humiliation of suing for peace. Concord being thus re-established betwixt them, they immediately joined their forces in Widdin, over which city they afterwards exercised a sovereign power, independent of the Grand Signor; and from the whole district either expelled by force, or by politic and artful measures endeavored to frighten away, all those who might have been able to oppose them.

In 1788, the Seraskier Melek Mehmed Bassa was sent with an army of 12,000 men against these usurpers, and the bassaship of Widdin promised him, if he should succeed in driving them from that city. For three months the contest continued with various success, and in the many conflicts that took place a great number of men fell on both sides; at last, however, Osman and his father, finding it impossible to maintain

themselves against a regular army fled with 600 of their adherents to the Prince Manroyen in Wallachia. The Prince received them under his protection, appointed them Bir Bassas, i. e. commanders of a 1,000 men, and sent the father, Omar, to reside at Csernetz, and Pazman Ohlu to Gyurgyero.

On the approach of the Imperial troops, Omar Aga found it impossible to remain any longer with safety in Csernetz, and was forced to fly across the Danube; and, accompanied by only 17 men, continued his flight as far as Kulla, about 18 miles distant from Widdin. As soon as the Bassa of Widdin was informed of his arrival at that place, he immediately dispatched 1000 men under the command of Ibrahim Bey, to intercept and seize him. Omar Aga retreated into an old castle in the neighbourhood, where, with his 17 followers, he valiantly defended himself for three days, received 7 wounds, and lost one man. On the fourth day, the Bey took the castle by storm; when the 16 soldiers where by his orders, cut to pieces, and Ormar Aga and his secretary Mula Ibrahim, taken prisoners. As the Bey approached Widdin, the people assembled tumultuously in great numbers, and demanded of the Bassa to release the captives. A general insurrection in favour of Omar was apprehended. But the Bassa, to prevent the evil consequences that might ensue from the presence of his enemy, dispatched a courier to the Bey, with orders to cause the two prisoners to be privately beheaded. This order was immediately executed; and a report being spread abroad, that Omar Aga had saved himself by flight, they succeeded in pacifying the people.

No sooner was Pazman Ohlu informed of the death of his father, than, meditating revenge, he collected about 2,000 men, passed the Danube in 1789, and posted himself in Banya Luca betwixt Widdin and Nissa, where he kept up a correspondence with his friends at Widdin, and on every occasion endeavoured to encrease the number of his troops. Many of the inhabitants of Widdin especially, joined his standard; and by degrees his little army was augmented to 5,000 men; many, who remained in the city, but were dissatisfied with the Bassa, promised to open the gates to him. Encouraged by these promises, he attacked the city in the night, and with the assistance of the inhabitants got possession of the fort without firing a single shot. He now called the Bassa to account; but on his producing a firman from the Sultan, authorising his proceedings against Ormar Aga,

Pazman granted him his life, but forced him to disband the 1,000 soldiers under his command, and allowed him to retain only his household. Having thus become master of Widdin, he committed the administration of all affairs to a certain Bekir Aga, a man above sixty years of age, and nearly related to him; but he himself repaired with his troops to join the army of the Grand Vizier, Isuf Bassa, in Vetislam: the Vizier received him with particular marks of friendship, and put an additional corps of 6,000 men under his command, with whom he was ordered to pass the Morava, and to hinder the siege of Belgrade. At the Morava he fell in with an Imperial free corps, which, after a bloody conflict, in which he lost 3,000 men, forced him to fly with 300. After this he continued three months with the Vizier, and then returned to Widdin, where he lived in tranquillity and retirement till 1792, without interfering in political or economical affairs. At last he demanded of Bekir Aga, who had amassed very great riches, an account of his administration, and on his refusal to justify himself, Pazman Ohlu ordered him to be sabred to pieces, and siezed his immense property.

In the mean time a new Bassa, called Alchio Bassa, was sent to Widdin. He acquainted the Porte with the power of Pazman Ohlu, and the support he might derive from the attachment of the inhabitants of Widdin; and requested a reinforcement of 12,000 men, to enable him to remove this dangerous man out of the way. In consequence of this representation, a firman was issued to send Pazman Ohlu's head to Constantinople; but the Bassa could not put it in execution without being supported by a sufficient body of troops. On receiving intelligence of the firman, Pazman Ohlu hastily collected all his forces, and with 2,000 of his faithful adherents attacked the Bassa, who had 3,000 men under his command, defeated him in the midst of the fort, forced him to surrender, to dismiss all his troops, except a body guard of 300 men, and to promise to obtain his pardon from the Porte. For some time after this the Bassa and Pazman Ohlu lived together on apparently friendly terms. But when in May 1792, the latter went into the country with 60 of his retinue, to leave, agreeably to the custom of the Turks, the horses at pasture; the Bassa hastened after him with about 300 soldiers and domestics, and came up with him at the village Lactsar, 9 miles from Widdin. A bloody conflict ensued: Pazman Ohlu, with 30 of his men was sur-

rounded in a house; but escaped in disguise, with a few followers. His pursuers again overtook him, but Pazman Ohlu having now collected a considerable number of his adherents, the Bassa was, after a battle which lasted three hours, obliged to retreat, wounded, and with the loss of about 200 men. Pazman Ohlu retired to Sewerlik-Banya, concealed himself there about 15 days, sounded the sentiments of the inhabitants of Widdin and the surrounding country, and the people, being every where much attached to him, soon assembled a body of about 3,000 men. In June 1792, he a second time took Widdin by surprise, having kept up his former secret correspondence with the citizens; and in the same night chased the Bassa and all his adherents out of the city; after which he garrisoned both the city and the fort with his own troops. The Porte now sent Pekmesks Bassa to Widdin, with a commission to propose a reconciliation to Pazman Ohlu. This envoy remained two years inactive, and with a narrowly circumscribed authority in Widdin. Soon after appeared the edict of the Sultan, by which the Janissaries as well as Spahis were to be abolished, and from a part of them a regular standing army formed like that of the other European powers. On this subject there were great disputes and divisions in the Divan itself. The Chief Mufti, who was at the head of the party which opposed the measure, caused the notion to be secretly spread among the people, that this innovation was contrary to the doctrines of the Great Prophet, and that true believers were not only bound not to co-operate in putting the decree in execution but even enjoined to oppose it with all their might. The Janissaries, who had behaved badly in defending against the Austrians and Russians some fortified places where they were stationed in garrison, were, notwithstanding all opposition, driven with the loss of all their goods from their dwellings; and the mountaineers Kerschahiks, who had offered their services to put the Sultan's order in force, were appointed to supply their places. Pazman Ohlu did not let so favourable an opportunity pass without turning it to his advantage; he declared himself the defender of the Janissaries and Spahis, and thus every were acquired a great number of adherents. The opposition party in the Divan itself sided with him; and the Janissaries, and all the malecontents, throughout the empire, looked up to him as their guardian angel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RAPID DISORGANISATION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

A LETTER to Gen. William Shepherd containing information, that on the night of the 16th day of March, 1802, in one of the towns of the state of Massachusetts, the body of an elderly woman evaporated, and disappeared from some internal and unknown cause, in the duration of about one hour and an half. Part of the family had gone to bed, and the rest were abroad. The old woman remained awake to take care of the House. By and by one of the grand children came home, and discovered the floor near the hearth to be on fire. An alarm was made, a light brought, and means taken to extinguish it. While these things were doing, some singular appearances were observed on the hearth and contiguous floor.—There was a sort of greasy sut and ashes, with the remains of a human body, and an unusual smell in the room. All the clothes were consumed, and the grandmother was missing. It was at first supposed she had, in attempting to light her pipe of tobacco, fallen into the fire, and been burned to death. But on considering how small the fire was, and that so total a consumption could scarcely have happened if there had been ten times as much, there is more reason to conclude that this is another case of that spontaneous decomposition of the human body, of which there are several instances on record. It is to be regretted that the particulars have not been more carefully noted. [Med. Rep.]

The above extract, which has lately appeared in most of the newspapers in the United States, is introduced for the purpose of corroborating it by similar facts, and evidencing that this phenomenon is by no means singular. The following cases are taken from a work published in Philadelphia in the year 1785, entitled, "*A General Compendium, or Abstract of Chemical, Experimental and Natural Philosophy. By Charles Vanconver, Member of the Dublin Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.*"—Whether the speculations which accompany them are calculated to throw light on the nature and causes of that fire, which so rapidly and almost instantaneously consumes the human frame, is problematical. On a subject, involved at present in so much darkness, every reader must be left to form his own opinion. We have little hesitation, however, in rejecting the idea that it is miraculous. It is doubtless founded on some principle of nature, which at a future day will probably be ascertained. There is one circumstance that deserves particular notice, and that is, that most, if not all, the subjects of this internal fire, are females.

THE EXTRACT.

"A woman at Paris, who used to drink brandy to excess, was one night reduced to ashes by a fire from within; all but her head and the ends of her fingers. Signora Corn. Zangari, or as others called her, Corn Bandi, an aged lady of an unblemished life, near Cesena in Romagna, underwent the same fate, in March 1731. She had retired in the evening into her chamber, somewhat indisposed; and in the morning was found in the middle of the room, reduced to ashes, all except her skull, face, legs, and three fingers. The stockings and shoes she had on were not burnt in the least. The ashes were light, and, on pressing between the fingers, vanished, leaving behind a gross offensive moisture, with which the floor was smeared; the walls and furniture of the room being covered with a moist ashy soot, which had not only stained the linen in the chests, but had penetrated into the closet, as well as into the room over head, the walls of which were moistened with the same viscous or slimy humour. We have various other relations of persons burnt to death in this unaccountable manner.

"Sig. Mondini, Bianchini and Maffei, have written treatises express to account for the cause of so extraordinary an event: common fire it could not be, since this would likewise have burnt the bed and the room, besides that it would have required many hours, and a vast quantity of fuel, to reduce a human body to ashes; and after all a considerable part of the bones would have remained entire, as they were anciently found after the fiercest funeral fires.—Some attribute the effect to a mine of sulphur under the house; others, to a miracle; while others suspect that art or villainy had a hand in it. A philosopher of Verona maintains, that such a conflagration might have arisen from the inflammable matter wherewith the human body naturally abounds. Signior Bianchini accounts for the conflagration of the lady above mentioned, from her using a bath or lotion of camphorated spirit of wine, when she found herself indisposed. Maffei supposes it owing to lightning, but to lightning generated in her own body, agreeably to his doctrine, which is, that lightning does not proceed from the clouds, but is always produced in the place where it is seen, and its effects perceived. We have had a late attempt to establish the opinion, that these destroying internal fires are caused in the entrails of the body by enflamed effluvia of the blood; by juices and fermentations in the stomach; by the many combustible matters which abound in living bodies for the purposes of life; and

finally, by the fiery evaporations which exhale from the settlements of spirit of wine, brandies, and other hot liquors, in the tunica villosa of the stomach, and other adipo-se of fat membranes, within which those spirits engender a kind of camphor, which in the night time, in sleep, by a full respiration, are put in a stronger motion, and are more likely to be set on fire. Others ascribe the cause of such persons being set on fire, to lightning, and their burning so entirely, to the greater quantity of phosphorus, and other combustible matter they contain. For our own part we can by no means pretend to explain the cause of such phenomenon: but for the interests of humanity we wish it could be derived from something external to the human body; for if to the calamities of human life already known, we superadd a suspicion that we may unexpectedly, and without the least warning, be consumed by an internal fire, the thought is too dreadful to be borne."

* See note to pag. 25, vol. I. of the above work.

Medical.

From the Connecticut Gazette.

MR. GREEN,

I Noticed in your last paper authority adduced from Scripture (no doubt with great correctness) of ancient usages, to confirm the modern practice of the use of oil, and that the particular attention of gentlemen possessing the healing art was requested on the subject.

As one of the sons of Esculapius I would remark to the public, that a book in the Italian language has been published, giving an account of the successful method of cure in the Plague, with Olive Oil, which has been discovered by Mr. Baldwin, and by him communicated to the Rev. Lewis de Pavia, chaplain and agent to the Hospital called St. Anthony's, in Smyrna; who after five years experience, pronounced it to be the most efficacious remedy hitherto made use of for the space of twenty-seven years, during which the Hospital had been under his management.

The directions are simply to have the body rubbed briskly, for four minutes, with warm oil, and it is said to bring on a profuse sweating. The oil made use of should be free from rancidity. There has been no instance of a person rubbing the patient receiving the infection.

An observation of Mr. Baldwin deserves particular notice; that among upwards of a million of persons carried off by the plague in Upper and Lower Egypt, in the course

of four years, he could not discover a single oil-man, or a dealer in oil.

From the late improvements in physic we are easily led to understand the operation of the oil, believing as we do with the learned Dr. Mitchell, that contagion, or the matter of pestilence, is of an acid nature; which discovery has been so happily and successfully elucidated by him, that very few withhold their assent, viewing this as an established point.

The chemical experiments of Chaptal inform us of the strong affinity there is between an acid and an oil; that their union naturally takes place, it being the oxygenous particles of the air which dispose oils to rancidity, and that it loses the property of an acid after their union. From whence I infer, that the principle of acidity in which poison or the cause of Fever may consist, will be rendered quite inert after its coalescence with an oil. I am so fully persuaded of it, that I have no hesitation in recommending it for the relief of pestilential diseases, as well as for the bite of rabid animals.

CURE FOR THE FEVER AND AGUE.

We are indebted for the following Recipe for the Fever and Ague to a gentleman of this city, who has made several recent applications of it, with uniform and complete success:—

Take 3 drachms of best Peruvian bark, 1½ drachm of Venus Treacle, the juice of 2 lemons, (or 30 drops of the essence of lemon); mix them with a gill and a half of Port wine, in a vial. Of this mixture take one third in the morning, one third at noon, and the remainder at night, the day the fit is expected to come on. One application of the medicine in this manner, is sufficient.

USEFUL HINT FOR STUDENTS.

A German Physician, in the *Universal Gazette*, (a journal of great merit) recommends to persons occupied in sedentary labours, to live as much as possible, on leguminous food, and to add to it, in winter, a little meat with much bread; but he advises those who are employed in fatiguing bodily labours, to substitute cake (*pâte de farine*) for bread.

Economical.

ALMOST daily discoveries are making of the economical uses of that valuable root the *Potatoe*; and among others, may be noticed that of Mr. HOFF, of Berlin, who

makes a sort of rice (as he calls it) from potatoes, by granulating them on a machine, invented by him, thro' which the potatoes, after being boiled, and the skin taken off, are pressed. The grains that are thus prepared, want only some broth, to make a very nutritive soup. They keep for a long time, and may be preserved in magazines. Of 10 pounds of this potatoe meal, and 10 pounds of wheat flour, 30 pounds of bread may be baked.

A Swedish Agriculturist has lately communicated to *Le Nord Littéraire*, the following process, which he has employed successfully for some years past to protect his fruit trees from the first frosts of spring. As soon as it begins to grow cold in autumn, he pours large quantities of water about the trunks of his trees, that the roots may receive an early impression of the cold; in spring he accumulates snow around them, which retards vegetation, and prevents the trees from blossoming too soon. By this means the buds do not shoot forth until they have no longer any thing to fear from the attacks of the frost, so frequent during the nights of spring.

Amusement.

ANCIENT ANGLING.

PLUTARCH, speaking of angling, informs us that Mark Antony and Cleopatra, in the midst of their unparalleled splendour, passed many of their hours in that tranquil amusement. He also mentions a deception reciprocally played off by those two royal personages upon each other. The whole business of angling may indeed be said to be deceptive, and therefore tricks in that art should be excused. But let me hasten to the tale:

"Antony, (says Plutarch) went one day to angle with Cleopatra; and being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he was much dissatisfied, and gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes which had been fresh taken, upon his hook. After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick: she pretended, however, to be surprised at his good fortune and dexterity, and mentioned the circumstance to her friends; at the same time inviting them to come and see him angle. Accordingly a very large company went out in the fishing vessels; and, as soon as Antony had let down his line, she commanded one of her servants, to be before hand with Antony, and, diving into the water, to

fix upon his hook a *salted fish*, one of those that had been brought from the Euxine sea." It does not appear how Antony relished this imposition from his fair associate.

WHILST the American army was encamped on the banks of the Hudson, a private soldier, one day, when off duty, amused himself with climbing one of those high mountains in the vicinity. When he had reached the pinnacle, his mind was so expanded with the amazing height he found himself from the surface of the water, and the vast extent his eye reached, that he stretched out his right hand and gave the following word of command: *Attention, the Universe—By kingdoms, to the right wheel—march!*

ELOCUTION.

VIRGIL pronounced his own verses with such an enticing sweetness, that Julius Montanus, a poet, who had often heard him, used to say, that, "he could steal Virgil's verses if he could steal his voice, expression, and gesture; for the same verses that sounded so rapturously when he read them, were not always excellent in the mouth of another."

IT is related of a clergyman in the north of England, who lived to a very great age, that during his life-time, he married and buried his father and mother; he also christened his wife, and when he married her, published the banns himself.

SOME time during the American Revolutionary War, a gentleman in the South of France, who was much respected, died. An uncommon concourse of people attended his funeral. On their way to the place of interment some accident disturbed a nest of hornets who immediately commenced an attack upon the bearers of the corps. They fell back on the mourners; the mourners on those next them, and so on till the confusion became general. Those in the rear thinking some dreadful thing had happened, fled, and the rest followed, until they ran themselves out of breath—when they began to look back, and at length became sensible of the real ground of alarm!—Some wags have applied this anecdote to the inhabitants of Philadelphia and Wilmington, on a late occasion; though we think without much justice.

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 2, 1802.

Those of our Subscribers who yet remain in the country are requested to send for their papers, or leave directions at the Office how they are to be forwarded. Those who may not have been regularly served for some weeks previous to the suspension of the publication, (on account of the indisposition of one of the carriers) can have their file completed at any time, by sending to the Office, or mentioning the deficient numbers to the carrier who serves them.

From Poulson's American Daily Advertiser.

Number of Interments in the Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, during the Month of August, ending each day at noon.

	Adults.	Children.	Total.
August 1,			
— 2,	17	24	41
— 3,			
— 4,	8	11	19
— 5,	4	6	10
— 6,	2	8	10
— 7,	1	6	7
— 8,			
— 9,	4	14	18
— 10,	10	5	15
— 11,	4	5	9
— 12,	0	4	4
— 13,	2	2	4
— 14,	3	2	5
— 15,			
— 16,	7	15	22
— 17,	5	6	11
— 18,	2	1	3
— 19,	3	3	6
— 20,	1	3	4
— 21,	2	3	5
— 22,			
— 23,	1	6	7
— 24,	5	3	8
— 25,	3	5	8
— 26,	5	3	8
— 27,	5	4	9
— 28,	4	3	7
— 29,			
— 30,	8	7	15
— 31,	3	4	7
TOTALS,	109	153	262

Interments during the Month of September, ending each day at noon—and the state of the Thermometer in an open entry, at 3 o'clock, P. M.

	Adults.	Child.	Total.	Therm.
Sept. 1,	3 ^h	7	10	85
— 2,	3	1	4	77
— 3,	6	7	13	74
— 4,	2	3	5	76
— 5,				
— 6,	5	6	11	67
— 7,	8	2	10	67
— 8,	3	7	10	71
— 9,	6	2	8	74
— 10,	4	4	8	75
— 11,	4	3	7	74
— 12,				
— 13,	13	8	21	80
— 14,	2	1	3	87
— 15,	8	4	12	88
— 16,	4	6	10	87
— 17,	4	3	7	81
— 18,	8	1	9	70
— 19,				
— 20,	12	10	22	69
— 21,	4	5	8	83
— 22,	4	4	8	76
— 23,	8	4	12	68
— 24,	7	3	10	64
— 25,	11	3	14	64
— 26,				
— 27,	15	5	20	65
— 28,	14	2	16	65
— 29,	10	4	14	63
— 30,	10	1	11	64
TOTALS,	178	103	284	

The returns of Interments for the month of July have not yet been received.

The returns of the City Clerk of the number of Deaths in New-York, for four weeks, ending September 25, amount to 158. Apportioning the odd days agreeably to these returns, the deaths during the month of Sept. will amount to about 170.

The returns of the Board of Health in Baltimore have been occasionally intermitted; but if we may be allowed to judge from what have been published, the number of Deaths in that City, during the last month, will amount to 154.

Assuming these calculations as pretty correct, we are thereby enabled to give a comparative view of the number of Deaths in Philadelphia, New-York, and Baltimore, during the month of September; which may not be uninteresting to many of our readers.

Philadelphia.	New-York.	Baltimore.
284	170	154

Number of Interments in the Borough of Wilmington from the 1st to the 28th of September, inclusive, were 19 adults, and 8 children.

By a Table annexed to a Statement of Facts, published by Dr. William Currie, & Dr. Isaac Cathrall, relative to the origin, progress and nature of the Fever which has appeared in Philadelphia this season, it appears, that, from the 4th of July to the 27th of September, 193 persons (of all ages and sexes) have been subjects of that disorder in, or derived the infection by immediate intercourse with, the Northern parts of the City, and Northern Liberties.

Of these 76 recovered—89 died—and 28 whose fate is not mentioned—21 were sent to the Hospital—1 to the Lazaretto, and a few died in the country.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Carr, Mr. John Keley, to Miss Maria Keehoe, all of this City.
— On the 22d, at Springfield, (N. J.) Mr. Anthony Taylor, merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary Newbold, daughter of the late Caleb Newbold, of Burlington County, (N. J.)

— On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. William Fordan, to the amiable Miss Mary Foster.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 26th ult. Mr. William Lauck, of the Inspection Office, aged 21 years and a few months.

— On the 28th ult. of the prevailing fever, Mr. Jesse Brooke, in the 33d year of his age.

— On the 4th ult. after a few hours sickness, of a cholera morbus, at his seat on the Conestoga, in the vicinity of Lancaster, (Penn.) Gen. EDWARD HARRIS, in the 58th year of his age.—This gentleman was a native of Ireland. He arrived in this country before the revolution; and, during that period, entered the Continental Army, and rose to the rank of adjutant-general. In this character he rendered important services to his country. After the war he resided to the practice of physic, a profession in which he had been brought up. In the year '95 he was appointed a major-general in the provisional army of the United States. As a physician he was eminently useful; ever ready to the calls of necessity and distress, neither poverty nor condition were consulted in his visits. The benevolence and humanity he evinced in gratuitously giving his professional aid to the poor and sick, crown all the distinguished acts of his life; and will cause his name to be long revered, and long lamented, by those who have experienced his assistance, and who may stand in need of medical aid.—A affectionate as a husband, tender as a parent, and useful as a citizen and physician, he has left a disconsolate widow and six small children, with a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance, to bewail his decease. *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Verses written on the death of a young lady," by F. Rio, shall appear next week.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

— MR. HOGAN.

I have transmitted the enclosed Reflections for your approbation. If you think them worthy a place in your useful Repository, you will oblige the author by giving them an insertion; who, at the same time, requests the editor to screen them from the rapacious fangs of criticism, should any critic be so completely ignorant, or so incorrigibly blind as not to see that they are beneath his notice. It is from a sense of their many imperfections that this caveat is introduced in the preface. The author therefore humbly hopes that his bantling may be permitted to pass unnoticed by these birds of prey; as his motive for writing was to amuse himself, and to impress the minds of others with some serious reflections on the most important subject of life, a due preparation for death, and by no means to court criticism.

REFLECTIONS

IN SUNDRY GRAVE-YARDS IN PHILADELPHIA.

AWAKE thou best affection of my soul,
Thou social tie of kindred mortals;
Aid me to ruminate among the tombs,
These sacred dormitories of the dead.
Here, let me sympathize with human nature,
Here, mix the kind emotions of my heart
With those who sadly mourn departed friends,
And drop the kindred, sympathetic tear.
What says this superscription? What? it gives
The most important lesson to mankind;
Let us review the sad recorded tale,
And learn to profit from another's fate.

INSCRIPTION.

Here lies beneath this sod, entomb'd in dust,
A favorite youth, cut down in prime of life;
Blighting the parents' fondest hopes and joys,
And mocking all their anxious expectations.

EPITAPH.

Reader! whose'er thou art, this truth revere,
I once was healthy, young, unthinking, gay,
But now by death's cold hand lie mould'ring here,
To friends a grief, and to the worms a prey.
Thou too, must hence possess this drear abode;
But what is more important let me tell,—
Hence, at the awful judgment of thy God,
Thou wilt be call'd to heav'n, or doom'd to hell!
STRIVE THEN TO LIVE, AS THOU WOULD'ST WISH
TO DIE,
DOR LONGER FROM THE VOICE OF WISDOM FLY.

A solemn truth! indeed, and clearly prov'd,
By all the generations that are past;
But strange! amidst such clouds of evidence,
Mankind still doubt, if ever they shall die.
If men deny this truth, I quote *their lives*,
A living testimony, clear and strong,
Which proves they live, as if they never expect
To quit this earthly, and meet a righteous judge.

Hark! dear Amelia, whence these piercing shrieks?
What melancholy notes accost my ear!
Perhaps 'mongst yonder group, some loving wife,
Is now consigning to the dust her spouse.
'Tis even so! I see her drooping form
Supported by the tender arm of friendship,
And th' dread words, "Earth to earth! dust to dust!"
Too well confirm the sad suspected truth.

Let us advance, perhaps 'tis one we know;
Then by condolence may we soften grief,
And mitigate by sympathy, that load
Which seems to press the sufferer to the earth.
Enquiring of a friend whose corpse it was,
That seem'd to claim such universal grief?
"It is the worthy COVYDON," said he,
"Whose life was one continual exercise
"Of goodness, friendship, constancy, and peace.
"A man endear'd by twice ten thousand acts
"Of virtue, kindness, gentleness and love.
"One whose beneficence no limits knew,
"But whose necessity, or prudence set,
"His open heart prompt'd an open hand,
"His open hand dispens'd his bounty free:
"These crowds of poor, who now surround his grave,
"Bear witness by their tears to what I say.
"His was the house of call for the distressed,
"Where misery bent her way, nor call'd in vain.
"Nor was his head less furnish'd than his heart,
"Wisdom had fixt her habitation there;
"And hence the lore of wisdom from his tongue,
"Distill'd in kind advice and rich instruction.
"The rich, the poor, the young, and ev'n the old,
"Repair'd to COVYDON; who ever strove
"To give them counsel, suited to their case.
"He heal'd the breaches discord oft had made,
"And kindly reconcil'd their jarring passions.
"He never fail'd to give them pious precepts,
"And confirm'd them by his exemplary life."

Thus far my friend,—I dropt a generous tear
For COVYDON; when lo! the widow's sighs
Again assail'd my ears!—my bowels yearn'd;—
Again the ties of nature urg'd their plea.
Inconsolable woman!—wretched indeed
Must be thy case, to bid a last adieu,
And quit for ever such a friend and husband.
Would I had power to ease thy troubled mind,
And calm the storm of thy heart-rending sorrow;
But alas! how arduous the pleasing task?
To soothe a mind oppress'd with grief so just,
Demands an energy surpassing mine:
Omnipotence alone, is competent
To send the needed comfort to the soul.
O my Amelia! let us quit a scene
Too highly charg'd for sympathetic nerves,
And more than mine can bear.—
We'll now retire from this to yonder ground,
And there the spot survey,—the sacred spot,
Where little Richard lies: there we'll indulge
In moderated grief, a gentle flow
Of kind paternal, and fraternal tears.
There memory—faithful memory, shall renew
The recollection of that painful hour,
Which number'd him amongst the millions dead!

Sweet little darling of my heart and yours,
This is the sacred mould that hides from us,

* A child of the authors.

His once so brilliant eyes, and hissing tongue,
Which inarticulately spoke his grief,
And intimated pains unutterable!
Blessed reflection! now remov'd from earth,
And all its sorrows; and ourselves resign'd
To the hard stroke that call'd his spirit hence;
Let's be resign'd then still,—all will be right.
(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

ANSWERS

To the Enigmatist, No. 4, page 286.

25. * * * *
26. Pray meet me between two and three.
27. Effeminacy—fm in a C.
28. He is above doing a bad action.
29. If the stairs were not a-way, you could not get down.
30. There are more of them.
31. Ad-vice.
32. Indivisibility.

TO NO. 5, PAGE 297.

33. * * * *
34. Effeminacy. fm
35. Figure 8.
36. Monosyllable.
37. XII VII
38. A hole in a stocking.

TO NO. 6, PAGE 302.

39. Put your thumb in one and fore-finger in the other, and draw a line up your thumb and down your finger.
40. E-pig-ram.
41. An equal.
42. Take S from SIX.
43. L, E, G.
44. The letter E.
45. By waiting till "the bird has flown."
46. Abstemiously.

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Saturday, October 9, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

LADY Barome, being once more than usually tranquil, said to Matilda—
“I will now shew you my favourite spot, where I pass the only happy hours that I can experience in this miserable captivity!”

She then led the way to the picture gallery, where the first portrait that engaged the attention of Matilda, was that of a warrior, whose stature was almost gigantic. His features were boldly delineated, but his eyes seemed to gleam with cunning malignity.

“That,” said Lady Barome, shaking and averting her head, “is my jailor, the owner of this castle;—the Marquis de Lacy.—Observe the youth who is trying on his helmet, while he wields his enormous sword, which he seems gloriously to bear.”

Matilda needed not to have this object pointed out to her; her eyes were already fixed on a youth of graceful deportment, upon whose open countenance a glorious ardour seemed diffused, while his eyes were raised to the spectator with a look capable of inspiring the most enthusiastic sentiments of admiration.

“That,” said Lady Barome, “is his son, the youthful and reputed amiable Vallimond.”

They then passed several not worthy of notice. At length she stopped opposite a picture, representing a lady and gentle-

man, who hung with apparent fondness over a lovely infant.

“That is my sister, with her husband and child.—Another time I may, perhaps, be able to reveal to you the story of my misfortunes. But this,” cried she, breaking from Matilda, and throwing herself on her knees before the portrait of a gentleman “this engages all my attention!”

Matilda, with terror, perceived the wildness of her looks, and attempted to raise her; but she gave a tremendous shriek, exclaiming—

“Ah! barbarous!—attempt not to tear me from my lord—my husband!—I will stay with my William!—Hark!—his groans—oh! they have murdered him!—Great God!—he dies!”

She fell prostrate on her face. Matilda, struck with affright, ran into the adjoining room, and rang the bell with violence. Margery instantly appeared, who assisted to carry their lady to bed, where she continued some time in frantic delirium. Nature was at length exhausted, and she sunk into a torpid slumber.

During Matilda's residence at the castle, Sir Roger had never troubled them with his visits, and her time would have passed comfortably enough, had Lady Barome been in a state of convalescence. As it was, she worked, read, or (what she particularly delighted in) walked in the picture gallery, where she would incessantly dwell on the features of young De Lacy.

“Surely,” said she, mentally, “this youth cannot possess the base qualities of his father! He looks amiable and engaging.”

Then she would seek to divest her mind of this fascinating object, by surveying the other portraits, but in vain: she as constantly returned, and again her eyes were riveted on the attractive Vallimond.

CHAP. IV.

There is a destiny in this strange world,
Which oft decrees an undesired doom:—
Let schoolmen tell us why. HOME.

LADY Barome, in one of her rational intervals, proposed walking on the ramparts, to which a door opened from the armory. Thither they bent their steps; and, as they walked to and fro, Lady Barome turned towards Matilda with earnestness, and taking her hand, pressed it between her own.

—“My good young friend, said she, “I now feel myself so composed, that I will relate to you the sad history of my life, and of the misfortunes which have caused me to be in this melancholy situation. Matilda endeavoured to dissuade her from such a trying task, fearing she might be overpowered with the recollection of her sorrows. Lady Barome, however, desired her attention: she then began the following recital:

“My sister Madeline and myself were the only children of an illustrious family. Being the youngest, I was consequently the favourite. The indulgence I received from my parents, caused me, at an early age, to possess a spirit and sense of dignity too much for my years; which spirit has ultimately proved my ruin.

“My sister's beauty and unaffected modesty soon procured her a train of admirers. The most favoured of which was Arthur de Warrenne, earl of Surry.

Matilda started, but Lady Barome, not perceiving her agitation, continued:

“No obstacle intervening, they were married, and retired to their family-seat. I loved my sister, and most severely felt the separation, being the first we had ever ex-

perienced. As I had lost the dear friend and companion of my youth, I was not sorry when my hand was solicited by William Barome, a baron of great possessions and respectable character; and I consented to an immediate union with him. It was my misfortune to lose my parents, Sir George and Lady Beaumont, about this time. The tender and assiduous affection of my husband, in some measure consoled me under my grief, and the birth of a charming boy completed that happiness which I could not but know with a man possessed of the excellent qualities of my William.

"Alas! our felicity was but of short duration. After the rupture among the barons, the tyrant John demanded hostages for our fidelity, and messengers were dispatched to seize our son. Frantic with rage, I bade defiance to his power, and refused to deliver him up. My husband applauded my resolution, but the offence was too great for pardon. Our estates were confiscated, and an order sent to take us into confinement. For myself I cared little — my husband and my child claimed all my attention. Our house was surrounded by guards, and I was forced into a carriage with my infant. I demanded my William. — 'Oh!' replied one of the wretches, exultingly, 'he is safe enough: his majesty hath taken care of him, and served him as he ought to serve all such rebels!'

I shuddered at his barbarity, and turned from him with indignation: he perceived it, and cried, exultingly, — 'Oh-ho! lady-fair, your high spirit will soon be bro't down: a few month's confinement under our good Roger de Lacy will teach you how to carry your head so lofty!'

"Ah! too well I knew what I had to expect from him, I had once already offended him, by repelling the freedom of his behaviour to me, and he had vowed revenge. I gave vent to the bitter anguish of my soul in a flood of tears, with which bedewed the face of my hapless babe, and continued in sullen silence till we reached this castle. You may suppose that I was surprised at the elegant accommodation prepared for me, as I knew from the king's mandate, which I had insisted upon being shewn to me, that I was to fare as a common prisoner. I suspected to what cause I was to attribute this extraordinary attention, and sickened with horror at the suggestion.

"The preservation of my child now became my sole study, as I felt a dread lest the revenge of De Lacy should extend to the deprivation of his life; and I necessarily dissembling the abhorrence with which I re-

ceived the vile proposals he incessantly persecuted me with, till I could devise some means for the disposal of my child. Fortunately, the gentleman to whose care I was first consigned, was a humane man. I had often observed the tear start to his eyes at my frequent exclamation of distress as I contemplated the sweet face of my smiling infant. Emboldened by his apparent compassion, I ventured to offer him a diamond of considerable value, provided he would carry my child to a place of security. He kindly promised that he would; and, with a heart torn with anguish, I took a last embrace of my darling. — 'Oh! my William! — my infant Raymond! — never shall I see you more!'

"Raymond!" re-echoed Matilda, "ah! such was the dear child I left. Say, dearest Madam, what memorials did you leave with him?"

"But one," replied Lady Barome; "a chain of silver fastened round his neck: but that may, by various accidents, have been lost."

Matilda was instantly convinced of his identity, and, falling on her neck, sobbed out —

"Yes, my dearest lady, it is your son — your own Raymond!"

She then related to her the history of her own life; concluding with an assurance that it must be no other than the son of Lady Barome, which had been discovered by De Warrenne. — "The immense distance being the only consideration."

"That I can well reconcile," said Lady Barome: "the man was a Frenchman; and his desire to return to his native country might the more easily induce him to take charge of my Raymond: besides, the difference of his age when I parted with him, and that when he was found by De Warrenne, shews, that he must have been kept by the poor man for some time. Indigence might, at last, oblige the poor wretch to dispose of him in that manner." The probability of this reconciled them to the certainty. — "Surely," cried Lady Barome, "just are the dispensations of Providence! — Warrenne knows not whose child he has adopted, or, in his zeal for John, he would immediately deliver him up to his persecutors."

The joy of Lady Barome now dissolved in tears, and she seemed more settled than she had yet been since Matilda had been with her. She soon insisted upon going to the gallery, where she contemplated the picture of her husband with calm tranquillity; in short, Matilda began to hope for the perfect restoration of her senses, and listened, with a mixture of joy and apprehension, to the

sequel of the tale, which Lady Barome took an early opportunity to continue.

"I was," she resumed, "so much afflicted at the loss of my child, that I refused all manner of sustenance for several days, during which time De Lacy failed not to torment me with his detestable passion. On my knees, did I implore him to have compassion on my deplorable state, and entreated to know the fate of my husband. He seemed softened, and informed me that Barome had escaped from Corfe Castle, where he had been confined, and taken refuge with my sister in Ireland. This intelligence gave me great satisfaction; but, as all communication was cut off between myself and family, it was impossible for me to hear any more authentic account — Confinement, and incessant persecution, so harried my spirits, that my constitution suffered. The woman you found here, was placed about me, and her continual murmur and ill-humour contributing to increase my own melancholy reflections, soon brought me to the miserable state which you found me in, and, by your tender care, have so far mitigated."

She then embraced Matilda, who congratulated her with sincere pleasure upon her health being so happily reinstated.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXTRACTS.

"LONG since has the world borne the appellation of a *theatre*, and no one would be unjust in saying, that we oftener act *tragic-pantomimes* than natural *comedy*. Masks are all the fashion. Though we may, possibly, know ourselves, yet few are they who can rightly discover their companions. Men's actions are so unaccountably different; their aims so buried in disguise, and so astonishing on discovery, that physiognomists may write till their folios reach to the heavens; and observe, till memory ceases to retain; — after all, the information we receive from nature is inconceivably the best, and may well vie with the abstrusity of reasoning. The moment we begin to systemize the appearances of nature, and characterise the diversity of her outlines and odd arrangements, we confuse our minds, and are farther off from what we aim at, than when we began."

"*Bear and forbear, give and forgive, are the chariot wheels which draw men on to happiness; the carriage is good nature; prudence, firmness, industry and discretion, are the horses; reason the reins; and humanity the whip.*"

From the Medical Repository.

SPONTANEOUS DECOMPOSITION OF A FABRIC OF SILK.

ON the 19th of March, 1802, during the session of Congress at Washington, Jonathan Dayton, one of the Senators then attending from the state of New-Jersey, sustained a loss of a pair of black silk stockings in an uncommon manner. On undressing himself at bed-time, his stockings were the last of his garments which he took off. The weather being cold, he wore two pair, the inner of wool and the outer of silk. When he stripped off the silk stockings, he let them drop on a woollen carpet lying by the bedside, and one of his garters which was of white woollen ferret, fell down with the stockings. The under stockings, on being pulled off, were thrown at some distance, near the foot of the bed.—He observed, on separating and removing the silk stockings from the woollen ones, that there was an unusual snapping and sparkling of electric matter. But as he had been long acquainted with the appearance, it attracted but transient notice.

He fell asleep, and remained undisturbed till morning, when the servant entered to kindle the fire. The man observed that one of the leather slippers, lying on the carpet, and partly covered by one of the stockings, was very much burnt. Mr. Dayton then rose, and found the leather over which the stockings had laid was converted to a coal. The stockings were changed to a brown, or what is commonly called a butternut colour. And although, to the eye, the stitches of the legs, and even the threads of the clocks, appeared to be firm and entire, yet, as soon as an attempt was made to touch and handle them, they were found to be wholly destitute of cohesion, their texture and structure being altogether destroyed. Nothing but a remnant of carbonic matter was left, except that a part of the heel of one of the stockings was not decomposed.

Though this destruction of the stockings took place during the night, when nobody saw the manner and circumstances of the process, yet there was evidence enough of the evolution of much caloric while it was going on: for every thing in contact with the stocking was turned to a coal or cinder. Beside the slipper before mentioned, the garter was burned. It had fallen nearly on the carpet, and partly on and between the stockings. As far as it touched the stockings it was perfectly disorganised and carbonated, and immediately beyond that limit it was as sound as ever. The part of the carpet, with its fringe, which lay between

the stockings and the floor, was in like manner totally destroyed, just as far as it was covered by the stocking, and no farther. The wooden plank, which was of pitch pine, was also considerably scorched; and beneath the place where the thickest folds of the stockings had lain, was converted to charcoal or lampblack to a considerable depth. In throwing down the stockings when they were pulled off, it happened that about a third part of the length of one of them fell not upon the carpet, but upon the bare floor. This part of the stocking was decomposed like the rest, and the floor very much scorched where it had lain.

There was very little fire on the hearth, and the little there was, was eight or nine feet distant. The candle had been carefully extinguished and stood on a table in another direction, and about equally distant. Indeed no application of burning coals or of lighted candles could have produced the effects which have been described. It would seem that the combustion, if it may be so called, proceeded from a surcharge of antitroun (caloric) or electron (electricity) in the silk, accumulated by means not well understood; and that, not being referable to any known extant agent, it may, in the present state of our information, be termed spontaneous.

The substances chiefly consumed were leather, wool, silk, and resinous wood. The linen lining of the slipper was indeed destroyed. But where it did not come in contact, it escaped; and the fire showed no disposition to burn even the linen beyond the boundaries prescribed to it on the leather.

What is the theory of this phenomenon? With what other facts is it immediately connected? Whatever men of science may determine on these points, one thing seems to be evident, that if spontaneous combustion can happen thus in such bodies as leather, silk, and wool, that instances of its occurring in bodies easier to burn are more frequent than is generally supposed.

Natural History.

DESCRIPTION OF A VERY SINGULAR ANIMAL.

[From the London Monthly Magazine, for July 1801.]

THE PHOCA, that singular amphibious animal, which seems to be the model according to which the ancients represented the Tritons, the Syrens, &c. is only common in the Northern seas, and is very rarely seen in the Southern seas, and especially in the Mediterranean. The fact we are

going to relate, must be, therefore, interesting to naturalists. A wood-cutter who was at his labour, in the month of last Pluviose, in the environs of Bastia, discovered on the shore, an animal which he did not know, and the sight of which excited in him a small degree of trepidation. It was a *Phoca*, which lay asleep on the sand. The wood-cutter called some neighbours; the animal was taken, and put in a large tub full of water. The following is a description of it.—It was about 1 foot long, had a round head, which was about 6 inches in diameter, and pretty much like that of a calf; but in lieu of ears nothing was to be seen but very narrow apertures, almost entirely concealed by hairs. Its skin, very thick and hard, was also covered with a smooth, short and oily hair. It was a female. Its eyes were pretty much like those of an ox; it had a confident look, and yet an air of mistrust. From its flat nostrils there ran down without ceasing, especially when it was out of the water, a mucus of the most fetid odour. The neck was big, but much less than the head. Very near the neck issued out the arms, or rather membranous hands, very close to the body. Each claw had four phalanges, the nails were near six lines in length. At the first view these hands appeared without hair; but the hair was only shorter on them than on the other parts. The hind legs, which were nearly a foot in length, in a manner touched one another, and were laid in the direction of the tail. This tail terminated in a round point, and might be about 2½ inches long, by 12 or 14 lines in width. It proceeded from the middle of the two feet or hind fins. Such was nearly the figure of this animal, which they could only keep four and twenty days although sufficient care was taken of it. But it would not eat. Its appetite failed it as soon as it came into the hands of man. It refused small fish, fresh meat, fresh grass, bread, wine, &c. The sixth day they gave it a preparation of treacle in cow's milk. It swallowed it very heartily, but refused a second dose. They then thought of letting it plunge into the sea, after securing it by a collar to which a long cord was attached. It plunged very deep, and remained a long time buried under the water. It was not without some trouble that they forced it to mount again to the top. There is reason to think, that in these immersions, which they repeated pretty often, because it appeared to desire them, that it fed on certain fish. It was endowed with a tolerable degree of intelligence. For example, it took a pleasure in being caressed near the neck, and testified its gratitude by small

cries, and by the winking of its eyes. When the man, to the keeping of whom it was intrusted, and who had given it the name of *Moro*, said, "*Give me your hand, poor Moro!*" it raised the forepart, stretched out its hand, and bending the phalanges, really interlocked it with the hand presented to it. Although its conformation did not permit it to be very agile, it walked, or rather crept with some degree of celerity. One day that its keeper, thinking it asleep, had left the door of its chamber open, the animal got out, and descended seven or eight steps, to find again its keeper, who was taking the air on an esplanade. It was remarked that it had not deviated a line, (the 12th part of an inch,) from the way by which the person it was seeking had passed more than an hour before. We should have some difficulty to believe these facts, say the authors of the *Décade Philosophique*, if they did not make part of a relation sent by the prefect of Golo, who was himself occasionally a witness of it: it was in contemplation to send it to Paris, but it was not long before it was found to be wasting away. The diet to which it was restrained, was, perhaps, less the cause, than a wound it had received on the right foot, it was not known how, and which every day grew worse and worse.

SOME ACCOUNT OF

Passwan Oglu, or Pazman Ohlu.

[From the American Literary Advertiser.]

(CONCLUDED.)

IN the year 1794, another commissioner, Hassan Musti Bassa, was sent by the Porte to Widdin, to endeavour to come to some agreement with Pazman Ohlu. Hassi Musti Bassa spoke of the clemency of the Sultan, and entered Widdin without any guard; but the attempt to bring about an accommodation failed; and in the year 1795, Pazman Ohlu had greatly extended his power. In the spring he sent a detachment of 1,000 men by water and by land, to surprise Nicopolis. The first attempt was unsuccessful; the town, however, was forced to surrender after a siege of twenty days. Pazman Ohlu appointed one of his most faithful adherents, who was wholly devoted to his will, Ama, (or first magistrate) in Nicopolis. In the month of December of the same year, he sent against Belgrade, the Janissaries who had been disbanded. After a number of men had fallen on both sides, the Janissaries succeeded in taking the city and the old castle; but in July of the following year, after Hassan,

then Bassa of Belgrade, had long employed all his forces against them in vain, they were again, during a bloody conflict, driven out by the Servians and Kerschalks.

The Sultan now ordered Rumeli Waliechi then first officer of the empire after the Grand Vizier, to attack, in conjunction with the Bassa of Belgrade and four other Bassas, the rebel Pazman Ohlu with a mighty force. In 1796, an army of 50,000 men was collected about Widdin; but, then, Pazman Ohlu had with him for his defence 40,000 of his adherents. He was strongly entrenched in the city and fort, which he had taken care to supply sufficiently with provisions and ammunition. After many fruitless attacks, in which a great number of the Grand Signor's troops perished, Rumeli Waliesi again offered favorable terms to Pazman Ohlu, and promised to obtain his pardon at the Porte, on his paying 500 pursers. This proposition was approved of by the Porte, and the treaty seems to have been actually concluded; and after a siege of three months, the Grand Signor's troops decamped from before Widdin. But Pazman Ohlu made use of this opportunity to strengthen his party, and to add new fortifications to the city; and in the year 1797, sent large detachments of troops against Nicopolis, Adrianople and Sophia on the one side, and against Belgrade on the other. Nicopolis and Adrianople surrendered; but at Belgrade the assailants were defeated with great loss, and several hundreds taken prisoners, who were all executed as rebels. After this the Grand Vizier himself received a commission from the Porte, to collect a large army for the purpose of annihilating the daring and contumacious rebel. In the year 1798, he assembled about 60,000 men, with whom he besieged Widdin. But Pazman Ohlu had put himself in the best posture of defence, being strongly entrenched, and the entrenchment defended by batteries with a well served artillery. The Sultan's troops encamped around the city; but were not able to approach close to it. Pazman Ohlu made frequent and successful sallies; and by degrees gained over a large party even in the Grand Vizier's camp. At last, the whole situation of the besiegers having been betrayed to him, he sallied forth and attacked them in the night, killed 6000 men, and so quickly dispersed their whole army, that the Grand Vizier himself was obliged to leave his baggage behind him, and order his camp to be set on fire.

In the treaty of alliance that was soon after concluded between the Russians and Turks, one of the conditions was, that Russia

should, in case it should be required, furnish an auxiliary army of 40,000 men against Pazman Ohlu; to whom however, favourable terms of reconciliation were again offered. The Russian troops that were assembled on the borders of Wallachia added considerable weight to the propositions of the Porte; and at last an agreement took place, by which the Grand Signor was obliged to reinstate the Janissaries in their former possessions, to permit Pazman Ohlu to remain in Widdin as Bassa, and to raise him to the dignity of Bassa with three tails; and hostages were given on both sides.

All the subsequent shews of hostility on the part of Pazman Ohlu were probably only intended to accelerate the fulfillment of the promise of the three tails; and had for their ostensible pretext the subduing of some bands of robbers who infested the country. He has now attained that dignity, but the same pretext still continues. Pazman Ohlu is affable, humane, compassionate and condescending; but a strict lover of justice, and punishes even slight transgressions with great severity. He has already founded several establishments for the relief of poor widows and orphans; and on several roads built caravanseras for poor travellers, where they are for two days supplied gratis with every thing necessary.

SENTENCES,

BEAUTIFUL, AFFECTING & IMPRESSIVE.

Extracted from the works of the late Sir
WILLIAM JONES.

"LIONS, elephants, and brave men, leave their country and prosper; while ravens, cowards, and deer, remain in their's and perish.

"Thus, too, it is said—What is the business of a valiant and wise man? What other country can he know, but that which he hath subdued by the strength of his arm?"

"In the forest, of which a lion, armed with teeth, claws, and a tremendous tail, becomes possessor, even there he quenches his thirst with the blood of the princely elephant, whom he has slain.

"Frogs repair to a small pond, fish to a full lake; but all the wealth of others comes to a man who exerts himself.

"I continually am enjoying present pleasure, or feeling present pain: thus pains and pleasures revolve like a wheel!

"The Goddess of Prosperity hastens, voluntarily, to inhabit the mansion of that brave man, who lives contented, dispatches his business, knows the difference of actions,

is able to bear misfortunes, and is firm in friendship!

"A hero, even without riches, attains an increase of honour; but a base man, with all his collected wealth treads the path of infamy.

"How can a dog, by running away with a necklace of gold, obtain the noble spirit of a lion, whose nature leads to the acquisition of eminent virtues.

"What means thy pride, oh, wealthy man? When thy wealth is gone, thou art miserable: and the riches of men are tossed about, like a ball, from hand to hand.

"The shadow of summer clouds, the friendship of wicked men, green corn, and women, youth and wealth, all these are enjoyed but a short time!

Strive not eagerly to attain provisions; they are provided by God; when the new born animal falls from the mother, her nipples drop milk for his support.

"Yet more, my friend!—He, by whom white flamans, green parrots, and richly-coloured peacocks were made, will surely find provision for thee!

"Hear, also, my beloved, the wonderful property of riches:—they who are acquiring them endure pain, and when they have acquired them, are harassed with perils; whence, then, can proceed the delights of wealth?

"Still farther:—Even with the love of virtue, the pursuit of wealth is excelled by poverty. It is better to stand at a distance from mud, than to be defiled by bathing in it in:—therefore, as food is acquired by fowls in the air, and beasts of prey on earth, so may a man be in all places rich.

"As death is apprehended by all animals, so the apprehensions of the rich from kings, from water, from fire, from robbers, from relations, never cease!

"In many births is pain; and what pain may not ensue?—When will there be no desire of wealth?—A desire which is insatiable.

"Again, oh, my brother, hear:—Riches are not easily acquired, and when acquired are with extreme care preserved: when death comes they are gone; be not, therefore, anxious for wealth.

"If thirst of riches be abandoned, who is poor? But if it continue, and a river of gold be given to satisfy it, yet mean habits of servility will remain with it.

"From the attainment of every desired object, the desire is satisfied: if conversely the desire be satisfied, a man rich in himself, has obtained his object.

"Still farther:—What use is there in wealth to him who neither gives nor enjoys it? What is strength to him who subdues

not his own foes? What signifies a knowledge of the Scripture to him who fails to practise virtue? What is the soul itself to him who keeps not his own body in subjection?

"Why should many words be used? Let the present time be spent in confidential discourse.

"As it is written—Friendships, even after death; resentments before it, appeased; and a boundless liberality. These are not the qualities of little souls!"

Morality.

"Think, mortal, what it is to die!"

TO bid farewell to all below the sun—to dissolve connexion with all that now gives pleasure or pain—to launch away to a world unknown, are ideas included in the dissolution of that mysterious tie, which unites the immortal tenant to a house of clay.—What scenes of wonder and amazement will unfold, when once the curtain drops, is known only to those who have made the experiment. Depending, in our present state, on bodily organs, for the exercise of all our mental powers, we are incapable of forming any idea of the mode of the existence of disembodied spirits. This is a secret, which for wise ends, the Divine Author of our being sees fit to conceal from the ken of mortals.

Leaving curious speculations concerning the materiality or immateriality of the soul to be debated in the schools of philosophy, let us attend to those reflections, which the certain prospects of a dying hour are calculated to inspire.

Must we shortly close our eyes on all terrestrial scenes? Why then should we distract our minds with anxiety in the various pursuits of life? Why toil to heap up treasures we are soon to leave? Why harbour envy in our breasts at those who are high fed in the lap of fortune; when we know that a few revolving suns will bring the period when Death shall demolish all distinctions but those of virtue and vice? Why cherish resentment, even against our most inveterate enemies? A few moments, and the lamp of life is extinguished, and with it, both their love and their hatred. Why value ourselves on the advantages of birth, the attainments of learning, or the blandishments of beauty? The grave knows none of these. The rich and the poor, the prince and the cottager, the learned and the illiterate, here mingle in one common mass; and beauty, tho' once a rival of Venus, is here a repast for worms. One consideration

more applies itself with peculiar force, because it involves eternal consequences. Do we believe that we are beings designed for an endless existence, and that this life is a state of probation? Shall we then suffer the objects of a day to engross our whole attention? Shall we spend our lives in pursuit of a bubble, while we acknowledge, that short as is the race of life, we run for an eternal prize? Forbid it Heaven! Nor let it ever be said that rational beings act a part so absurd. [Middletbury Mer.

Medical.

POISON AND ITS ANTIDOTE.

ST. PIERRE, in his "Studies of Nature," says, "We have preserved in the Royal Cabinet at Paris, arrows more formidable than those of Hercules, tho' dipped in the blood of the snake of Lerna. Their points are impregnated with the juice of a plant so venomous, that, tho' exposed to the air for many years, they can, with the slightest puncture, destroy the most robust of animals, in a few minutes. The blood of the creature, be the wound ever so trifling, instantly congeals. But if the patient, at the same instant, is made to swallow a small quantity of sugar, the circulation is immediately restored. Both the poison and the antidote have been discovered by the savages who inhabit the banks of the Amazon; and it is of importance to observe, that they never employ in war, but only in the chase, this murderous method of destroying lives."

Quere. Would it not be well to examine whether sugar be not an antidote to some other poisons? [Balance.

A Remedy simple in its first Appearance, yet found by Experiment not only to be very efficacious, but even infallible, if early applied, against the Tremendous Consequences of the Bite of a Mad Dog; communicated by Dr. Loof, to the Medical Society at Amsterdam, in 1781, under the title of "Observations on the Canine Madness."

THE manner in which this remedy is to be prepared, and must be taken, the author describes in the following manner, viz. Take three yolks of hen's eggs, and oil olive as much as will fill three half egg-shells; put this together into a frying-pan, on a gentle fire, by continually stirring it with a knife, mix it well together, and continue doing this till it turns to a conserve, or thick jelly, which, when made, will fill a large tea-cup.

The manner of using it is as follows:—He who is bitten, must take (the sooner the better after the bite, the effect of the remedy being uncertain, if not applied within *nine days*) the above-mentioned doses two successive days, after he has fasted six hours, abstaining even from drink, which he likewise must do for six hours after he has taken it. When the patient has a wound, the wound must be scratched open twice a day, with a pen of fir-wood for nine successive days, and every time the wound must be dressed with some of the same remedy. He who only has played with and caressed such a dog, or has been licked by the same, must take (for precaution's sake) the above-mentioned dose only for one time.

To an animal, of what kind soever, that is bitten, must be given, two successive days, a double portion of the same remedy; and neither meat nor drink, six hours before nor six hours after.

This remedy has always been found a certain cure, when used within the time prescribed (nine days); if deferred longer, it is not so certain; but will ameliorate the horrors of the disorder, when taken even in the last stages of it. Many well attested facts are on record of its efficacy when timely applied, both on men and animals.

Characters.

NO. VIII.

A FINE GENTLEMAN.

WHEN a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfection his imagination can form, and to imitate, not so much what is, as what may, or ought to be.

I shall follow their example in the idea I am going to trace out, of a *fine gentleman*, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character complete. In order to this, I shall premise, in general, that, by a fine gentleman, I mean a man completely qualified, as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight of society.

When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit, of which human nature is capable. To this, I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge.

When I think of the *heart* of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence.

When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his *manners*, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness; frank and affable, without impertinence; obliging and complaisant, without servility; cheerful and in good-humour, without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained, neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished gentleman is, perhaps, the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run thro' a long series of *EDUCATION*. Before he makes his appearance, and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the *polite arts and sciences*. He must travel, to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the *fashionable* ornaments of life, such as the languages and bodily exercises most in vogue; neither would I have him think even *dress* beneath his notice. It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found; men of courage, sense, and letters are frequent, but a real fine gentleman we seldom see; he is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the courses of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so all the great and solid reflections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says and does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good will of every beholder.

(From a London Paper.)

A young sailor was on Friday tried at the Clerkwell Sessions for an assault upon his wife. Jack did not deny the fact; but according to his mode of telling the story, he had also cause to complain. He could never get her to keep in the same birth with him, and caught her out cruising under false colours! notwithstanding this provocation, he confessed he was still fond of his spouse; but having found her one day in a house of bad fame, he owned that his passion overcame him, and he beat her with a cat-o'-nine tails. The Jury, whose-ribsible faculties were provoked, acquitted him.

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 9, 1802.

EDUCATION.

ROBERT GETTY respectfully informs his Patrons, that his *SCHOOL*, adjoining the Second Presbyterian Church, corner of Third and Arch Streets, will be opened on Wednesday next, the 13th of October, for the reception of pupils.

N. B. NIGHT SCHOOL will commence on the Monday following.

October 9th, 1802.

Number of Interments in Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 1st to the 8th of October, ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health.)

	Adults.	Child.	Total.
Oct. 1,	5	3	8
— 2,	10	4	14
— 3, }	9	3	12
— 4, }	3	3	6
— 5,	8	0	8
— 6,	10	1	11
— 7,	5	3	8
— 8,			
TOTAL			67

In the enumeration of the number of cases of fever in the Northern parts of the city, &c. as stated by Drs. Currie & Carthral, published in our last, a small error occurred.—The Table, as corrected, stands thus:

Died,	89
Recovered,	79
Event not known,	29
	197

A subsequent Table has since been published, containing an account of the number of cases in the other parts of the City, and in the district of Southwark, from the 17th of July to the 28th of Sept. and is as follows:

Died,	56
Recovered,	36
Event not known,	34
	126

Making the total number of cases of fever, in the City and Liberties, from July 4 to Sept. 28, three hundred and twenty-three.

The Reports at the Health Office since that time, are

September 29,	4
30,	4
October 1,	2
2,	1
4, (for 48 hours)	7

TOTAL 13

On the 5th, the following notice appeared, which we present with pleasure to our readers—

HEALTH OFFICE,

October 5, 1802.

THE advanced state of the season, and the mild appearance of the fever, induces this Board to discontinue their daily reports, other than the list of Interments, which shall be carefully collected and published as usual.

It is recommended to those who have removed to the country from the interior of the city, to have their dwellings well aired & cleansed previous to their return to town.—And the inhabitants removed from the neighbourhoods of Vine street wharf, Callowhill street, and the Drawbridge, are advised to forbear returning to their places of residence for the present.

*Answers to the Paradoxes, Rebuses, &c.
by a Correspondent in Annapolis.*

Answer to the Paradox in page 286.—*A husband. To the Rebusses in the same page, Chocolate, Coalition.*

ANSWERS TO THOSE IN PAGE 206.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 4. Optimist. | 7. Carpenter. |
| 5. Lamb. | 8. TOBACCO. |
| 6. Letter. | 9. Chin. |

10. Mary-land.

PROPOSALS.

FOR PUBLISHING A WORK, ENTITLED,
THE FEMALE MENTOR:

OR,

SELECT CONVERSATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

The following character of this elegant work, is extracted from the *Analytical Review*.

MISCELLANEOUS entertainment and instruction are here presented to the public under a new form. A selected company of friends are supposed to meet once a fortnight, and each to bring something towards the common stock of information or amusement: for example, some biographical anecdotes, some historical relations, an essay on some subject, or a copy of verses.

These pieces, which are selected with judgment, and, as far as they are original, are drawn up with classical neatness, may afford fine young ladies as have a turn for reflection an improving as well as agreeable amusement for a leisure hour.

CONDITIONS.

I. THE two volumes shall be comprised in one—to contain about 300 pages duodecimo, to be handsomely printed on a fine paper and good type.

II. The price neatly bound and lettered, will be one dollar; to be paid on delivery.—The subscribers' names shall accompany the work.

Subscriptions received at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository.

INTELLIGENCE.

From a Calcutta Paper.

AWFUL AND SUBLIME SPECTACLE!

Cape Town Gazette—Dec. 12.

ON Tuesday morning last, about ten o'clock, the Table Mountain presented a sublime and awful spectacle. The weather was sultry, calm and rather hazy. A small cloud rested upon the summit of that part of the mountain facing Cape-town where only it is accessible thro' a deep ravine. In a moment this cloud became violently agitated, and was hurried down the side of the Mountain with a loud rumbling noise, like that of thunder, accompanied with the rustling sound of a torrent of water which continued 30 seconds; during which interval the cloud had descended half way down the mountain, enveloping a mass of moving matter, supposed, by the spectators to be a stream of lava issuing from a volcanic eruption of the mountain. The noise, however, gradually subsiding, the dust and the vapour dissipated, and it appeared that a huge mass of the uppermost stratum had by some means or other been detached from the deep chasm, and had shattered into a myriad of fragments every thing that opposed its passage.—This ravine being the usual, and indeed the only road by which the Mountain can be ascended on the side next the Town, is by no means safe to be approached: the perpendicular cheeks on each side are at least a thousand feet high, and threaten momentarily to choke up the chasm with their rains.

Capt. Thibault has measured the fragment above-mentioned, and the dimensions are

In length,	18 feet.
Breadth,	15
Height,	14

The solidity of this irregular cavernous mass he estimates at 340 cubic feet, and its weight about 360,000 pounds, 250 tons. Its nature siliceous sandstone, of a compact granular texture.

Had a rock of this magnitude been detached from any other part of the face of the mountain, except the cheeks of the ravine, it would in all probability have worked its passage to the very skirts of the town.

Marriages.

MARRIED, at Frankford, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Janeway, Mr. Benjamin Stille, to Miss Ann D'Silver, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 25th ult. at the house of her father, the Rev. Nathaniel Irwin, at N'haminey, in Bucks County, Mrs. Mary Hart, wife of Dr. William Hart, in the 24th year of her age.

—, On the 5th inst. Mr. B. Collins, a native of Milford, (Del.) a young man much esteemed, and deeply regretted by all his acquaintance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Fever of '98, a descriptive Poem, by Carlos," shall receive as early attention as possible.

The writer of a selected "Ode to the Moon," has our thanks.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

REFLECTIONS

IN SEVERAL GRAVE YARDS IN PHILADELPHIA.

(Concluded from our last.)

Now to **, ***** we'll take our walk, and trace
The sculptur'd monuments, and who lies there;
There we shall learn new lessons from the dead,
There find more proofs that we must also die.

What pensive wanderer is that we see,
With grief-worn visage and dejected mien?
See, dear Amelia, how his eyes are fixt,
As if he'd rivet them on yonder marble.
Let us enquire the cause of such attachment
To the spot, which thus attracts his notice.
Alas! poor *!*!*!*!—we need enquire no more,
The stone itself suffices to inform.

'Tis the late partner of his joys and cares;
Sad partner too, a while in unbelief!
Denying, melanchoolly, dreadful thought!
Denying to themselves, and to mankind,
The cheering, soul-enlivening prospect
Of a resurrection from the dead,
And all the glorious prospects of eternity,
I, sympathizing, ask'd him, if he new
Could contemplate his dear departed wife,
And for a moment entertain the thought
That she would live no more for ever?

He answer'd—"Nay! forbid the horrid thought!
"But fools or madmen like myself, could dream,
"Or entertain a thought so fraught with folly."
This realizes what the poet erst hath said,
"Men may live fools; but fools they cannot die."
How kind is Providence who strikes the stroke,
Perhaps the only stroke that would alarm,
And rouse us from that truly awful state.

A lethargy in sin! an unconcern
Of death, and all its dreadful consequences.
How ought we bless that kind correcting hand,
And "kiss the rod," that us in mercy strikes,
And not in wrath, however severe the blow.
Infinite Wisdom knows the needful stroke,
And goodness infinite directs the blow;
Whether a wife, a child, a brother, friend,
A husband, sister, or a parent fall.
Now having scan'd these various monuments,
What faithful admonitions do they give?
Some speaking nonsense, and some boasting fame,
Some speaking lies, some flattering knaves and fools;
Some boasting a descent from ancestors
Imaginary great! who ages since
Have mould'ered like themselves in native dust.
While some, it must be own'd speak solemn truths,
And loudly strike upon the human heart,
How salutary all! would we but mark,
And well digest the poet's faithful hint—

NOTE.

* The circumstances here referred to, and those which follow, respecting Terry and his family, who died in 1798, were facts within the writer's knowledge.

"How low'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 "To whom related, or by whom begot;
 "A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 " 'Tis all *thou* art, and all the *proud* shall be."

With this another thought appropriate
 Oblivides itself, almost of equal weight—

He that depends on ancestors for fame,
 And thinks at honour is deriv'd from name;
 Will sadly find his fame and honour fled,
 Whene'er he takes his sleep in this cold bed.
 Seek then to raise thy fame by noble deeds,
 Thy own renown ten thousand times exceeds
 What fancied honours thou may'st entertain,
 Descending in hereditary train.

Enough of this Amelia—now we'll here,
 And take a new survey; where we may find
 Some new instruction, and some new reproof.

* * * * *

This place, tho' small, exhibits many marks
 Of death's victorious, and vindictive hand.
 See yonder stone, how it is fill'd with names,
 We'll step and see the cause of such profusion.
 Stone did I say! 'tis only painted wood;
 But full of records of departed souls.

Whose names are these, Amelia, that we see?
 Alas! poor PERRY!—'tis indeed the same,—
 I knew him well,—almost my next door neighbour.
 Forgive my weakness, O my generous friends;
 I needs must shed a sympathizing tear,
 While I relate the melancholy tale.
 Six out of seven! within so many days,
 By pestilence swe'nt off the stage of life!
 And only one—one solitary child
 Survives, disconsolate, to mourn his loss,
 And tell the world the sad disastrous tale.
 Rejoice ye infant sons whose sires are spared,
 Ye daughters too, whose loving mothers live,
 To guard you from the wrongs which orphans know,
 And the contagion of a wicked world.

But ah! alas! unfaithful do you prove
 To this vast charge, ye thoughtless parents;
 Who forbear to check the monster vice,
 In its dread progress o'er the youthful mind.
 And ye professors of the Christian faith,
 Who make much outward shew of piety,
 Affecting great austerity and zeal:

What language shall I find to reach *your* hearts?
 You who profess to know the worth of souls,
 And yet permit your children to parake
 In all the vices that disgrace the age.
 How will you answer at the bar of God,
 When at your hands their souls shall be requir'd?
 How justify such conduct to your child?
 Whose keen reproach will meet you on that day,
 And like ten thousand barbed darts, will pierce
 Your agonizing hearts, and rend your souls.
 'Think then, O think! or ere it be too late,
 On the important duty that you owe
 To these dear children, who on you depend
 For information, precept and example.

Let this grand truth e'er rest upon the mind,
 "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd;"
 One precept, planted in the infant stage,
 Will yield more fruit than twenty done in age.

* See Note to the preceding column.

A word in season, says a sage of old,
 Is *pleur'd silver*, charg'd with fruit of *gold*;
 Know surely then, the proper season's youth,
 To store the mind with virtue, wisdom, truth.

Now let us read these various records o'er,
 And learn from thence the certainty of death,
 And all the vast vicissitudes of life:
 Death, thro' the whole, waiting to strike the blow,
 Whene'er commission'd to perform his part.
 What mean these children entering yonder gate?
 'Tis the procession of an infant corpse—
 Ah! happy favour'd soul! to 'scape the ills
 That ever wait upon the human race,
 While passing thro' this wilderness of sin,
 A privilege indeed!—to taste the world,—
 To become heir to immortality!—

And instantly to shun the pains and cares,
 Which never fail to strew the path of life.
 O! did the weeping parents but perceive
 The blest exchange of toils, and troubles dire,
 For that unmixt, unsullied bliss above;
 No cause for clam'rous sorrow would be found;
 But resignation to the will of heav'n,
 Would set the willing seal to its decree.
 Then would triumphant faith rejoice and sing
 A parting requiem to the infant soul:
 And anticipate the future joys of heav'n,
 By sweet anticipation of its bliss.

Now having kindly number'd tear for tear,
 And sigh for sigh, with those that mourn the loss
 Of friends deposited with *solemn rites*:
 We'll take a walk to lonely *Potters-field*,
 There contemplate the awful spectacle,
 And amplify our sympathy and grief,
 Where numbers of our fellow-citizens
 Lie mould'ring, buried in promiscuous heaps!

* * * * *

Here thousands rest their late distracted heads,
 The melancholy wreck of pestilence!
 Without one friend to take a last farewell,
 Or pay the tribute of affection's tear.
 This is an awful spectacle indeed!
 With here a nameless *stick*, and there a *stone*,
 To designate the spot, (perhaps untrue)
 Where lies the corpse of a *deserted friend*.
 Deserted too, when nature's loudest call
 In quick vibrations rung upon the minds
 Of those, whose flight inhumaniz'd the heart,
 And all the sympathies of man dissolv'd.
 "And are there such among the human race,"
 Enquir'd Amelia, "who desert their friends
 "At this most awful crisis; when their aid,
 "If aid they ever give, is needed most?
 "Surely, *no father* would desert his *child*,
 "No *wife* nor *husband* would desert their *spouse*,
 "No *son* nor *daughter* e'er could think to fly
 "And leave a *parent* in such dire distress."
 Yes, my Amelia, such alas! there are.
 I will not call them human, 'twould be wrong,
 Whose cold unfeeling hearts recoil at death,
 And fly the port of duty and affection.

In all the agencies of fell disease,
 When help and consolation's need'st most;
 Leave nearest relatives, and dearest friends,
 Alone to struggle in the jaws of death!

* The Hospital Burying Ground.

For want of friendships' kind and faithful aid,
 Hundreds perhaps lie here beneath this mould,
 Whose lives might otherwise have been prolong'd;
 Nor prematurely number'd with the dead.
 But what is still more painful to relate,
 The probability, that some of these
 Were hurried to the tomb, *possessing life*,
 And breath'd their last beneath these clouds of earth!
 For misty such as this, the human mind
 Knows no support!—reason, alas, is stifled!
 Patience has lost all hope! the dire extreme
 Knows no alternative, but *rage* and *death*!....
 Amelia, fainting at the thought, cry'd out
 In terror and alarm, "O father spare!—
 "Spare me, (if you survive me when I die,)
 "At least *one day*!—I cannot bear the thought
 "To be immur'd, while living, in the grave."
 No, my dear child, to soothe her troubled mind,
 I made reply, *one day* shall not suffice;
 (If I am spared) altho' it cost my life,
 Thou ne'er shalt suffer that tremendous death.

EDWARD.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A YOUNG LADY.

WHILE warlike deeds awake the lyre,
 And call forth all the poet's fire;
 While politicians foam and rage,
 And 'gainst each other warfare wage:
 Be mine the task to quit the throng,
 Where passion swells, and tune the song;
 Be mine the task to sound the lay,
 For this is *Stella's natal day*.

Begone, dull Care, nor hither come,
 For such a guest there is no room.
 But haste, light Mirth, at friendship's call,
 And with thee bring thy pleasures all:
 Thy od'rous flowers spread with dew,
 Bedeck'd in all their various hue;
 Thy tiptoe follower light and gay,—
 For this is *Stella's natal day*.

Ye swains, mild tenants of the vale
 Where buxum Health rides on each gale,
 Here join the jocund, youthful train,
 To celebrate upon the plain
 The day that first beheld (fit w'n)
 This self ey'd maid, this virgin queen,
 Lovely as *Floia's* self in May!—
 Come celebrate her *natal day*.

Love is the theme that fills the grove;
 Responsive Echo answers love.
 What floods of music float around!
 What beams of radiance gild the ground!
 Each heavenly note awakes a charm,
 That even Impotence might warm.
 E'en bronteous nature strives to pay
 Respect to *Stella's natal day*.

Stella! the muse now serious grown,
 Would fain her flattery disown;
 Would whisper something in thine ear,
 What every maid don't like to hear:
 'Tis time to adorn your mind with care,
 If you wish always to be fair;
 For *nineteen years* have pass'd away,
 Since Time first mark'd your *natal day*.

Sept. 15th, 18 2.

FLORIO.

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A N D

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Saturday, October 16, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. V.

He's handsome, valiant, young;
And looks as he were laid in Nature's bait,
To catch weak woman's eyes. DRYDEN.

ONE day, while Lady Barome was enjoying her usual stroll with Matilda upon the parapet, they distinguished from afar a party of horsemen advancing towards the castle. Two, habited in a superior manner, were engaged apart, and seemed in earnest conversation.

"What means all this?" cried Lady Barome, shrieking with dread: "I fear it bodes no good.—'Tis De Lacy; he comes, I dread, with no good intent."

Returning rather precipitately, her foot slipped, and she fell with some violence against the moulding which surrounded the parapet, and received a contusion on her head, which bled copiously: Matilda bound it with her handkerchief, and conducted her to her chamber. The numbness occasioned by the pain threw her into a dose, and Matilda quitted her for a moment to peruse a book.—Passing through the gallery, she instinctively stopped opposite her favourite picture. Again she examined it with scrupulous attention:—

"Charming Valtimond!" she exclaimed, involuntarily: "can such a countenance conceal a depraved heart?—Impossible!—

Surely, were he to behold the suffering lady, he would be melted into compassion.—Ah! would I could be convinced that he were as amiable as the canvas presents him attractive!"

"Who could be otherwise when attending to so sweet a monitress?" cried a voice from behind, which almost caused her to sink to the earth.

Turning, she beheld a youth whose features and figure soon convinced her that he was the original of the picture she had been admiring. Her quick glance struck respect into him. His first address had seemed to betray a deficiency of politeness; and sinking on his knee, he caught her hand, and with a soft persuasive tone, continued:

"In Valtimond de Lacy behold one who pities, and is willing to relieve, the sorrows of the unfortunate Lady Barome, as far as his duty to a parent and sovereign will permit."

Matilda's confusion and surprise was at first so great, that she could not directly recover herself sufficiently to reply in the manner she would have wished. At length she withdrew her hand with an air of assumed severity, saying—

"For your purposed kindness, Sir, in the name of Lady Barome, I return you thanks; be assured, however, that you shall never be reduced by us to the necessity you imply. But rise from your suppliant posture; it but ill accords with your rank.—I am but a domestic in this family; excuse me, then, if I withdraw. Your business may require privacy, and my attendance may be necessary upon my lady."

With a reserved curtsy she then quitted the gallery, leaving Valtimond astonished at the beauty of her person, and the dignity of her mein. He had, from motives of curiosity, wandered to that part of the castle, in hopes of catching a glimpse of Lady

Barome, whose stay, with all the palliation given when related to him, greatly interested his feelings, and he determined to be of service to her.

Matilda, breathless with agitation, returned to the apartment of Lady Barome, and, finding her awake, related to her what had passed.

"Who knows," said that lady to her, "but heaven has raised us up a friend in this young man!—my heart whispers me that he is generous and feeling."

"So does mine," thought Matilda, "but I dare not trust its pleadings."

In the evening they again took their ramble on the battlements, and with no small surprise saw the whole cavalcade depart; De Lacy having had but one short interview with his prisoner, in which she affected great indisposition.

"Alas!" said Lady Barome, "all our hopes are futile!—Valtimond has thought no more of us. Perhaps we have been deceived in our opinion of him."

Matilda sighed: her eyes pursued the horsemen; and a tear of mingled disappointment and despair trickled down her cheek. Complaining of the coldness of the night air, Lady Barome consented to return; and shortly after, neither being disposed for conversation, they retired to rest.

Matilda in vain strove to sleep: a thousand ideas painful and oppressive, obtruded on her mind, and kept her waking the whole night. At an early hour she rose, and, to divert her uneasiness, repaired to the gallery; when, to her infinite astonishment, Valtimond, whom she supposed to be far distant, was the first object that met her eye!—She turned, covered with blushes, and would have retired. He eagerly caught her gown:—

"—Why, lovely girl, this abhorrence of De Lacy!—why fly a friend who only wishes to serve you?"

'Oh, sir,' cried Matilda, 'do not detain me: this is not language for me to hear. I beseech you to let me go;—Lady Barome is waiting for me.'

'Then conduct me to that lady,' said Valtimond, 'let me personally assure her of my intentions in her favour. I would fain impart consolation to her wounded mind.'

Matilda paused a few moments, unresolved in what manner to be most prudent to act. After some hesitation, she said:—

'Pardon, Sir, my irresolution, if it gives offence, I shall be concerned, but our situation is peculiarly delicate. However, placing the fullest confidence in your honour, I comply with your request:—follow me:

She then proceeded, followed by Valtimond, to the great chamber, at the door of which they met Lady Barome, who had risen, and impatient at the absence of her young companion, hastened to seek her.—She started at the first sight of the stranger who accompanied her; but soon guessing who it was, with calm dignity demanded his business.

The countenance of Valtimond, hitherto flushed with hope, now fell.—'Alas, madam,' cried he, 'how shall I be able to deprecate your anger, for the presumption I have been guilty of in thus intruding on your privacy! I have, though unknown, unfortunately incurred your displeasure. I see, by the coldness and disdain with which you treat me, that you think me arrogant and unfeeling. Believe me, I came not here to offer you insult, but to convince you, by the most fervent protestations, that you have but to command me.'

Convinced, by the respectful manner of his address, and the expression of ingenuousness upon his countenance, that he was interested in their welfare, Lady Barome extended her hand to him in token of friendship: he prest it to his lips, and vowed, with energy, to protect her with his life from injury.—They soon became mutually pleased with each other, he having first obtained permission to visit them next day, to contrive plans for their future welfare.

Valtimond waited upon them the next day, and Lady Barome acquainted him with those circumstances of which he was ignorant; as, also, with the history of Matilda, concealing only the name of Arthur de Warneage.—He heard her with emotion, and again renewed his offers of service, of which, Lady Barome immediately availed herself.

Fixing her eyes with expressive earnestness on his face, she said:—'I believe your protestations sincere;—prove my conjectures;

—just liberate us from this confinement;—you have the power.'

Valtimond started; he turned pale; and his whole frame shook with visible agony. He could only articulate—'Fatal request!'

—then, striking his forehead, he could only articulate—'Idiot that I was!—Could I not have foreseen this! He then rose from his seat, and traversed the room with hasty and irregular steps: then, reseating himself, and turning to Lady Barome—'Severely indeed, madam,' said he, 'have you tried my friendship. Think not, however, that my reluctance to comply with your demand, proceeds from personal apprehension—far from it:—I am apprehensive that you would not find the plan you propose so entirely devoid of evil as you seem to imagine. Your friends are all scattered, and, should I liberate you, it must be under the solemn restriction, not to attempt a recovery of your rights until public affairs are more tranquil. Judge then should you be pursued and taken, what you have to apprehend from the vengeance of my father, and the resentment of incensed majesty!—What could two beautiful and defenceless females do in such a situation?—Ah! rather let me persuade you to continue where you are, at least a short time longer. Nothing shall be omitted by me that can contribute to your ease or comfort: you shall enjoy unlimited liberty, and, by your generous forbearance, confer upon me the highest obligation.'

While speaking, he turned his eyes full upon Matilda with melancholy languor. Her's were suffused with tears, and she seemed to wait, in painful anxiety, the answer. Lady Barome seemed much affected by his pleading, and, after a pause said—'Selfish as I must appear, and painful as it is to me to be so urgent, I must yet persist in my request, confident that that alone can secure my peace. I must, furthermore, beg to conceal from you my plans for our future destination.'

'You do indeed distress me!' exclaimed Valtimond.

'How am I to do?' rejoined Lady Barome. 'Why did your generosity prompt you to encourage hopes which your resolution would not serve you to realize?—A time may come when I can make you reparation for the services you may render me.'

'Talk not of reparation, madam!' cried Valtimond, with an energy that made her start:—'that is impossible!'

'Tis a well, young man,' said Lady Barome, with indignation, 'we are your captives. You may sport with the feelings of an unhappy woman with impunity!'

'Dear madam!' said the terrified Matilda. 'Gracious Heaven!' interrupted he, wildly, 'have I deserved this?—Yes, madam, you shall be obliged!—but, alas! pardon and pity my desperation!'

He rushed out of the room, leaving Matilda petrified with terror. The exertions she had made was too much for Lady Barome; and she fell into hysterics, out of which it was a considerable time before she recovered. Matilda was herself very weak and low; she felt her heart strongly interested in favour of young De Lacy, and she trembled lest he should fall a sacrifice to the fury of his father. She, however, received some satisfaction from learning of Lady Barome, that it was her intention to pass over into Ireland, and seek refuge with her sister, where, in all probability, she might find her husband; and Matilda waited the return of Valtimond with impatience.

All the next day passed, no Valtimond appeared; and they began to imagine that he had repented his forward zeal. At last their hopes were revived by the sound of his footsteps across the saloon.—Matilda's heart beat high with expectation. He advanced his looks were wild and disordered; and, throwing himself on the sofa, he took a bundle from under his cloak:—'There, madam,' cried he, 'I have complied with your cruel request. And now, may I supplicate you to think sometimes with pity on the unfortunate De Lacy, who, in losing the gratification he had expected to find in your society, will experience the most poignant affliction.'

Lady Barome rose from her seat; she extended her hands to him, while she could no longer restrain her tears.—'Generous youth!—my prayers, with those of Matilda, shall always be for your happiness.'

'Refrain, I entreat you,' he replied, 'this kindness: I can better bear your anger; that but excited me to prove myself worthy; this shews me the irreparable loss I am about to sustain.'—Then, taking the parcel—'Here,' he continued, 'are two peasant's dresses; in these you may pass the borders in safety; and in the channel are vessels bound for any part.—In two hours I will attend you.'

He then quitted the apartment.—With palpitating hearts they engaged the intervening time in disposing of the few clothes they were able to secure, and other trinkets of value. The habits Valtimond had procured so effectually disguised them, that they had no fear of detection.

The appointed hour soon arrived. Valtimond was punctual; he engaged their silence. Then, extending one hand to each, he led them down the staircase, and from the ce-

went thro' a back door, of which he only possessed the key. The clock just struck ten as they passed the postern gate; all was still; and the morn, which rose with unusual lustre, seemed to light them on their melancholy way. — The hand of Valtimond took as it drew that of Matilda's under his arm; and her heart beat with responsive vibration; but all observed a profound silence. Matilda raised her eyes to his face, and was struck with the pensive sadness pictured there.

They soon reached the creek, where they engaged a fishing boat: the drowsy watermen were with some difficulty awakened. Valtimond again pressed the hand of each to his lips; a tear fell unperceived upon that of Matilda's; and, lifting his eyes to heaven—'May the Almighty protect you!' was all he could utter. His voice faltered, and, clasping his hands together with a look of despondency, he quitted them.

With difficulty the fair adventurers supported themselves into the boat, which immediately pushed off from land. Matilda indulged her heart-felt grief in silence, not willing, by her own complaint, to dull the bright hopes the fair Lady Baronne was cherishing. The dashing of the oars sunk them into a mournful reverie, from which they were roused by the discordant voice of their guide, who informed them of their approach to land.—After taking some refreshment in a paltry inn, they obtained a carriage to Barnstaple, from whence they embarked in a vessel for Dublin harbour. The seas ran high; but the adventurous travellers, fearing to betray their sex by unseemly terror, stifled their fears, and withdrew, as much as possible, from the observation of the other passengers. Their voyage was quick and pleasant, and with joyful hearts they beheld land, and greeted, with thanksgiving for their safety, the Hibernian shore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Account of a very Singular Custom of Suspending a Man in the air by Hooks fastened in his back,—common in some parts of Hindostan.

THE following narrative was written by a gentleman, who was an eye witness to the whole of the cruel and superstitious ceremony, and may be relied upon as a fact. It took place on Sunday the 6th of July, 1798.

"An upright post, about forty feet high, was pitched in the ground, on which a cross pole of upwards of twice that length turned by a pivot; long ropes were fastened to each end of this pole, and at one of them a kind of canopy, adorned with festoons and bun-

ches of flowers; where this canopied end came to the ground, a small scaffold of eight or nine feet was raised: besides the circular motion on the pivot, the cross pole had a perpendicular one; so that each end might be elevated at pleasure by means of the affixed ropes.

Around this apparatus stood innumerable crowds of Indians of all descriptions, in anxious expectation of the hero who was to signalize himself in honour of the Goddess. In the mean time, the Tari, the Nagasam, the Dammay, the Tom-tom, all the cateters of Braminee music, kept up a continual clangor. At every four or five minutes, a volley of the noisy kind of fire-works was discharged; and the family of the man about to be suspended, highly bedaubed with Turmarique, and loaded with flowers, were led in procession round the machine, in the midst of the reiterated cries of the multitude. On one side was exalted the throne of the goddess; on which she sat, nearly hidden by flowers, and surrounded by officiating Bramins.

At last the devotee appeared. The tumult of the instruments, the fire-works, and the spectators, redoubled. In the fleshy part of the back, near the bone, and about four inches from the shoulder, were infixed two apparently silver hooks; such in form and size, as are on large steel yards; to them were fastened thick yellow strings. For fixing these in the back, wounds must have been made at least an inch long, and four in number; for their points came quite through. He ascended the scaffold; a small Tom-tom was put into his hand; the hook-strings were tied round the end of the pole, under the canopy; and his great toes placed in a kind of slings, at a convenient distance; so that he lay in the air, as a man swimming on the water. When he mounted the scaffold, he seemed to tremble; and when raised into the air, as he immediately was on everything being adjusted under the canopy, he for some time kept fast hold on the long rope proceeding from the end of the pole. But this he soon quitted, and amused himself in beating his Tom-tom, and scattering the flowers which covered him among the people below. At first my blood ran cold, and I could not see without horror and indignation the mangled flesh and haggard looks of this victim of superstition; but when he was arrived at the utmost height of his aerial elevation, and had quitted the ropes, he seemed so much at his ease, that I could not forbear joining in the general acclamation, and in some degree enjoying the sport. He might be raised, perhaps, fifty or sixty feet from the ground.

The bunches and festoons he cast down caused a general scramble among the crowd; each member of which seemed ardently desirous to acquire some portion, however trifling, of this sacred relic. All this while, the pole was impelled round the pivot it moved on, by a number of people at the depressed end of it. At last, after having been in the air ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, he withdrew his toes entirely out of the slings, and hung suspended *only* by the flesh and muscles of his back. This continued about five minutes more; at the end of which time he tore down and distributed the remainder of his flowers, when he was let down amidst the again repeated triumphant applause of the whole assembly, the firing of rockets, &c. and the noise of the music; so that the whole of his suspension was finished in fifteen or twenty minutes. It is worthy of remark, that each time he came during his airy rounds, to the quarter where the throne of the goddess was placed, he reverentially joined his hands, and touched his forehead, and ceased, till he was passed, pulling the flowers. Unluckily, notwithstanding all my endeavours, I could not procure any of these; but could however, distinguish that they were of three or four different species; among which, the Mallagi, a small white flower, strongly scented, predominated. This latter is used in all the Braminee ceremonies, worn by the dancing girls, distributed at weddings, and held in general esteem on account of its supposed sanctity.

This strange ceremony, which, by the natives is called Chadil, has its origin in the following circumstances, and is certainly a severe yoke imposed on them by their religious poets:—Cladiyatta was born of mortal parents of the Sooder east, and of that tribe, whose exclusive employment is to fish in rivers and lakes. The God Iswaran or Seeva fell in love with her; and, notwithstanding the lowness of her origin, married and carried her to heaven. For some offence however she was, after a while, banished from thence, but soon again restored; and it is in commemoration of this reconciliation, or to expiate the fault which occasioned her banishment, that the people of her (or the Pulli) cast undergo this and many other penances: so that it is no fortunate thing to have a goddess in the family. This expiation is annually repeated (tho', I believe, not in all places at the same season); for the goddess is supposed to descend at the anniversary, and not to re-ascend till all the due atonements, ceremonies, intercessions, &c. are justly performed by her relatives.

[Proposals were issued in the last No. of the Repository for publishing "*The Female Mentor*:" the intended publisher is Mr. Hoff, of this city. The work first made its appearance in England, a few years ago, and is composed of miscellaneous pieces, partly original and partly selected. A few extracts from it will, we think, be gratifying to our female readers; while the whole is recommended to their perusal. It will be ready for delivery to subscribers in a few weeks.]

On Novels.

(From the FEMALE MENTOR.)

THIS afternoon it was debated, whether we should permit the reading of *Novels*. Different opinions were advanced, and there seemed to be no probability of coming to a decision, till we all turned to Amanda, our *Female Mentor*.—She expressed herself in the following manner:

"The present rage for novels, and your particular application to me, lead me to make remarks upon the general effects, that may arise from the frequent perusal of these publications. There are books of this description which deserve the highest commendation; and when we meet with characters struggling with magnanimity under complicated distresses, we may be led to think that they are examples worthy of imitation. But whether these details are conducive to the advantage of the two sexes or not, ought to be fully investigated. As the character of a man and woman ought to be widely different, in like manner their education, which has so strong an influence on their characters, should be, in many particulars, totally dissimilar; hence it follows, that what is beneficial to one sex may be detrimental to the other; and this obvious conclusion will assist in solving the question concerning the advantage or disadvantage of novels towards forming the youthful and unexperienced mind. I am of opinion that it is very desirable for a young man to form an attachment to a virtuous woman. Such a passion calls forth the noblest feelings, raises in his mind an emulation to make himself worthy of the beloved object, and is often the means of inducing him to apply with increased diligence to any particular profession, business or science, which may promote his success in life. Every sort of reading, therefore, which awakens the feelings of virtuous love in his breast, may safely and prudently be encouraged.

"But when I consider a girl, who is nearly entering into life with a susceptible heart, instead of recommending novels in general to her perusal, I would strongly dissuade her from reading them. Women's sensations are very delicate; their inclinations are very prompt; and lead them to

wish to please, and to become an object of love to one amiable and respectable character of the other sex; to one alone their wishes ought to be bounded, and they ever will be so, in women that are truly amiable. Should we even allow, that the generality of novels are written without the least indelicacy, yet as their only subject is love, why should we wish to lead the mind to that disposition, which nature is sufficiently ready to supply without art! There is always one hero, on whom the heroine fixes her inclination. The girl who is conversant with this species of composition will expect to find such an hero in the world; the first man who pays her any particular attention, will soon make an impression upon her already-prepared heart; and she will conclude, that her partiality is founded on a laudable object. But when a man is assiduous in his attention, and seems attached, ought she always to flatter herself that he is in earnest? he appears to like her now; will he continue in the same inclination? may not a little time dissipate his partiality? some other woman may supply her place, or if he should remain constant, some pecuniary or prudent consideration may prevent his making a declaration; or perhaps, which is still harder case, he may only sport with her feelings. Do not these circumstances, which happen every day, render it very imprudent in women to work themselves up to such a height of enthusiasm for one beloved object, as to preclude the possibility of their listening to another, who may have the power and the inclination to make them happy?

"A very sensible woman of my acquaintance once honestly confessed to me, that of all the books she had ever read, the novel of Sir Charles Grandison had done her most harm. On expressing my surprise that a publication which set virtue in so amiable a light, should have been productive of harm to a delicate mind, as I knew hers to be; she replied, that she had perused it before she came into life, and that when she was introduced into the world, she expected to have found in some lover a character similar to that of Richardson's hero; that for some time she had been in a state of continual disappointment and mortification, which prevented her from excepting several offers that would otherwise have appeared highly advantageous and proper. These romantic notions did not leave her, till it was too late.—"And I have now," she added, "the felicity of being an old maid."

"I am of opinion, that not more than one woman in fifty has it in her power to marry the man whom she really would prefer to all others. Women are to conceal their

feelings, although they like any of the other sex, or they will appear bold and become objects of ridicule; and a lady of delicacy would rather die, than first disclose her partiality,

"Such being the situation of women, I would recommend them to read history in preference to novels, and to cultivate any particular pursuit to which their genius leads them. By having their minds properly occupied, they will be in less danger of forming a romantic attachment; or if they should be caught in the snare unexpectedly, and should have fixed their affections where they can meet with no return, they may, by calling reason to their aid, have strength of mind sufficient to enable them to drive from their thoughts, a person, whom it may be necessary for their peace to think of no more.

"If I were desired," Amanda added with a smile, "to recommend any novel to the younger part of my sex, it should be the *Female Quixote*, in which a rich, amiable, and beautiful young woman had so filled her head with romances and novels, that she fancied every man who approached her a lover in disguise, and every common incident of life an adventure. After having narrowly escaped falling a victim to her own extravagant conceptions of love and chivalry, she had the good fortune to be cured of her distemper, to become a rational being, and to renounce the perusal of those publications which led her astray."

Amanda did not positively give it as her opinion, that no novels should be permitted to be read in this society; yet as she implied that they were pernicious to the female sex in general, and as there were many young ladies present, the assembly agreed to reject that species of reading.

Still further as an apology for this decision, Cleora, a young married woman in her twenty-third year, who possessed a natural vivacity, and aptness of introducing things apropos, related the following anecdote: "A young lady who lived in a retired part of Scotland, but who had friends residing in Edinburgh, employed her time so entirely in perusing novels and romances, that she contracted a dislike to history or any serious reading. Her friend, who was accustomed to supply her with books, being absent from Edinburgh, requested a gentleman, upon whose taste she could rely, to send her a novel or romance; the gentleman forwarded Plutarch's Lives, as ideal characters; she read part of them with satisfaction, till she came to Alexander and Julius Cesar, names that she had accidentally heard, upon which she returned the books to the gentleman in disgust, and reproached him for the deception."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

THE destruction of a pair of *Mr. Dayton's* silk stockings, as noticed in your paper, being attended with circumstances unaccountable to men of science, (as far as I know) it may seem presumptuous for one so little acquainted with philosophy as myself, to hazard even a conjecture on the subject; however, being desirous of information, I shall present a few questions and observations to your readers; which, I trust, will call forth the attention of others to an investigation of this extraordinary circumstance.

In the first place, I believe the articles in question were both electrics:—What then occasioned the snapping and sparkling noticed by *Mr. Dayton*, on separating them? or, do these effects take place on separating two electrics?—Further, how did it happen that while separating them, his hand, and consequently his body, did not receive the fluid; the human body being an excellent conductor?

If snapping and sparkling be known not to follow the separation of electrics; it then there must have been a conducting quality in the silk—How could it have obtained it? I am sorry the observer does not inform us of the colour of the stockings; if they were coloured ones, might not the substance used in dying, have given them a conducting quality, at least great enough to enable them to receive the fluid from the woollen ones? for it is well known that in black dye, considerable quantity of copperas is made use of, which is made of ferruginous substances, and it is very possible that metallic substances form a part in the composition of other dyes. I know not whether any of the suppositions I have formed, are consistent with the principles of philosophy, but be it as it may, I hope some of your learned correspondents, will endeavour to give more solid reasons for the phenomenon, than, Sir,

Your friend,
ENQUIRER.

A DESIRE of information has induced me to ask a few more questions on a different subject, which I hope will also be satisfactorily answered.

A cannon is frequently fired over that part of a stream where the body of a drowned person is supposed to have sunk, in order to raise it to the surface of the water.—*Quere*, Is this done (as it is said) to break the gall-bladder? if it is, how does the breaking of this vessel cause the body to

float, which it would not do before? does it make it lighter by expanding the surface? or in what manner is the effect produced? E.

From the New-York Spectator.

LIFE OF MAN.

"What is the life of man? Is it not to shift from side to side—from sorrow to sorrow—to bustle upon one cause of vexation, and unbustle another?" T. SHANDY.

LET us view the life of man in all its shapes, and we will find if he is rich, he will sometimes give way to vice and vanity—if poor, will sometimes be industrious, religious and charitable. Some who are rich will look out for those who stand in need of their riches; and some who are poor will never try to gain a comfortable living, but bring up their children in the same slothful manner which they themselves follow.—Wealth is the only thing the generality of men seek after; when they are fortunate enough to obtain it, they do not know what to do with it, will either lose it at a gambling table, or drink it up at a tavern.

An industrious man, with a good trade, will always get a comfortable living; but a rich man, with no kind of industry or humanity, and who lets his vanity guide his veracity, will never be happy, and finally die a beggar in the street.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

FROM EANTE'S INFERNO—A FACT.

UGOLINO, a Florentine Count, had been imprisoned, with his four children, by the archbishop Ruggieri; and after his deliverance, thus relates the horrors of his prison:

"The hour approached when we expected to have something brought us to eat; but, instead of seeing any food appear, I heard the doors of that most horrible dungeon more closely barred. I beheld my little children in silence and could not weep. My heart was petrified. The little wretches wept: and my dear Anselm said *tu guardi sì, padre che hai? Father, you look upon us, what ails you?* I could neither weep nor answer; and continued swallowed up in silent agony, all that day, and the following night, even till the dawn of the day.

"As soon as a glimmering ray darted through the doleful prison, that I could see again those faces, in which my own image was impressed, I gnawed both my hands with grief and rage.

"My children, believing I did this thro' eagerness to eat, raising themselves suddenly up, said to me, "My father! our torments would be less, if you would allay the rage of your hunger upon us." I restrained myself that I might not increase their misery.

"We were all silent that day and the following."

"The fourth day being come, Gaddoo, falling extended at my feet, cried, *padre mio, che non mi ajute? My father why do you not help me? and died!*

"The other three expired, one after the other, between the fifth and sixth day, famished as thou now seest me. And I being seized with blindness, began to go, groping upon them with my hands and feet; and continued calling upon them, by their names, three days after they were dead: then hunger vanquished my grief.

An Original Tale.

[From the Phoenix.]

PREVIOUS to the late war between this country and Great Britain, a British officer, by the name of Jones, an amiable and accomplished young man, resided near Fort Edward. His visits there become more frequent, when he found himself irresistibly drawn by the charms of native worth and beauty. Miss M'Kray, whose memory is dear to humanity and true affection, was the object of his perigrations.

Mr. Jones had not taken the precautions necessary in hazardous love, but had manifested to the lady, by his constant attention, undissembled and ingenious demeanor, that ardent affection, which a susceptible heart compelled her implicitly to return. In this mutual interchange of passions, they suffered themselves to be transported on the ocean of imagination, till the unwelcome necessity of a separation cut off every springing hope.

The different nations, of which they were members, were at war. A removal from this Elysium, was suggested to Mr. Jones, as indispensable.

Nothing could alleviate their mutual horror, but duty—nothing could allay their reciprocal grief, so as to render a separate corporeal existence tolerable, but solemn vows, with the idea of a future meeting. Mr. Jones repaired to Canada, where all intercourse with the Provincials was inhibited. Despair which presented itself in aggravated colours, when Gen. Burgoyne's expedition thro' the States was fixed, succeeded to his former hopes. The British army being encamped about three miles

rom the Fort, a descent was daily projecting. Here Mr. Jones could not but recognize the spot, on which rested all his joys. He figured to his mind the dread which his hostile approach must raise in the breast of her, whom of all others he thought it his highest interest to delight!

In spite of arrettes and commands to the contrary, he found means to secretly convey a letter, entreating her not to leave the town with her family, assuring her, that as soon as the fort should have surrendered, he would convey her to an asylum, where they might peaceably consummate the nuptial ceremony. Far from discrediting the sincerity of him who could not deceive her, she heroically refused to follow the flying villagers. The remonstrances of a father, or the tearful entreaties of a mother and numerous friends, could not avail! It was enough that her lover was her friend. She considered herself protected by the love and voluntary asseverations of her youthful hero. With the society of her servant maid, she impatiently waited the desired conveyance. Mr. Jones, finding the difficulty into to which he was brought, at length, for want of a better convey, hired a party of twelve Indians, to carry a letter to Miss McKay, with his own horse, for the purpose of carrying her to the place appointed. They set off, fired with the anticipation of their promised premium, which was to consist of a quantity of spirits, on condition that they brought her off in safety, which, to an Indian, was the most cogent stimulus the young lover could have named. Having arrived in view of her window, they sagaciously held up the letter, to prevent the fears and apprehensions which a savage knows he must excite, in the sight of tenderness and sensibility. Her faith and expectations enabled her to divine the meaning of these ferocious missionaries, while her frightened maid uttered nought but shrieks and cries. They arrived, and by their signs convinced her from whom they had their instructions.

If a doubt could remain, it was removed by the letter—it was from her lover. A *lock of his hair*, which it contained, presented his manly figure to her glowing fancy. This confirms a truth she had too well understood.

Here, reader, guess what must have been her ecstasy.—She resolved to brave every the most horrid aspect, which might appear between her and him, whom she considered already hers, without a sigh. She did not a moment hesitate to follow the wishes of her lover; and took journey with those blood-messengers, expecting very soon to

be shielded in the arms of legitimate affection.

A short distance only then seemed to separate two of the happiest of mortals. Alas! how soon are the most brilliant pictures of felicity defaced by the blurring hand of affliction and woe! How swiftly are the halcyon dreams, which lull the supine indolence of thought, succeeded by the real pangs which are inflicted by a punishing Providence, or a persecuting foe!

Having risen the hill, at about equal distances from the camp and her former home, a second party of Indians, having heard of the captivating offer made by Mr. Jones, determined to avail themselves of the opportunity. The reward was the great object. A clashing of real and assumed rights was soon followed by a furious and bloody engagement, in which several were killed on each side. The commander of the first party, perceiving that nought but the *lady's death* could appease the fury of either, deliberately knocked her from her horse, mangling her scalp from her beautiful temples, which he exultingly bore as a trophy of his zeal, to the expectant and anxious lover! Here! O disappointment, was "thy sting." It was with the greatest difficulty that Mr. Jones could be kept from total delirium. His horror and indignation could not be appeased; his remorse for having risked his most valuable treasure in the hands of savages, drove him almost to madness.

When this reached General Burgoyne, he ordered the survivors of both these parties to immediate execution; and all those who would not subject themselves to martial law, he remanded back to Canada.

Miscellaneous Articles.

IN the treasury of one of the Kings of Persia was found a vase, with the following lines insaid in letters of gold. One cannot but smile at the turn, in which is an equal proportion of philosophy and humour: "He who has no wealth has no credit;—he who has not an obedient wife has no repose;—he who has no offspring has no strength;—he who has no kindred has no supporters;—and he who has none of these, *lives free from care.*"

Kolben relates in his voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, that when the ship touched at Braga near St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verd Islands, that he purchased 100 sweet Oranges for half a paper of pins, and five fat fowls for the other half.

A very important secret in agriculture was made known, for the communication of which 200 gs. was previously subscribed. It is a preventive against the insect called the fly. "The discovery is to sow 2lb of radish on every acre of turnip land, with the turnips, which the inventor declares, will so attract the fly, as to prevent its proving at all injurious to the turnip." (*Lon. Pap.*)

There are in the city of Paris 455 booksellers, 340 book-printers, 138 master bookbinders, 41 stitchers, 327 engravers, 85 copperplate printers, 49 print sellers, and 71 shops for retailing old books. The newspapers of Paris are not so many as before the consular government; the following are the numbers published daily of the following papers:

Moniteur, (official paper,)	20,000
Journal des Defenseurs (demi-off.)	10,000
Journal de Paris,	16,000
Publiciste,	14,000
Journal des Debats,	12,000
Clef du Cabinet,	6,000

The other papers, such as the old court paper, called Gazette de France, and the Journal du Commerce, Le Citoyen Francaise, Journal du Soir, &c. from 5 to 2000. One paper exclusively devoted to advertisements, called Les Petits Affiches, prints 30,000 daily!

Citizen Dolomieu who lately died in Paris, has left behind him a most interesting work, nearly completed, on the philosophy of Mineralogy. It was written during his confinement. The black created by the smok of his lamp, diluted with water, served him for ink; his pen was a small bone, which with infinite labor, he ground on the flag stones of his cell; and the greater part of the work was transcribed on the margin, and between the lines of a few books they allowed him to keep. Some extracts from this work have appeared in the Miners Journal. It is to be regretted that the author did not live to finish it, as he intended to introduce a new classification into the science, and to improve the ancient nomenclature.

On the 8th of May, in digging a new sluiceway at the upper end of Fui water, at Dantzic, a ship was found buried in the ground, at the depth of about 20 feet. She measured from stem to stern in the inside, 54 feet, and in breadth nearly 20 feet, and was loaded with stones, marked H. L. No. V. to XII, some apparently intended for foundation stones, others finely polished and flat, supposed to be head bones for graves. A box of tobacco pipes was found, all whole, with heads about the

He, and stalks from four to six inches in length. The ship was built of oak, her planks about twenty inches broad, full of trenels, and no iron about her bands, a boat was found near, fallen to pieces. Many human bones were found in the hole, both fore and aft; and it is supposed that the vessel had been lost by some convulsion of nature, before the foundation of the city, upwards of five hundred years ago, as the place had long been built over.

(Lon. Pa.)

MELANCHOLY CATASTROPHE.

THE following is an extract of a letter written from the city of Lorca, (a large city of Spain in the kingdom of Murcia, situated on the river Guadaleatin, about 20 miles from Carthage) by one of its inhabitants, to his friend in this city, in which he gives an account of the dreadful accident which befel that city from the breaking the bank or mound, which was constructed a few years ago, to contain the rain-water for the purpose of watering the fields in the neighbourhood of that city.—The number drowned by this misfortune amounted to 6000.

"I make known to you, Sir, that on the last day of April, (which will be memorable for ages to come) at half past three in the afternoon, a youth ran into my house, and gave me the lamentable information that the bank had given away; he accompanied these expressions with so many tears, and such sobbing, that he could scarcely articulate, or I understand him. On receiving this fatal notice, I ran with great precipitation into the street, where I found a general commotion amongst the people, who I found were leaving their dwellings to put themselves in a place of safety. I returned to my house, and by my cries collected my wife, children, and family; they saw my trouble, we all ran precipitately to Calvario to escape the great danger which threatened us. We there found a considerable number of people filled with trouble and dread, calling upon God, and begging for mercy with loud cries and lamentations. I then saw vast quantities of water descending from the hills, which directed itself with the greatest fury imaginable towards San Diego, spreading itself over all the fields, having its general direction towards the olive-trees. I left my family at Calvario, and went to the street Delas Ceva, from thence I saw the water breaking down the Convent of Mercy; arriving at the gate of Bordeta, the market no longer appeared: I passed to the House de Miralles, they there told me that houses, families, and every thing else had been swept away from the Bodega to the Quarrel, on both sides. The water covered the hills, and carried away the whole population on the right of the fountain. Our corridor was in the palace directing assistance to be given—he was surrounded by many people; the general was bent, and every thing was done for the tranquillity of the people. At this time news was received that at the mill of Buena Vista, they had found the Lord Councilor, who had been drowned; immediate orders were given to the people to bring his body; at 12 o'clock at night it was brought to Castillo. I repaired to the gate of St. Gines; I there saw that the steeples of the Convent of Mercy was threatened with ruin. I repaired to the gate of Don John Antonio Albuquerque, where at this season his wife and family reside; they had died on houses

Monjour was commissioned to collect the dead bodies in the Ovaia.

"At break of day the following morning we heard nothing but lamentations; some looking for their parents, others for their children; women seeking for their husbands; and all trying to unite their families. At the gates called St. Gines, we can no longer see the scenes where the houses stood, every thing is desolation from the Convent of Mercy to the Hospital of Women; the houses carried away from the barrier alone are reckoned at 400, and what are left are greatly injured, as the water was in all the second stories. The sacred vessels of the Convent of Mercy were found at two leagues distance; the Church of San Christoval is not much injured, tho' the water was up to the cornices. San Diego is abandoned; the Saints are all removed; the same is the case with La Merced, because mud and trash are left in their two yards deep.—Every thing is taken from the Tower Merced, as it threatened to fall to ruin. Frenches are dug without the town, where they are going to bury the dead, without distinction of persons, and where they are now collecting them in carriages. All the fields and gardens, from the Garden de Garces to the road that passes this, have been a river. No habitations are left; people, animals, olive-trees, gardens, all have perished, and are ruined. It is fortunate the whole city did not suffer the same fate; this would have been the case if the bank had not given way where it did, and the water taken a direction to the left of San Diego. The Lord Councilor might have been saved, as was the son of his assistant, and his servant, but he conduced in his mules, and perished with them and his coachman. People are sent to Velez to grind grain; we have no longer any mills; of thirteen which we had, only that of Buena Vista remains, and that is injured; of oil-mills but one is left; of the greatest part of Santa Quiteria only the foundations are left. The rivulets and groves are full of timber and furniture.—The books and accounts of Ramon Garces were found at the farm-house at Stutillera, and 34,000 reals belonging to him also. As yet I have neither eat nor slept; all is confusion and dismay; all are weeping over the dreadful accident. At present I can send you no farther particulars on this subject, but I will venture to say, that the damage will be much greater when the waters have passed twenty leagues, which is the distance from hence to the sea, and when they have encountered Murcia, Orihuela, and other places in their way."

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 16, 1802.

The BENEVOLENT SOCIETY will meet this evening at 7 o'clock, at Mr. GETTY's School Room, adjoining the Presbyterian Church in Third-street.

The members are requested to be punctual in their attendance, or to send their subscriptions, which are now considerably in arrear. Those who have never paid their subscriptions, would do well to attend, and save their fines.

RICHARD WEVILL,
Secretary.

NEW-YORK, October 13.

The city-clerk reports the death of 27 persons during the week, ending on the 11th inst. viz. Of consumption 2—disorders not mentioned 6—old age 3—worms 1—sprue 1—cholera 1—decline 1—consumption 4—child-bed 1—palsy 1—relax 1—sudden death 1—fits 1—small-pox 1—dysentery 1—drowned 1. Of the whole number, 10 were adults, and 17 children.

Number of Interments in Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 1st to the 15th of October, ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health.)

	Adults.	Child.	Total.
Oct. 1, to 8, inclusive,	50	17	67
— 9,	3	2	5
—10,)			
—11,)	14	5	19
—12,	4	2	6
—13,	2	2	4
—14,	4	3	7
—15,	6	1	7
TOTALS,	83	32	115

The City Hospital was closed on the 11th inst, there having been no admissions for several days before.

A few weeks ago, a man in York county, in this state, while employed mowing, observed a large snake that had crept up a bush,—he immediately whetted his scythe with a determination to cut it in two at a blow; but unfortunately in making the attempt, he lost his equilibrium, and the sweep of the instrument severed his head from his body!

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 21st ult. M. John Lick, junr. merchant of this City, to Miss Margaret Mack, daughter of Mr. John Mack, of Jefferson County, Virginia.

— At Nantes, on the 19th August, Captain Ferdinand L. Claiborne, late of the 1st U. S. Reg. to the honorable and accomplished Miss Magdalene Elchen, daughter of Col. Elchen, of that territory. On the day after their marriage, Col. L. placed Capt. Claiborne in the lap of ease, by giving him a considerable fortune.

— On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. Elisia Parker, to Miss Phoebe Little, both of this City.

— At Albany, Mr. Henry Weaver, to Miss Margaret Ruby.

The web that he wove caught her heart,

'Twas Hyacinth bud Her heart to smite,

'Twas Cupid it pointed the dart,

And a Rosy that crown'd all his toil.

1802-1803

Deaths.

DIED, last week, of the prevailing fever, Martin Keely, son of Mr. Mathias Keely, merchant of this City.

— On the 9th ult. John A. Jolly, merchant, of Baltimore, in the 30th year of his age.

— On the 7th inst. in the 44th year of his age, Isaac Norris, Esq. a native of this city.

— On the 13th inst. Mr. Sebastian Wright, of the house of Hooper and Wright, merchant of this City.

— In England, the Hon. Isaac Barré, Member of the British Parliament, celebrated in the report he took in favour of the American Colonies in 1774; he was blind for several years before his death.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

From the AUTHOR to his WIFE, on the Anniversary of their Marriage.

THIS day completes just sixteen years,
Since I stood proudly by your side;
Since friends around with mirthful cheers,
All joyful hail'd my blushing bride.

The world we valued not a pin;
Our cares were few, tho' little wealth
Was then possess'd, we knew to win,
The way was wide, and we had health.

We tried to tread the up-hill way,
Which many millions trod before,
And tho' we sometimes stepp'd astray,
Yet Providence hath bless'd our store.
'Tis true our ups and downs we've had,
Now pleasure, and a sunny day:
Then storms have lour'd, and all was sad;—
But smiling love clear'd all away.

Of sweet content we've had our share;
Our cares not many, wants but few:
We sigh'd not after riches' glare,
And, God be prais'd, want never knew.

Come, fill the bowl, and let us joy,
Since time thus smoothly moves along,
Repress, my love, that heaving sigh,
—And make us merry with a song.

I see your thoughts to Ireland stray,
And view thy parents grey with years;
Remember, they have had their day
Of youth and mirth, then banish fears.

Supported by the guardian arms
Of Him who blest their youthful days,
Religion yields unfolding charms,
And glory beams as strength decays.

With us the silver hair begins
To mark with various hues our head;
Old age in this a triumph wins,
And o'er our face do wrinkles spread.

But why should we lament and grieve,
Because still drawing nearer home?
Let's taste of pleasure whilst we live,
And wait resign'd for what's to come.

See, round us rise a little band,
Joy fills their youthful hearts with glee:
With anxious eye, see how they stand
To catch a pleasing smile from thee.

They are, as you and I have been,
'Rout six and thirty years ago;
What troubles are they never seen,*
But bound with hairs as light's a foe.

O dear! don't you recall to mind,
How we by moon-light oft did play,
When all the ring in hands were join'd,
Or tossing on the new-mown hay.

I think, I hear my playmates call:
I feel as if prepar'd to start,
NOTE.

* *Weco*, an obsolete word, signifying, to think,

To run the ring, or catch the ball,
Or lead the chase with merry heart.
O how we ran the mazy round,
And shot our bolts at folly's ring.
Heard pleasure's pleasing thrilling sound,
As gay as larks on flutt'ring wing.

'Tis true, these youthful days are past,
Our blood no more so rapid runs;
Youth's freaks and foibles cannot last,
Such follies age more wary shuns.
But come, we'll see our children play,
Laugh at their artless tales and jokes,
Why should not they enjoy their day,
And leave dull cares to older folks?

Mark you the sun, how faint his light!
Half lost, sinks in the western way,
A short time since in all his might,
Did downward dart a fervid ray.

Behold—he's gone—sunk in the west,
And darkness spreads her mantle o'er
Dame Nature's anxious, throbbing breast,
Where light so sweetly play'd before.

But soon again he'll grace our eyes,
And bless us with returning light;
From Nature's bosom banish sighs,
And break the bands of gloomy night.

So you and I, in life's dull road,
Tho' day by day our strength decline,
Are but apprehending that abode
Where glory's beams unclouded shine.

Tho' death with all his terrors come,
We'll stand secure, his pow'r despise;
For soon we'll burst the darkness tomb,
And in the morn to glory rise.

Come we'll go see our children play,
Laugh at their artless tales and jokes,
Why should not they enjoy their day,
And leave dull cares to older folks.

SELECTED.

(Communicated for the Repository.)

THE STORM—A NOVEL.

[From *Drake's Literary Hours*.]

HEARD ye the whirlwind's flight sublime,

Swift as the rushing wing of Time?

The Demon rag'd aloud!

Vaunting he rear'd his giant form,

And tower'd amid the gath'ring storm,

Borne on a murky cloud;

Vast horror shook the dome of heav'n,

As 'neath him far with fury driv'n,

The viewless depths of air,

Stern o'er the struggling globe he past,

While pausing Nature shrank aghast,

And thro' the troubled gloom wild yell'd the fiend

Despair.

Servant of God! destructive pow'r!

Whilst due to wrath the direful hour,

Thou war'n'st a guilty world,

When bursts to vengeance heav'n's blest Fire,

When lightens fierce the Almighty's ire,

On sin-struck nations hurl'd;

Thy terrors load my trembling shell,

Dread as the madd'ning tones that swell

O'er yonder bleak domain,
Where heaves thy deep, incessant roar,
That shakes the snow-topt mountain hoar,
And with resistless ruin strews th' affrighted plain.

Ah! what of hope's delicious ray,
As slow the Pilgrim takes his way,

Shall smooth his sinking soul,
As round him storms infernal rise,
Of ghastly hue, whose hideous cries
Thro' the vast ether roll,
And mingling in each surf-worn cave,

Fell spirits from the murderer's grave,
The deed of horror hail!
Saw ye the redd'ning meteor gleam?
Heard ye, with harsh and hollow scream,
Far o'er the dim cold sea the birds of ocean wail?

Fierce o'er the darkly-heaving waves,
The storm with boundless fury raves,
The sailor starts aghast,
His helm, to ruthless vengeance giv'n,

O'er the vast surge speeds idly driv'n,
As shrieks the hurrying blast:
Cease, Emma, cease to hope, in vain,
Thou ere wilt view thy lord again,
He never shall return!

Pale on the desert shore he lies!
No wife belov'd to close his eyes,
No friend in pining tones his wave-drench'd limbs
to mourn!

Hark! how the rough winds madd'ning sweep,
Bare the broad earth, and drifting deep,
The boreal deluge rage!

Here mountains shoot their wreath-topt heads,
Here lo! far sunk, the valley spreads
Her drear, her wild'ring maze!
O come, let's brave the northern blast,
Let's mark stupendous nature, east
In many a form sublime.

I care not if, where Hecla towers,
Where wiaup in tempests winter howls
Stern on her ice-clad throne, I trace the hoary climate.

Protect me heav'n! 'neath yon huge drift,
Where to the clouds the wild winds lift
The waste in horror pil'd,

See, where yon shriv'ring female lies!
Lo! on her fainting bosom dies
Cold, cold, her infant child!
Daughter of woe! then doubly dear!

O'er thy sad fate how many a tear
The hapless mother shed!
And must we, cried she, must we part?
Then clasp'd thee to her shudd'ring heart,
Whilst in convulsive sighs thy little spirit fled.

Oh thou, who rul'st the fleeting year,
Who giv'st to roll the varied sphere,
Amid the vast of heav'n,
Now Father bend thine awful ear!
O bless me with a parent's care,
To thy protection grieve;
Whether on ocean's bosom thrown,
Or plung'd where snow-clad mountains frown,

If thou my hallow'd guide
I heed not, let the tempest roar,
Let havoc and wild winter hear,
Aid Terror's giant form the dark-brow'd whirlwind
side.

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

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Saturday, October 23, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. VI.

Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To share the meanness of his humble shed:
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loath his vegetable meal;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting fits him for the soil,

GOLDSMITH.

IT was full eight miles across a bye country to Warrenne Abbey, from the place where they landed; and, as evening was far advanced, they entered a little hut that stood upon a dreary moor, and requested to pass the night there.—The mistress of the humble mansion surveyed them with a scrutinizing look, long before she would give consent. The meanness of their habit did not sufficiently disguise them, so as to obscure that native dignity of manner which even procured respect from this uninformed cottager: and her natural hospitality overcoming her distrust, she cheerfully set before them her usual meal of potatoes, rye-bread, butter-milk and whiskey. Throughout the whole hut there was an air of neatness and order, which, from the appearance of six children, who were running about without any other covering than a shift and short stuff petticoat, could hardly have been expected. The youngest of these, a fine rosy-checked boy, climbed on the knee of Matilda, and insisted upon

cramping a piece of raw turnip, which he was voraciously devouring, into her mouth. The woman, perceiving he was troublesome to her guests, instantly sent them all out to bring in firewood, tho' the mud at the back of the house was full a foot deep.

Lady Barome was astonished at the hardness of the Irish peasantry, of which she had never before been a witness; and the woman, pleased at the notice she took, was going to exemplify it, by relating innumerable anecdotes of the strength, sense, and agility of Shannon. All this was very uninteresting to her guests, who demanded whether she knew the situation of Warrenne Abbey?

"Know it!" exclaimed the woman:—"arrah, and to be sure I do, if I know the nose on my own face!—Why, we are tenants to the poor dear lady who is dead; and a swate pretty sowl she was, by my faith!" "Dead!" cried Lady Barome, "Oh heaven!"—It was with difficulty she kept from fainting, while her loquacious hostess continued:—

"My Lady de Warrenne has been dead these fourteen years; and the Abbey is now the property of Sir Arthur de Warrenne, my late lord's brother."

The woman was too much absorbed in her own story to notice the agitation of her guest, who was wound up almost to madness by this second shock.—The woman resumed:—

"Not that we are so proud of the change, —neither was he, for he soon after took a deadly hate to this place, and went away, God knows where! and left the Abbey to the care of an old monster, who won't let nobody go in, and God knows, nobody wants to go in,—not they; for it seems there has been foul work, and it is said that the dear lady's ghost walks there, with a child's skeleton in her arms."

Lady Barome uttered a cry of horror, and sunk speechless on the earth. Matilda fearful of discouraging her, told the woman that they were related to her late lady, begging to be left alone with her brother. The woman readily complied, and Matilda soon succeeded in recovering Lady Barome, who threw her arms round Matilda's neck, exclaiming:—"Ah, my sweet friend!—what will now become of us!—would that I had been persuaded by the prudent De Lacy!" Matilda sighed involuntarily—"Dear De Lacy!"

"Ah!" cried Lady Barome;—"wretch that I am!—I now see all.—And have I made you miserable, my only friend?—You love De Lacy!—Speak!—confirm my fears!"

Matilda trembled:—"What is it you ask?" she demanded.—"To say I admire him for his noble conduct towards us, would be but to express a mercenary idea.—How were it possible for a girl of my abject fortune to aspire to De Lacy?—No—no!"

Tears choked her utterance. Lady Barome became frantic:—"Why not?" cried she; "you are worthy of him.—Were he to desert you for want of birth or fortune, he would be undeserving of your affection.—But I see how it is, I have destroyed all your prospects of happiness; and think not that I will live to hear the self-reproach which thought alone must bring upon me!"

Matilda flung herself at her feet.—"Talk not thus, my beloved lady. Live yet for your son—your Raymond—We may yet be happy!"

Lady Barome recovered some composure. At last, turning suddenly to Matilda, she said—

"Have you courage to follow me in a bold enterprise?"

"Do you suspect me capable of deserting you?" rejoined Matilda.

'Pardon me, my love, if I have hurt your feelings; but, what I require of you is such an extraordinary request—it is—to accompany me to the Abbey, where, I think, I can procure admittance. My design for such a proceeding is to discover whether any traitorous practices have been made use of to deprive my sister of life.'

Matilda endeavoured not to dissuade her from the enterprise; she had never been accustomed to entertain fears of supernatural agency, and was not in the least appalled at the idea of residing in a haunted abbey. She, therefore, assured Lady Barome of her readiness to attend her; and they continued fixing plans for their conduct, till their hostess summoned them to breakfast.

The woman, agreeable to a request made by Matilda, sent her eldest son with them to shew the way; first assuring them that they would never get in. They offered to reward her for her trouble: this she resolutely declined, protesting that she had as much money as she knew what to do with; and, for the rest, St. Patrick would reward her.—They then departed, preceded by the lad, who now and then pointed out to them the beauties of the surrounding country. The road was rugged, and they felt themselves extremely weary by the time they came within view of the Abbey. Having no farther occasion for the boy, they dismissed him, and seated themselves upon a fragment of the fallen ruins, to survey, at leisure, the stupendous edifice.

C H A P. VII.

The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glares,
And in dire dreams the conscious murder'rs scares,
Shews the yet spouting wound, th' ensanguin'd floor,
The walls yet smoking with the clotted gore.

SAVAGE.

Warrenne Abbey was situated upon the summit of a stupendous crag, whose foot was washed by the foaming channel. The lofty turrets seemed almost to touch the heavens with their spires. Infinite labour and expense had been bestowed upon the workmanship, which displayed the full glory of Gothic magnificence; but time had destroyed the workmanship of the most eminent architects; and those niches which had once been filled up with the statues of illustrious heroes, now afforded a secure asylum to birds of ominous note, who choose their habitations for from the haunts of man. All the eastern wing seemed a terrific pile of ruins: the rest though in rather better preservation, still wore an air of cheerless desolation. The high fretted grating opened into a set of dreary cloisters, through which the

eye vainly wandered to find an object capable of inspiring a pleasing sensation; and the hearts of our heroines sunk within them, appalled, as they surveyed the gloomy pile. Lady Barome rung the outer bell, the vibration of which was lost in immense distance. After a considerable time had elapsed, the tardy Cerberus made his appearance at the gate, and, in a voice petrifying to the ear, demanded the occasion of this unusual disturbance.—Matilda took upon herself to answer; the faltering tongue of Lady Barome refusing to do its office.

'We demand admittance here,' said she, exalting her voice to the most manly pitch she could assume, 'in the name of Sir Arthur de Warrenne, lord of this castle, whose vassals we are, and from whom we are sent with dispatches, but, being basely robbed on our journey, we request admittance, until such time as we are sufficiently refreshed to return and obtain fresh supplies.'

The man shook his head with an air of incredulity.—'Where,' he asked, 'is the signal by which I may know you to be the vassals of Sir Arthur?'

'Have I not told you,' replied Matilda, haughtily, 'that we have been plundered, even to our very garments, and have obtained those we now wear from some charitable peasants? Pr'ythee make no more grumbling, but admit us, for my comrade is very ill.'

The man, after much grumbling, opened the gate, and they followed him through the long range of cloisters. After many turnings and intricate passages, they came into a small vestibule, where, at his desire, they seated themselves. He then quitted the room, and soon returned with two bottles of wine, and some biscuits; then desiring them to help themselves without ceremony, began to ask a thousand questions concerning his master's family, all of which Matilda answered with such ingenuity, that he no longer doubted their identity. They, in their turn, endeavoured to put him off his guard, and make him betray the secrets of his office: but of this he was particularly careful, and they dared not betray their own ignorance by any direct interrogations. He appeared to be about fifty, and his black scowling eye (for he had but one) was almost concealed beneath his dark bushy eye-brow, except when he glanced upon his timid guests. His mouth was of an enormous extent, and for lack of teeth, his lips had fallen in so as to convert every smile into a ghastly grin. His voice was guttural and hollow, and his whole deportment every way uncouth and disgusting.

When they had finished their refreshment, he took a lamp, and rising from his seat, muttered—'Follow me.' They obeyed with a tolerable grace, and followed him, and soon ascended a flight of steps that wound all the way in a spiral form. They arrived at last in a suite of spacious apartments, one of which he opened, and, shewing them in, lifted his lamp, saying, in a tone of exultation.—'Here, my lads, you will sleep securely.'

They shuddered as he placed the lamp on the table and withdrew, locking and bolting the door on the outside.—As soon as they were convinced, by his receding footsteps, that they were alone, Matilda and Lady Barome employed themselves in surveying the apartment allotted to them. From the situation of the spot, they conceived that they were in the eastern wing, of the ruined state of which they had been before apprised. What few fragments of furniture remained had been so much neglected, that even the materials of which they were composed were not to be distinguished. A large marble slab was the object on which the lamp rested, and a mirror that hung over, which extended to the ceiling, reflected to them their own pallid countenances. The room was hung round with tapestry, representing the landing of Julius Cesar. The windows were high, and closely crossed with iron bars, so as to exclude all prospect and light from without.

In a recess of the apartment stood a pair of folding doors, secured by a strong iron lock. These immediately became objects of curiosity to Lady Barome, who meditated in what manner they should be able to open them.—Fortunately, in the pocket of her vest, Matilda found a clasp knife, which she recollected to have taken from the young Shannon, who was playing with it, and, fearing he might hurt himself, had unthinkingly put it there. With this they alternately set to work, and with indefatigable labour, the wood being much decayed round the lock, (their impatience overcoming their prudence) with a violent effort they pushed the door open. The current of air instantly extinguished the lamp, and they were forced to wait, in horrible uncertainty, the return of day. It was then too late to pursue their purposed investigation, as at an early hour he summoned them to breakfast, and informed them, that he expected they would return directly after.

Lady Barome cast a desponding look at Matilda, who replied, that it was impossible for her comrade to travel, in his present state; and that for his own part, he should

not think of quitting him; that he was certain Sir Arthur would think more favourably of them than to expect such a thing; and concluded by begging one day's further respite. After some consideration he complied with their request.

The day was passed very tolerably, the man kindly shewing them all the magnificent apartments in the Abbey, some of which were beautifully furnished. When they retired for the night, they were again secured within their chamber, and immediately, with more precaution, began their purposed investigation. Their lamp emitted but a feeble gleam of light, and the surrounding gloom rendered the objects rather difficult to be distinguished. They first entered a gallery which seemed to wind round the suite of apartments; and, along this, they groped a considerable way, when Lady Barome suddenly struck her head against something with force, and received a severe blow: this, upon examination, proved to be an iron balustrade to a staircase, which the steepness of the steps rendered almost inaccessible. They ascended, but not without occasionally pausing with apprehension to listen. All was solemnly still.—The staircase terminated in a small door, through which they were obliged to stoop to pass: they had scarcely entered, when to their inexpressible horror, the figure of a man appeared, bearing a lantern!—Fortunately, excess of terror prevented them from uttering any sound; and the man passed without once raising his eyes, and, descending the staircase, quickly disappeared.

‘Let us return,’ said Lady Barome: ‘tomorrow we will resume our search: at present we are in a defenceless state. The figure was, I am convinced, human; and we have nothing to dread from supernatural objects, whom we have never injured.’

‘True,’ replied Matilda, ‘and, as to weapons, the armed heroes in the chancel, can, I believe, supply us.—Some villainy is, I am convinced, on foot, if we are not ourselves the objects.’

They then descended with alacrity, and, returning to their chamber, secured, as well as possible, the folding-doors, and betook themselves to that rest which they found extremely necessary.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FORCE OF HABIT.

A celebrated French author gives the following remarkable instance of the force of early habit. “When I was in the Russian service, says he, I frequently had the plea-

sure of dining at the table of M. Villebois, grand-master of artillery, who was a native of Finland. I observed that there was every day served up to him a plate of grey coloured, I could not tell what, and similar in form to small pebbles. He ate very heartily of this dish, but never presented it to any one at the table; though his entertainments were always given in the most elegant style, and every other dish indiscriminately recommended to his guests, of whatever rank. He one day perceived me looking attentively at his favorite mess; and asked, with a smile if I would please to taste it. I accepted his offer, and found that it consisted of little balls of cradled milk, salted and besprinkled with anise seeds, but so hard and so tough, that it cost me inexpressible exertion to force my teeth through them; but to swallow them down was absolutely impossible.” “These, said the grand master to me, are the cheeses of my native country. It is a taste I acquired in my boyish days. I was accustomed, when a child, to feed with the peasants on these coarse milk-beverages. When I am travelling, and have got to a distance from great towns, or coming near a country village, I send on my servants and carriages before, and my great delight is to go unattended, and carefully muffled up in my cloak, into the house of the first peasant on the road, and devour an earthen pot-full of cradled milk, stuffed full of brown bread.”

Since habit, even in things indifferent, has such an invincible power, it is of unspeakable importance to avoid bad habits and to form good ones, in early life.

CURE FOR A WEN.

From a Dublin Magazine.

HAVING had a WEN of the stentomatus kind, of large size and long standing, upon the side of my face, immediately before and below my right ear, I was informed by different people, that, if I would apply salt and water to it, I should get rid of it. In August, 1793, I put a quantity of salt and water into a saucapan, and boiled it for four minutes; with which I bathed the whole surface frequently, while it continued warm, also after it became cold, so often as ten or twelve times daily; always stirring up the salt deposited at the bottom of the basin, and incorporating it again with the water, before I applied it. On the 11th day of the first application, while shaving I observed a small discharge; which assisted by a gentle pressure, the whole contents were soon emptied, without the smallest pain, and without blood.

Being informed of some others who had been benefited in like manner from the same application, and knowing myself of some late instances under my own immediate direction, I feel it my duty thus to make it public; being convinced it can produce no bad effect, and every person having it in their power to make the trial. At the same time, I beg leave to caution, that no one should be disheartened from the length of time it may be necessary to continue the application; as in some cases, it has required 3 or 4 months, though in the last only 30 days; but in all, without pain, or inconveniences of any kind, or any previous notice of the discharge, till it actually took place.

WHIMSICAL WILL

OF AN OLD BACHELOR, THE DAY BEFORE HIS NUPTIALS.

When I said I would die a bachelor,
I did not think I should live till
I were married.

SHAKESPEARE.

I, W. N. of D. in the county of S. bachelor, being sound both in body and mind, but apprehensive that I shall shortly quit this vain and forlorn state of celibacy; which I hope to exchange for a more comfortable and happy one, through the aid of a kind and virtuous helpmate; do make and ordain this my last will and testament, in manner and form following:

Imprimis. I give and bequeath to my good friend Mr. W. M. all my manor of *Long Delay*; consisting and being made up of the several messuages called or known by the names of *Doubts, Fears, Bashfulness, Irresolution, Uncertainty, Fickleness, Obstinacy, &c. &c.* being for the most part waste and barren ground, and much overgrown with briars, thorns, and thistles; but capable, by proper management, of great cultivation and improvement.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my friend Mr. J. A. all my dwelling-house, called by the name of *Vain-Hopes*, situate, lying, and being, in *High-street*, in the town of *Castle-Building*, in the county of *Imagination*; rising to the height of seven stories; having a fair garden and a prospect before it, and a large number of windows in the front, but without any outlet behind, or any kitchens, cellars, or other conveniences of a social nature, belonging to it; to have and to hold the said dwelling-house until the day of his marriage, if he shall think proper to keep it so long.

Item. I give and bequeath to my good friend, Mr. R. all my woodland, called and known by the name of *Ambiguity*; which

is well planted with *pin-trees, conundrums, quibbles, and quibbles*; together with several impenetrable *brakes and thickets*, of dark, unintelligible *incomprehensibilities*.

And lastly, I give and bequeath all the rest of my bachelor's goods and effects, consisting of a large treasure of *wikins, fancies, megrims, frools, reveries, schemes, projects, and designs*, &c. to my aforesaid good friend Mr. J. A. whom I shall constitute and appoint sole executor of this my last will and testament, only desiring and requesting of him, that he writes and pronounces an epithalamium on this happy occasion; in order that this my departure into the blessed regions of matrimony, may be decently celebrated.

And as I apprehend, I shall have no more occasion for the legacies above disposed of, so it is my true intent and meaning, that my said legates shall not consider them as favours and obligations conferred upon them; as it is also my further sincere will and desire, that they do not hoard them up, or continue to make a long and unprofitable use of them; but that they shall endeavour to dispose of them as soon as possible, to the end that they may be the better fitted and disposed to follow me into the happy state into which I am now about to enter.

Executed at my mansion of *Fain Hopes*, aforesaid.

Signed, sealed, and delivered by the above written testator, in the presence of us,

MARNADUKE MATRIMONY.
WILLIAM WEDLOCK.
FANNY FORWARD.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN the last No. of the Repository, a correspondent under the signature of "*Enquirer*," has thrown out some remarks, and stated some queries, concerning the destruction of Mr. Dayton's stockings. Thinking it the duty of every friend to science, to contribute, as far as in his power, towards investigating so singular a phenomenon, I beg leave to offer you my thoughts on the subject.

It is well known to electricians, that, if a person wears two pair of silk stockings, one white, the other black; on drawing them off together, and then separating them, they will be strongly electrified: the white ones positively, and the black negatively. It is also known, that black silk

and white flannel, will, by friction, produce a similar effect; consequently, a pair of black silk stockings worn over a pair of white (or any other uncoloured) woollen ones, must produce the same electrical appearance.

We are told that the silk stockings in question were black; and I think there is good reason to conclude, that the others were white or natural grey. Certain I am, they were not black; for then no electrical phenomenon would have taken place on separating them.

All woollen cloaths are electric, or non-conductors; consequently, the carpet was one. All resinous woods are in some degree non-conductors, and when very dry will scarcely conduct any; so that, the floor was partly a non-conductor. If, therefore, the gentleman sat on a chair, which stood on the carpet, while undressing, he must have been in a great measure insulated, and consequently the fluid accumulated in the stockings could not escape; and when they were laid on the carpet, they must have been in a like situation.

From these considerations, I am inclined to think, that when the stockings were laid on the floor (or carpet) they were highly charged, the silk with *negative*, and the woollen with *positive* electricity; that they remained in this condition for some time, in consequence of the [then] non-conducting substances whereon they lay; that the room got colder, after the gentleman went to rest, whereby the vapours, floating therein, descended to the floor, and rendered it less intensely dry; that by these means (or some such) the floor, which before was a non-conductor, became a conductor; and that a communication being thus formed between the electrified bodies, a violent discharge took place, producing the effect in question.

SCIOLUS.

P. S. I know not from what motive "a cannon is fired over that part of a stream where the body of a drowned person is supposed to have sunk:" nor can I believe that doing so will burst the gall-bladder; neither can I conceive how the breaking of it would cause the body to float.

Air is a compressible fluid; and when a person is drowned, the air contained in the lungs, and other parts of the body, must be compressed by the weight of the incumbent water. By this means the body, nearly of the same specific gravity with water, is rendered heavier, and of course, will descend to, and remain at the bottom. But when a state of putrefaction or fermenta-

tion takes place, a considerable degree of heat will be generated: and since bodies, in general, (particularly air) expand with heat, it follows, that as soon as the body begins to ferment, the compressed air will expand, and consequently increase the size of the body, without augmenting its weight; thereby rendering it lighter than its bulk of water. When this takes place, the body will rise, whether the gall-bladder breaks or not, providing some other cause does not prevent it. But it will often happen, that the body, while heavier than water, will sink partly, or entirely, into the mud below the water. This must detain it much longer, and perhaps prevent its rising altogether. If this reasoning be just, firing great guns on such occasions can be of little utility. It is true, if the body had acquired such a relative levity as would nearly extricate it from the mud, or any other obstacle, which kept it below; in that case, the tremulous motion produced by the explosion, might complete the separation: and probably, from some fortuitous circumstance of this kind, the practice took its rise.

[From a London Magazine.]

ACTUAL EXISTENCE OF THE SALAMANDER.

On this very curious subject the following letter, by M. de POSTHIER, is addressed to the *Journalists* of Paris.

GENTLEMEN,

IF it is true, that, with too much facility, we sometimes adopt the *marvellous*, it is also true that we sometimes reject it at first sight, without due regard to the credibility of the testimony. Such a reproach might be made with justice by the ancient naturalists, could they raise their heads, to those of the present age. Our cautious inquirers have agreed to declare as fabulous and absurd the vulgar opinion concerning the Salamander. That opinion may have been embellished by the fictions of poetry; nevertheless I cannot entertain a doubt, that there exists a species of small lizard, which can live sometime even in the hottest fire. Here is the proof:

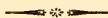
Being in the island of Rhodes, busy writing in my closet, I heard suddenly an uncommon noise in the kitchen; I ran, and found the cook in a terrible fright. As soon as he saw me, he cried, "the devil is in the fire!" I examined the grate and saw distinctly, in the middle of a very hot fire, a little animal, with its mouth open and its breast palpitating. After attentive observation, and being assured there was no deception, I took pincers to catch it. On the first attempt I made, the animal which remained

stationary till then, that is, during an interval of two or three minutes, fled, into a corner of the grate. I snipt off the point of its tail, and it hid itself among the red hot ashes. Having discovered it again, I seized it by the middle of the body, and drew it out. It was a small lizard. I preserved it in spirits of wine.

It was afterward presented by me, with an account of its discovery, to the Count de Buffon, who found it to differ from all he had ever seen. He had questioned me a great deal on this extraordinary fact, and promised to make mention of it. The preserved animal is now in the cabinet.

(Signed)

DE POTHONER, *Consul de France.*



SINGULAR INSTANCE OF HOSPITALITY.

(From Broca's Interesting Anecdotes, just published.)

A FRENCH refugee, at Brussels, was surprised in that city by the French troops in their victorious entry after the battle of Fleuris. Dreading to be made a prisoner, he fled. A young girl, an entire stranger to him, who was sitting before a door, observing the terror and distraction of his air and countenance, seized him by the arm—"Stay!" she cried, "you are lost! If you go forward."—"And I am lost if I return," he answered. Then enter here," said the generous girl, "and be saved."

The Frenchman accepted her offer. His hostess informed him she was niece to the sexton of the neighbouring church; that it was her uncle's house in which she had received him, who would have been far from suffering her to exercise so dangerous a rite of hospitality, had he been at home; and she hastened to conceal him in an out-house, where she expected to leave him in security.

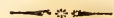
Scarcely was it dark when some French soldiers entered the same place to take up their abode for the night. Terrified at the situation of the French stranger, the girl softly followed them without being perceived, and waiting till she was sure they were asleep, she informed the refugee of his extreme danger, and desired him to follow her. Their movement awakened one of the soldiers, who, stretching out his arm, seized that of the refugee, crying out, "Who goes there?" The girl dextrously placed herself between them, and said, "It is only me, who am come to seek for—" Fortunately she had no occasion to say a word more: the soldier, deceived by the voice of a woman, let go his

captive. She conducted the refugee into the house, and taking down the keys of the church, with a lamp in her hand she led him to that place as the securest asylum she could find. They entered a chapel which the ravages of war had despoiled of all its ornaments. Behind the altar was a passage to a vault, the entrance to which was not easy to be discerned. She raised the door, and said, "This narrow staircase leads to a vault, the repository of the ashes of an illustrious family. It is scarcely possible they will suspect any person of being concealed there. Descend, and remain there till an opportunity offers for your escape." She gave him the lamp; he descended into this melancholy abode, and she closed the door upon him. His feelings may well be imagined, when, examining this dismal place by the light of his lamp, he saw the arms of his own family, which had been originally of this country. He examined the tombs of his ancestors; he viewed them with reverential affection, and rested his head with emotion upon the marble that covered their ashes. The first day passed unperceived in the midst of these strong impressions: the second brought with it the claims of hunger, even yet more pressing than the desire of liberty; yet his benefactress came not. Every hour in its lingering passage now increased his sufferings, his terror and despair. Sometimes he imagined the generous girl had fallen a victim to her desire of saving his life; at others he accused her of forgetting him; in either case he saw himself doomed to a death a thousand times more horrible than that from which he had escaped. At length, exhausted with fruitless efforts, with agonizing fears, and the intolerable gnawings of hunger, he sank into insensibility upon one of the graves of his ancestors.

The third day was far advanced, when he recovered to a languid sense of his deplorable condition. Shortly after he heard a sound—it was the voice of his benefactress, who called to him from the chapel. Overwhelmed with joy as with weakness, he has not the power to answer—she believes him already dead, and with a mournful exclamation, lets fall the door that covers the entrance of the tomb. At the sound of the falling of the door the unfortunate man feels his powers return, utters a shriek of despair, and rushes with precipitation up the stairs. Happily the niece of the sexton had not left the spot—she hears the cry, lifts the door, and descends to save him. She had brought him food, and explained the causes of her long delay, assur-

ing him that she had now taken such precautions, that in future she could not fail to administer to his daily wants. After seeing him refreshed and consoled, she quitted him; but had scarcely proceeded some steps when she heard the doors unlock, and the noise of a number of armed men entering. She flew back to the vault, and motioned the refugee to silence. The persons who now filled the church were a detachment of French soldiers, who had been sent there to search for an emigrant the sexton had been suspected of concealing. The sexton himself led them on. Perfectly unconscious of the danger his niece had incurred, and proud of his own innocence, he loudly encouraged their activity, and directed their researches to each remote corner of the chapel, that every spot might attest his good faith. What a situation for the two captives! The soldiers passed many times over the fatal door, led by their restless and prying conductor, and each footstep sounded to the trembling victims below as the signal of their death. The entrance of the vault, however, remained unobserved, the noise by degrees died away, and when the niece of the sexton ventured from the vault, she found the doors of the church shut, and every one gone. She again assured the refugee of her steadfast protection, and retired.

On the following day, and for many succeeding days, she regularly supplied him with provisions; and the instant a favourable moment arrived for his escape, his vigilant friend conducted him from his subterranean abode, and instructed him in the safest means to pass unmolested. Leaving the tomb, he gained the country; and soon after rejoining his wife, her presence and affection taught him to appreciate still more highly the services of his generous benefactress.



CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

[From the Same.]

During the time of the French Revolution, when the city of Lyons, became the theatre of daily executions, a woman learned by chance that her husband name was on the list of the proscribed, and instantly ran to avert the impending destruction, by securing his immediate flight. She compelled him to assume her dress, gave him her money and jewels, and had the inexpressible happiness to see him pass unsuspected. A few hours afterwards the officers of justice came to seize upon him. She had prepared herself to receive them, by putting on a suit of her husband's cloaths, and answer-

ing also to her husband's name. She was led before the Revolutionary Committee. In the course of the examination her disguise was discovered, and they demanded of her, her husband.

"My husband," she exclaimed, in a tone of exultation, "is out of the reach of your power. I planned his escape, and I glory in risking my own life for the preservation of his."

They displayed before her the instrument of punishment, and charged her to reveal the route her husband had taken. "Strike," she replied, "I am prepared." "But it is the interest of your country that commands you to speak," said one of the committee. "Barbarians," she answered, "my country cannot command me to outrage the sacred laws of nature."

Her dignity and firmness awed even the members of the Revolutionary Committee, and a noble action for once prevailed over the spirit of their desolating cruelty.

Sambrac the Indian.

A T A L E.

A VIRTUOUS mind may, in a moment when the passions are triumphant, harbour an unworthy sentiment; but when Reason re-assumes her sway in the breast replete with native honour, how noble is the atonement! Such was the case with Sambrac the Indian; his heart was the seat of many virtues, and divided in affection between Orra and Hamet. Love softened the impetuous temper of Sambrac, friendship corrected in great measure his ardent passions. Orra, the amiable daughter of a late beloved chief, had listened with satisfaction to the suit of Sambrac, till she found that a similar flame burned in the bosom of Hamet. They were friends and brothers, how then could she shew a preference that might sow the seeds of discord between them? With generous policy she strove to defer her decision till chance might direct the admiration of one to some other object. Delay inflamed the passion of Sambrac; jealous mistrust took full possession of his soul, and he regarded his brother with looks of gloomy suspicion. The oppressed heart of Hamet could ill brook this treatment from the dear companion of his earliest hours. "Oh, my brother," he would cry, "kill me rather with your arrow than with your eyes; for I have lived too long when you begin to hate me." Sambrac threw aside his bow, and rushed into his brother's arms. A pause of tender emotion succeeded; but the rapid imagination

of Sambrac hurried forward a new train of ideas; starting back, he exclaimed, "What puerile folly this! Let us act as men! Did not our father bid us live but for each other! We have both set our hearts upon one object, and which can live to see her in the arms of the other? Let us then destroy this sorcerer, who would separate our hearts. Then shall we know no future jealousies, but each will remember with gratitude the noble sacrifice of love to fraternal affection." This plausible address worked on the feelings of Hamet: he was uncertain which was the object beloved by Orra, and her irresolution wounded his pride. He gave his consent to the cruel deed, which the resolute Sambrac was to perpetrate. At her appearance he withdrew, to mix some powder in the drink of which she was to partake. The countenance of Orra was dressed in smiles. When Sambrac returned, she presented a hand to each, and cheerfully joined in the morning song. But what were the emotions of Hamet when she raised the poisonous beverage to her lips! A momentary impulse directed that he should dash the cup from her hand; but the vigilant eye of Sambrac too powerfully witheld him. When she had finished her draught, she gave the cup to Hamet. In a few minutes her eyes grew dim; a sickly damp crept over her limbs; she sunk on the grass; and while the agonized Hamet supported her with his arm, Sambrac leaned over her with a look of horrible anxiety. "I feel the hand of death is on me," said Orra, "but how to account for this sudden sensation I know not; but, as the hour of my departure draws near, reserve shall end; my preference can now cause no strife. Beloved friends, adieu! Hamet, receive my last sigh; my shade shall often visit you, to give you comfort till the hour when we shall meet again in bliss; my love was ever thine. Sambrac, brother of my beloved, farewell. Hamet, I die." Distraction seized the brain of Hamet; he threw himself on her cold body, kissed her forehead and cheek, and bathed her with his tears: then rising with a look of calm resignation, he bent his body towards the sun, and turning again to his brother, said, "Sambrac, friendship has had its victim, now for the rights of love. Orra, we shall not long be parted." With these words he drew forth his knife, and would have pierced his bosom with the deadly weapon. Sambrac arrested his arm; his looks were wild with horror. "What has the infernal fiend tempted me to? Hamet, I alone must die; for the hour has arrived in which my treachery has rendered

a father's mandate void. In innocence alone he willed that we should live together, and I have broke the covenant. Orra is not dead: a wicked design to supplant my brother, urged me to this hateful stratagem. The infusion with which she appears to have been poisoned, is a powerful opiate only; and by night I meant to have conveyed her privately far up the island, where I hoped to win her whole affections, and selfishly leave a brother to anguish and despair. Her words have undeceived me: Orra loves you alone. May you with her enjoy the happiness of which the treacherous Sambrac would have deprived you. Embrace me, brother! I kneel to implore your forgiveness: and for ever after let the guilty Sambrac be banished from your memory." In a moment his own hand inflicted a mortal wound, and he expired at the feet of Hamet, who vainly strove to prevent the horrid act: and night drew on before he attempted to remove the body. Returning animation in the body of Orra first roused him from the dreadful lethargy into which he had fallen: he hastened to recall her torpid senses, and bore her from a scene so shocking. Sincere affliction filled their hearts; and the grave of the rash Sambrac was daily visited by the young lovers, who never failed to teach their offspring the sad story of the unfortunate Sambrac, as a means of preserving them from the fatal effects of indulging, even for an instant, a criminal thought.

["TO AID THE CAUSE OF VIRTUE AND RELIGION"]

We with pleasure give publicity to the following Act of the Legislature of the State of Tennessee. The friends of humanity have long deplored the wicked, DISHONORABLE and murderous practice of duelling. The pen of the moralist has been scorn to the very stump, in depicting its ruinous effects to families, to society; and its contrariety to every principle of justice and morality—to the laws both of God and man. But all in vain. While the example is set by men high in office—by Members of Congress, Governors of States, &c. what can we expect from the other classes of society?—When men who are deputed to enact good and wholesome laws for the community, afterwards break them with impunity in the face of day; and those who are appointed to execute these laws join in the crime,—what can be expected from those whose only duty is to obey?—Is it not strange, that men boasting of patriotism, of love to their country, should thus wantonly cut the sinews of her strength, and beat down her sacred bulwarks? Laws similar to the

following are not wanting in the different states, though seldom put in force. The motto, however, should still be held up to view, and the no less than sacred truth, should be published from one end of the Union to the other, That he who kills his brother in a duel is a MURDERER.]

AN ACT, TO PREVENT THE EVIL PRACTICE OF DUELLING.

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee,* That from and after the passing of this act, if any person or persons shall attempt to fight a duel by challenge, or otherwise, he or they, on conviction thereof, shall forfeit and pay the sum of 50 dollars, and shall be committed to close goal, for sixty days, and there to remain without bail or mainprize, and also forfeit the rights and privileges of a citizen, for and during the space of one year thereafter, and if any person or persons shall bear a challenge, from one person to another, to fight a duel, the person bearing the same, on due proof being made thereof, shall forfeit and pay the sum of fifty dollars, and be committed to close goal for and during the space of thirty days, there to remain without bail or mainprize.

SEC. 2. *Be it enacted,* That if any person shall hereafter accept any challenge to fight a duel, he, so accepting, shall forfeit and pay the sum of fifty dollars, and also forfeit all his rights and privileges of citizenship, for and during the space of one year thereafter.

SEC. 3. *Be it enacted,* That if any persons shall hereafter fight a duel, and either of them so fighting be killed, it shall be held and deemed WILFUL MURDER, by the surviving person, who shall suffer death without benefit of Clergy.

SEC. 4. *Be it enacted,* That each and every justice of the peace in this state, shall have jurisdiction of all matters and things in this act contained, except in cases of murder, and therein, so far as commitment to the proper goal designated for criminal offences, and each and every of said justice of the peace, and other civil officers in this state, are hereby enjoined to take cognizance thereof.

SEC. 5. *Be it enacted.* That all fines and forfeitures arising by virtue of this act, shall be one half to the person who will sue for the same, the other half to the use of the state, any law, usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding.

SEC. 6. *Be it enacted,* That all laws and parts of laws, coming within the purview and meaning of this act, shall be, and are hereby repealed.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 23, 1802.

THE Patrons of the Repository will recollect, that at the time its publication was suspended, (the 9th of August last,) payment for three weeks was collected. In order that the monthly payments may again become regular, no collection will be made until next Saturday, when 34 cents will be due.

Number of Intermments in the Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 1st to the 22d of October, ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health.)

	Adults.	Child.	Total.
Oct. 1, to 15, inclusive,	83	32	115
—16,	7	1	8
—17, }	10	4	14
—18, }			
—19,	7	2	9
—20,	9	0	9
—21,	4	1	5
—22,	8	0	8
TOTALS,	128	40	168

An Official Return of DEATHS at New York, for the week, ending the 18th inst.

Fits 2—Consumption 10—Jaundice 1—Decline 2—from the bite of a mad dog 1—bilious fever 2—intermittent fever 1—teething 1—convulsions 1—small-pox 1—drowned 2—hydrocephalus 1—lyphilus 1—pleurisy 1—Adults 13, Children 16.—Not distinguished 6.—Total 35.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 13th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, Mr. Benjamin Britton, of this city, to Miss Rebecca Smith, of Trincum.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Capt. William Whitehead, to Miss Rebecca Keelmie, both of Southwark.

On the 21st, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Richard Lampley, to the amiable Miss Jane Newton, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, at Charleston, (S. C.) on the 1st inst. Miss Dorothy Broadhurst, late of Philadelphia, aged 25 years.

On the 23d ult. at sea, Thomas P. Smith, in consequence of the sudden bursting of a gun.

In York district, South Carolina, on Thursday, the 16th of Sept. the Rev. James M. Kinney, in the 45th year of his age, after a painful illness, supposed to be a remittent fever. He preached two sermons the day before, altho' distressed in body, yet delivered with such energy and accompanied with such efficacy as will, doubtless, have lasting impressions on the minds of many. He appeared to encounter the king of terrors with the courage and christian fortitude of one who had the testimony of a good conscience, and was fully prepared to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" This venerable character had no need of pointing to those who had the pleasure of conversing, or hearing him exhibit the infallible truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as their love and attachment to his doctrine endeared more and more, which will cause his death to be greatly lamented.

ment; especially by the Reformed Covenanted Church in N. America, and more especially his pastoral charge in South Carolina, that has lost a faithful minister, a kind and generous friend. He has left a wife and eight children in the state of New-York to deplore his irreparable loss.

On the 28th ult. in the 10th year of her age, Miss Kitty Redman, and on the Saturday following, her sister, Miss Elizabeth Redman, in her 21st year, daughters of Mr. John Redman. These lovely sisters fell a prey to the ravages of the malignant fever; and in the course of six short days, were removed from the highest health, to the grave!—Few young ladies had sustained their part in life with more propriety. An amiable and afflicted, mother mourns the loss of two excellent children, who, by their tender assiduities, helped to sweeten the bitter cup of misfortune, and with whom she lived in the delightful harmony of love and friendship. Let their young friends pause a moment, and behold the bloom of health, and beauty, withered in these few raised graves!—And whilst swimming smoothly from joy to joy, along life's short career, remember the pit of death, through which they must shortly drop, into the vast ocean of eternity!

"Art thou now sunk in Death's tremendous gloom;
"Wraught in the awful horrors of a tomb?
"Ah me! how vain all sublimity joy!
"Woes following woes our warmest hopes destroy!"

COMMUNICATION.

DIED, on Tuesday, the 10th inst. in the 18th year of his age, Mr. JOHN COOPER, son of Mr. Joseph Cooper, Merchant, of this city.

Just beginning his career in active life, with prospects the most flattering, this excellent young man was arrested by the "victor of humanity."

A friend who knew him, and loved him well, is the writer of this article!—and ah! am I indeed writing an eulogium upon his exit, who but a few weeks since looked and spoke the fervid language of friendship and benevolence.

Hence, in his elegy upon Quintilian, mournfully asks: "Is Quintilian then oppressed with an everlasting sleep?" Of out dear deceased and deeply regretted friend we have better prospects and brighter hopes! His expressive eyes have indeed lost their wonted radiance, and are "sealed in death," and his countenance no longer beams complacency and love, but we trust he enjoys the full beatific vision of the blessed! He has entered into a state of perennial bliss, perfect as well as immortal. Glorious anticipation! triumphant hope!

The endearing recollection of his virtues is fresh before me. But by many he would not be comprehended, and by fewer still cordially approved, if detached.

Mr. Cooper possessed in an eminent degree the art of pleasing, and he was ambitious to please as far as virtuous principles would permit. But, thank God, he was too unfashionable to adopt the criminal manners and the licentious pursuits of too many young men in our city. Affability, mildness, true charity, a deep veneration for religion, and an invincible rectitude of heart, uniformly marked his deportment in life: to which I may add, a highly cultivated mind—Few have left this vale of tears, more deservedly loved, or more sincerely regretted.*

* Another communication, on the death of Mr. Cooper, has been received—we could not publish both; but the writer of the one not published will perceive, that his sentiments are fully embraced in the above article.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Cards Spiritualized is an article that has been so often published, that it must be familiar to a most every reader.

From the anxiety expressed by the writer of an Elegy on the Death of a Young Lady, for its publication previous to the suspension of the Repository, the editor was doubtful whether its appearance would be acceptable at this late period: this doubt being removed by the author's note of the 21st inst. the elegy shall be published next week.

The Bunib'd Kitten, a Tale, addressed to Sensibility—Elegy occasioned by the Death of a Young Lady—and an Address to the Deity on the late awful progress of the Yellow Fever, shall be given on as soon as possible.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE FEVER of '98:

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

"*I sing of the days that are gone, the woes of other times
are before me.*"

"*Babelutha, I found thy walls desolate, silence reigned
in the hall of my fathers.*"

OSSIAN.

AN humble vot'ry at the muses' shrine,
Again I strive to form the metred line;
May they hear my heart with genius pure inspire,
And fill my bosom with the poet's fire.
Assist me, sacred nine, to paint a scene,
Where Horror triumph'd in its ghastly mein;
Where pestilence, distress and misery spread,
And many mortals number'd with the dead.
See, where yon spires proclaim a thriving town,*
High rank'd in the proud annals of renown,
An angel soars, borne on the balful breath
Of sickly autumn,—messenger of death!
Terror's form! behold his bloodshot eyes;
From their ferri balls, what livid lightning flies!
And horrid gleams his dreadful form illuming,
And thro' each bosom spreads dismay and gloom:
A balful phial emptied from his hand,
Sheds pestilence, with all its dreadful band.
Like kindling fire, which burns at first but slow,
It sends few victims to the shades below.
But, rather, strength, it rages like the flame,
And Devourer marks the monster's name.

Now thro' the town what terror I behold?
What painful scenes of misery unfold?
As from a place assail'd by threatening foes,
The people fly, from war's severest woes,
So now they fly,—they throng the various roads
That lead them to Hygieia's blest abodes;
While anxious haste and fear their breasts possess,
Distract their minds, and add to their distress.

Come, memory, come from these secure retreats,
Attend me now along the empty streets:
Where, where are now the busy bustling throng?
Where seen the dance; where heard the festive song?
Commerce and arts no more their stores display,
Nor noisy wheels throng the deserted way.
I look around, no cheerful scenes appear,
And scarcely ought assails the list'ning ear,
Save when the hearse, which with an hollow sound,
Bearing the dead, rolls slowly o'er the ground,
Or watchman's voice the nightly silence breaks,
Or dogs' long howl, to woe the mind awakes,
"Black melancholy" reigns, "and round her throws
"A death-like silence and a dread repose."
Behold these paths with grass now overspread,
Lately so bare with "weepers" constant tread:
The well-worn threshold of the tradesman's door,
Alas! is throng'd by customers no more.

Lo! fancy bears me to the sick-man's room,
Where melancholy reigns in sullen gloom;
Where mercenarys unconcern'd attend
The tortured frame of a deserted friend,
Or friends employ their efforts all in vain;
Where e'er is seen but misery and pain:

* Philadelphia.

The sick-man's pulse with feverish fervor beat,
While all within is scorched with ardent heat;
His parched lips his burning thirst declare,
His rolling eyes the marks of phrenzy bear:
His burning temples beat with feverish rage,—
Art strives in vain his anguish to assuage.
A transient strength renews his wasted frame,
As the spent torch glows with a vivid flame,
Which sinks, and rising sheds its latest fires—
Thus the poor mortal, spent with pain, expires.
Scarce has the breath forsook the lifeless clay,
Ere to the grave in haste 'tis borne away;
No costly garments his cold limbs enclose,
All thoughts of pride are hush'd in "dread repose."
Arraid in gloomy garb the hearse appears,
And to the grave the corpse in silence bears:
No sorrowing friends in mourning weeds attend,
No pious hymns from weeping crowds ascend;
Scarce can his friends a separate tomb supply,
In one vast grave all intermingled lie.*

The base, the brave, the wicked and the just,
Youth and old age, together change to dust.

Pain would the muse from the hard task refrain,
But sadder themes demand her humble strain.
Behold, where helpless stretch'd upon his bed,
A father sick reclines his languid head;
While at his side the partner of his life,
With pestilence sustains th' unequal strife,
No friendly hand extends for their relief,
No soothing voice allays their mutual grief;
While their dear babe demands a mother's care,
And cries for food in accents of despair.

The poor, food parent wasted with disease,
Essays in vain its throbbing heart to ease;
To heav'n she lifts her supplicating eye,
And begs her babe may share her fate, and die!
While all avoid th' infected house with care,
Fear guards the door, and none will enter there.

Ah! hapless pair! what exquisite distress
Their tortured bodies, and their minds oppress,
While each, the other to relieve essays,
And cheer the little remnant of their days.
But if some friend, bold in afflictions cause,
With aid towards this scene of misery draws;
His generous hand affords them quick relief,
His tender heart allays their bursting grief;
Or 'neath his care they triumph o'er disease,
Or cheer'd by him depart this life in peace.
For them he combats pestilence and death;
For their relief inhales their noxious breath.
Such noble beings heav'n alone inspires,
And with benevolence their bosoms fires!
Bless'd be their names,—to them shall be assign'd
The fairest page in th' annals of mankind;
Their godlike virtue shall the page adorn,
Themselves be bless'd by "millions yet unborn!"
The thoughts of them shall fire the feeling heart,
And after death their virtues good impart.

And now the faithful guardians of the poor,
Erect the tents, well shelter'd and secure;
On Schuykill's bank the friendly camp extend,
And hither all the healthy poor they send:
There all their various, pressing wants supply,
And for their comfort watch with careful eye.
There too, a friendly hospital prepare,

* This was the case at one grave-yard, tho' not generally.

And place the sick and friendless stranger there;
And those whom fear depriv'd of ev'ry friend
With constant care they shelter and attend.
For many a wretch unfriended, and alone,
Was left beneath disease and want to groan;
Helpless, unseen, to yield his pining breath,
And sink forlorn into the shades of death.
Benevolence and love were dispossest'd
By fear, which reign'd alone in many a breast:
Nor could the strongest ties that knot mankind,
Restrain from instant flight the timid mind.

Still thro' the town distress and sorrow reign,
No joys prevail to cheer the solemn scene;
Still hundreds on the sickly couch recline,
And 'neath accumulated misery pine.
Here on his bed a dying parent lies—
Hark!—from within what piercing groans arise;
Unnumber'd sorrows rack his tortured breast,
By pestilence and many woes oppress'd:
His son, perhaps, in the cold earth is laid,
Or his lov'd daughter number'd with the dead;
Perhaps he mourns the partner of his cares,
Whom the black hearse, now to the grave-yard bears—
E'en he, perhaps, now draws his latest breath,
And joins them in the dreary vaults of death.
How oft, alas! (the muse can scarcely tell)
Scarce one grew cold before another fell;
But a few hours, perhaps, his friend he'd mourn'd,
Ere to his parent earth, he too return'd.
Oft at yon grave-yard mournfully I've stood,*
(While in my veins was chill'd the crimson blood)

And saw the corpse arrive ere yet the grave
Could he prepar'd the body to receive,†
Oh! mournful days of misery and pain.
Oh! pestilence, how dreadful is thy reign!
Youth, beauty, manhood, infancy and age,
All sunk alike, the victims of thy rage.
Vain was all skill, thy triumph to subdue,
Till cold November's chilling tempests blew;
Then to the earth thy dreadful throne was cast,
And thy sword shiver'd by the wintry blast:
Then joyous health, resum'd her cheery reign,
And from our city banish'd woe and pain.
Soon busy commerce throng'd again the street,
And light-wing'd pleasure soon resum'd her seat:
The steaming train was wip'd from ev'ry eye,
And the sad countenance lit up with joy.
Yet still would faithful memory return

To the sad scene, and o'er past sorrows mourn;
One mourn'd a brother, one a sister dead,
Or some dear friend in earth's cold bosom laid.
But sorrows pass'd, gave way to present bliss,
Which cheer'd each heart, and banish'd all distress.

Some sages ask, What is the secret cause
Of this destructive pest? and what its laws?
Some say, from foreign climes its way it wings,
Some, that from a domestic source it springs—
Whatever its cause, this truth we ought to know,
And thus it speaks,—*Short is our date below.*
Well it becomes us mortals to prepare,
For that great hour, which ends our ev'ry care;
Makes us feel tortments never felt before,
Or gives us bliss disturb'd by pain no more.

CARIOS.

* The Hospital Burying-ground.

† This is literally true, the coffins were sometimes oblig'd
to be placed on the ground till the grave could be prepared.

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, October 30, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. VIII.

Truth seldom lies conceal'd in mystery;
Clearly to reason she reveals her light;
And errors vanish like a mist before her.

SAVAGE.

IN the morning, Lady Barome, to give more colouring to their tale, did not quit her chamber; and Matilda again apologized for the trouble they were obliged to give their host, who, now off his guard, occupied himself without much attending to her. This was all Matilda wished; and, seizing eagerly the first opportunity, she secured a sword and lance from the chancel, which with the utmost secrecy she conveyed to her chamber; the man trusting her to carry her comrade food.

At night they were again locked in, and lost no time in exploring the gloomy passage which they had passed the night before; they discovered the mysterious door from whence the figure had issued the preceding night; and Matilda, with desperate courage entered. The apartments here wore much the same air of desolation as the rest; but, passing a door which would otherwise have been undiscovered, a faint moaning caught their ear. With palpitating hearts they stopped to listen—the sound ceased. Again they proceeded; when they heard a quick rustling, and something in white brushed hastily past them, and darted the lamp from the hand of Lady Barome, who uttered a loud cry, and sunk

terrified to the ground. Matilda felt for her friend, when she found her arm arrested by an icy hand, while another passed slowly over her face:—her whole frame shook with a convulsion of horror. Again the small door opened, and the figure of the man re-appeared. Matilda instantly sprung forward, and, seizing him, flung him to the ground.

"Wretch! she exclaimed, with astonishing heroism, "what means all this?—Instantly surrender yourself, or expect no mercy!"

Revived at her well known voice, Lady Barome sprung from the ground, with all her power ran to the assistance of her friend, and recognized in their prisoner the person of their host; they each held a sword over him, while on his knees he supplicated for mercy. Matilda took her belt from her waist, with which she bound his hands, while Lady Barome did the same by his feet.

Their attention was quickly drawn from this object by one of a more extraordinary nature.—A tall, elegant figure, clad in white, appeared, and, throwing back a long veil, which concealed her face, discovered the meagre countenance of a woman: "sharp misery had worn her to the bone." Advancing towards them in haste, she exclaimed—"Brave youths!—I believe you to be my friends, and claim your protection for the injured Countess De Warrenne!"

Lady Barome ran towards the stranger (who was fearfully retreating), and exclaimed, in a voice of joy—"It is—it is my long lost Madeline—my dearest sister!"

Excess of happiness is seldom productive of fatal consequences, or such would have been the result of a meeting too pathetic for description.—Matilda, not quite so much intimidated, advanced to their trem-

bling culprit, and demanded, on the pain of death, who was in the house beside himself. The fellow declared solemnly himself was the only one, and promised faithfully to offer no resistance. Not perfectly satisfied with this, they secured him, as well as their united strength would permit, in a chamber, from which there was no outlet; and leaving him what food they judged necessary, they turned all their attention to Lady De Warrenne, who, to gratify their feeling concern, immediately began her narrative, as follows:—

"The news of your misfortune, my dear sister, weighed heavy at my heart; to augment my unhappiness, in a few short months a malignant fever deprived me of my husband. Barome had just escaped from Corfe Castle, and implored me that I would screen him, if possible from the malice of his enemies; of which I had the morification, to learn, that my brother-in-law, Sir Authur, was the most inveterate. All would have succeeded to our wish; but Sir Authur, unfortunately, for reasons after disclosed, made his appearance here: the suddenness of his visit inexpressibly confused me, and the embarrassment which I laboured under was very visible. He seemed thoughtful and morose:—he took up his abode some time in the Abbey, under pretence of a wish to afford me consolation. At this time Barome was obliged to confine himself wholly to his apartment, and we only obtained interviews by stealth.

"One day we were mutually lamenting your misfortune, and mourning your unknown fate, when the voice of Sir Authur at the door, demanding admittance in no gentle tone, threw us into the utmost consternation. He repeated his desire in a voice still more authoritative, and William had just time to conceal himself under the tapestry, when de Warrenne, with furious

force, burst the door.—With calmness I demanded the occasion of this outrage, when Sir Authur, with a look of malignant fury, insisted upon knowing with whom I had been conspiring. My change of countenance implied the truth of his accusation, and I sunk, overcome with fear, into the next vacant seat:—he took the advantage of my terror, and, raising the tapestry, discovered Barome, who sprung forward, and aimed at him with his sword. I find that Barome did not personally know his adversary; yet apprehension for what must ensue threw me into strong convulsions, which ended the contest, and Barome escaped. I was put to bed, and continued in the most alarming state till the next day, when I gave birth to a female infant.—I soon learned, to my inexpressible horror, that I was accused by Sir Authur, of holding criminal intercourse with a domestic. Vain were my protestations of innocence, as I refused to disclose the name of the man found concealed with me.”

Lady Barome wept at the sufferings of her sister on her husband's account; and Matilda, struck with a confusion of ideas, could scarcely refrain from interrupting the interesting recital.—Lady De Warrenne continued:—

“I was forced to endure still harder trials.—To my great surprise, the physician who attended me, one day presented me with a note containing these words:—

“Dear and generous Sister,

“My gratitude compels me to risque my life in your service. Could a discovery of myself avail, I would immediately reveal it; but I well know the decree of our suffering would be augmented by such a proceeding. I find that an infernal scheme is plotted against you; if you would mitigate its severity, hesitate not a moment in delivering your daughter to the bearer of this note. I am in waiting to receive it, and will carry it where you direct. Leave with it some memorial by which it may be recognized, and leave the rest to me.—I am safe—depend upon my fidelity.

“BAROME.”

“Thunderstruck with this intelligence, I hesitated not to comply with the injunction left the consequence be what it might. I therefore, hastily wrapped the child in a mantle, and, tying the little locket given to you at parting round her neck, directed the person to fly to our estate in Chantilly, and place it in the care of my old faithful servant Leonard du Pont.”

Before another word was spoken, Matilda fainted in the arms of Lady Barome, when,

opening her vest, they discovered, suspended round her neck by a piece of ribbon, the identical locket!—No further confirmation was necessary to convince Lady De Warrenne, who flung herself upon the lifeless body of her child, and gave free vent to her luxury of joy in tears.

Matilda opening her eyes, fixed them on Lady De Warrenne, and sinking on her knees, implored her blessing,—“Never, never, my beloved parent,” she cried, “will we be separated!—No more shall the barbarous Sir Authur persecute us.—We will seek the king, and of him implore protection and redress.”

This pleasing discovery unfitted them for any further conversation; and they agreed to defer the remainder of Lady De Warrenne's relation till they had contrived plans for their future disposal. Agreeably to her desire, the man was restored to liberty, who, in consideration of the great rewards offered him, consented to act entirely as they desired, only taking the necessary precaution of securing him when they retired to rest.

CHAP. IX.

“Thus let me hold thee to my heart,

“And every care resign;

“And shall we never, never part?—

“My life!—my all!—that's mine!”

SCARCELY had they composed themselves to rest, when they were alarmed by a loud clamour at the Abbey gates, as of several horsemen, who loudly called for admittance. Fear so totally overcame all the inhabitants of the Abbey, that neither had power to ask their business, each fearing it to be some one in pursuit of themselves.—They had not long to consider, for, with a tremendous crash, the outer gates were burst open, as were, immediately after, the inner, and, a large party of men entered the chancel.

Fear took from them all power of motion. Their apprehensions were raised to the most alarming height, when they heard the various footsteps ascending the staircase, and the voices of men in deep consultation. They had by this time thrown on a few clothes; and, the door of their apartment flying open, a party of armed men rushed in, who instantly started back on beholding three defenceless women.—A moment discovered all; and Matilda was prevented from falling to the floor by the supporting arms of De Lacy!—Her wandering senses were soon recalled by an exclamation from Lady Barome, of—“My Lord!—my husband!”—and instantly beheld her clasped to the bosom of her William, who hung enamoured on his lamented Lady.

The recognition on all sides was joyous; and when Lady De Warrenne presented Matilda to him as his niece, and heiress to the house of Warrenne, he embraced her with rapture. Joylighted up the countenance of Valtimond, and congratulations in a manner that plainly indicated the interest he took in her fate. The ardour of his speech revived in her breast emotions, which, though they had subsided while engaged in soothing the misfortunes of others, had never been totally extinguished; and she cast her eyes to the ground visibly embarrassed. Till then they had not regarded the attendants who continued in the room, and who had stood amazed spectators of the foregoing scene. They were ordered to withdraw, and forage the Abbey, for wherewithal to make cheer, to which they were conducted by the man whom they had truly affrighted by breaking open his prison.—When they had withdrawn, mutual and heartfelt congratulations again passed, which soon subsided into curiosity to know the cause of this extraordinary revolution. Each agreed to relate what concerned themselves, and the Ladies having repeated their tale as before, Lady De Warrenne resumed:

“Fortunately I acted as directed; the faithful physician received the child, and conveyed it out under his cloak, unobserved. When he next visited me, he told me, that he had delivered it into the hands of my brother, and assured me, on his honour, of its safety. I now felt resigned to whatever fate awaited me, since my child was secure beyond the reach of Sir Authur's malignity. My fortitude was soon severely tried: De Warrenne entered my apartment one day with a malicious air, and seating himself opposite to me, said—

“So, Countess, I understand that you have sent away your child—May I demand the cause?”

“I answered him, with scorn, that I was in no wise accountable to him for my actions; that he was my guest, and, I was sorry to say, no longer an agreeable one at the Abbey.—He bit his lips, and muttered something in a low, then rising, said—

“Well, Madam, you may repent this:—in the first place, I desire you will deliver up to me the keys of your cabinet.”

“This I peremptorily refused. He gave me a look which almost annihilated me, and, securing the door, pointed a dagger at my breast. Terrified at his menacing aspect, I promised compliance:—he removed the murderous weapon, and, taking the keys from my trembling hand, he proceeded to open all my drawers; and, having ransacked

them over, tied all the papers together, and quitted the room, exulting in the prize which he had so treacherously obtained, and secured the door on the outside.

"Shocked at this inhuman treatment, I endeavoured to burst the door; my feeble efforts were insufficient, and, exhausted with rage and grief, I flung myself into a chair:—presently I heard some one at the door, and the man you found here entered, desiring to know what I wanted.—I desired to walk down stairs:—he shook his head:—

'No, no, Lady; not quite so fast. If that's all you want, you need not trouble yourself to make so much noise.'

"He was about to depart;—I caught his arm, and falling on my knees, entreated him to tell me why I was kept a prisoner in my own mansion.—Great God! what was my agony when I found I was doomed to perpetual confinement; that I was looked upon as an adulteress; and as the murderer of my child; and that the base Sir Ansthor had seized upon all our extensive domains and property, in right of his brother, deceased, being myself considered as dead to the world!—It is miraculous that I preserved my reason under these complicated evils: I endeavoured to convince the man of my innocence; but he was too stupid, or too cunning, to heed my protestations; and I likewise found that he considered me as a lunatic. I, however, gathered from him at different times, that De Warrenne had given him a strict charge not to let me escape, nor to suffer any one to see me: neither was he permitted to quit the Abbey himself upon any account; what provisions were necessary being supplied from the market-town by a peasant boy, who put it through a small grating, without entering the Abbey. All ideas of escape being thus excluded, I had nothing left to do but endeavour to reconcile myself; and I looked forward with eagerness to the period when it might please the Almighty to terminate my wretched existence."

Here Lady De Warrenne ceased, and her auditors could not but admire the resignation she had displayed while suffering under the greatest affliction, and were no less grateful to providence for thus happily terminating them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OBSERVATION.

The present misfortune is always deemed the greatest: And therefore small causes are sufficient to make us uneasy, when great ones are not in the way.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Droll,

A TALE.

THREE poor strolling players, who with "a most plentiful lack of cash," were travelling to a certain village in England, to join their company, stopped at a small farm-house on the way, to purchase some milk for their dinners. They would certainly have sought a tavern, for not one of them was an enemy to good cheer, but it unfortunately happened that the wealth of the trio combined would not amount to a sorry half-crown piece, so they were fain to content themselves with the aforesaid simple beverage.

On leaving the house, one of them, who by his humour had gained the name of the *Droll* among his companions, seemed to be possessed with a sudden whim, and whipping up a cat at the door, conveyed it with the greatest celerity into a bag used by them to carry their theatrical robes in from village to village.—"And what in the world do you mean to do with the cat, Jack?" asked one of his comrades, when they had got some distance from the house:—"Your fingers on your lips," replied he, "do but join with me in what you hear me say," proceeded the *Droll*, "and you shall confess that 'Twas meat and drink for us to see a cat." His companions had often seen wonderful proofs of his invention and address, but were at a loss to guess how the poor mouser was to be meat and drink to them; however, on they jogged, he digesting his plan, and they wondering what it could be, till towards the close of day, they descried a handsome village, at the entrance of which stood a large tavern, with a red lion swinging in the air, and seemingly inviting them to come in. The *Droll* marched boldly up to the door, followed by his companions. "Show us," said he, as he entered, "into your best room, and prepare us for supper every thing nice you have in the house; in the mean time, while it is cooking, bring us a bottle of wine." "Yes sir, this way sir, this way, and the landlord ushered them into a neat room where the village club held their meetings. When the wine was brought, and the landlord gone to order supper—"By heaven, Jack, you'll ruin us," exclaimed one—"how in God's name do you think we are to pay for this banquet? You don't consider our exchequer!"—"Psha!" interrupted Jack, "puss shall pay for all—and moreover, you shall see, this supper will be the least of her catering."

Supper was served—a pair of fine fowls smoked on the board, and with ham, tongue, &c. formed a dainty repast for our hungry travellers. "Come mine host," said the *Droll*, "you have furnished us a tempting table here, it is but fit you should partake of it." "With all my heart," replied mine host;—so down he sat, and I am veritably told, laid in his own viands with as keen a gout as any of the strangers. They had scarce began, when the *Droll* took his cat very carefully out of the bag, and holding her under his arm during the whole time of supper, conveyed alternately a mouthful to her, and then to himself, and so on, tho' always chasing the nicest bits for puss.

The landlord was surprised—but he was also hungry, so he kept in the one, 'till he had vanquished the other—he then ventured to say:—"I hope you'll excuse me, sir, but it's so singular for a man to think more of a cat than of himself, that a—"

"Your surprize is reasonable," said the *Droll*, "but when I have told you of her merits, as I mean to do; for I think, if I have any skill in physiognomy, you are a man of honour, (the landlord was reaching a tid bit to his mouth at this time, but he stopped to bow) your surprize will cease; this cat, holds as it were, my purse-strings, and I would not," said he, gently stroking her back, "part with a hair of her head, for the wealth of this whole village, nay, nor for the next to boot!"

The landlord laid down his knife and fork, and leaned over the table—his eyes now fixed on the cat, and now on the *Droll*, who went on with a very grave air:

"This cat, Sir, was reared in the wilds of Abyssinia, by a Hindoo Sage, who taught it the wonderful arts it possesses. He taught it—for what cannot a Hindoo Sage teach?" quoth the *Droll*, "to speak every known language!"

The landlord rose upon his feet.

"He taught it," continued the *Droll*, "to read the minds of men in their faces,—he taught it to look into futurity—not only to know things past and present, but things to come;—he taught—" Here one of his companions gave him a nudge, fearing he was going too far, but it was useless, for the landlord's wonder found a vent with—"My God! is it possible," he exclaimed.—"it is possible," replied the *Droll*, "but as you are a man of honour, let not a word that I have uttered pass your lips, for were it but known that I carried such a treasure, I should undoubtedly be murdered by some one wishing to possess it. For this reason, do I and my com-

pajous travel in this plain garb—She has been exhibited but once since her arrival in England, and though it was at a vast distance from the metropolis, yet the king has heard of her powers, and it is by his command we are now on our way to his court to show his majesty wonders which I believe were never seen there before." The Droll ceased, and the landlord fell into a deep study.

It must be observed here, that the landlord was a droll too, in his way, or rather a politician; for whatever thing turned up, he would turn it down again, or up, or sideways, or some way or other, till he had turned it to his own advantage, or, as the phrase is, till he had turned the penny, and he was just considering, (if he could get the cat exhibited in his barn) what effect such a throng of people would have on his tap-room.—He found the effect to be in his favour, and broke silence:—

"If the king was not in a hurry," said the landlord—

"Aye, but he is," was the reply.

"And you could be prevailed upon to shew her here," went he on.

"The thing is impossible," quoth the Droll.

"I'm satisfied," cried mine host, clinching what he had said before, "the whole village would flock to see you!"

Here the landlord, like a true politician, turned the thing so, that while he looked full at one fair side of it; he held another side, full as fair to the droll.

And it seemed to move the droll—"But where," said he, "could I find a fit place to show her in, that might hold the whole village?"

"I've a fine large barn," answered Boniface.

The Droll hesitated—mine host urged—and the Droll, though with reluctance, consented. Bills were immediately issued, setting forth the intended exhibition of the wonder of wonders, "The Speaking Cat!" on the following night. Mine host's barn was filled with carpenters, &c. who under the direction of the Droll, soon transformed it into a rustic theatre. One of his companions was appointed to receive the money at the door; another, (who sometimes tortured the fiddle-strings) was to fill the orchestra, while the Droll himself undertook to tread the stage with Pussy.

At length the eventful night arrived.—The whole village, as was predicted, flocked to the barn. The fiddler played, and in a few minutes it was full. The door-keeper finding no more came in, locked his door, and going round to the man in the orches-

tra, intimated that the audience was complete. The music ceased,—and the fiddler and door-keeper withdrew together;—all was gaping expectation, when—forth advanced Monsieur the Droll dressed in all the pomp of tarnished lace and worn-out velvet. He held the mighty mouser under his arm, and as he gracefully came forward—spoke as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen! before I exhibit the unheard of, unparallelled feats of this wonder and queen of her race, to this most brilliant assembly,—it is first necessary to crave your indulgence, if on account of the long journey she has taken, confined, she should, as I suspect she will be, rather more wild than she is wont."

"Aye, aye, begin, begin," cried some of the spectators.

"Come, Fetnah, my princess," said the Droll, "make your obeisance to the audience," and he put her down,—but lo! strange to tell! after standing a moment in stupid surprise, at the novelty of the scene, the mighty Fetnah flew like lightning up the side of the barn, till she had gained a cross joint, and thinking herself in safety, there stopped. "How! Fetnah!" said the Droll, "have you left your manners in India? For shame, come down, and tell these kind ladies and gentleman the news abroad."

"Mew!" was the only answer.

"What! will you not come down? Then I shall be constrained to use harsh measures with you, Fetnah!"

She shewed her indifference to the threat with another "Mew!"

"If you will force me to go, you know what it will be for Fetnah! come, come, my pretty Fetnah! come!"

"Mew, mew!" cried the cat.

"Then I *must* go," said the Droll, "Mind Fetnah, I go, I go. Ladies and Gentlemen, your patience for one moment," said the Droll as he went off.

The audience waited a considerable time to see what means he would use to make Pussy speak; but they might have waited till dooms-day, for immediately on leaving the stage, he had joined his two brothers in iniquity, and after fastening the doors, that they might gain time to get off—jumped into a hackney coach prepared for the purpose, and were out of reach in a twinkling.—The Droll had indeed left the mighty Indian Princess to console them, but as I never heard that she offered a single word for that purpose, in any language whatever,—this brilliant assembly, probably broke up and walked home without it.

LINDOR.

THE EVILS OF RESERVE IN MARRIAGE.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BELIEVE me, Mary, that to the security of matrimonial felicity, no quality is more necessary than candour. All reserve, obscurity, or disguise, are productive of indifference, suspicion, or distrust. Let my example convince you of the necessity of perfect candour, and unbounded confidence in the conjugal union. There should exist such an unity of interest that every pleasure or pain should be common, and all separate enjoyment or suffering is an injury to its sacred rights.

The more exquisite the sensibility, the more tender the attachment, the more poignant the pain inflicted by distrust and suspicion.

My husband was a man of strong understanding, a thoughtful disposition, and tender heart: his temper was reserved and sedate, and he seldom, with his own accord, communicated either his pains or his pleasures, particularly the first; and the most acute mental or bodily suffering would be endured in silence, unless drawn from him by the inquiries of his friends. Yet, to few persons were the soothing of tenderness more acceptable, and there were few whose happiness was more dependent on the assiduities of affection. Such, too, was my disposition; delighting in the sympathies of love, yet withheld from ever seeking them, by an unconquerable diffidence and reserve.

His business kept him almost the whole day from home. His office was in the centre of the city; and, as our residence was at one of its extremities, the walk was long and wearisome. Indignant at all fraud, oppression, or injustice, his mind was perpetually harassed, and his temper fretted, by those iniquities of mankind to which his profession exposed him.

At the approach of evening I would trim my little fire, prepare the tea-table, and wait with impatience the return of my husband, whom I imagined, glad of a release from labour, would enter with a smiling face, embrace me with tenderness, and in some mode or other express his pleasure.

But alas! how different was the real from the imaginary scene! He enters, and throwing himself on a chair, is grave and silent. Mortified and disappointed, I ask not the cause of his silence, but pour out his tea, and hand it to him, with a countenance strongly marked by discontent and gloom. Thus passes the evening, in mutual, tho' silent suffering.

You, Mary, instead of waiting the salutation of your husband, would have hastened to the door at the sound of his footsteps, flown to him with a joy-enlightened countenance, and by tender inquiry would have learned the cause of any gloom which appeared on his face. Affected and pleased by these proofs of your affection, he would have explained to you any disappointment or disturbance that had happened; would have owned he was disgusted and wearied with the injustice he had met with, or the labour he had undergone. These, contrasted with the tranquil and tender pleasures you had prepared, would have endeared him to his home, and have made him forget the evils of society. You would have dissipated his chagrin, his cheerfulness would have returned, the sentiment of gratitude would have been added to love, and your hours would have passed in all the delight of mutual affection. But how different was the effect produced by my conduct! Fatigued, sick, and dejected, my husband had promised himself, that, on his return home, the glad welcome of a tender wife would have compensated for all he had suffered: but instead of this, he perceived only silence and melancholy. He knew his own feelings were obvious; yet they passed unnoticed. His peace of mind, he concluded, was of too little importance to interest his wife; for, certainly, if she had felt solicitude, there would be some expression of it. Disappointed in his anticipated pleasure, and offended by such apparent indifference, he was cold and distant in his manner; thus unknowingly increasing the cause of his own dissatisfaction by increasing mine. Had either of us made those inquiries, without which neither of us would speak, or had we candidly owned our suspicions of indifference, the evil would have been remedied. The incidents of each day, by producing some new cause for complaint, increased the difficulty of an explanation. As the cold blasts of winter congeal the flowing stream, so does neglect or indifference still the warm current of affection.

The sun will return and dissolve these icy bands, but each instance of unkindness removes to a greater distance the return of that confidence which alone can restore the warmth of love. Each day distrust increased, and removed the possibility of an explanation.

This reserve extended to the minutest concerns. I remember one day he brought from market a dish of which he was extremely fond, and ordered it to be dressed in a particular manner. Desirous of pleas-

ing him, I attended to it myself, and thought I should have been amply rewarded for this little trouble, by his satisfaction: when it came on the table, I watched him, expecting to hear him praise it, and thank me for my attention. He tasted it, and without saying a word, pushed it from him, and called for another plate. You will perhaps smile when I tell you, that my eyes filled with tears, and I was so choked with emotion, that I could not articulate a word. My silence, my emotion, he construed into sullenness and anger. This naturally increased his displeasure. Had I but smiled, had I but spoken one word; or, when the tears flowed down my cheeks, had I allowed him to see them, and explained their source; it would not only have restored his good-humour, but, by discovering my fond desire to please, would have excited his tenderness. But this was impossible.

Now you, Mary, would have laughed, rallied him on being so difficult to please, assured him you had done your best, and good-naturedly have promised to have done better next time. He would have thanked you for your endeavour. With such a disposition as his, your desire to gratify him would have fully compensated for the loss of his dinner. How innumerable are the instances I could give you of the pain and the misery produced by this reserve of disposition! How many wakeful nights have I passed, weeping the want of the tenderness and confidence of my husband; while he, restless and disturbed by the evils incident to life, would tax me with cruelty for not inquiring into, and participating his disquietudes.

This reserve, which for years had been increasing, at last became a settled habit. My cheerfulness had entirely deserted me: I went into no company, and I received no visitors. My melancholy became fixed, and the little pleasure my husband found at home, induced him to seek it abroad. My tea-table used to wait in vain, no one came to partake of this evening meal. With my arms folded on the table, and my aching head laid on them, I sighed away my solitary hours. That keenness of feeling, which a heart unused to suffering experiences, was blunted by repeated strokes. The alternations of hope and fear gave place to the stagnation of indifference. The effort to please was lost in despair. Too restless to apply to foreign objects, my active mind preyed on itself, and left, at last, to perfect solitude, I sunk into an uninterrupted lethargy. I now saw my husband only during our hasty and silent meals: fond of social pleasure, and sprightly discourse, he spent

his evenings among those friends to whom his many virtues had endeared him.

Even on the bed of sickness, this mutual reserve and suspicion did not yield place to anxiety and tenderness, and these circumstances only increased the fever which silence inflicted. I was one day by his bedside, and offered something which was refused. It was the manner in which this was done that afflicted me: this manner, however, is indescribable. It seemed to me like an intimation that my attendance was irksome. I might have been mistaken. Pain and sickness might have been the cause. I did not, however, inquire, as at that time I had no doubt, but considered it as the proof of indifference. I was but little in his room: I left to others those attentions which I only should have paid. He never left that room, but there ended a life, many years of which might have been happy, but which were miserable. That sensibility which might have given birth to the purest and most exquisite pleasures, was, from the want of candour and explicitness, changed into an instrument of torture.

The happiest life is not exempt from moments of lassitude, weariness, perplexity, and distraction: whenever the countenance or manners indicate either, let the friend seek for the cause, and let confidence and plain dealing banish all distrust or suspicion. N.

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From the Female Mentor.

MAXIMS OF FENELON, ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

"THE minds of children are similar to wax, which easily takes every impression. Endeavour to imprint a good choice of images on their minds, while the characters are easily formed, and when no bad impressions have been yet made.

"Begin early to teach children patience and docility, otherwise they will become violent and impetuous.

"Be as indulgent to them as possible; be not irritated by their faults, but pity their weaknesses. Suffer them to be gay and familiar before you, that you may know their real dispositions. Do not give them a distaste for religion by being too rigid; but rather describe it as it really is, beautiful, just and amiable.

"It is necessary to be strict with some children; but never employ severity, unless on urgent necessity, otherwise you will break their spirit, irritate them if they are

violent, or render them stupid if they are meek.

"Children are always imitating; this disposition produces infinite mischief when they are nurtured by persons of unamiable characters, but is sometimes productive of great advantage, as they may attain excellence from proper models.*

"Most children are fond of ridicule; you should be careful therefore to repress this disposition; mimicking and acting the buffoon, convey the idea of forward and unamiable characters. Girls, in learning to draw, should not be permitted to sketch caricatures.

"Girls are passionately fond of things indifferent in themselves; to guard against this folly, do not too often promise, as rewards to children, either delicacies of eating, or ornaments for the person; the latter will give them a taste for what they ought to despise, the former will render them epicures.

"Children learn more than is generally imagined from conversation; they catch information imperceptibly, and often apply it properly: be careful therefore what you say before them.

"The female sex too frequently practise deceit to obtain their wishes: their tears flow readily, and their passions are lively. To prevent this evil, never expose them to a situation which requires artifice. Accustom them ingeniously to communicate their inclinations and sentiments upon all proper occasions; inform them, that rectitude of conduct and universal probity obtain more confidence and esteem, and consequently even more temporal advantages,

NOTE.

* The reader will be pleased to see the opinion of two eminent writers on this subject.

"Virtue and wisdom, like vice and folly, are contagious: and a man may catch the spirit of moderation and freedom, as well as the spirit of persecution and bigotry, by conversing with men and books." JORTIN.

"There is nothing that tends more to give the mind its proper bias, than the company and conversation of those who have eminently distinguished themselves in the paths of honour and virtue. Something may be learnt even from the silence of a great man. Man is by nature imitative, and the power of example operates upon him by insensible but restless force. In morals, therefore, as well as in the fine arts, whoever would excel must have the works of the greatest masters in view; not indeed as constraining guides to be servilely followed, but as friendly luminaries that serve at once both to enlighten his path, and to kindle his emulation. It is thus the wise, as Homer sings, and our British bard repeats his song—

"The wise new wisdom from the wise acquire,
And each brave hero fans another's fire."

MELMOTH'S CARO, REM. 2.

than art or deceit. This judicious probity has raised many individuals to eminent situations.

"If girls do not apply early to things of some solidity, they will have neither taste for them, nor pleasure in them afterwards. A mother should by degrees represent to her daughter the advantage of rational application; but she should make the acquisition of knowledge rather a recreation, than a toil, otherwise she will cause the child to be disgusted with all improvement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Miscellaneous Articles.

TURKISH MANNER OF MAKING COFFEE.

COFFEE, to be good, must either be ground to an impalpable powder, or it must be pounded as the Turks do, in an iron mortar, with a heavy pestle. The Turks first put the coffee dry into the coffee-pot, and set it over a very slow fire, or embers, till it is warm, and sends forth a fragrant smell, shaking it often: then from another pot they pour on it boiling water, (or rather water in which the grounds of the last-made coffee had been boiled, and set to become clear:) they then hold it a little longer over the fire, till there is on its top a white froth, like cream: but it must not boil, but only gently rise: it is then poured backward and forwards, two or three times, from one pot into another, and it soon becomes clear. Some put in a spoonful of cold water, to make it clear sooner; or lay a cloth, dipt in cold water, on the top of the pot. Coffee should be roasted in an open earthen or iron pan, and the slower it is roasted the better. As often as it crackles, it must be taken off the fire. The Turks often roast it in a baker's oven while it is heating.

TO MAKE YEAST IN THE TURKISH MANNER.

Take a small tea-cup-full, or wine-glass full, of split or bruised pease; pour on them a pint of boiling water, and set the whole in a vessel all night on the hearth, or any other warm place: the water will have a froth next morning, and will be good yeast.

At the time when the amazing run of the *Beggars' Opera* took place, the galleries were very vociferous one night in the call out "*Music, Music, Music!*" and observing that no performers appeared in the orchestra to answer their calls, they became more noisy and riotous: so much so, that the Manager desired Hall, who happened

to be standing near him, to step forward, and acquaint the audience, that there was no music *pretious* to an opera. Hall, proud of the office from his self-conceit, immediately began to adjust himself, and in his peculiar manner walked on. He bowed most consequentially. "*Hear him! Hear him!*" was reiterated. At length silence permitted him to speak. With a variety of pauses, and his natural lisp, he proceeded:—"Ladies and Gentlemen—I am ordered by the Manager—that is—I beg leave—to inform you—Ladies and Gentlemen—that—there is—no music at all in an Opera." A general burst of laughter ensued; and Hall, after a most submissive bow, strutted off, fully convinced he had executed his commission to the entire satisfaction of the manager and the public. [Lond. L. M.]

AN ADDRESS, SELECTED FROM A DICTIONARY, BY A GREAT LINGUIST.

Soon after the accession of Charles the second, he gave audience to an envoy from the Emperor of Morocco. The envoy's great talent was learning languages, and having by grammars and dictionaries acquired a competent knowledge of English, he wrote an address to the British monarch, which begins as follows:

"May you long enjoy your present speculative situation, and as a tree was once your royal roost, may a tree be always ready for your majesty. May you and your counsellors hang together, and may you never want any good thing which can be laid hold of. May your sceptre be strong in your royal hand, and may all your subjects fall down before it. May your progeny be numerous as the stars, and may the God of our fathers pickle your Majesty until the end of time."

Finding that to preserve was to pickle, this great linguist thought to pickle must be to preserve.

ONE of the Paris papers proposes as a remedy for OUELING, that the man who kills his antagonist should be obliged to attend the funeral of the latter, that he may be compelled to witness the grief, and bear the reproaches of the sorrowful widow, orphans, and relations, which a pitiful point of honor has produced. *This idea is not bad.*

AN OLD SAYING MISAPPLIED.

ONE, who when asked, could not comply, Exclaim'd, "I've other fish to fry."

A Frenchman, who overheard the saying, Soon misapplied'd it, this odd way in—

"I could do that which you do wish,
"But I must go and fry some fish."

THE learned Dr. West having married a lady by the name of *Experience*, who was very *tall*, being asked one day after his marriage, "what he thought of the married state?" replied, "that by *long Experience*, he found it was a good thing to be married."

THE wags of Paris say, that the ladies there show every part of their person but their face.—While those beauties that used to be covered, are displayed, the face is hid by a thick veil. We suppose that these *elegantes* show so much, that they are ashamed to show their *faces*!

MISAPPLICATION OF WORDS.

A Person giving an account of an entertainment to which he had been invited, said, that "the dinner was *desperate* well cooked, the wine was *terrible* good, Mr. ***** was *dreadful* polite, and his daughters were *cruel* pretty, and *abominable* fine."

Some weeks ago a young man coming in the stage from Baltimore to Philadelphia, entertained his fellow passengers with an animated description of a ball, which he had the *honour* of attending a few evenings before in Baltimore, and dwelt particularly upon the *fineness* of the company—"But you must know," says the silly fop, (viewing himself with a complacency peculiar to vain minds) "that these are *not* the cloaths I wore that night!"—Match this! we who exclaim so loudly against female vanity.

INTELLECTUAL DISCERNMENT.

From the "*Pleasures of the Imagination.*"

WHAT then is *taste*, but the internal powers, Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd or disarranged, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.

PHILADELPHIA,

OCTOBER 30, 1802.

Mr. Peale's sons on their tour through Europe to exhibit the skeleton of the Mammoth, we hear are arrived in London, and have received the polite attention of several of the learned and ingenious men of that city—they have taken the spacious Room formerly used by the Royal Academy in Pall-Mall, a few doors from Carlton House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, the *Shakespeare's Gallery*, the *Historic Gallery*,

and others in the same street, and is therefore in the fashionable Lounge. [*Phil. G.*]

A letter from Reading (P.) mentions the following circumstance:—"On the 11th inst. a duel took place here, between Mr. Samuel D. Franks of Philadelphia, and Mr. Anthony Morris of this town. One shot only was exchanged; Mr Franks received a ball in his right thigh, which penetrated about half through. By the assistance of a surgeon the ball was extracted within the space of an hour after it had entered; and in the course of ten days, several pieces of cloth and linen were also taken from the wound which had been driven in by the ball. Mr. Franks is now thought to be in a fair way of recovery."

A Fire broke out in LIVERPOOL, on the evening of the 14th of Sept. which consumed a large range of Ware-houses, and destroyed property to the amount of from £.500,000 to £.700,000 sterling.

TADE, a small town in Germany, containing 182 houses, was entirely consumed by a fire which originated in a brew-house, on the 24th of August last.

Number of Intermments in the Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 1st to the 29th of October, ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health.)

	Adults.	Child.	Total.
Oct. 1, to 22, inclusive,	128	40	168
—23,	10	5	15
—24, }	24	7	31
—25, }			
—26,	6	4	10
—27,	8	2	10
—28,	10	6	16
—29,	10	2	12
TOTALS,	196	66	262

Marriages.

MARRIED.—On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Dr. Nicholas Wyneop, of Newton, Bucks County, to Miss Sarah Campbell, daughter of George Campbell, esq. of this city.

—On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Green, Mr. George Maxwell, of Marple Township, Del. Co. to Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, of the same place.

—On the 24 h inst. by the Rev. Dr. Collins, Mr. Joseph Dill, of this city, to the amiable Miss Sarah Clayman, of Easton, Pennsylvania.

Deaths.

DIED.—On the 18th inst. Mr. George Emerick, of a short but severe illness.

—On the 19th inst. Mr. Daniel Moynihan, late of this city.

—On the 24th inst. Mr. Charles Warton, son of the late John Wharton, esq. of this city.

—On the 25th inst. Mr. Joseph Greff, printer and bookseller of this city.

—At Abington, Penn. of which place he was a native, Mr. Joshua Morris, esq. in the 94th year of his age—he was many years a member of the Legislature, and a useful member of society among the people called Quakers.

—In Montgomery County, on the 13th inst. in the 26th year of her age, Mrs. Margaret Cauffman, wife of Mr. John Cauffman, after an illness of a few weeks.

—At Burlington, the 20th inst. in the 82d year of her age, Rachael Offley, widow of Daniel Offley, deceased—she was a native of Philadelphia, and much respected as an elder of the Women's Meeting of Friends in this city.

—At New-York, on the 10th inst. of a bilious intermittent fever, Mrs. Frances Barrall, wife of Mr. Jonathan Barrall, esq. cashier of the U. S. Bank, in that city.

—At Washington City, on the 24th inst. Captain Gerard Hall, formerly a Clerk in the department of the Treasury of the United States.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D. has again been unfortunate in his selection—the Letter from a Quaker to his Watch maker has been so often published, as to have lost entirely the fascinating charm of novelty.

The editor feels gratified in the general return of his former correspondents—X. W. T. came too late for this week; his series of Hymns will be again commenced on Saturday next, with No. X.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following communications, which will be duly attended to—*Ode to Contentment*, by Florio—*Ode to an Infant*, by Gerlando—*Sonnet, Summer's Morning*, by Charles.

PROPOSALS,

FOR PUBLISHING A WORK, ENTITLED,
The FEMALE MENTOR:

OR,

SELECT CONVERSATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

The following character of this elegant work, is extracted from the *Analytical Review*.

MISCELLANEOUS entertainment and instruction are here presented to the public under a new form. A select company of friends are supposed to meet once a fortnight, and each to bring something towards the common stock of information or amusement; for example, some biographical anecdotes, some historical relations, an essay on some subject, or a copy of verses.

These pieces, which are selected with judgment, and, as far as they are original, are drawn up with classical neatness, may afford such young ladies as have a turn for reflection an improving as well as agreeable amusement for a leisure hour.

CONDITIONS.

I. THE two volumes shall be comprised in one—to contain about two pages duodecimo, to be handsomely printed on a fine paper and good type.

II. The price neatly bound and lettered, will be one dollar; to be paid on delivery.—The subscribers' names shall accompany the work.

Subscriptions received at the Office of the Philadelphia Repository.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

....."Life is a dream." WAITS.

COME muse, with sable pinions hither lend!
And aid my feeble melancholy lays,
To pay the last sad tribute to a friend—
Yet small this tribute is which friendship pays.

Free from mortality's afflictive cares,
In earth's cold lap Maria rests her head—
Her aged parent sheds unnumber'd tears;
But tears, alas! cannot recall the dead.
Grief to my breast exulting holds her reign,
And with keen anguish preys upon my heart;
Bright recollection adds new pangs to pain:
Nought can relieve me from affliction's smart.

I bend with sorrow o'er the new made grave,
Where lies Maria still to me so dear;
Repeated sighs within my bosom heave,
And from mine eyes oft rolls the burning tear!

Her heart, which once with brightest friendship glow'd,
Has ceas'd to beat for ever in her breast;
Her lips, from which once mild instruction flow'd,
Are by death's icy hand in silence press'd.

Each virtue which adorns the glowing mind,
She in an eminent degree possess'd;
Her conversation, gentle and refin'd,
Pleas'd all who with her company were bless'd.

She was her mother's only joy and pride,
The only prop of her declining age;
Though sickness oft her parent's peace destroy'd,
A daughter's care could ev'ry grief assuage.

Ere life to save in vain was tri'd each art,
She sunk in all her tender youthful bloom;
Death, mark'd in slow consumption, veil'd his dart!
And sent an early victim to the tomb!

As the bright rose, array'd in op'ning bloom,
By some rude hand is level'd with the ground;
So sunk Maria! in an early tomb,
When death, stern tyrant, call'd with awful sound!

Her sickness she with resignation bore;
Her only hope was in the realms above;
She long'd to gain that bright celestial shore,
Where dwells the great *ETERNAL, God of Love!*

Oh have I, with her, at the morning's dawn,
(When joyous nature hail'd returning light,)
With feet unwear'd trod the dewy lawn,
And gaz'd on ev'ry scene with fond delight.

Oh have I at that contemplative hour,
When night and silence clos'd upon the day,
Sat with her in the cool refreshing bow'r,
And in sweet converse pass'd our time away.

Oh have I seen her drop the silent tear
Of sympathy, to ev'ry tale of grief;
She plac'd misery with an heart sincere—
Her hand was ever stretch'd with kind relief.

But ah! these pleasing short-liv'd joys are fled,
Which fond remembrance now recalls to mind;
Since dear Maria rests among the dead,
In ev'ry scene I nought but sorrow find.
Adieu! dear friend! to realms of endless bliss
Thy happy spirit now has wing'd its way!
To dwell for ever in pure happiness,
And taste the joys of an eternal day!

M. L.

ELEGY

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

SCENE—CHURCH-YARD.

TWILIGHT descends, and clothes in mantle grey
The herbage vales which late own'd sol's full pow'r;
Meek Nature mutes at departing day,
And solitude awaits her favourite hour.

How still the scene—save where the zephyrs mild,
Creep thro' the wither'd foliage of the trees:
Whose murmurs, softly low, or pleasing wild,
Arouse the senses from inactive ease.

Now night hath strew'd her horrors all around;
Hush'd! is the zephyrs voice—no more it charms;
Awful rude Boreas hurls along the ground
His deaf'ning blast, and waves his powerful arm.

Hoarse thro' the notes, yet fancy in mine ear
Whispers, while all my soul is fill'd with dread,
Soft is the bleak-wind, for it wakes no tear
O'er the cold relics of the silent dead.

No; the keen blast that shakes the throbbing heart,
When a fond parent, friend, has sunk to rest,
Is sympathy, is love's delicious smart:
Which swell with sighs the agonizing breast.

View, O my soul! those rising heaps of clay:
They speak this lesson—Timely be thou wise;
Like you our tenants once were young and gay,
But now death's awful hand hath clos'd their eyes.
Shall these then claim the tear?—Oh I mark that sigh!
It tells some kindred soul hath 'scap'd its mould;
Perhaps the hapless mourner lingers nigh
The hallow'd spot where lies the slumberer cold:

Blasted, perchance, while hope's expansive beam
Blaz'd with full glory round the victim's head;
Haply cut down, ere on life's sylvan scene,
Fortune had frown'd or blooming youth had fled.

Such was the fate of her, who, hush'd in death,
Nor lies entomb'd beneath yon tufted sod:
Who lately yielded up her latest breath,
To dwell in safety with her Maker God.

Stranger! if sad thou comest here to view
This place of tombs—O then before we part,
List to the story which I tell, (tis true)
And bear the moral in thy tender heart.

Sweet as the rose, bestrew'd with dew-drops fair,
When morning's soft radiance breaks upon the grove,
Meek *HM*—liv'd beneath her parents' care:
Their only joy, their tender hope and love.

From her mild dawn she strove with anxious care,
To gain applause by being virtue's friend;
From vain arts flee she 'scap'd that hidden snare,
Which flattery lays to gain its selfish end.

Firm in her duty—steadfast in her love
To parents kind, she all their cares beguild;
And heav'n approving, bounteous from above,
Show'd richest blessings on their darling child.

But ah! stern death soon nipp'd the rose's bloom,
Soon call'd this angel from her shrine of clay;
Straight at the sound she rose beyond the tomb,
And soar'd to regions of eternal day.

Learn hence, gay worldlings, never to despise
Fair Wisdom's lore, but take the instruction giv'n;
'Tis she who marks the pathway to the skies,
'Tis she alone can point the road to heav'n.

And you, woe-burthen'd parents, vent your grief,
In gentle sorrow o'er your daughter's clay;
For soon shall heav'n in mercy send relief,
And drive your anguish and your tears away.

FLORIO.

REBUSES, &c.

From a Correspondent in Annapolis.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 296.)

11. One day in town, I chanc'd to meet
A thing that mov'd along the street,
Though it had neither legs nor feet;
Nor wings, nor head, nor tail; and yet
Of feather'd kind, and black as jet;
It could not fly, and yet I found
It touch'd not, in its course, the ground;
By two twin-brothers 'twas directed,
And each five passengers protected,
What I admir'd ten times more,
It mov'd on slow, yet kept before,
Now say what was the thing so black,
And you'll oblige your servant Jack.

12. Young ladies now give ear, I pray,
To one the most forlorn;
To share my fate, perhaps, you'll say,
O had I ne'er been born.

Your lovely image I've display'd,
Possess'd of life and breath;
Am flesh and blood, though always made
By the rude hand of Death.

Now to conclude my mournful lay—
Of mortal frame am I,
And feel the pangs of death I may;
Though some of us ne'er die.

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AND

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Saturday, November 6, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

BAROME was next called upon to gratify their suspense with the account of his adventures, and the reason of his sudden appearance at the Abbey. In compliance with their request he immediately began, addressing himself to his Lady.

"You may recollect, my dear Madeline, the fatal night, when, in defiance of your pathetic tears and entreaties, you was forced by the ruffians, and was conveyed with our little Raymond from our Castle. I had been at the chace, and returning, found our house in confusion, and a guard placed to seize my person. Upon my appearance, I was bound and gagged, and in this manner conveyed, on a kind of litter, with rapidity several miles. At length we stopped at the gates of Corfe Castle, where I understood that I was to remain, under a strong guard, until called to trial for high treason.

"Fortunately I had a large sum of money about me, which proved infinitely serviceable, and procured my enfranchisement much sooner than I myself expected. I found means to bribe my mercenary goaler, and procured liberty within a week after I was first taken into confinement. Knowing it unsafe to continue in England, I fled to our sister for concealment. What passed there has been already related. When I rushed out of the room, after that scene which almost delivered me up to the insatiate vengeance of Sir Arthur, I wandered, careless of my fate, for several hours in the woods skirting the Abbey, till my attention was recovered by voices near me. I dis-

continued my pace, and heard your name distinctly repeated. Determined to know the result of this, I again listened, and heard one, whose voice convinced me that it was Sir Author: he said—

'Pedro,—you know that the many obligations you are under to me require some small return of gratitude: it is now in your power to serve me essentially, for which you need not fear being liberally rewarded. I think you have not hitherto found me very deficient in acknowledging your services.'

"Pedro assured him that he had no cause of complaint, and declared himself willing to do whatever he should require.

"You must know then," resumed De Warrenne, lowering his voice, "I have been grossly injured by Lady De Warrenne: she has found means to produce a will, which I have strong reason to believe forged, declaring herself sole heiress to the immense possession of my dear deceased brother, thereby depriving me of my right by inheritance; for though the title becomes extinct without a male descendant, the estates, personal and real, should be mine.—Nor is this all: far be it from me to court the fortune solely from mercenary motives, did I not find her unworthy to enjoy it. I have detected her in such criminal intrigues, and have such incontestible proofs that the child she has now given birth to, and for which she wishes to obtain the fortune, is base born, that I cannot endure to let her triumph in her iniquity. We must therefore find means to dispatch the child—you comprehend me; and, by close confinement, subdue the haughty spirit of the Countess. To your care I shall leave her in the Abbey; and the sooner she gets out of the way the better; and you shall be liberally rewarded."

"The man again renewed vows of his fidelity, and they parted. Petrified with horror, I stood some time incapable of mov-

ing from the spot where I was. Something however, must be done immediately to avert the impending danger. I walked continually about the Abbey in a disguise which I had procured; and from your kind physician learned daily the state of yourself and infant. He seemed interested in your welfare, and I found that I might trust him with our secret. I sent the note which you received, and clasped the lovely Matilda to my anxious heart, and instantly left Ireland. I had prepared every thing for our departure, and reached the cottage of your faithful Leonard in safety. He received it with transport, and promised to protect it. Elated with my success, I from that time led a wandering life from one country to another; and had the satisfaction to hear my hard fate, while unknown, universally deplored.

"Nothing material happened till I had one day, the satisfaction to learn that the tyrant John was no more; and that Somerset, the regent, had granted a free pardon to all the outlawed Barons. Transported with joy, I hastened to Court, and, seeking Somerset, prostrated myself at his feet, entreated the restitution of my wife, and produced incontestible proofs of my right to the Barome estate. He graciously promised to reinstate me in my former honours, and immediately signed an order for your release, of which I was myself the bearer to the Castle of Sir Roger De Lacy, high-constable.

"Judge my anguish at learning your escape! But for the generous care of our young friend, I fear I should have committed some act of desperation. I also learnt that De Lacy had paid the debt of Nature. I rashly accused Valtimond of having concealed you. He protested his ignorance, and informed me of the circumstances you have already related; suppressing, with generous modesty, the active part he took in your escape. I then deter-

mined to seek you here, and laid before Somerset a petition for the release of Lady De Warrenne, and obtained it. De Lacy, insisting upon accompanying me hither, informed me of the disguises you had assumed. We traced you to the cottage of Shannon, tho' ignorant of the happiness that so nearly awaited us.

'I have now, as well as the perturbation of my spirits will allow, given you a faithful detail of what has befallen me since our unhappy separation.'

Here De Barome concluded, and his Lady wept, as she reclined her head on his affectionate bosom. Nothing but the absence of their son Raymond could have cast a gloom upon their happiness, and they resolved to lose no time in claiming him, as well as the fortune so fraudulently detained from the Countess De Warrenne.

'Surely,' cried Barome, ironically, 'our adventures do not seem complete. Cannot you,' addressing De Lacy, 'finish them, by favouring us with your confessions. I have no doubt that they would more particularly interest some of the auditors than my dull history!'

The colour mounted to the cheeks of Valtimond as he cast an apprehensive glance on Matilda: her eyes were fixed on the ground, and her face wholly covered with a crimson scarcely a shade paler than that of his own. Lady De Warrenne perceived her embarrassment, and laughingly changed the subject; saying, gaily—

'For the present wave that subject; this is not a time for confessions: at some future opportunity it may be more acceptable. It now grows late; let us retire.'

They then separated for the night, purposing to depart the next morning for Sir William's chateau.

CHAP. X.

Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,
Bent upon peril: in the range of Death
Resolved to hunt for fame; and with his sword,
To gain distinction.

HOMER.

SCARCELY had the wonder of the preceding events subsided, when another, of no less unexpected a nature, again involved the inhabitants of the Abbey in fresh difficulties.

As they were seated the next morning in cheerful conversation, a messenger arrived almost breathless with haste, and, without alighting, demanded Lady De Warrenne. De Lacy started up, and accompanied her to the gate, when the courier, bowing respectfully, put into her hands a sealed packet, and, clapping spurs to his horse, was out of sight in a moment. The adventure was so sud-

den, that the Countess was some minutes before she could examine the contents of her parcel. When recovered, she broke the seal, and to her astonished eyes were presented the following words—

Most injured and unfortunate Lady.

'Can you with unprejudiced mind peruse these lines, penned by the unconscious usurper of your rights:—it is that Raymond who has been the supposed lawful heir to the possessions of Sir Authur that now addresses you. I have learned to revere your virtues, and lament your sufferings. The man—(I was about to call him monster!—but he was my *benefactor*)—is no more: his lady too, ere you receive this, has breathed her last. From a faithful servant of their household I learnt your wrongs, and now make all the restitution in my power.'

The secret of my birth at first overwhelmed me with painful ideas; but I hope to bear my disappointment as a man. I am as yet but very young: a large field of glory is open for my pursuit. To you I resign your long withheld rights, and hope, by a life of honour, to add a name I need not blush to acknowledge to that of

"RAYMOND."

Some other papers were also contained in the packet, which were a voluntary resignation of the estates and the possession, with her husband's will, which had before been torn by Sir Authur from the Countess.

Her eyes were suffused with tears as she paused with admiration on the nobleness of soul in a youth of fourteen.—She handed the letter to Barome.—

—'Your son is, indeed, worthy of you.'

Her voice failed, and she was obliged to leave the room to hide her grateful emotions. Lady Barome snatched the letter; and perusing it, gave way to the most extravagant grief.

'Alas!' she cried, 'my charming boy is lost to us for ever, nor shall I behold him more!'

Her husband tried to sooth her, by representing how much better it was, after being a short time separated from him, than to have found him an object unworthy of their love or care; concealing his deep grief in attending to restore the composure of his Lady.

Matilda's efforts were, as usual, effectual in soothing her; and it was proposed by Valtimond, that himself and Barome should hasten with all possible dispatch to Warrenne Castle, and prevent, if in their power, the departure of Raymond.

Respect for the maternal anxiety of Lady Barome got the ascendancy over their femi-

nine apprehensions: it was unanimously agreed upon.

De Lacy, mean while, had not been idle: he succeeded in impressing the mind of the Countess in his favour: and obtained from Matilda a blushing promise to unite her fate with his, if it met the approbation of her mother on their return to England. He then took a tender farewell, and departed elated with the prospect of bringing their affairs to a happy conclusion. And while the deserted females turned disconsolate from the windows, where they stood to take a last view of their departing friends, and breathed a fervent prayer for their success. De Barome and Valtimond pursued their journey without any very sanguine expectation, and found the Castle De Warrenne in the care of Jaques, who could give no account of the young hero, and sincerely lamented that he had been the cause (by his knowledge of the family secret) of driving Raymond from the Castle.

While Barome went to London to take possession of his recovered estates, De Lacy repaired with the mortifying intelligence to his fair friends in Ireland. Hope, however, did not wholly desert the mind of Lady Barome; and she flattered herself, that when she had regained her habitation in England, some means might be thought on to recover their lost son. Not willing to damp by her own sadness the pleasure which her companions experienced upon the accomplishment of all their wishes, she therefore struggled with the dejection of her spirits, and made the necessary preparations for her departure with alacrity, while De Lacy was unremitting in his zeal for their accommodation.

'Ah!' exclaimed Matilda to Lady Barome, as Valtimond handed her into the carriage provided for their journey, 'how different is our manner of quitting this gloomy Castle, from that in which we first entered it, unknowing and unknown! As indigent wanderers did we, almost sinking with fatigue, pass its inhospitable gates:—while, now, happiness and brilliant prospects are opening on every side!—Who shall dare mistrust the secret-working hand of Providence? which, while apparently overwhelming us with misery, is, in fact, always leading us to greater felicity?'

De Lacy pressed the hand he held with rapture to his heart, and the Countess cast a glance of approbation on her daughter, for having thus expressed the piety of her thoughts.

Their journey was performed with rapidity; and though the voyage was far from

tedious, they even thought it an age, ere they were joined by Sir William. The sensations of Matilda can scarcely be done justice to by imagination, at once more becoming an inmate of Warrenne Castle,—that spot which she had quitted as a domestic, and of whose extensive domains, she now returned sole heiress!—Nor was her joy diminished, after an absence of seven years, again to behold the honest friend of her youth, the venerable Jaques. The friendly familiarity of his former behaviour was now changed into an affectionate respect; and a tear of emotion fell upon the hand that Matilda with smiling sweetness extended to him.

“Ah! my Lady,” said he, encouraged by her kindness, “strange things come to pass within little time!—Who’d have thought to see you again in this manner?—But, pardon my boldness, I always said that you was too noble-minded to be only a servant.”

Matilda smiled: it was not the smile of vanity; but one she could not suppress at his well-meaning simplicity.

“My good Jaques,” she replied, “merit does not always appertain to high birth. We have all, unfortunately, experienced the fallacy of such ideas; and your own example proves, that the purest virtues are sometimes hid beneath an humble garb. But I should be glad, if, when you have time to recollect the events that have taken place since my departure, you will relate them to me. I have many questions to ask.”

The eyes of Jaques glistened with pleasure; and Matilda rejoined the party in the parlour, where she had passed many pleasant hours in attending upon Lady De Warrenne with Raymond.

Jaques neglected not to avail himself of the permission given by Matilda, respecting the state of the affairs at the Castle during her absence. He began by recapitulating his own concern at her departure: he then continued—

“No sooner did my master miss you than he flew with the utmost rage to his Lady’s apartment, and upbraided her with having contrived your escape, and, in the violence of his passion, discovered what you had taken such care to conceal. The dear Lady returned him not an angry or unpleasant word; but many times have I caught her crying most piteously, when she thought no one could see her.—Our little master Raymond, who grew apace, and was a most beautiful boy, would often repeat your name with an earnestness that made me almost cry. Well, my Lady, things went on so some time—

when, as I was attending my master a hunting one day, his horse having thrown him, he was bruised so desperately, that it was impossible for us to remove him home, and he had but just time to confess his sins before he died. He desired me to open the news as carefully as possible to his amiable Lady, whom, he declared, he had used very ill. Then he told me all about your mother Madam, being shut up in the Castle, and desired I would see that Raymond was taken care of; but which he need not have done, for we all adored him;—he was so kind, and so dutiful to my poor Lady, who did not live a week after Sir Author, for she was then in a deep consumption.

“My heart yearned for poor master Raymond; but he seemed more affected with the loss of my master and mistress than that of his fortune; for no sooner were they buried, than he sent a servant off with a packet of papers: after which, calling us together, he said—As it was proved that he had no right to the estate, he would make a formal resignation in our presence; that he had written to the Lady who was the rightful owner, whom he expected soon at the Castle, and from whom they would either receive their discharge, or be retained in her service; that for himself, he was going to travel, and should probably be absent some years.

“He then rewarded every one liberally; then taking, before us, a small sum of money and one of his horses, which he mounted, and delivering to me all the keys, he desired me to serve my new mistress as faithfully as I had my former one—and, to remember him! He rode away without any attendant.

“Ah! Madam,” sobbed Jaques, “had you seen with what a graceful and condescending look he bade us a separate adieu, it would have made your heart bleed. I am sure the Countess would not have been angry if he had stayed—and so I told him, but he said, No, no, my good Jaques, I have too long been a burthen upon the compassion of strangers, and have remained at home in inglorious ease, while my country stood in need of my services.

“Oh!—he was a charming young man: whoever saw him could not but love him.”

The simple eloquence of Jaques strongly called forth the effusions of sensibility from Matilda, and she determined not to repeat what had passed to Lady Barome, lest she should increase that corroding sorrow which the happiness of all around contributed to dispel.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From the Female Mentor.

MAXIMS OF FENELON, ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

(CONCLUDED.)

“BEGIN to teach children history, by relating little tales of interesting and noble actions, which will engage their attention, enlarge their ideas, and give them a taste for virtue; this method will lead them as they grow older, to wish to acquire general knowledge, and will render them pleasing companions.

“But endeavour to guard against presumption and self-conceit; always praise them more, when they doubt or ask for information, than when they seem certain of their knowledge: this is the best means of infusing into them gently a proper modesty of opinion, and of discouraging an argumentative manner, which is extremely disgusting in young females.

“Let not girls mistake vivacity of imagination, and facility of speaking for wit; they will otherwise interfere upon all occasions, and talk and decide upon subjects the least suited to their capacity. Tell them, that quickness of repartee, and a readiness of expressing themselves with ease and grace, are not essential talents, because they are frequently possessed by women who are deficient in solidity of understanding; but imprint strongly on their minds, that a discreet and regular conduct, and a knowledge when to be silent, and when to deliver their sentiments with propriety, are essential qualifications which command respect, and conciliate esteem.

“Parents frequently encourage girls in softness and timidity, bordering on weakness, which renders them incapable of being firm and uniform characters. They are perhaps naturally fearful, and they affect to be still more so, and thus custom confirms this failing; if you shew contempt for these fears and affectations, it will be the most effectual way to correct them.

“As an extreme love of refinement is too apt to influence the sex, represent to a young lady the utility of an accommodating disposition. Since we must frequently associate with persons who are not very refined, and enter into occupations not suitable to our tastes, reason, which is true good sense, points out fastidiousness as a weakness of character. A mind that understands true politeness, and knows how to descend to ordinary occupations, is infinitely superior to those excessively delicate

minds, that are overcome with disgust upon every occasion.

"Endeavour to persuade young ladies not to imagine that great beauty is the most desirable gift. A beauty idolizes her own person more than the most passionate lover. Inform them that beauty deceives the person who possesses it, much more than those who are its admirers; and lead them to reflect, that a very few years will rob them of all their charms.—A sentiment, Amanda added, which is elegantly expressed in the following lines, by an anonymous author:

Lo! beauty, still more transitory
Fades in the mid-day of its glory!
For nature in her kindness swore
That she who kills shall kill no more;
And in pure mercy doth erase,
Each killing feature in the face:
Dims the bright lustre of those eyes,
To which the gods would sacrifice;
Dries the moist lip, and pales it hue,
And brushes off its bonied dew;
Plucks from the cheek the damask rose,
E'en at the moment that it blows;
And all the loves that on it play'd,
Are in a tomb of wrinkles laid.

"Beauty without merit is very little serviceable to a girl: she can only expect to draw in a young coxcomb to marry her, with whom she must be wretched. But when modesty and virtue are joined with beauty, the possessor of these qualifications may aspire to an union with a man of real merit.

"As there are no regulations for dress, equipages, or way of living, there are in effect none for the general situations in life. Most women are disposed to love an ostentatious display, and are fond of leading the fashions: this vain ambition frequently ruins families, and the ruin of families must draw on the corruption of morals. On one side, this parade excites in persons of a low condition, the desire of appearing above their situation, which leads them to commit dishonest actions; on the other hand, it induces persons of quality, who find themselves without resources, to be guilty of mean and scandalous actions to support their expences; by these means are extinguished good faith, probity, and ingenuousness, even among the nearest relations. Endeavour, therefore, to convince young ladies, how much more estimable that honour is, which is derived from a right conduct, and cultivated understanding, than from any ostentatious display.

"Endeavour to give a young woman a proper sense of the part she is to act, if she marries. She is to have the care of educa-

ting her children: of the boys to a certain age, of the girls till they marry. She ought to have a quick discernment to find out the natural genius and disposition of each child, to conduct herself properly towards them, to discover their inclinations, talents and tempers; to persuade them by good advice, and to correct their errors. She should carefully acquire and preserve her authority, without losing their love and confidence.

"A mother of a family should have a proper sense of religion, to be able to instil good principles into her children.

"Many women too much neglect economy, particularly those in higher stations of life, accustomed to affluence and indolence, they disclaim this virtue, as involving them in unworthy occupations. Teach young ladies, that a mistress of a family should accustom herself to keep an account of her expences, to know the value of the necessaries of life as well as the articles of dress, that she may prevent waste and imposition. But though she should avoid prodigality, let her not run into the opposite extreme. Avarice gains little, and greatly dishonours those who are under its influence. A reasonable woman only practises frugality to avoid the shame and injustice attending an expensive and ruinous conduct; she retrenches superfluous expences, that she may have it in her power the more liberally to perform acts of friendship, beneficence, and charity."

PEEVISHNESS

EQUALLY WRETCHED AND OFFENSIVE.

MEN are seldom able to give pleasure, where they are not pleased themselves; it is necessary, therefore, to cultivate an habitual alacrity, and cheerfulness of mind; for mankind are chiefly influenced by their affections: and in whatever state we may be placed by Providence, whether we are appointed to confer or receive benefits, to implore or afford protection, we can prosecute our purposes with success, only by securing the love of those with whom we transact: for though it is generally imagined that he who grants favours may spare any farther attention to his behaviour, and that usefulness will procure friends, yet it has been found that there is an art of granting requests, an art very difficult of attainment; and that officiousness and liberality may be so adulterated, as to lose the greater part of their effect; compliance may provoke, relief may harass, and liberality distress.

No disease of the mind can more fatally disable it from that intercourse of benevolence, which is one of the chief duties of social beings, than ill-humour or peevishness; for though it breaks not out in paroxysms of outrage, nor bursts into clamor, and turbulence, and blood-shed, it yet supplies the deficiency of violence by its frequency, and wears out happiness by slow corrosion, and small injuries incessantly repeated. It may be considered as the canker of life, that destroys its vigour, and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

Peevishness, when it has been so far indulged as to outrun the motions of the will, and discover itself without premeditation, is a species of depravity in the highest degree disgusting and offensive; because no caution or regularity, no rectitude of intention, nor softness of address, can ensure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. While we are courting the favour of a peevish man, while we are making the warmest offers of service, or exerting ourselves in the most diligent civility, an unlucky syllable displeases, an unheeded circumstance ruffles and exasperates: and in the moment when we congratulate ourselves upon having gained a friend, we have the mortification of finding all our endeavours frustrated, and all our assiduity forgotten in the casual tumult of some trifling irritation.

This troublesome impatience is sometimes nothing more than the symptom of some deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confess his resentment, or sorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the first passages that are opened, and to let his passions boil over upon those whom accident throws in his way. A painful and tedious course of sickness frequently produces such a quick sensibility, such an alarming apprehension of any increase of uneasiness, as keeps the soul perpetually on the watch, to prevent or repel any thing from which inconvenience is felt or feared, such a restless and incessant solicitude, as no care, no tenderness, can appease, and can only be pacified by the cure of the distemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakness, is the cautiousness of old age: when the strength is crushed, the senses dulled, and the common pleasures of life become insipid by repetition, we are willing to impute the uneasiness of our condition to causes

not wholly out of our power, and please ourselves with fancying that we suffer by neglect, or unkindness, or want of skill, or any evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented, delayed, or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon those on whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greatest need of kindness and assistance.

But though peevishness may sometimes claim our compassion, as the consequence or concomitant of misery, it is very often found where nothing can justify or excuse its admission. It is often one of the attendants on prosperity, employed by insolence in exacting homage, and by tyranny in harassing subjection. It is frequently the offspring of idleness and pride; of idleness, anxious for trifles; and pride, unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Those who have long lived in solitude, indeed, naturally contract this unsocial quality; because, having long had only themselves to please, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations: their singularities, therefore, are only blameable when they have imprudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world. But there are others, who have, without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submissiveness the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach them but those who watch their eyes, and observe their nods; who never speak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such as he hires to lull him in the down of absolute authority, to sooth him with obsequiousness, and regale him with flattery, soon grows too slothful for the labour of contest, too tender for the asperity of contradiction, too delicate for the coarseness of truth. A little opposition offends, a little restraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; for a man who has been accustomed to see every thing give way to his humour and his choice, soon forgets his own littleness, and expects to find the world rolling at his back, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

On a Couple who were Divorced, and afterwards Re-married.

DIVORCED like scissors rent in twain

Each inourn'd the rivet out;

Now *twice* and riveted again,

You'll make the old *seams* ere.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

POPULAR PREJUDICE.

IT is ludicrous to listen to the violent invectives, anathemas, and philippics, which are so profusely poured forth against our physicians, from even the "shrivell'd lips of toothless, bald decrepitude." Their mode of practice, during the late epidemic is reviled and condemned on all hands. The popular gale is up,—and, I observe, the most illiterate, and in every respect, the most ignorant of the citizens are the loudest in their condemnation. I should be happy if those *sepiet censors*, would give themselves a few minutes to reflect upon the following natural queries:—

Are not the professors of physic, in Philadelphia, in general, men of talents and information?

Are they not men of unsullied probity?

Is their knowledge of the science of medicine at all problematical?

Can they have any possible interest in persisting in a mode of practice, destructive to the patient?

And is it not probable after having devoted many years to the theory and practice of physic, and in investigating the nature and properties of the human system, and the progress of disease, that they may possibly understand the yellow fever, nearly, if not altogether, as well as yourselves?

The use of mercury in that dreadful disease, is, I believe, adopted by every intelligent practitioner in Philadelphia, all that old women, and weak men say against it, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

SENEX.

MR. N. I dare say there are at least ten thousand "self-created" and self-sufficient doctors and decretnes in Philadelphia.

"Prodigious! how the things *prescribe*—*prescribe*!"
O delectable city!

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

Specimens of the ignorance and blunders of English Geographers, Tourists, &c. &c. with respect to America.

THE Rev. R. Turner, who has published a book called *Classical Geography*, gives the following account of the cities of Philadelphia and New-York. "Philadelphia (says he) is the finest and best situated city in America, containing thirty thousand houses, and one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, who are mostly quakers."!!—"New-York contains three thousand houses and twelve thousand inhabitants."

Another book intitled, Guthrie's improved Geography, after setting forth in the Preface that their (the Editors) relation of America, will be found both satisfactory and complete, as they have not only carefully examined the works of the celebrated Morse, but likewise applied to several other authentic sources which have enabled them to give the best information in the most satisfactory manner," states that "the city of New-York contains five thousand inhabitants, chiefly of Dutch extraction." Here is pretty strong evidence of the diligence of these London book-makers as to applying to the most authentic sources of information, as they profess to have done. An imposition of this kind in any American publication, would afford a fine opportunity for an English Reviewer to rail against our national honesty.

The very last edition of Guthrie's original work, describing the river Hudson, states that this river is navigable to Albany, which is "six hundred miles from New-York."

An English Tourist, whose name is not just now recollected, has published a volume of his travels through the United States, in which he speaks particularly of the orderly manner in which the Elections are conducted in the city of New-York. "On the appointed day, says he, all the citizens take care to be at home at a certain hour, at which time the inspectors of the Election go through the city with ballot boxes in their hands, and call at every door for votes, whereupon the citizens step to their doors and deposit their ballots in these same little boxes, which are straightway carried to the City-Hall; the votes are there examined, and thus the election is determined in a few hours, without uproar or inconvenience."!!!

An English editor of a work called, the *German Museum*, in his translations of some memories of Major Andre, records, that this officer was taken and hanged, "at the west point of America."

A London paper sometime ago made mention of certain improvements which were taking place in New-York, with a view to promote the health of the city, and observed that our corporation were erecting a range of permanent wharves on one side of the city, which were to extend from Corlears-Hook to the Battery, along the Delaware river!

Some notice shall be taken hereafter of the misrepresentations and falsehoods of Langcourt, Weld, Bulow, and a number of others, relative to the United States.

AN AMERICAN.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

From the CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

KABUL, says the Zendavesta, was born on the rushy banks of the river Macora; his possessions were great, and his luxury kept pace with the affluence of his fortune: he hated the harmless Bramins, and despised their holy religion; every day his table was decked out with the flesh of a hundred different animals, and his cooks had a hundred different ways of dressing it, to solicit even satiety.

Notwithstanding all his eating, he did not arrive at old age; he died of a surfeit, caused by intemperance; upon this, his soul was carried off, in order to take its trial before a select assembly of the souls of those animals which his gluttony had caused to be slain, and who were now appointed his judges.

He trembled before a tribunal, to every member of which he had formerly acted as an unmerciful tyrant; he sought for pity, but found none disposed to grant it. Does he not remember, cries the angry boar, to what agonies I was put, not to satisfy his hunger, but his vanity? I was first hunted to death, and my flesh scarce thought worthy of coming once to his table. Were my advice followed, he should do penance in the shape of a hog, which in life he most resembled.

I am rather, cries a sheep upon the bench, for having him suffer under the appearance of a lamb; we may then send him through four or five transmigrations in the space of a month. Were my voice of any weight in the assembly, cries a calf, he should rather assume such a form as mine: I was bled every day in order to make my flesh white, and at last killed without mercy. Would it not be wiser, cries a hen, to cram him into the shape of a fowl, and then smother him in his own blood, as I was served? The majority of the assembly were pleased with this punishment, and were going to condemn him without further delay, when the ox rose up to give his opinion. I am informed, says this counsellor, that the prisoner at the bar has left a wife with child behind him. By my knowledge in divination, I foresee that this child will be a son, decrepid, feeble, sickly, a plague to himself and all around him. What say you then, my companions; if we condemn the father to animate the body of his own son; and by this means make him feel in himself those miseries his intemperance must otherwise have entailed upon his posterity? The whole court applauded the ingenuity of his

torture; they thanked him for his advice. Kabul was driven once more to revisit the earth, and his soul, in the body of his own son, passed a period of thirty years, loaded with misery, anxiety, and disease.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Literary.

A Volume of Poems has lately appeared, written by Mitchell Sewell, Esq. of N. H. possessing just claims to public applause. Indeed the excellence of these poems is not questionable. The author discovers taste, ingenuity, a fine imagination, and is, in my opinion, singularly judicious in the choice of his subjects. Yet these poems are strangely neglected, and almost unnoticed. It would seem that every American work must cross the Atlantic, and receive the approbation of British Reviewers ere we can appreciate its value. Before this ordeal has passed, no American production has been noticed in *America*, at least, no one with which I am acquainted. This may be thought a severe national reflection. It is. Yet is it not just? Mrs. Morton, our countrywoman, was little known until English Reviewers celebrated her elegant poem, called, *Onabi, or the Virtues of Nature*. This is a fact, and it is a shameful one. Are we incapable of estimating talents?

Whatever may be the cause of such chilling neglect of our own writers, its operation upon literature is baneful in the extreme; since without the fostering applause of the public, science will languish and die. Politics appear to engross every thought and care.

[These Poems so deservedly noticed by our literary correspondent, have already obtained considerable celebrity to the eastward, tho' only published last year. As a specimen of the author's poetical talents, and ingenuity, we present our readers with the following sketches, or, as he chuses to term them, "PROFILES of eminent men, &c." which "were produced while the author was confined by sickness, labouring under the worst of maladies, nervous affections. As his own physician he prescribed the task, to divert his attention from himself. And to overcome indolence he contrived to render it difficult, and even, severe, by confining himself to the letters of the respective names, while at the same time he wished to preserve the spirit and likeness of the original characters. How far he has been successful, others must judge. But the

prescription succeeded with himself. It alleviated his pain, and diverted his melancholy. And tho' painters are not always the best judges of their own performances, he flatters himself that in some instances a likeness will be discovered by others between the picture and the original."]]

BACON.

BLEST sun! whose beams light, knowledge, truth,
dispense,
All INTUITION and INTELLIGENCE!
Chain'd down in Gothic darkness, science lay
Oppress'd and smother'd! at thy piercing ray,
Night fled—and all was INTELLECTUAL DAY!]

LOCKE.

Let sage anatomists, with skill resist
Our bodies ransack—Locke dissects the MIND!
Clears the dark films that cloud our mental view,
Keeps steadfast to his system, proves it true,
Explodes old doctrines, and demonstrates NEW.]

NEWTON.

Nature to thy keen glance stood all unveil'd,
Each maze unravel'd, and each law reveal'd.
Wond'rous that mind, whose piercing ken survey'd
The plan by which the universe was made;
Open'd creation's book, and read aloud
NATURE, in ev'ry page, and Nature's GOD!]

HOMER.

High as the heav'n's, sublimely tow'rs thy muse,
O'er earth expatiates, and all nature views!
Men, heroes, monarchs, gods, thy spirit warms,
Earth shakes! seas roar! heav'n trembles! nature
arms!
Revere thy awful nod, and thunder with alarms!]

VIRGIL.

Verse sweet as thine, Apollo's self might own,
In majesty sublime 'tis thine alone.
Rous'd TERNUS lives again! fair DIDO mourns!
GRÆCE triumphs! PRIAM bleeds! and ILEON burns!
In war the LATIANS plunge! I fight, fly, yield,
Lost in the battle's roar, and tumults of the field!]

PINDAR.

Proud of his swans, see PIRÆAR from afar
In pomp terrific drive his blazing car!
Neptune and Jove his rapid course survey:
Dauntless thro' rival throngs he wings his way.
All eager for the prize, still presses on,
Reaches the distant goal, and gains th' immortal crown!]

HORACE.

Hail happy bard! replete with sterling sense,
O'erflowing wit, and graceful negligence!
Rever'd thy precepts, by experience prov'd,
AUGUSTUS own'd them, and MÆCÆNAS lov'd.
Courtly thine odes; thy wit so pure, so chaste,
Each critic may extol, but few can taste.

These "PROFILES" will be continued.

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 6, 1802.

THE observations of SENEX, in the 5th page of this day's Repository, on the indiscriminate reflections cast upon the physicians of Philadelphia, claim general attention. It is too often the case, that men of any profession become the objects of abuse when they fail to answer the expectations of the public, however unreasonable those expectations may be. But surely charity requires us to believe, that the physicians of Philadelphia have exerted the utmost of their skill in their mode of treating the yellow fever. It ought to be considered, that in attending patients in this disorder, they act not only as professional men, but are engaged in the interests of humanity, and adventure their own lives, while they face the king of terrors in one of his most dreadful forms.

AN ungenerous spirit of exaggeration, with respect to the health of the city of Philadelphia, has in several instances been evidenced by the editors of newspapers in distant parts of the United States, during the late calamity. A South Carolina paper some time in the month of August, stated the number of new cases of fever in 24 hours to be *nineteen*, when at that time they had never exceeded *seven*. A Kentucky paper of the 20th ult. asserts, that the number of deaths on the 30th of September, were *twenty-four*, when it is well known they amounted to no more than *eleven*. It is not possible that such blunders can arise from ignorance, as these editors possess the same means of information with those of other parts of the United States, and profess to give their statements on the authority of the Philadelphia papers.

On the first of this month the Board of Health resolved to grant Bills of Health as usual.

The Board of Health considers it no longer necessary to publish the lists of Interments.

An Official Return of Deaths at New-York, for the week, ending the 30th ult.

Sudden death 1—consumption 13—whooping cough 1—dysentery 1—consumption and dyspey 1—decline 1—scarlet fever 1—dyspey 2—derangement 1—fits 3—hives 1—drowned 2—burned 1—childbed 2—measles 1—carbuncle 1—small pox 2—complaint of the lungs 1—cramp of the stomach 1—debility 1—sore leg 1—disease not mentioned 1—Adults 27, Children 16, not distinguished 8.—Total 51.

Number of Interments in the Burial Grounds of the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, from the 1st of October, to the 1st of November, ending each day at noon.

(Collected for the Board of Health.)

	Adults.	Child.	Total.
Oct. 1, to 29, inclusive, 196	66	262	
—30,	7	4	11
—31, }			
Nov. 1, }	9	8	17
TOTALS,	212	78	290

RECAPITULATION.

	Adults.	Child.	Totals.
January,	142	75	217
February,	110	60	170
March,	100	47	147
April,	90	58	148
May,	82	59	141
June	96	67	163
July, (no returns received)			
August,	109	153	262
September,	178	106	284
October,	212	78	290*
Totals for 9 months,	1119	704	1822

* Including the interments for Nov. 1st.

WONDERFUL!

THERE is in the orchard of Col. John Armstrong, in Columbia, a peach-tree, on which there is fruit, nearly as big as a half-bushel, and would weigh, it is supposed, from 20 to 25 pounds!! [Cincin. Pap.]

SPECIMENS OF NATIVE FRENCH PORCELAIN EARTHS.

THE Mineralogical Society of New-York has been furnished with three samples of those peculiar materials which are employed to make the fine porcelain of France. They were obtained at the manufactory of China-ware, at Sevre. No. 1. is a beautiful white substance, of such remarkable natural qualities, that the best ware can be formed of it without any addition or admixture. It is found in Limoson. No. 2. is a sort of a very fine and pure clay, fit for making any inferior kind of ware. No. 3. is a species of spar for glazing the porcelain. It is white, hard, and of a very fine grain, resembling, more than any thing, the nicest pieces of snowy quartz.

These specimens not only serve to gratify rational curiosity, but have a further use. By being preserved as standard samples, they will aid the judgment by deciding upon the qualities of any of the native earthen of the United States, that may be offered for examination. [Amer. Revu.]

MAGNIFICENCE OF THE KING OF NAPLES.

BY information from Italy, we learn, that the petition of Dr. Mitchell, to his majesty, the king of the two Sicilies, has been granted. The request was, that his majesty, Ferdinand IV. would grant the petitioner a

copy of that superb work on the antiquities of Herculaneum, and Pompeii, which has been published under the patronage of that sovereign, and at his expense. The petition having been forwarded to Palermo, before the king returned to Naples, was immediately complied with, and the book ordered to be forwarded to New-York. It is to the polite attention and influence of Messrs. Roiser and Roulet, merchants in this city, that this attempt to obtain a copy of that curious, valuable, work, for the benefit of the American literati, is indebted for its success. Through their friendship, and the bounty of his Sicilian majesty, we may soon expect that this rare and voluminous publication will arrive, and be added to our literary stock. [Ibid.]

ENGLISH MAMMOTH.

IN February last, was found, eight feet eight inches under the surface of the ground, in a gravel pit, in the parish of Newtown, an Elephant's Tusk, measuring six feet six inches in length, and 13 inches round the lowest end: It is quite perfect, and retains its pristine natural colour. A few days after, at the distance of about 20 yards from the above spot, and at the same depth, another tusk was found, measuring 11 feet 1 inch, and 13 inches round the largest end: this likewise is perfect, and retains its colour; and near it is a large bone, of the weight of 12 pounds, supposed to be the os ilium of an elephant. [Month. Mag.]

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 28th ult. in the county of Newcastle, by the Rev. Mr. Wallace, Doct. George Logan, of S. Carolina, to Miss Margaret White Peck, of Delaware. On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Linn, Mr. Jacob Lippincott, of Gloucester county, New-Jersey, to Miss Jane Ann Sykes, of Charleston, S. C.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 9th ult. after an illness of 6 days, Capt. Richard Kirkbridge, late master of the ship Swanwick; on the 26th died his mother, Mrs. E. Kirkbridge; and 3 days after, died Mrs. Elizabeth Murry, a sister to Capt. K.—Thus in less than 3 weeks, was removed from this transitory world, a tender mother, and two dutiful and affectionate children.

—, Near Gray's Ferry, on the 22d ult. in the 67th year of her age, Mrs. Catharine Fritz, relict of the late Mr. John Fritz, of this city.

—On the 26th ult. of the prevailing fever, in the 57th year of her age, Hannah Jackson, wife of Caleb Jackson, of this city.

—On the 27th ult. Mrs. Lucy Yard, wife of capt. Edward Yard, of this city; she fell a victim to the prevailing fever; she was a bride and a corps in the short space of five days!

—In the 30th year of her age, Mrs. Anne Smith, wife of Mr. Newberry Smith, of this city.

—On board the ship Sampson, on her passage from London to Boston, Mrs. Susan Colburn, daughter of Mr. J. Lozier, of London, and the amiable consort of Mr. James C. Colburn, merchant of this place, who came passenger.

—On the 29th ult. at his seat in the County of Philadelphia, Samuel Howell, jun. esq.

—On the 30th ult. of the prevailing fever, Mrs. Catharine Decora, wife of Capt. Joseph Decora, of the Northern Liberties, in the 30th year of her age.

—On the 23d ult. after a short illness, Miss Hannah Simmons, aged 30 years, daughter of Capt. Leeson Simmons, of this city.

—At Baltimore, on the 1st inst. after a severe illness of six days, in the 64th year of his age, Edward Langworthy, esq. deputy naval officer of that port.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

H Y M N S.

HYMN X.

COME Night in all thy sable hue,
Thy louring clouds, thy silence still,
See day's star sinking from our view,
His last beam trembles on the bill:
Come sweet meditation's friend,
Whilst the busy world's at rest,
Kindly thy assistance lend,
Banish folly from my breast:
My soul would rise to Him, who earth, sea, land,
Concealeth in the hollow of his hand.
Now, while the moon, with paler ray,
Tinges yon eastern hill with light,
And twinkling stars begin their way
To add new glories to the night,
Come my soul the day review,
Say, what goodness hast thou known?
Think what might have been thy due,
And humbly bend before the throne
Of God, who guides the circling spheres, and brings
Abundant good to all created things.

Ah moon! that cloud thy orb conceals,
The twinkling stars are seen no more;
The thunder rolls with deaf'ning peals,
The winds loud thro' the forest roar:—
Nature mourns her beauty lost,
Scowling discord mounts her car,
The surging waves beat 'gainst the coast,
And ruin's rage resounds afar:
When lo! thy voice, my God,—in earth, sea, sky,
No sound is heard, save zephyr's gentle sigh.
Great Source of being, life and joy,
Thus bless the world with heav'nly peace,
The power of darkness sin destroy,
Bid fear depart and sorrow cease:
Then each grateful soul shall raise
With holy joy, the sacred song,
And Nature great, through all her ways
The sounding anthem still prolong,
Their silver harps th' angelic choirs shall bring,
And loud hosannas thro' heav'n's concave ring.

X. W. T.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S

DOLOROUS LAMENTATION.

WITH fears and anxious cares oppress,
Devoid of comfort, and of rest,
Repuling greening, wailing, sighing,
And almost literally dying:
I come with supplicating phiz,
(May, think not, Sir, I can to quiz)
For evidence: untimely care
Alas! has silvered o'er my hair,
A looking-glass distracts my heart,
And my own shadow makes me start!

A length'ned visage, wan and pale,
Like malefactors in a jail:
Nay, Falstaff's ghastly band, to me,
Were well-fed sons of jollity.
O did you know my rueful case,
And could you see my ugly face,
Compassion, Mr. Hogan, would,
With tender pity, warm your blood.
These huge unweildy ills, and more,
That I incessantly deplore,
Are all brought on me, all—because
I violated Nature's laws;
Liv'd through my prime a single life,
And never tried to get a wife.
Oh wretched state! O timed saul!
What seas of anguish through me roll!
I have endeavour'd much of late,
To get a loving gentle mate.
But all in vain—the girls despise,
My groans, my eloquence and sighs;
They "laugh consumedly" at me,
And grin at all my pleasantry.

Pray, Sir, direct me how I'll get,
A sweet delicious little pet,
To keep me warm, o' winter nights,
And chase away the ghosts and sprites....
So begs and prays with wishes fervent
Dear Sir, your very humble servant.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE BANISHED KITTEN.

A TALE.*

Addressed to Sensibility.

"Dear Sensibility! source unexhausted of all that's precious
in our joys, or early in our sorrows! Thou chamest thy
marry down upon his bed of straw, and it is thou who
lifts him up to heaven. Eternal Fountain of our feel-
ings, Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the rough-
est peasant who traverses the bleakest mountains,—He
finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock. This moment
he behold him leaning with his head against his
creek, with piteous inclination looking down upon it.—
Oh! had I come one moment sooner!—it bleeds to death
—his gentle heart bleeds with it.
"Peace to thee, generous swain! I see thou walkest off with
anguish—but the joys shall balance it; for happy is thy
cottage, and happy is the sharer of it, and happy are
the lambs which sport about you."

WALKING and musing as I went along,
Contemplating the cheerful busy throng;
While pleasure sat depicted on each face,
And wrinkled care to placitude gave place.

Ease, happiness and joy, appear'd to reign,
And fancy, lightly tripp'd in each train;
When lo! amidst this scene of general joy,
One wretched object did my bliss alloy.

NOTE.

* The reader is assured that this is not a Tale of fiction, but a matter of fact. The Kitten was picked up a few weeks ago in Chestnut-Street, near the Bank of North America, in the situation described.

(Will steel'd humanity laugh at the tale?
And obdurately boast its coat of mail?
Mine be the task, with human feelings blest,
To help, relieve, and pity the distressed.)
Cast in the street by some unfeeling hand,
A helpless fugitive did trembling stand;
Half cover'd e'er with kennel filth it stood,
And in distressful plight it plaintive mew'd.
I stood, and gaz'd with horror at the sight,
And nearer drew to sympathize its plight:
When lo! I found,—disgrace to human kind!
The Kitten almost starv'd, and beaten blind.
Thus groping in the street, the helpless wight,
Met kicks of accident, and kicks of spite;
Till pity prompted me to soothe its grief,
And strive, at least, to offer some relief.

I took the stranger home, prepar'd a bed,
On which to rest its aching limbs and head:
But lo! no sooner had it gain'd a friend,
Than death to all its suff' rings put an end.
Happy for him whose cruel savage breast,
Unfeeling sees the innocent oppress,
If like this Cat's, his misery too would end,
When death performs the office of a friend....
But no, says Truth, 'tho' few this truth regard,
"Hence every deed shall meet its just reward;"
If good or bad, a faithful record's made,
And sure as God is truth, 'twill be repaid.
Where then, ye hosts of tyrants, will ye stand,
Who never knew, to stretch out mercy's hand?
You, that to others have no mercy shown,
Look to an angry God...and dread his frown!

DARCIER LITWELL.

PROPOSALS,

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Proposals may be seen, and subscriptions received by the Editor, R. SHAW, No. 13, South Fourth-street.

OCTOBER 30.

31.

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AND

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Saturday, November 13, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XI.

A matchless pair !—

With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace;
Her mild lustre of the blooming Morn,
And his the radiance of the setting Day.

THOMSON.

DE LACY did not suffer a long time to elapse before he reminded Matilda of her promise to become his wife: conscious of his worth, she hesitated not to fulfil her engagement. The Countess did not for a moment withhold her consent; and, at the earnest entreaty of the beloved couple, Sir William and Lady Barome stayed to witness the nuptial ceremony; and the enraptured Valtimond received the hand of his bride from Sir William.

All was joy and festivity at the Castle, the departure of Sir William and his Lady being the first interruption to the general felicity, who repaired to his chateau, which being not far distant afforded them means of frequent communication.—Elest with the idol of his affections, time flew swiftly over the head of Valtimond, when an order from Court arrived for him to head the troops under his command at ———. This stroke was as unwelcome as unexpected, and to part with Matilda he deemed worse than death; yet there was no alternative. In the happy peace which he had lately enjoyed, he had neglected, as was his intention, to resign his command, which now, in the hour of danger, not even the tender

love he bore his wife could tempt him to do at the expense of his honour.—Gladly would Matilda have followed him to the camp; but that her particular situation, and the tender duty she owed to her mother in her declining years forbade.

Lady De Warrenne was sinking fast into infirmity, and needed all the soothing cares of her daughter to comfort her remaining hours; but, as the period of separation drew nigh, it required all the solace of conscious rectitude to support the keen distress of the moment. All the difficultly-acquired fortitude of Matilda failed her when De Lacy, clad in armour, presented himself before her. Then did all the horrors of war rush upon her distracted mind; her active fancy presented him bleeding—dying—trampled upon by the horses of the enemy in the heat of the contest !—The picture was too much; she clung round his knees, entreating not to be separated from him.

Again he tenderly embraced, and begged of her, for his sake, not to give way to such transports; his accents alone had power to soothe her, and she promised attention to his request. Delighted to find her more reasonable, he once more folded her to his bosom, and promising to write at every interval, he tore himself away.

The clamorous noise of hostile music raised his drooping spirits; his pulse beat high with heroic ardor; and soon every thought was buried in the dear but dangerous pursuit of glory. A sharp engagement ensued, in which Valtimond had the pleasure to signalize his valour by several acts of intrepid courage:—he returned with his party, triumphant. His first care was to dispatch his aid-de-camp with the joyful intelligence of his safety, and increasing fame, to Warrenne Castle; and he waited the congratulatory answer of his Matilda with all the impatience of the most ardent lover.

Meanwhile, Matilda had become the joyous mother of a sweet little girl, which was baptized by the name of Constantia. The fond mother beguiled the tedious hours of her husband's absence in tracing in its infantile features a resemblance of her beloved Valtimond: the eyes, which were wholly his; the delicate complexion, possessed by Lady De Warrenne; and the arch turn of the mouth, which distinguished her own,—were enumerated with rapture.

The arrival of De Lacy's letter gave her sensations of the most exquisite delight; and she trusted that the pleasing intelligence which she had to return would compensate for the toils of an arduous campaign. She presented her infant to the aid-de-camp and desired him to give his master a faithful picture of its every feature: then, pressing the infant to her bosom, she overwhelmed the welcome messenger with remembrances to her husband.

Her sole consideration now was, the education of her child, to which she entirely devoted herself. She would sometimes mount the battlements, and with a telescope endeavour to distinguish the flying colours of the English troops. One evening, while occupied in this manner, she espied a soldier riding with the utmost speed towards the Castle. Her trembling heart beat strong with the hope of it being De Lacy, and she eagerly descended with the child in her arms. She had scarcely gained her apartment when his aid-de-camp appeared.

—“Speak—speak !”—she cried:—“what means this extreme haste?”

“Prepare yourself, Madam,” said Osmond, “for alarming intelligence! My master is——.”

—“I know !——I know !” screamed Matilda—“he is dead !”

“No—no—Madam; not so bad. But

I am sorry to say he is dangerously wounded."

This unhopcd for répricve was comfort to the agitated mind of Matilda, and mitigated the pain which she would otherwise have felt at the bare idea of his being wounded.

"Oh! take me to him!" she exclaimed, "I will fly this instant.—My presence will, I know, give him satisfaction."

"I fear you will not be able to bear the fatigue, Madam, of so long a journey," said Osmond. "My master is well attended, and will, in all probability, be recovered with care."

"Talk not of fatigue," replied Matilda, not attending to the latter part of his address:—"Is not De Lacy in danger!—and shall any consideration prompt me to neglect him? No! were the troubles tenfold, I would fly to my husband!"

Constantia climbed her knee, and looking piteously in her face, said:—"What, leave me, Mamma!"

Matilda pressed her with a despairing look to her breast:—"Sweet girl, I must leave you: but I shall soon return, and bring your father to you."

Matilda then threw her arms round the Countess's neck:—"For you, my mother, I know what must be your feelings, from the conflict I sustain in leaving you and that sweet babe; but I know that under your protection she will be safe and happy. I well know, that no selfish consideration will make you judge hastily of my conduct."

Lady de Warrenne, worn down by age and sorrow, could ill support so severe a shock as the deprivation of her only comfort; but she struggled with her feelings, and endeavoured to appear tranquil. The youthful and tender herald, Osmond, was melted to tears at the tender scene that took place.

The horses were by this time ready, and Matilda, again recommending her child to the care of the Countess, took a hasty kiss, and ran from the gate, not daring to trust herself with a future view of objects so dear. Osmond, with agitations scarcely inferior to her own, assisted her to mount, and they were presently out of sight. Matilda was roused from her meditations by the strange behaviour of Osmond, who, often fixing his eyes upon her, would heave a profound sigh, and then relapse into his wonted insensibility. The continual repetition of this could not but excite the curiosity of Matilda, and she regarded him with a look of surprise. At this the cheek of Osmond glowed with scarlet; and, to avert her piercing eye,

he would point out the various objects by which they passed on the road; then again sink into a profound reverie.—Rather alarmed at this inconsistent behaviour, Matilda began to entertain suspicions not much to the advantage of her companion, mixed with vague apprehensions for her own personal safety. Her alarm was quickly banished, when, with joy almost amounting to frenzy, she saw the tent of De Lacy, which Osmond pointed out to her at a short distance. She quickened her pace, and not attending to Osmond, who attempted to assist her, she sprung from her horse, and sunk, almost lifeless, on the couch of her husband.

Osmond passed his hand across his eyes, (while De Lacy rapturously folded Matilda in his feeble arms) and no longer able to hide his feelings, rushed out of the tent.—Matilda's eyes pursued him; then turned them with an expressive look on her husband.

"I understand you, my love," said Valtimond; "you pity our poor Osmond. Unhappy youth! I fear some misfortune lies heavy at his heart. He is a faithful and affectionate lad; but I have reason to suspect that the severity of his misfortunes is the cause of his eccentric conduct. I have a great regard for him; but there is a shyness in his manner that I can in no way account for."

Time flew swiftly while discoursing of their Constantia; and the mind of De Lacy was so much eased since his interview with Matilda, that his wound gave him but little inconvenience, and a short time restored him to perfect health. Ever anxious for her welfare, Valtimond hinted, that, dear as her society was to him, her return to Warrenne Castle was indispensably necessary, after so long an absence: she sighed compliance, and the next day, took an affecting leave of her husband.

Attended by the still dejected Osmond in her melancholy journey, to beguile the tediousness of the way, she drew her companion into conversation, and endeavoured, with the most cheering expressions, to dispel the gloom that yet clouded his brow. The sound of approaching horses interrupted their discourse; and casting a timid glance around, Matilda perceived at a small distance a party of soldiers, who were advancing towards them. Though unconscious to what she could attribute her terror, she made an involuntary start: the reins dropped from her hands; and the horse finding himself without a curb, and being a mettlesome animal, he set off with a most alarming speed. Pro-

videntially a young soldier sprung forward, and arrived soon enough to snatch Matilda from the horse before she sustained any material injury, and supported her almost lifeless to a bank. By this time the rest of the party were come up, and surrounded them.

Osmond, anxious for the safety of his lady, made his way through them; but no sooner beheld the youth by whom she was supported, than, after a loud shriek, he sunk senseless at their feet. The soldiers crowded about him, and opening his coat to give him air, discovered, to their very great astonishment, that it was a woman.—Matilda, roused from her temporary fright by the manifest surprise on all sides, now beheld the youth who had caused all the alarm, bending over the unfortunate girl with evident emotions of tenderness. Unclosing her eyes, she fixed them on him with a look of supplication, and, grasping his hand, cried—

"Forgive me, Albert!"

"Dearest Olivia!" replied Albert, "why distress yourself thus?"

He then added something in a low voice, which recalled the colour to her cheeks; and bowing respectfully to Matilda, with an apology for the trouble he had so unintentionally been the occasion of, was about to depart. Matilda called him back.—

"Stay, Sir:—permit me to observe, that as this lady has accidentally disclosed the secret of her sex, she cannot with propriety continue any longer in the character which she has assumed. If, therefore, it is agreeable so yourselves, she is welcome to a secure asylum at Warrenne Castle, until she can be removed to her advantage."

Albert started, and for a time appeared too much embarrassed to reply: then bowing, said—"Lady de Warrenne, I presume?"

Matilda explained to him his mistake; and again demanded of Olivia, if she was willing to accompany her home.

She cast her eyes timidly towards Albert; his spoke approbation; and, with many expressions of gratitude, Olivia accepted the generous offer. Matilda then dispatched one of the inferior soldiers to De Lacy with an account of the adventure; and taking a polite leave of Albert, they (being but a short distance from the Castle) continued their way without an escort, and arrived there without having exchanged a word.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OBSESSION.

IN every profession, every one affects to appear what he would willingly be thought; so that we may say, the world is composed of nothing but appearances.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN.

Having a desire to contribute my "mite," to your useful Repository, I send the following; although you will not find in it, the elegance of dignified language, you must certainly perceive that I possess a desire to inculcate on the minds of the female part of the community the necessity that exists for them to adhere strictly to virtuous principles and moral precepts. I am,

With great esteem, your friend,
M.

To the Female Sex.

NO. 1.

LADIES,

THRO' the medium of the Philadelphia Repository, (a paper conducted by a gentleman, whose desire to inculcate on the minds of his readers, the advantages of living a virtuous life, "without spot or blemish," are equalled by my own,) I beg leave to address you on subjects which materially affect your interest with the male sex, and which attract contempt, rather than the regard, which should be paid to those whom we ought to consider as helps, qualified in almost every manner to be our friends.—The first subject is of great magnitude, a subject which has drawn forth the admonitions of the aged, the spleen of the bachelor, and the envy of the satirist—I refer to your dress, which, though fashionable, tends in a great measure to make you disesteem virtue; despise the advice of the best of parents, and subject yourselves to the degrading and insulting effrontery of men. I have little to expect from the efforts of my pen, after the time and paper which has been wasted to reclaim you, should not your own sense of propriety call you from your "evil ways," and make you act aright.—Be no longer inattentive to your interest, no longer callous to the advice of one who admires your virtues and commiserates your folly.

AMATOR VIRTUTIS.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"The ancient inhabitants of the Canary Islands had the following method of embalming. The dead body was deposited in a cavity, adapted to its size, hewn out of a rock. The stone being of a porous nature, the animal juices were absorbed, or filtered through, and the solid parts, with their natural skinny mantle, indurated, by a process of natural embalming, to such a

degree as to resist the future assaults of time. They are still exhibited, by the natives of those islands to strangers who visit them, with the emotions of pride and veneration; as the images of their illustrious ancestors were ostentatiously displayed by the patrician families of Rome."

ANECDOTES.

A Gentleman in company with a fine lady, could not forbear telling her, that she was wondrous handsome. "Sir," says the lady, "I thank you for your good opinion, and wish with all my heart I could say as much for you too." "Why, you might, Madam," says the gentleman, "if you made no more conscience of a lie than I do."

A prelate of *Gascony*, having been elected Pope, in 1305, deputies came from his province to congratulate him, and declare their joy at his exaltation; their compliment being ended, one of them said to him,—"Holy Father, we are also come, in the name of your dear countrymen, the Gascons, humbly to entreat you to employ in their favour, the absolute power which it is said, you have upon earth. You well know, Holy Father, the barrenness of your poor country, whose inhabitants reap so little corn, that they are obliged to feed upon Chesnuts, to support themselves half the year; bestow on it, therefore, the fertility it wants; and grant that it may, henceforward, produce two harvests every year."—The kind Pope, who would not disoblige them on so small a request, replied,—"That he did, with pleasure, grant them their petition; and that as a still greater mark of his affection, he would add another gratification to it, which was, that whereas other provinces were allowed but twelve months to their year, the Gascons, through his special privilege, should have twenty-four in every one of theirs."

ABULFEDA.

AN Arabian philosopher of the desert, being asked one day how he came to know that there was a God, replied, "In the same way that I know, by the prints that there are made in the sand, whether a man or a beast has passed before me. Do not," added he, "the heavens, by the splendor of the stars, the world by the immensity of its extent, and the sea by the infinity of the waves that it rolls, sufficiently make known to us the power and greatness of their author?"

Another Arabian having the same question put to him, replied, "Does it require a flambeau to see the sun?"

A DREADFUL LOSS.

One evening, last week, a genteel and handsome lady, rode through Paddington, on horseback, with two gentlemen. It was observed that she made a halt, and that one of the gentlemen alighted and searched the road; but in a few minutes they all rode away, the lady holding her handkerchief to her mouth. Next morning early, the gentleman and a genteel woman, the lady's maid, were seen searching the road, turning up the dust, and inspecting the mark of every wheel, and every horse's hoof. The people inquired what they had lost, and offered to assist them; but the object of search could not be described, and public curiosity was wonderfully excited, when it was said, the articles lost were such as the poor people would not even pick up, if they saw them, tho' they were worth 10 guineas to the lady by whom they were lost. This excited the curiosity of the people to the highest pitch, and every one was puzzling his head to solve the riddle. The entreaties to know what it was that was lost, of course increased, and the astonished croud around the searchers increased also, pressing their offers to assist in the search, and making no doubt of success if they knew but what to look for. At last, the lady's maid whispered to a young woman, it was two of her mistress's front teeth, which she set great store by, as they were very beautiful, and her mistress saw them drawn from the mouth of a healthy young woman.—The false teeth were then whispered from one to another, till the secret was known to the populace, consisting of farmers, servants and laborers, from the canal, who laughed so loud and set up such a shouting, roaring and bellowing, about the false teeth, that the gentleman and lady's maid walked off unsuccessful with a large mob at their heels. [Lon. Pap.]

"A man," says a certain philosopher. "who wears finer clothes than he can afford, is like a person who puts on rouge, whilst he has an ulcer that is eating him up."

EPIGRAM.

On the Marriage of John Joys, to Mercy Bond.

THOUGH JOHN for MERCY loud had play'd,
And many schemes for MERCY laid;
Yet MERCY still—of Hymen fond—
Put off her JOYS, and kept her BOND.
JOHN (parry'd thus) the Year pi'd,
And soon his Res'ence MERCY ci'd!
Consenting MERCY heard his voice—
Gave up her BOND for dearer JOYS.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

National University.

THE establishment of a national university, as recommended by Gen. Washington, is not, I hope, totally relinquished. It is a plan actuated by the most enlightened and liberal policy. Such an institution would give a tone to science. It would give dignity and importance to liberal pursuits. It would reflect lustre upon our national character; if indeed we have any. Nor can I conceive the idea to be of a party complexion. Each party would alike participate of its benefits.

Such an institution would tend to reconcile political enemies. Than which, nothing perhaps is more desirable. It is a fact, deeply to be deplored, that the eastern and southern states harbour strong prejudices and animosities against each other. This antipathy may generate feuds that may have a fatal termination. The political atmosphere is already squally and portentous. Indeed, some persons are already perversely aiming at a separation of the union. The fatal consequences of such an event, may be easily anticipated. Hence the utility of any conciliatory measure. Now I cannot but think that an intercourse betwixt ingenious young men from various parts of the continent, would in a great degree destroy those ill-founded jealousies and prejudices which at present unhappily prevail. Young men in the mutual pursuit of knowledge, possess on openness, and a candour, which we look for in vain in persons of a more advanced age. Prejudices become rivetted by age, and not unfrequently acquire a permanent ascendancy.

Our national legislature, in whose hands the power of establishing this institution is lodged, have hitherto done nothing to promote science. At least, nothing effectual, nothing worthy the representatives of a great republic. This trait in our character as a nation, is a vile and a degrading one, however varnished over by a pretended love of economy. It discovers a creeping sordid baseness of spirit, a gothic indif-

ference to the arts that "embellish life," and a mercenary devotedness to wealth. Will a body which is alone clothed with efficient power suffer literature to group its way unassisted, or perish in its pilgrimage. It is no wonder that *genius sickens under our skies*, which indeed are not so inclement to the germ of science as its natural parents. France, with all her crimes, of which the newly established despotism, in my opinion is not the least, nobly cherishes genius, and successfully cultivates literature. Such was the conduct of the Grecian republics. There the rulers vied with the most ardent and munificent individual, in rewarding the efforts of genius. To this cause, much more than to their martial achievements, may be ascribed that unfading never-dying glory which they acquired. Public rewards and honours were there decreed to philosophers, historians, poets and orators. Poetry, sculpture, and music, were there carried to the highest perfection, and received appropriate honours and rewards. Every method which could animate genius, and eternalize works of art, were patronized with a noble enthusiasm by the Athenians. Thus a taste for whatever is chaste, beautiful, and sublime, was widely diffused. When shall we see a Demosthenes, a Pericles, a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle, a Xenophon, a Thucydides, an Euripides, a Sophocles, a Herodotus, a Phidias, a Zeuxis?

The grovelling, penurious and ungracious conduct of the people of New-Jersey on a former, and not a totally dissimilar occasion, appears to have actuated our supreme council. Princeton College, which has ever struggled against pecuniary embarrassments, applied to their assembly for assistance. Relief, after much exertion, was partially granted. A small sum was voted, and applied to the contemplated purpose. This act of the assembly, the only one ever made by that body in behalf of science, excited a monstrous clamour. The members who voted for the appropriation, were denounced by the infuriated populace. Their crime was deemed inexpiable, and a majority of those who voted for the grant, were left out at the succeeding election. If it were not for Princeton College, I am at a

loss to know what public institution New-Jersey could boast of.

If literature, and literary institutions, are thought unworthy the guardian care of our lawgivers, we may justly anticipate the contempt of all enlightened nations.

SENEX.

Economical.

On the use of Lime with Gun-Powder, in rendering Rocks and Stones.

By H. D. GRIFFITH.

I WEIGHED out two pounds of gun-powder, and one pound of quick-lime, well-dried and pulverized; which, after being thoroughly mixed with each other, I delivered to the blaster, with directions to apply it, in similar quantities, as he would have done the gun-powder by itself. I then selected six of the hardest granites I could find for the experiment; and the effects of the explosion were perfectly the same as if gun-powder alone had been used. It now occurred to me that this might be fallacious, and that a smaller proportion of gun-powder would produce the same effect as a larger: I accordingly ordered the man to bore holes in a similar number of stones, of the same texture and size of the former, and to put in a less quantity of gun-powder by one third, than he would have done if it had been left to his own management. The stones were separated by the shock; but the difference in the effect was manifest to every person in the field; those with the mixture of lime and gun-powder having been much more effectually broken and shattered than the others.

After the success of this experiment, I have constantly adhered to the practice;—and am so satisfied of its utility, that I wish to see it more generally adopted. One thing is certain; that a mixture composed of equal parts of quick-lime and gun-powder, will explode; and, if this mixture were used merely as a train of communication to the powder within the stone, what a national saving would it be in the works carried on upon an extensive scale, such as the numerous quarries and mine-works of this kingdom.

IMPROVEMENT IN WHITEWASHING ROOMS, &c.

ROOMS, Halls, &c. painted in distemper, or whitewashed, either rub or peel off; the following has, from experiment, been found a cheap and complete remedy,

viz. use skimmed milk, in lieu of water, and without any other size whatever; for instance, for a room of moderate dimensions, mix a little whitening with two or three quarts of milk, and if for white use the mixture; if for pink, after one coat of that mix milk and whitening; if for yellow, use Dutch pink. Walls painted in this manner will neither soil the hands or clothes, decency and economy may be united, as any handy person may give a room a coat of this paint in about an hour. For painting on decayed figured paper, two or three coats of the first mixture made thick with whitening, will be necessary to obliterate the figure, which can be done most effectually, so as to look as well as new, and with an annual coat of first white, and then any other colour desired, will last for many years. It may be necessary to observe, that milk possesses a mucilaginous quality; as a proof of which, any thing written with a black lead pencil, and made wet with it, cannot afterwards be erased, even by the Indian rubber." [Bel. Pap.]

REVENGE EXEMPLIFIED.

NO wounds are more incurable than those of honour. In almost all nations and ages, men have willingly sacrificed their lives rather than pocket an insult, and we seldom suffer unjustly without wishing to retaliate the injury, invariably presuming that we have a right to treat others as we ourselves have been treated.

One of the most striking instances of this kind is recorded of a young Spanish officer, who being ordered on service to some of the West-India Islands, happened to settle in one where the Governor or Viceroy had made a law that no Indian should be employed in carrying the baggage of Europeans. The young officer, whose name was Aguirra, notwithstanding engaged an Indian or Negro in carrying several parcels belonging to him. He was instantly accused, and condemned to the usual punishment, which was, that the criminal should be whipped on an ass. Great intercession was made for him without effect. With much ado, however, a reprieve was at last obtained for him for a fortnight, which reached him just as he was set on the beast stripped, exposed, and prepared for punishment. "Nay," says Aguirra, "the shame is suffered, and I am only reprieved for a fortnight; executioner, do your business, and return the tyrant his reprieve. The sentence accordingly took its course, and the young man endured the punishment

which he had incurred. But he never after could be brought to associate with gentlemen. He was constantly strolling about, gloomy and melancholy, in solitary corners. Soon after the Viceroy was removed, and another sent in his stead. Aguirra was still seen hovering round his palace. On this he was advised to move, which he did from the Havanna to Quito, which is 900 miles. Thither in a week's time Aguirra was seen to have followed him, as close as he could. From thence the Viceroy removed to Mexico, which is at least 1800 miles, and in about a fortnight, there Aguirra was also. "I am resolved," says the Viceroy, "to tire this fellow out!" And so transported himself from thence about 3000 miles; but there also did he soon find Aguirra. "Nay then," said the Viceroy, "I will fly the villain no more, but keep guard about me, and defy him!" which he did. But the palace-gates being one day open, and the guards engaged in play, Aguirra entered, boldly mounted the apartments, and there finding the Viceroy single and unarmed, stabbed him to the heart, and having no means of escape, stabbed himself at the same time.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE *Ornithorhynchus* is about 17 inches long, and 11 inches in circumference. It is found only in the fresh water lakes, in New South Wales: it does not swim upon the surface of the water, but comes up occasionally to breathe, in the same manner as the turtle. The natives sit on the banks with small wooden spears, and watch them every time they come to the surface, until they get an opportunity of striking. When they are taken on shore they use their claws with so much force, as to oblige the natives to confine them between two pieces of board, while they are cutting off the barbs of the spear to disengage it. When loose, they run upon the ground with as much activity as a land tortoise. It inhabits the banks of the lakes, and is supposed to feed in the muddy places which surround them,—but the particular kind of food on which they subsist is not known.

ADVICE.

It was a good advice one gave to a spend-thrift, who wanted to borrow money of him,—"Borrow of your back, and borrow of belly, my good friend; they will never afterwards dun you; whereas I should be plaguing you all day long for what I had lent."

Affecting Letter of Columbus.

Translated from the *Moniteur*, (a Paris paper) for the *National Intelligencer*.

The letter we present to our readers, bears every marks of authenticity. It is extracted from a manuscript at Jamaica, and appears to have been written after the last voyage of Columbus; at an epoch when having completed his rich and important discoveries of Veragua, Mexico, and all the coast of Terra Firma, from the Gulf of Honduras, to the mouth of the Orinoko, he was constrained by the ruinous state of his vessels, to go ashore at Jamaica; where he suffered all the extremes of misery. Cruelly tormented with the gout, abandoned by the greatest part of his crew, his provisions exhausted, and exposed to constant war with the natives, he had no other resource, than sending information of his condition to St. Domingo. He dispatched a confidential servant, in an Indian canoe, who was probably the bearer of the following letter, and papers mentioned in it, and which happily arrived at their destined place. But it does not appear, that the letter ever reached the court of Spain.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS TO THE KING OF SPAIN.

Jamaica, 1503.

FROM Diego Mendes, and the papers I send by him, your majesty will learn the richness of the gold mines I have discovered in the province of Veragua, and the intention I had formed of leaving my brother at the river *Berlin*, if the vicissitudes of life and the decrees of heaven had permitted.—Whatever may happen, it is of little importance to the unfortunate Columbus, whether the honour of finishing these discoveries and forming establishments, be reserved for some one happier than himself, provided your majesty, and your successors reap the glory and advantage. If, by God's permission, Mendes arrives in Spain, I doubt not that he will succeed in convincing your majesty, and my august mistress, that it is not a chateau and park that I have added to your dominions, but a whole world, with innumerable subjects, a soil fertile beyond example, riches exceeding all the imagination can conceive, or avarice covet.

But alas! not Mendes, nor this letter, nor any mortal tongue, can describe the troubles and sufferings of mind and body which I have endured, nor the dangers and miseries to which my son, my brothers, and my friends are exposed! For more than ten

months have we lain in the open air on the decks of our vessels, run aground on the coast and fastened together. Those of my people who have kept their health, have mutinied, at the instigation of Perras of Seville; those who remained faithful are sick and dying. We have consumed all the provisions of the Indians, so that they have abandoned us; thus famine menaces us with death.—To these evils are joined so many aggravating circumstances, that in truth it would be difficult to find on the face of the earth, a being more wretched than Columbus. One would think that heaven aided the rage of my envious enemies, and imputed to me as crimes my discoveries and my services!—Oh Heaven! and you ye saints who inhabit it! Permit the king, Don Ferdinand, and my illustrious sovereign Donna Isabella, to know that I am the most miserable of men, and that I have become so, only for my zeal for their service and interest!

No! there can be no suffering equal to mine! I see with horror the approach of my destruction, and still more that of my brave companions, who have sacrificed all to follow me.

Almost sinking under the weight of my misery, what avails the titles of *Viceroy* and perpetual admiral, except to render me more odious in the sight of the Spanish Nation? It is evident that every thing conspires to shorten the thread of my life; for, besides that I am old and cruelly tormented with the gout, I languish and expire under infirmities. Among savages, with whom I find neither remedies nor aliments for the body, nor Priests nor Sacraments for the soul; in the midst of rebel crews, with my son, my brother, my friends, sick and perishing with pain and hunger, and deprived even of the succour of the Indians!

The bishop of St. Domingo sent a messenger here, but it was rather to inform himself whether I was dead than to offer me assistance, for his people neither brought nor would receive, a letter, and refused even to speak to us; for which I conclude my enemies are waiting with the expectation, that my voyages and my life will terminate here.

Blessed mother of God, who compassionates the unhappy and the oppressed! Why was I not suffered to perish, when Cenell Bovadilla ravished from us, my brother and myself, the gold we had so dearly acquired, and sent us to Spain, loaded with chains, without the least pretence of justice, or the shadow of a crime!

These chains are the only treasures which remain, and I will have them interred in

my tomb, if a tomb is allowed me! For I wish for the honour of the Spanish name, that the remembrance of an act, so tyrannical and unjust, should be buried with me.

My death would have deprived Ovando of the satisfaction of seeing us, ten or twelve months afterwards, all the victims of the envy of men, as inexorable as the fatality of circumstances.—Ah! holy mother of God! let not the Castillian name be tarnished with new infamy.—Let not future ages know that there existed men so vile, so cowardly as to seek to recommend themselves to Ferdinand, by destroying the too unfortunate Columbus, not for his crimes, but for his exclusive right to the glory of having discovered and given a new world to Spain.

Great God! it was thy work. It was thou who didst inspire and guide me in this enterprise! Take then pity on me, soften in my favour those hearts, which still feel the sentiments of humanity and justice!

And you ye blessed spirits, who know my innocence, and see my sufferings, have compassion on the age in which I live, too envious and too much hardened in vice, to be affected by my fate.

No hope remains to console me but my reliance on the piety and justice of future generations. They certainly will pity me, when they shall learn, that at my cost and expence, at the risque and peril of my life, and that of my brother, and with little aid from the Crown of Spain, I have rendered to it, in the space of twelve years, and during our voyages, services such as mortal never before rendered to his king and country—and the only recompence I have received, is to be left to perish, after having stripped me of every thing but my irons; so that the man who gave a world to Spain, has not a cabin in which he can shelter himself or his wretched family.

Good angels! Protectors of the innocent and oppressed! Bear this letter to my august mistress. She knows all I have suffered in her glory and her service, and she will be humane and just enough to snatch from misery the soul and brother of the man who has opened to Spain such inexhaustible sources of wealth; who has added to her dominions, kingdoms and empires of unknown extent. She will not suffer them to beg the bread they eat. If she still lives, she will dread least the cruelty and ingratitude with which I have been treated, may provoke the anger of Heaven, to punish a succeeding generation for the transgression of their fathers, by permitting other nations to despoil the Spanish empire of the riches and the world which I have discovered.

"Profiles" of Eminent Men.

(From *Swallow's Poems*.)

(CONTINUED.)

JUVENAL.

JUST, though severe, thy dread satiric page!
Unblushing vice and folly feel thy rage,
Villains and fools, the rabble, and the great,
Each pimp of pleasure, and each knave of state,
Noble, and vulgar, share one common fate,
Arm'd but for VIRTUE, this dread champion rose,
Launch'd the red bolt, and hurl'd it on her foes.

OVID.

O'er fancy's fairy fields thou lov'st to range,
Vast thy invention! wond'rous ev'ry change!
In Love's soft school, unrival'd skill inspires,
Dame VENUS prompts thee, and young CORYD fires!

VIDA.

Vida in rich, but imitative lays,
Inspir'd, from HOMER cull'd each flow'r and grace.
Divinely sweet, did MARO's charms dispense,
And taught the "sound to echo to the sense."

ARIOSTO.

Astonishing invention! bard, is thine;
Resistless magic charms in ev'ry line,
Imagination fertile as thy clime,
On ev'ry scene is stamp'd, and scars sublime.
See the mad HERO death's grim terrors brave!
The furies o'er his head blue torches wave,
ORLANDO rages! and the MUSKS rave!

TASSO.

Tasso did HOMER's mighty genius scan,
And from th' immortal ILIAD form'd his plan,
See GODFREY and RINALDO strive, then own,
So strove ATRIDES and great PELLERUS' son;
One muse both bards inspir'd, then be their glory one.

CHAUCER.

Chaucer, thou merriest bard of ancient time!
How hum'rous all thy tales in prose and rhyme!
A fund of genuine satire through thy page,
Unbounded flows, thou laughter-loving sage!
Cull'd from the laurels that adorn thy hearse,
Each pilf'ring bard in *Rebels* thine lays rehearse,
Replenish'd from thy spring, thou sire of British verse.

SPENSER.

Spenser with pleasing allegory charms,
Profuse of Giants, Dwarfs, and Steeds, and arms.
Enchanters, wizards, damsels in sore plight,
Nor to be freed but by some courteous knight.
Such artful tales amuse an early age,
Excite to manly deeds, heroic rage,
Refine the manners, and all hearts engage.

SHAKESPEARE.

Sweet Bard of fancy, nature's darling child!
His native wood-notes how he warbles wild!
Aw'd by his nod, elves, witches, ghosts, obey,
Kneel to his power, and own his magic-sway.
Excursive o'er creation's bounds he flies,
Strikes Enchanted wand, and bids new worlds arise.

Pleas'd with the ideal scenes, we range alone,
Explore each part, and think 'tis nature's own.
Adieu blest bard! thy works shall never die!
Re-hear'd on earth, re-acted in the sky,
Enhancing human bliss thro' all eternity!

MILTON.

Muse of this favor'd bard, inspire my lays!
Immortal as his numbers be his praise.
Lost Bliss he sang, of ANGEL, and of MAN,
The SAVIOUR'S triumphs, and REDEMPTION'S plan.
On themes so wondrous feast the angelic throng,
Nor scrapp'd blush to chaunt the immortal song!

WALLER.

When WALLER sings, the tuneful muses throng,
All emulous to lead th' impass'd song.
Lur'd by fair SACCARIS'S heav'nly charms,
Love joins the sacred band, and lends his potent arms.
Enrich'd with all that genies can bestow,
Resistless flow thy strains, and shall for ever flow.

COWLEY.

Cowley's rich strains the source of wit inspir'd,
Of all Apollo's sons, once most admir'd.
With sparkling points luxuriant teems the lay,
Like the bright confluence of the milky way.
Exuberant shafts of wit successful prove,
Yet never fail to pierce when tip'd with LOVE.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 13, 1802.

NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

WE invite discussion on this important subject. The observations of SENEX, this day presented to our readers, may perhaps by some be thought too warm; but on a subject so deeply interesting to our national character, this warmth is certainly pardonable. Every man who unites the character of the gentleman and the scholar, must feel a glow of indignation, when contemplating the degraded state of literature in this country,—from whatever source it may arise.

The SONG with MUSIC, intended for last month, has been delayed through some unavoidable circumstances—It will however be given next week.

MEMORABLE OCCURRENCES.

Melancholy Effects of Slavery.

ON the 6th inst. a melancholy instance of the effects of slavery, was witnessed. A Negro man, belonging to a Frenchman in Trenton, was, under the authority of the Mayor of that place, taken in charge by a constable, to be delivered at New Castle, where a vessel was ready to convey him, his wife and child, (and probably many o-

thers) to St. Domingo. The constable, negroes, and a French gentleman, who appeared to act as superintendent, arrived in town that morning, about 4 o'clock, stopped at the house of Mr. P. Howell, inkeeper, in Second street, and about 8 o'clock, when they were apparently ready to depart for New Castle, the woman and child absconded, and the man on being ordered into the carriage, turned about, walked a few steps, and with a pruning knife, which seemed prepared for the purpose, cut his throat in so shocking a manner, that he expired in a few minutes after on the pavement. A Coroner's inquest was immediately held—and a verdict given, viz. "Suicide, occasioned by the dread of slavery," to which the deceased knew himself devoted. [Poul. Gaz.]

[From the Ohio Gazette, Oct. 4.]

SOME time in July last, Mr. William Warner, of this county, was lost in the woods, between the Scioto Salt-works, and the head waters of Le dng Creek, for twenty-four days; during which time he had nothing to eat but one pole-cat and a wood-turtle, (neither of them were cooked) and the buds and leaves of trees, principally eating those of the sassafras. When he saw the pole-cat, his strength was almost exhausted, but found means to kill it, and with his teeth (having no other instrument,) tore it to pieces, and of this animal, (even the sight of which, to a person not in a similar situation, is very disagreeable) he made a most delicious meal. During twenty-two days he saw no human being; but two days before he was found by Mr. Everett, he was seen by a hunter, at a time when he was quite deranged, who not knowing his situation, passed on without affording the relief which he did not know was wanting. One of his feet was bit by a snake, having lost his shoes, in consequence of which he was obliged for several days to go on his hands and knees. At first he discovered no inclination to eat, but when he had tasted victuals, nothing but the superior strength of those to whose hospitality he was indebted for his recovery, prevented the remedy proving worse than the disease.

[From the Vermont Mercury.]

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

ON Thursday, the 7th inst. a son of Simon Griggs of Colwell's Manor, about 6 years of age, having found a rope at the end of which was a noose: in a playful mood, put one end round his body the other end on a cow's tail. A servant was milking the cow at the time the boy was fixing his rope, but did not observe what the boy had done. Seen as the cow was milked, the boy struck her with a stick, which occasioned her to run, dragging the boy after her. The cow made for the lake, into which she ran, it being but a few rods distant: In her course, the boy was drawn over a log, against which his head hit.—Mrs. Griggs, observing the dreadful situation of her son, ran immediately into the water, caught the cow, and from which she extricated her son, by cutting the rope—but alas! she was too late, her son having already expired!

FEEMALE HEROISM.

PETERSBURGH, (Russia) July 30.

THE Czarina of Irutskaya, who governed the kingdom during the minority of her son, aged 12 years, was

the victim of a conspiracy of the principal boyars of the country. Her son was thrown into prison, but she escaped by stratagem the persecutions of the rebel chiefs, and made a journey of 1300 German miles, partly on horseback and partly in a kirtbika (a kind of chair) to Petersburg, to implore the assistance of the emperor. The emperor has accorded a body of 16,000 men to assist her in the recovery of her kingdom. This state lies upon a level with Mount Caucasus, and contains 1,500,000 inhabitants and is governed by an Emperor, who has the title of Czar.—The Czarina is a tall well formed woman, of about 36 years of age. The step she has taken is a proof that her resolution and tenderness for her son are above all regard to danger and difficulty.

[From the Baltimore American.]

CURIOSITY.

On a lot belonging to Mr. Sainsbury, and under the culture of R. Hales, in this city, there grew this season, from one root, 56 Pompiions—twenty-two of which were perfectly mature. This extraordinary vine, being measured in the presence of several respectable citizens, was found to be 1618 feet in length and the 8-13 in circumference.

Marriages.

MARRIED, On the 6th inst. Mr. Charles Mercier, to Miss Rebecca Sammers, both of this city.

Deaths.

At Wilmington, on the 1st inst. John Ferriss, jun.—The Board of Health have entered on their minutes the following just tribute to the memory of this amiable character.

"Sensible of the loss which the citizens of this place in general, and this Board in particular, have sustained in the death of our worthy fellow-labourer, John Ferriss, jun., who left this transitory, far we hope a happier state of existence, seven minutes before 3 o'clock this afternoon. We conceive it to be our duty, and we are impelled by our feelings, to insert on our minutes a record of his extraordinary services:—the prevalence of the Yellow Fever of 1798, first made us acquainted with his efforts and disposition to relieve the afflicted; but the present year has more intimately informed us of his usefulness.—As soon as the disease appeared, which has made such ravages among our citizens, and consigned 80 of them to their silent graves, he commenced his arduous services, and during its continuance did not for a single day intermit his attention to the sick, the dying, and the dead.

"The first mentioned he was in the constant practice of visiting twice a day—he took upon himself the care of the funerals of the latter. When after having performed a serious tour of duty—a duty enjoined by his commiseration for the distressed, anxiety for their relief—he fell—a victim—a late sacrifice to his exertions—for the happiness of others—and left on the hearts of his fellow citizens a grateful remembrance of his labours and his virtues."

At Wilmington, of the malignant fever. On the 26th ult. Et. 22, John Martin; also, Col. Thomas Keam. Mordecai Cloud. Jonas Alric's, useful and respectable citizens.

In this city, on the 5th inst. Et. 23. Mr. Robert J. Senickson, a native of Salem, New-Jersey, by the death of this worthy young man, we are deprived of a sincere, humane, and generous friend.

On the 7th inst. Et. 40, Mrs. Mary C. Lohr, wife of Peter Lohr, esq. of this city.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Address to the DEITY on the late awful progress of the Yellow-Fever.

HAIL! awful Majesty! supremely good;
In all thy dispensations strictly just:
In judgments and in mercies still the same:
In all thy various acts *unchangeable*.
Whether in ministering thy copious blessings,
Diffusing rich beneficence to man;
Or in thy goodness, mixing kind correctives
To thy rebel race—Thou changest not.
E'en when dire pestilence, thy awful rod,
Brings terror and dismay, sickness and death;
Still Thou art good! since nothing but thy love
Could urge to deeds so cogent to reclaim.
Thy chastisements are fraught with love divine,
Tho' nought but terror seems to guide thy hand:
In dreadful judgments still thy love's display'd,
'Tis ignorance in man, that sees thy wrath.
(How paradoxical the thought!) to think
The Deity's opposites compos'd;
A compound Deity of Love and Wrath!
Incongruous! 'tis worse!—'tis blasphemous!
No, blessed Lord! thyself Thou hast reveal'd,
A God unmixt and pure, of perfect love:
E'en when in anger, seemingly thou chidest,
'Tis like a Father kind, chastising his son,
For when thou chasten'st man, thou hast declar'd—
Kindly declar'd, it is because thou lov'st:
Hid'st thou not lov'd, thou never had chas'tis'd,
For whom thou lov'st, those thou dost correct.
Hail then, GREAT GOD OF LOVE! in all thy ways,
In storms or tempests, scarcity, or wars;
Or the more dreaded form of pestilence,
We'll hail thee still a GOD OF PERFECT LOVE,
Teach us, GREAT SOVEREIGN OF THE UNIVERSE!
Perfect submission to thy holy will,
And due improvement of thy dispensations,
Then only, shall we see Thee as Thou art,
A GOD OF PERFECT LOVE.

PHILADELPHUS.

ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

O THOU, whose gentle, pleasing way,
Ma'kind so ardent, anxious hail!
Whose eyes illumine the darksome day,
Whose smiles o'er Poverty prevail;
Goddess! behold thy suppliant bend:
O come, thou ever constant friend;
Emit one ray of light divine,
And warm with thy pure fire this trembling heart of mine.

When first thy heav'n-born parent mild,
Sent thee thro' earth's wide climes to roam,
This precious charge she gave her child,
Go make the gentle breast thy home.
Thou can'st, sweet Goddess, from above,
Said harbinger of Virtue's love;

Thou bad'st Ambition's demons fly,
And blest the lonely walks of sorrowing Poverty.

Peace, thy twin-sister, lovely child!
In flowing robe of native sheen,
With gentle step and accents mild—
Heaven's glory beaming in her mein!
With thee descended, Virgin bright,
Companion in thy social fight:
Her olive emblem waving high,
Shew'd to th' admiring world the force of harmony.

Where thou thy altar lov'st to raise,
The virtues there a radiant band,
To thee their friend attune their lays,
And smiling wait at thy command.
Sorrow with fleet steps hies away,
And jealous that hates the day.
And envy dark and busy care,
And wrinkled, hollow-ey'd, wan, comfortless despair.

Thou fil'st the hardy sailor's soul
With careless ease, as round him flies
The roaring wind—when billows roll,
And raise their white foam to the skies.
He ev'ry not the pomp of kings,
But takes his glass and cheerly sings:
Happy, when the wild-winds assail,
To think on her he loves and brave the furious gale.

The Peasant on the mountain's brow,
Sees, calmly sees the landscape wide:
He pants not for the vales below,
Where flocks in pastures rich abide.
His little cot is all his care,
Where wife and children fondly share
His tender looks devoid of guile—
And as they round him throng enchant him with a smile.

Oh, favourite of Heaven! here
Direct thy flight and fill my breast,
With thy sweet influence thro' the year,
And hush tumultuous cares to rest.
Then should Misfortune, haggard queen,
Attempt to cloud life's sylvan scene,
With thee, my Patroness and guide,
I'll smile at all her arts and all her frowns deride.

FLORIO.

ODE TO AN INFANT.

SWEET gentle babe! what winning smiles
Around thy countenance play!
What joy thy infant heart beguiles,
To gild thy dawning day!

No mad ambition fires thy brain;
No discord fills thy breast;
No hate or envy gives thee pain,
To rob thee of thy rest!

When balmy slumbers close thine eyes,
Sweet peace pervades the soul;
Gay visions to thy fancy rise,
And ever clanging roll.

Thy parents gaze upon thy charms,
With rapturous pure delight;
What fond emotions and alarms
Thy opening years excite!

For thee they heave the tender sigh,
And bat for thee alone!
They hear, aggrieved thy plaintive cry,
And make thy ease their own.

Should gracious heav'n prolong thy life,
And lengthen out thy years,
O may thy heart ne'er know of strife,
Nor eyes affliction's tears!

May guardian angels watch thy steps,
And the thro' life befriend:
May truth flow purely from thy lips,
And 'on thee e'er attend:

May health strew roses o'er each cheek
And long maintain their bloom;
And in thy bosom virtue seek
Her spotless throne assume:

May poverty's afflictive pain,
Ne'er cause desponding grief—
May misery never plead in vain
To thee for kind relief.

When death, at last, shall close thine eyes,
And seize upon thy stigmae,
Then may no foe thee stigmatise,
Nor blast thy honest frame!

Then may thy soul (free from alloy)
To heav'n direct her way,
And taste of sweet perennial joy,
In everlasting day.

ORLANDO.

Versification of Select Passages of OSSIAN'S Poems.

DESCRIPTION OF FILLAN.

FILLAN is like a spirit of heaven, that descends from the skirt of winds. The troubled ocean feels his steps, as he strides from wave to wave. His path kindles before him. Islands shake their heads on the heaving seas.

VERSIFICATION.

FILLAN is dreadful as a heav'nly spirit,
That awful from the skirt of winds descends.
The troubled ocean trembles 'neath his weight,
As o'er the waves his awful way he bends.
His path before him kindles into flame,
And glowing horror o'er the ocean sheds;
And as the waves his dread approach proclaim,
The trembling islands shake their massy heads.

CARLOS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* * Subscriptions for this Paper, are received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents each Number, payable every four weeks; or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.

POSTSCRIPT.

1838

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

DUELLING has become of late so fashionably expedient among all ranks of society, that the disputes of the *Plebeians* are adjusted after the same manner as those of the *Patricians*, and even beardless boys and whiskered soldiers grasp the weapons of death upon the most trivial provocation. A few days since an unfortunate disagreement occurred, in which a spectacled Knight of the Press, and a hardened follower of Vulcan were the well-tempered disputants.—*Cyclops* it seems had forged on the anvil of invention, a report detrimental to the great reputation of *Brevier*. In return for a libel so palpable, *Brevier* denounced by a fount of type, *first chop*, that unless a suitable apology was made, he would metamorphose his adversary into a *Pie*.—Inheriting a portion of the courage of the grandson of Jupiter, *Cyclops* disdained concession.—On the wings of irritation the injured Knight flies to the covert of a friend, pours out his hapless tale of woe, and begs advice in this great affair.—His friend, whose passions were not so sensible of injury, and whose wicked wit sought every occasion to gratify his wishes with sport for laughter, advanced the following proposition. That for the injury which *Brevier* had received, *Cyclops* should state an acknowledgement; and in case of refusal, that the combatants, attended by seconds, surgeons, sexton, coffin-maker, &c. should partake of a gun-powder rencontre behind the Hospital.—The challenge was conveyed and accepted, and the next evening accompanied by his suite, the intrepid *Brevier*, and the iron-hearted *Cyclops* manned the plain:—

Spurr'd on by insults past,
Each to kill, or breathe his last."

Whether humanity for the life of man, or personal fear, actuated the seconds, the chronicles of rumour are silent.—The pistols, however, were deprived of ball, unknown to enraged *Brevier*, and *Cyclops*, directed by the seconds, fell at the second discharge, pretending that he was wounded desperately. The second apprized *Brevier* of his sit-

uation, and for fear of the fetters of law, he flew to the remotest recesses of his garret, trembling with apprehension lest he should have slain a young man to his hurt. At night, when peace ought to pervade the world, a loud knocking at *Brevier's* door, conjured to his affrighted imagination a *poisse commitatus*.—By great exertions he effected his retreat without beat of drum,—and by a forced march of five miles up the Germantown road, in all the majesty of mud, he took part of a horse's bed, in a hospitable stall at hand. The next morning, plucking up courage to meet the worst consequences, this Knight, with woeful countenance, made a retrograde march to the city, and found that *Cyclops* was well, and that he had only constructed that net of stratagem to punish the premature bravery of a ridiculous braggadocio. Yours,

SAM SQUINT.

A MUSEMENT.

AN Irish footman being one dark night sent for some beer, took with him the key of the street door to let himself in; and having tipped off three or four glasses of gin and bitters at the bar, he could not on his return home open the door. After having tried in vain for sometime, another of the servants heard him, and at letting him in, asked him what the devil he had been about so long? "You may say that, (said Pat) you may indeed, for I have been a quarter of an hour trying to unlock the door, but while I was gone to the ale house, some of your rascally London thieves have stolen the key-hole, but it will be of no use to them, for I have the key in my pocket."

In a select company, some time since, the topic of conversation chance to be what university each of the company was educated at: one was at New Haven, and the other at Cambridge. For my part, says a young clergyman, I was educated at both universities—New-Haven and Cambridge. That puts me in mind, says an old doctor in divinity, of a story of a calf that sucked two cows: And what was the consequence, says the young clergyman? why, the consequence was, replied the doctor of divinity, that he was a very great calf.

The Worm Doctor.

Vagus advance'd on high, proclaims his skill,
By bakes of wond'rous force, the worms to kill:

A scornful ear the wifer folks impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art;
But well can Vagus what he boasts, perform;
For man, as Job has told us, is a worm.

IMPROMPTU

On a Lady having told the Author, she valued him not "Three skips of a Louse."

A lady once told me, and in her own house,
She cared not about me "three skips of a louse,"

I forgive the dear creature, whatever she said,
For Ladies will talk or what run in their head.

EPIGRAM.

Citizen Plum had a quarrelsome wife;
Music was ever the cause of their strife,
Madam, one day, was abusing her dear—
The topic, as usual, his want of an ear!
"Hold thy tongue!" replies Plum, "for
Heaven's sake, do;
"I pry'thee consider, that I have got two!"

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OCTOBER 30.

31.

Saturday, November 13, 1802.

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II. *A Decline in the Gentile Churches.*

III. *The great Day of Judgment.*

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AND

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Saturday, November 20, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XII.

But let a Maid thy pity share,

Whom love has taught to stray;

Who seeks for rest, but finds despair

Companion of her way! GOLDSMITH.

ENFOLDED in the arms of her tender mother, and pressing with maternal delight her lovely Constantia, the spouse of De Lacy once more experienced sensations of the most exquisite nature. Nor was Olivia an uninterested spectator: the beauty of Constantia instantly won her affection, and she forgot her sorrows in the participation of the joy which she beheld her newly acquired friend experience.

Mutual endearments being subsided, Olivia, at the desire of Matilda, repaired to her wardrobe, and habited herself in a dress more suitable to her sex. If her personal attractions while disguised as Osmond claimed admiration, how greatly were they increased when she appeared in all her native loveliness! The perplexity of the late events had entirely banished the roses from her cheeks, and left in their stead a delicate languor that was extremely interesting: her complexion was so clear, that the fine blue veins shone through, and gave it the appearance of beautiful marble; her eyes, a dark full blue, were shaded by long silken lashes, and, being cast with timid apprehension upon the ground, gave her face the contour of a Modena; her hair, of a colour resembling gold, she had carefully braided, and

tioned together; and all her features were moulded with the strictest symmetry. Addressing herself with a modest deportment to Matilda, she said—

“Strange, Madam, as my appearance in my late disguise must appear to you, I trust that I shall be able to give such a satisfactory account of the distressing circumstances which caused me to adopt it, as will remove from your mind any suspicions (if such have arisen) to my disadvantage. My story,” added she, wiping her eyes, “is short, but replete with misfortunes: shall I encroach on your time by relating it?”

Matilda took her hand tenderly. “My dear girl,” said she, “wrong not yourself so much, as to suppose me capable of entertaining a doubt of your honour!—To satisfy the anxiety which I perceive you are under to clear your character from reproach I will hear your recital; although, I assure you, it is far from my wish to gratify my own curiosity at the expence of a moments pain to you.”

Olivia bowed gracefully, and commenced her tale.

“My father, Madam, was one of the unfortunate Barons whose estates were confiscated for rebelling against King John. Two daughters and one son were the only fruits of his union with the most amiable woman, who resigned a life sincerely lamented by all who knew her in giving birth to the ill-fated Olivia. Whether it was from that unlucky circumstance, which strongly affected my father, I know not; but he now regards me with abhorrence. My sister, always gratified in every wish of her heart, fearful of losing that ascendancy which she possessed over my father, failed not to make use of the most unfair means to confirm herself in his good opinion, by taking every opportunity of injuring me. My dear deluded father, imagin-

ing his Victoria faultless, listened with avidity to the insidious tales which she fabricated for my destruction. My brother, the amiable Antonio, made ample amends to me for the injustice of my father and sister, by his affectionate treatment of me. We had, since the derangement of our affairs, resided in a small but neat mansion in Champignon: the retired life we led better suited the melancholy of my mind than the gay scenes of a court; but I was repeatedly mortified by the insults of my unfeeling sister.

“My dear Antonio went out on an adventurous voyage, and Victoria, vexed at being, by this unexpected misfortune, deprived of opportunities of making herself equal to the ambitious expectations she had formed, indulged her spleen and resentment in full scope upon me. My company being now detestable, and wishing to avoid persecution, I frequently left my home, and wandered among the rocks which bordered the sea, and indulged my unhappy reflections undisturbed. In one of these excursions I heard footsteps near me, and presently beheld a young man making his way with haste through the bushes. He held a handkerchief up to his head, in which was a wound that bled profusely. I screamed with terror, and vainly strove to fly: suspense and fear carried me to the spot. He apologized with tremulous voice, asked pardon for the pain he had given me, and supplicated me in the most moving accents, to direct him to some place where he might obtain the necessary assistance, as he found himself very faint from fatigue and loss of blood.

“Wholly actuated by sentiments of humanity, I tendered him my arm, and treated him to exert his strength to reach our residence, where I assured him he should receive every attention which his

car required: my heart sunk with prophetic forboding as I presented him to my father, who, nevertheless, received him graciously.—In answer to the officious enquiries of Victoria, he told us, that he was on his way to the English army, when some sudden fright which his horse took had caused him to be thrown, and the animal galloped away, by which means he had received the wound in his temple. He excused himself from giving any account of his family, but said that his name was Albert. You, Madam, have seen him, and will not, perhaps, wonder if the sentiments he inspired in a mind, young and uninformed, were too powerful to disguise effectually the impression which he made on my heart. I behaved to him with the familiar affection of a sister. I soon found, with pain, that Victoria was no less susceptible of his attention, and took every opportunity of promoting my absence, that she might be herself with our invalid, who was confined to his bed. As she was considered handsomer than myself, my poor heart fluttered with dread of the power of her superior attractions, but I had the happiness to perceive that he received my sorrows with more pleasure than he did those of Victoria.

"One day I found my father and sister in earnest conference, and the eyes of Victoria glanced with exultation as I entered. My father called me to him with a voice unusually kind:—'Livy,' said he, 'you must prepare for a supper.—I have just reason to believe that Victoria will soon be married.'

"I assured him of my sincere wishes for her felicity, and he continued:—

"To be sure, she has fixed her mind upon one not altogether so eligible as I could have wished; but, as we are situated at present, she cannot expect any very splendid establishment: so I think to indulge her in her newly adopted plan of love in a cottage; and have no doubt but Albert will make a good husband."

"I could hear no more, but sinking on my knees, exclaimed—'Now I am, indeed, wretched!'

"I know not what more passed; but, when I recovered from my swoon, found myself alone with Victoria, who vented her rage upon me in the most opprobrious terms language could invent, or the tongue of a woman give utterance to.

'False, perfidious Sinner!' cried she, almost choking with passion, 'have you dared to supplant me in the heart of the only man I ever loved? Is it for you, wretch, that I am so indignantly refused, and by an

ingrate who has been cherished under our roof?—But he is gone, thank heaven!—the viper has left no sting except in thy perfidious bosom!"

"Ah! a sting, indeed, was left there!—From her unguarded expressions I learned that my poor misguided father had offered Victoria to Albert; and, upon his rejecting the proffered favour, he had been shamefully expelled the house. The foolish Victoria had, by upbraiding him with returning my affection, exposed my unhappy prepossession.

"Overwhelmed with grief, shame, and disappointment, I replied only with my tears to the insulting and opprobrious taunts of my inhuman sister. Worn out with repeated ill-usage, I determined to bear it no longer. For a trifle, I procured a disguise, and by fatiguing journeys I reached the camp. Ever glad, in such times, to get assistance, I was received without hesitation or suspicion, and, shortly, by my docility, obtained the post of aid-de-camp to Sir Valmond de Lacy. But the principal object of my enterprise was still unattained; for never, till this day, could I obtain sight or intelligence of Albert; and now, heaven knows with what ideas of me he may be impressed!—His last words, however, sunk deep into my heart, and will never be erased:

"Olivia," said he, in a whisper, 'renounce that garb, which is but ill adapted to the delicacy and modesty of your sex. When we next meet, different ideas will, I hope, have found place in your mind. As a friend and brother, command me; my situation, at present, precludes all other expectations.—Farewell, heaven protect you!"

"This was sufficient to quell my presumptuous hopes, and my future endeavours shall be exerted to banish his image from my heart."

Olivia concluded, and Matilda promised that she should be with her as long as she chose to consider her as a friend:—Olivia gratefully returned her acknowledgments for this unexampled benevolence.

C H A P. XIII.

Life is a sea where storms must rise;

'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies.

COTTON'S VISIONS.

THE fair inhabitants of the Castle now enjoyed a state of uninterrupted happiness, visited sometimes by De Lacy, who beheld the rising beauties of his daughter with admiration; or, in his absence, beguiling the tedious hours with his praises. Gratitude inspired the tongue of Olivia; love, that of

Matilda; and the contest of applause was maintained with spirit on each side.

Constantia now attained her fourteenth year; amiable and accomplished, the darling of every eye, especially that of Olivia, who, being but nineteen, found her little charge become a pleasing companion. The commanding dignity of her father, was, in Constantia's person, united with the fascinating sweetness of Matilda; and, under the instructing hand of that excellent mother, she was not merely taught the external embellishments of fashion, but she had taken care to implant in her youthful heart, both by precept and example, a love of virtue.—Naturally endowed with a good understanding, she easily retained these precepts, and early imbibed a sense of moral rectitude, seldom to be found in a mind so ductile: but her passion wanted moderation; she loved with enthusiasm; and, had there been any objects for her hatred, she must have experienced an equal extreme. This was a fault that Matilda saw, and trusted to time and experience for correction, carefully exercising her in practices of self-denial and fortitude under temporary mortifications.

Olivia would sometimes, both for their mutual health and pleasure, take Constantia out on a ramble round the adjacent country, while Matilda stayed to amuse the Countess, whose declining state of health increased daily. On one of these occasions, Matilda, being occupied in writing to De Lacy, heeded not the passing time; and, when she had finished the letter, was astonished at the absence of her daughter. She hastily ran to her mother's apartment to seek them, and found, to her infinite consternation, that they were not returned. With increasing alarm, she counted the minutes as they passed. Night advanced rapidly, and darkness stole over the face of the country.—Notable to bear the mortification of suspense, Matilda quitted the Castle, and wandered up and down unattended; and then to the river side, which she knew to be their favourite ramble; but no trace of footsteps were upon the sand. She called, alternately, upon the names of Constantia and Olivia, with a voice of anguish; but no answer was returned to her repeated exclamations. A heavy shower of rain occasioned her return, thinking that they might have returned by a different path; and the agony of her distress was increased, when she found they were not there. The Castle soon became a scene of confusion: the vassals were all summoned, and dispatched different ways in search of the wanderers. Various conjectures assailed the unhappy mother—

"Could Olivia be false—perfidious!—could she have conveyed her child away!—ah, no!—Some fatal accident must have happened, and Olivia dared not return to relate the direful tale!"

Thus was Matilda's bosom rent with conflicting pangs. A courier was sent to De Lacy, demanding his presence. He obtained leave of absence, and arrived but to augment the general distress. His beloved wife, in strong hysterics, was the first object presented to his eyes; and soon the dreadful intelligence of his loss threw him into a state little better than that of his afflicted wife.

"Matilda!—my life!" cried he, clasp her with agony in his arms—"distress not yourself thus!—doubt not the inscrutable ways of Providence—exert your accustomed resignation to the Divine will; and for my sake struggle with our common misfortune; our child may yet be restored to us."

Matilda's features relapsed into a smile of anguish and despair; yet she listened to his persuasions, and strove to shew her love and respect for him by her compliance. He was obliged to return to his duty; and heart-rending as this separation was, it was inevitable.

The soothing company of Sir William and Lady Barome, in time mitigated the poignancy of her grief, and compensated in some measure for the absence of De Lacy. Their meeting was pathetic under such a similarity of distress; and the sight of Matilda, under her present misfortune, opened those views which the effects of religion had scarcely closed in the mind of Lady Barome.

The Countess, too, unable to bear any excesses, sunk into a state of apathy; and deeply lamented by her survivors, soon descended to the peaceful grave.

The feelings of Matilda upon this fresh cause of grief are not to be described. Her health visibly declined, and she yielded herself up to the most corroding melancholy, shunning the society even of her dearest friends. She was roused from this lethargy of woe by the joyful tidings of an honourable peace being concluded between the hostile nations, and De Lacy returned, crowned with triumphant laurels, to the arms of his drooping wife. For his services he was promoted to the rank of Major-general; and cast a smile of satisfaction on the features of his wife while recounting to her his success. Her deep gloom was succeeded by a tender regret, the indulgence of which no one sought to debar her; and as her health

gradually returned, the gratification of her husband's society daily promoted her peace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

To the Female Sex.

NO. 2.

LADIES,

THINK not that I suppose *dress* has in itself an influence over the mind, sufficient to eradicate from the bosom the sweetness of virtue, or the amiableness of friendship. Harbour not the idea, that I presume *vice* cannot exist under the covert of a *homely* garment, or that it is solely the concomitant of the gay and the fashionable: far be it from me to think thus uncharitably.

The well known and undenied excellence of the characters of many of your sex, devoid of every attribute which belongs to you would recommend you to *notice*, and entitle you to *respect*; I must inform you, though *dress* would be considered a foible rather than a crime were it not too often attached to the most vile and infamous of mankind. It becomes you, considering the delicacy of your frames, to make a *show* of modesty as well as to have an inward sense of its excellence. We have it from the highest authority, an authority I fear, too seldom read by you, that the "more plain and simple we are the better."

It is evident to the meanest understanding, that many of your sex prefer the allurements of fashion and of folly, to pursuits more virtuous and rational. Such conduct is the *first cause* of that unjust detraction from your honour and humanity. Can you, any longer, be insensible to the regard which those of our sex have for you?

Do you suppose that their ardent wishes, so often expressed for your welfare, are the offspring of a selfish desire to censure you, whose beauty and wit we have never so much as dared to question? If it be thus you think of our admonitions, you most indubitably deceive yourselves.

A fervent desire for your improvement in science, and advancement in religion and virtue, exists in the bosom of every one who is,

AMATOR VIRTUTIS.

HOGARTH'S LAST PAINTING.

A FEW months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which de-

prived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed for his matchless pencil the work he has entitled, A TAIL-PIECE; the first idea of which is said to have been started in company while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table.—"My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things." "If that be the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter." "There will be," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live till he had completed it. This however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the end of all things.—A broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end of an old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—to wavers in ruins—the sign-post of a tavern called the World's End, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down—Pachus and her horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—time with his hour-glass and scythes broken, and a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play book opened, with *Exeunt Omnes* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statue of bankruptcy taken out against Nature.—"So far, so good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains but this!" taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken. "Finis!" exclaiming Hogarth; "the deed is done! all is over!" It is remarkable, and little known, perhaps, that he died in about a month after finishing this TAIL-PIECE, having never again taken the pallet in his hand.

SENTIMENT.

WHAT is called sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the product of a bad one.—One would imagine Stone had been a man of a very tender heart—yet I know, from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt on account of an extravagant daughter, would have rotted in jail, if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feelings. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Rev. Laurence Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*, used to say, that he never felt the vibrations of his heart, so much in union with virtue, as when he was in Love, and that whenever he did a mean, or unworthy action, on examining himself strictly, he found that, at that time, he was loose from every sentimental attachment to the fair sex.

Of all the passions which affect the human breast, and so differently agitate the same, none probably, work a greater change on the sentiments, than that of love. None help so much to soften and expand the feelings, as this passion. While anger, and revenge, prompts us to savage deeds, and metamorphoses us into furies, love awakes the most opposite sensations:—while benevolence warms our hearts, and charity stretches out our hands, love, being compounded of all the tender, humane and disinterested virtues, calls forth at once, all their soft ideas, and good offices. So great and so noble a passion is not confined merely to civilized society, the untutored savage, in common with refined mankind, participates the “soft sentiment.” An all-wise Providence has communicated the same to all animated creation, according to their natures. Though the declaration of a passion, so benign, so virtuous, and gentle, as that which has been described, reflects the highest honour on the breast in which it is harboured, so that neither sex can possibly be ashamed of it; yet the great Author of nature thought it highly essential to grant the privilege of asking in the man, and refusing in the woman; comprising within these bounds, that love founded on the broad basis of esteem alone, and drawing the strong line of discrimination between it and sensuality; for the more modesty we perceive, (I do mean *modeste honte*) in the discovery of that passion, by the fair sex, for the object of their affections, the more are we inclined to prize the honor, and equally claim the other's consent, then farewell to the finest feelings of the finest passion. Its holy sanctuary could not long stand, for modesty, its chief prop and support, would be destroyed, and we might then say in the language of Goldsmith,—“That Love had fled this earth, for a better world, and that the worshipped object was but a faint representation of the absent divinity, whose form was erected, and al-

lar supported by contributions from venal members.” Women, more gentle, more humane and benevolent than men, are of course sooner entangled in the passion; their susceptible heart seems fitted to harbour generous and virtuous sentiments, and emulate noble deeds of goodness. To them must we look for the fountain of the passion, from them we should learn virtuous and disinterested love, with a tried and unshaken constancy; and as men boast of the superiority of the mind, so may woman, lovely woman, claim to her share, the finer feelings of the heart.

JUVENIS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

“An opinion becomes dear to us by being generated in our imaginations, and contradiction by inflaming the passions increases our attachment to error.”

The preceding excellent expressions of a gentleman, celebrated for his learning and good qualities, have been sufficient to teach me, that there is a necessity for every candidate to honourable fame, to weigh well the causes and consequences which attend the formation of an opinion, that when once embraced it should not be too obstinately retained or too suddenly relinquished;—the one evinces the contracted sphere in which the ideas of its possessor move, and sufficiently indicate the unsuitableness of his mind for those things, which require fertility of invention and continual use of the intellectual powers; while the other bespeaks a puerility of thought connected with an inconsistency which would disgrace a child.

If we would, for a moment pause; and consider how exalted that mind must be, which while tenacious of opinions, formed after much reflection, and almost incredible research, teaches us to pay due deference to the opinions of others, however opposed they may be to our own, contradictory to fact or at variance with nature and with reason; we could not refrain our admiration of its proprietor, and have respect for that tolerance of opinion of which few are susceptible, while we might exclaim in the language of a celebrated English poet,

“Each state of life has its peculiar view,
Alike in each there is a false and true:
This point to fix is reason's use and end,
On this success all other must depend;
But in this point no error can be small,
To deviate e'er so little ruins all.”

OBSCURUS.

OF THE CALENDAR.

THE sun and moon, which strike the savage with astonishment, and excite the curiosity of the sage, have uniformly been employed by both as measurers of time. Yet different calendars have been used in different countries, according to the form of the year and distribution of time, they respectively adopted; as the Roman, the Persian, the Jewish, &c. calendars.

Romulus who first formed the Roman calendar, divided the year into 10 months, beginning at March, and ending with December, making in all 304 days; which fell short of the lunar year by 50, and of the solar year by 61 days. Numa Pompilius the second king of the Romans, perceiving the wide mistake of his predecessor, prefixed the 2 months, January and February, making the year to consist of 355 days. This defect with respect of time, with the improper intercalation about the time of Julius Cæsar, or 708 years after the foundation of Rome, had rendered the excess of the solar above the civil year about 90 days; so that the Winter months fell back to Autumn, and those of Autumn to Spring.

Julius Cæsar, in order to rectify this error, consulted several Egyptian mathematicians; by whose assistance, and particularly that of Sosigenes, a celebrated mathematician of Alexandria, the calendar used over the greater part of Europe, with a single amendment, received its present form. To them the apparent annual revolution of the Sun round the Earth, seemed to be performed in 365 days, 6 hours. He accordingly made his common year to consist of 365 days, for 3 years successively, and every 4th of 366 days, to take in the 6 hours of every year, which in 4 years amounted to 1 day. The day added was placed before the 24th of February, which corresponding to the 6th of the calends, and being twice named, the year obtained the name of the Bissestile, by us called Leap-year.

Had the time occupied by the earth in performing its revolution round the sun been 365 days, 6 hours, exactly, this form would not have required any alteration. It is found, however, by later and more accurate observations, that the time occupied by the earth in moving from any point in her orbit to the same point again is 365 days 5h. 48^m and 49^m. The difference between 6h. and 5h. 48^m. and 49^m. which is 11^m. 11^m. is the excess of the civil above the solar year. This difference, though small, in 130 years amounts to 1 day.

In the 16th century the error must have become very discernible; accordingly we find Bede, R. Bacon, and several eminent philosophers, observing that the true equinox preceded the civil one by 10 days. Pope Gregory the 16th, after it had been attempted by Pope Sixtus the 4th, had the honour of reforming the calendar. In 1582 he corrected the difference, by throwing out of the October of that year 10 days, which rendered the civil and solar year as nearly equal as possible; and in order to prevent a similar error in future, he allowed that 3 days should be thrown out of every 4 centuries.

The Protestants in England were so averse to every thing which carried the papal sanction along with it, that it was not until 1751 that the propriety, even the necessity, of altering the style, was taken into consideration by the British parliament. When an act was passed, that the 2d of September should be called the 14th, by which means 11 days were dropped from the common calendar; the surplus minutes from 1582 unto 1751 having made up one day.

Extract from the Port-Folio of a Journeyman Printer.

TYPOGRAPHIC.... errors; No, sir! by far the greater part of the errors which disgrace the productions of the modern press are in reality not typographic but authorial oversights. You know, sir—or, if you do not know it, let me assure you, upon the word and honour of a journeyman, that it is an inviolable rule with us compositors never to take the unjustifiable liberty of deviating one iota from an author's manuscript sent to the press in so slovenly a state, so illegibly written, so carelessly punctuated, so scored with corrections, so larded with interlineations, so disfigured with blots, so cramped with abbreviations, enigmatized with insertions and repetitions, and alterations and explanations, separately scrawled on detached scraps of paper, like the Sibyl's oracles on the leaves of trees, that the journeyman printers (few of whom are professed conjurers) frequently need all the sagacity of an Œdipus, together with the keen eyes of a Lynceus, to decipher a writer's meaning. Hence numerous errors are unavoidably made in the first instance, which are afterwards overlooked by the author in examining the proof-sheets: for how rare to find an author who is capable of reading a proof-sheet with any degree of accuracy! and least of all is he qualified to read a

a proof of his own work. In the first place he is not habituated to the minute drudgery of scrutinising letter by letter, point by point; and then, on the other hand, while he fancies himself reading the proof of his composition, he rather reads in memory what it ought to be, than on the paper what it actually is.—Thus the mistakes escape his notice, and going to press with his sanction, become in reality authorial errors.—*Probatum est.*

From the New-York Gazette.

Messrs. Lang & Co.

The following is from the pen of a gentleman who was present at the execution of Louis the XIth.

THE DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.

I WAS standing at a distance from the multitude that thronged to see the death of their Monarch. He was encircled by an immense crowd of soldiers, the gleam of whose arms added new horror to the spectacle. I enquired of an old man who stood leaning on a staff near me, where was the King? The poor old man burst into tears! Shame on human nature, said I, that there should be only one man found of all this multitude who has a tear for sorrow. At that moment I beheld one who was bare-headed mount the dismal scaffold. An immense shout shook the air with tumult! I was motionless with pity, terror, and expectation! I saw him stretch out his arms for mercy. Immediately a thousand swords were drawn, a thousand drums resounded. A pale grim looking man went towards him. All eyes were lifted to the spot. Again he would have stretched out his arms; again he would have spoken. Two men led him along to a machine that was placed at the end of a scaffold. My heart beat with indignation and sorrow. He was stretched at full length, and fastened with fetters. Immediately the cruel machine was put into motion. I turned aside from the horrible spectacle, and seemed for a moment in all the agony of torture and the pangs of dissolution!—"He is lost for ever!" cried the old man. I started and looked up once more, saw the gristly head streaming with blood, grasped by the pitiless hand of the executioner. Thrice did he hold it aloft to the multitude below, and thrice did the multitude insult humanity with their acclamations.—Ye brave! where were your swords? Ye heavens! where was your thunder!

Method of treating that excruciating Complaint incident to Married Ladies,

SORE NIPPLES.

[From Dr. Willrich's "Domestic Encyclopedia."]

THE nipples of females, when suckling their first child, are frequently so diminutive and deep within the breasts, as to render it difficult or impracticable for the infant to extract the milk. In such cases the young mother should frequently though cautiously, protrude the nipple between her fingers by depressing the projecting part of the breast; and afterwards covering the protuberances with an excavated nutmeg, to be worn several weeks previous to her delivery. But if this expedient prove insufficient, it will be advisable to draw the breasts, either by presenting them to an healthy infant several months old, or by applying Mr. Savigny's small air-pump, contrived for that purpose; and which is far preferable to the common breast-glasses, as well as to the disgusting practice of employing quadrupeds.

Another inconvenience incident to nipples, frequently arises from chaps or excoriations. These are not only painful to the mother, but also prevent the infant from drawing the necessary supply of milk. In some instances, even part of the substance is destroyed by violent suction; so that the mother, from the intense pain thus occasioned, is obliged to refuse the breast; and a stagnation of the milk takes place, which is often accompanied with ulcerations and fever. To prevent such dangerous affections, the practice of raising the nipples, as before suggested, should be timely adopted; but, if the parts be already in a diseased state, it will then be useful to bathe them with lime-water, or diluted port-wine; after which the nipple should be dressed with a little spermaceti ointment. Before, however, such applications are resorted to, it will be preferable to anoint the sore part with a composition of white wax and olive oil, and to cover it with a fine linen rag; by which simple means great relief may often be obtained.

These remedies will, in general, be found sufficient; but, if the nipple receive no benefit, it has been recommended to apply the neck, together with part of the body of a hog's bladder, (or cow's teat taken from a healthy animal,) to the part affected. Either of these, if properly moistened, and fixed to the breast, will effectually protect it while the infant is sucking; and, when not in use, the bladder or teat may be preserved in a little spirit of wine, which will prevent it from putrefying.

A Tale.

ONE morning in Spring, as I was walking alone, filled with the admiration which all the beauties of Nature inspire, I was roused from my reverie by some menacing cries and complaints which I heard at a short distance. I approached, I listened, and I overheard a woman severely chiding a child. I immediately went up to her, and enquired the cause of her anger. "Sir," said she to me, with earnestness, "this child will kill me with anxiety and vexation: the more I love him, the less he answers my expectation and cares. I am not happy; I am never easy except when he is in my arms; and the ingrate always shuns them. When I reproach him with my tenderness, he embraces me; then leaves me in an instant for his toys: he runs, he plays, he jumps. I fear every moment that I shall lose him," added she, bursting into tears.

"Madam," said I, "your affliction is your own work. Why expect reason in an infant? why have him like one of your own age? It is for you to accommodate yourself to his: study his taste, join in his sports; let him find in you a companion rather than a governess. The curiosity and fickleness natural to childhood will sometimes keep him away from you; but he will never fail to return, if he shall find in you what he cannot find any where else. It is only in the enjoyment of the most unlimited liberty that he will know how to compare and appreciate your cares and your indulgence. Tenderness does not command—it insinuates itself. Do not use bonds with that child: the strongest chains which you can use to keep him near you, is pleasure."

She listened to me in silence, and I left her with a recommendation to follow my counsels. A short time after, I passed by the scene of this conversation, and enquired what had become of the good woman and this child.

"Exactly what you foretold has happened," answered one of her neighbours. "The child, kept under too great restraint, availed himself of the first opportunity, as soon as he was able, to fly a tenderness which was to him a cruel slavery; and the mother pines away in unavailing sorrow."

I then enquired the name of this interesting and unhappy lady, as also the name of the child: I was told in answer, that the one was *Love*, and the other *Jealousy*.

OBSER.—Unsuccessful merit has more admirers than are avowed, more supporters with good words than with heavy purses.

"Profiles" of Eminent Men.

(From Seawall's Poems.)

(CONTINUED.)

DENHAM.

DENHAM, like his own Thames, majestic flows,
Enriching, widening, deepening, as he goes.
Ne'er shall his laurels fade, while Cooper's mount,
High as Olympus, rears its tow'ring front.
Albion's fam'd river from his muse receives,
More tribute than all Ind or Ormus gives.

ROSCOMMON.

ROSCOMMON claims my song! the standard he,
Of "comprehensive, English energy."
Strong in the vigour of his native isle,
Condens'd his thoughts, robust his nervous stile.
On themes sublime, when he essays to write,
Milton's strong wing supports his daring flight.
Maro and Horace lend by turns their lyre,
O'er the full chords he runs, as they inspire,
Nor deems it theft to steal celestial fire.

DRYDEN.

DIVINEST bard! of whose energetic mind,
Reform'd our language, and our taste refin'd.
Young, Prior, Pope, by thy example fir'd,
Delighted follow'd at thy verse inspir'd.
Each critic in their lays must Dryden see,
Nor fail to give their glory half to thee!

POPE.

PURE bard! of verse the pattern, and the test!
O'er all thy rivals, conqueror confest;
Proud bards, and critics, once thy foes, now see,
Ease, sweetness, strength, and beauty, all in thee.

ADDISON.

A Constellation Addison appears,
Distinguish'd beaming 'midst a host of stars,
Dispels the gloom of intellectual night,
Inform'd with native and unborrow'd light.
So the sweet Pleiades, with mildest sway,
O'er heav'n's blue vault their genial beams display.
Night, sable queen! exults, and hails th' all-cheering
ray.

JOHNSON.

JUST, yet despotic, deck'd with awful rays,
O'er the vast realm of wit proud Johnson sways,
His will the law, his dictates absolute,
Nor dares the haughtiest slave his nod dispute.
Stern monarch! th' thy greatness all reverse,
Old time, at last, shall pluck thee from thy sphere,
No throne can ever be stable, built on fear.

PRIOR.

PRIDE of each muse! by turns they all inspire,
Rule in thy breast, and tune thy various lyre.
In Solomon, in Emma, they combine;
On Anna stamp their signature divine,
Fleete with sterling wit, and breathing all the nine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 20, 1802.

INTÉLLIGENCE.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman who lately left Philadelphia, and has resided some weeks in Oporto, (Portugal) to his friend in this City.

"The appearance of this country is beautiful from the number of vine yards, and romantic situations, in every quarter you look to, but the soil is poor almost beyond description. Within a few yards of our lodging, heath is growing luxuriantly, on a soil about four inches deep; but the fine climate makes every thing appear pretty here. They have seldom any rains, but copious dews, which preserves the country from being burnt up.—The dews do not appear as they were hurtful, for early in the morning, you will find hundreds of people asleep in the open air, even sometimes among the long grass in the vine-yards.—Very few of the porters ever sleep in houses. Corn is raised in this country, but the stalks are seldom longer than a person's arm, producing but a few small heads, tho' the grain is of an excellent quality, far surpassing any thing I have seen in America—the corn is sown the same as English oats, and no more is done to it till cut down."

Mr. Piazz, of the university of Palermo, discovered on the 1st of January, 1801, a star which appears to be a new planet. By observations repeated for several days, he concluded that its orbit is not likely to be parabolic, but agrees best with the hypothesis of a circle, the radius of which appears to be 26,862 of the earth's mean distance, and consequently its position will be between Mars and Jupiter. Its bulk appears to be about one and a third of that of the earth. He has assigned to it the name of Ceres Ferdinandina, being the name of the ancient divinity of Sicily, and of its present sovereign, the founder of the Observatory at Palermo. An account of it has been presented to the Royal Society.

We are credibly informed, that on the 14th of last September, a terrible thunder storm was experienced at Rich field, in the state of New-York; and during the storm a fish came down the chimney of one Mr. Obed Edson, of said place, measuring six inches long, and is called a Chub or Cheven: it was taken up by the family, and put into a pail of water, until after the rain was over, and then carried to a spring, where it may be seen sporting in its native element, after experiencing, perhaps, an aerial voyage nearly equal to Snowden, in the French balloon with Garnerin. [Far. Jour.]

Extract from a late Irish Paper.

IT was some time ago stated that the congregation of the Grand Synagogue of the German Jews in London, has held a meeting for the purpose of re-establishing, after a vacancy of ten years, a High-Priest of their nation. The election, we understand, has since taken place, and the choice fell on the Rev. Dr. Solomon Hart, a son of a former High Priest, who left London about 42 years ago.

ge, being much scandalized on account of the immorality and licentiousness which then prevailed in the congregation. The present High Priest is a native of England, but went with his father to the Continent, where he afterwards settled. On Friday morning he arrived in the Princess Royal packet from Helvoetsluis, and the same day proceeded to Colchester. The venerable Chief of the Synagogue seemed much affected by the favourable reception he experienced.

As the new High Priest is a man of unblemished character, and a zealous promoter of good morals, the respectable part of the Jews in London, flatter themselves with the hope that his example and influence will have a powerful effect in suppressing that spirit of vice and immorality which has crept in among the Jews, and which often exposes these industrious tho' degraded and unfortunate people to hatred and contempt.

IMPROVEMENTS AND INVENTIONS.

GREENOCK, September 17.

MAGNETISM.

We recommend the following to the perusal of our Philosophical Readers:

WE have been favoured by a gentleman of this town, with the perusal of a letter from his friend in Glasgow, of date August 2d, from which we take the following extract.

"An affair of so much importance to mankind as the following, it were criminal in me to conceal; I therefore request of you to make it as public as possible among your sea-faring and philosophical friends.

"Our mutual friend before his departure last fall for Philadelphia, constructed a machine, apparently simple, but which is infinitely more valuable to navigation than the compass. It was brought to me, together with his log book, by a fellow-passenger home-wards, who unluckily had paid no attention to the use of the apparatus, which was the more unfortunate, as our friend died within three leagues of land.

"It is a magnetic ball, floating in a basin of quick silver. The ball is painted all over, to keep the quick-silver from penetrating the pores, which might embarrass the evolutions, which coating I dare not destroy to examine the materials of the ball; but from its weight it must be metallic, yet it floats high in the fluid. Since he took it from this place, I perceive he has marked it with lines of longitude and latitude, like a geographical sphere. This I presume he has done on his voyage outward, the journal of which he probably left in America. But this which I possess, begins with the exact point of latitude and longitude of Philadelphia, and records the zenith of every day, as accurately as if he had been all along on terra firma. In bed, he told the Captain his distance from the coast of Ireland to a minute, by looking at his machine.

"The properties of Magnetism are not yet sufficiently known, and they have heretofore been applied to use only in the form of the needle. But it appears to possess, besides its well known polarity, a propensity to retain its native relative position upon the earth; that is to say, it turns upon an axis, like the earth, one point always pointing at the pole-star. Beyond the line, this point upon the ball is below the horizon, and on the

shores of America, the longitude line, which now is its meridian, was far down the side. So that if he had sailed round the earth, his little ball would have made a complete revolution upon its axis."

From the S. Carolina Gazette.

Messrs. Printers,

I need leave to mention a mode of destroying Caterpillars, which I have seen practised with success, by a gentleman of my acquaintance.—He had a sort of funnel made of sheet-iron, with a round bowl, so as to fit closely on the mouth of a common chamber bellows; in the bowl of the funnel he put a quantity of sulphur, and tobacco cut fine, when, by blowing the bellows, fumigated the plants, and destroyed the vermin. Should you think this hint worthy of publication, you may, perhaps, oblige more than one of your Subscribers:

D. FRENCH of Connecticut, has invented a shingle-dressing machine. At the first stroke it shaves the shingle completely; at the second it joints it.

AGRICULTURAL.

A Correspondent of the Agricultural Society, lately insinuated at Poitiers, has accidentally discovered a preventive against the destruction of Corn by insects.—Having occasion about ten years ago to repair the floor of his granary, he made use of *Italian Poplars* for that purpose.—Previous to that time his granary was infested with weevils almost every year, in spite of every precaution; and since laying down the poplar flooring, he has not seen one. Many additional experiments have been made relative to this discovery, and with complete success.

PROPOSALS,

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

A Collection of Sacred Music,

From the works of HANDEL, HAYDN, PLEYEL, Dr. BOYCE, Dr. BUSBY, &c. &c.

In 24 Numbers, each to contain 4 Folio pages, and printed on a fine paper. Price to subscribers 25 cents each number; to non-subscribers, 12½ cents each page. Those ladies and gentlemen who intend honouring this work with their names, are particularly requested to be as early as possible in subscribing, as the work is intended to be completed in March next.

Proposals may be seen, and subscriptions received by the Editor, R. SHAW, No. 13, South Fourth-street.

OCTOBER 30.

Jt.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 9th inst. by Samuel Benezet, esq. Mr. *Jacob Waterman*, merchant, of Philadelphia county, to Miss *Mary Wimer*, of Bensalem, Bucks County.

On the 13th inst. by George Budd, esq. Mr. *Andrew Jackson*, to Miss *Mary Innes*, both of this City.

Deaths.

DIED, in Charleston, (S. C.) on the 26th ult. in the 58th year of his age, the Hon. *John Matthews*, esq. formerly governor of that state, and until lately, one of the Judges of the Court Equity.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. *Tarranton*, wife of Mr. *Lewis Tarranton*, merchant, of this City, &c. 23.

DIED, on Wednesday morning, the 1st inst. at a quarter past 12 o'clock, the Rev. *WILLIAM MARSHALL*, late pastor of the Associate Congregation of this city, &c. about 62. His disorder was a consumption of the liver, with which he was confined eleven weeks.

The deceased has been long known as a good citizen, a cheerful companion, a friend to strangers and persons in distress, and above all, as a faithful minister of the gospel. His name has for many years been held in veneration both in this country and in Britain. To that branch of the Secession church in America, with which he was connected, he has been of the most eminent service. One of her first founders, and the oldest minister belonging to that body, it may be truly said, that on him "came the care of all the churches"—on him the eye of her courts was fixed for direction, and to him the different congregations looked for advice in their difficulties. But we forbear, ...it is not for a newspaper paragraph, hastily thrown together, either to detail his services, or do justice to his character....It will require a volume. These, however, have been well epitomized by an intimate and respectable friend, (who has long known and appreciated his worth), who, after announcing his decease, adds—

"This gentleman was Minister of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in this city: over which he acted as a faithful and exemplary Pastor, upwards of two and thirty years.* He exercised at the same time an apostolic care over all the religious societies of his denomination, in the middle states. Two neat churches were erected by his influence in this city. He was both learned and wise, and instructed not only by his preaching and conversation, but by the uniform piety and integrity by which he conducted his whole life. His remains were yesterday interred in his own churchyard in Walnut-street, attended by a large number of Citizens. His memory will be entombed in the hearts of his affectionate and afflicted congregation."

NOTE.

* It may not be improper to observe, that about 16 years ago, an unhappy difference took place among the members of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, in this city, the ultimate termination of which, in 1799, induced a part of the Congregation to erect another place of worship. Since that period they have been known by the name of the *Associate Congregation*, and among them Mr. Marshall continued to exercise his ministry, under circumstances—the most pleasing unanimity, until his death.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

H Y M N S.

HYMN XI.

*Glorious to God in the highest, and on the Earth, peace and
glory to men.* *LUKE II. 14.*

REJOICE, rejoice, the day is come,
The day expected long,
Saints now behold their heav'n, their home,
And chant the grateful song:

Replete with love, from realms of light
Came GOD's beloved Son to bless,
To banish all the clouds of night,
To soothe our grief and ease distress,

Hark the chorus!
Earth responds

The blissful sounds,
Peace and joy the pleasing song,
Friendly angels gaily for us

The rapt'rous, rising notes prolong:
Joy on earth and peace to men,
Jesus brought salvation down,

Teraphs bright repeat, *Amen*,
He is worthy of a crown,

He is worthy,
He is worthy;

Earth replies,
Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,

Thou, whose large domain repeated flies,
Mark through life his glorious way,

How holy! undehld!
Infinite wisdom's cloudless rays

Inform'd the man, inspir'd the child:
Diseases, at his sovereign word,
Of every kind affrighted fled;

Ev'n devils trembling own'd him Lord,
The bruiser of the serpent's head:

Through each nation
Flies his word,
Health to afford,

Love to GOD, good will to men,
Joyous tidings of salvation,
In the gospel's glorious plan:

Soon shall sin and sorrow cease,
From every eye he'll wipe the tear,
The willing captive, quick release,
And Faith shall triumph over fear:

Faith shall triumph,
Faith shall triumph,
Saints shall sing,

Triumphant, triumph, triumph,
Shall through heav'n's wide-extended concave ring.

O taste the sweets his gospel brings,
What love! what joy! what peace!

There, living water gently springs,
Whose fountain ne'er can cease:
It points a way bestrew'd with flowers,
Our Jesus in the straight and plain,

And form'd refreshing, fragrant bowers,
To ease the weary travellers' pain:
Come and see

How good the Lord!
How true his word,
None grieving ever went away;

The splendid banquet's sweets are free,
Come, ah! why should one delay,
See the table richly spread,
Heav'n has furnish'd out the feast,

Jesus bounteous, at the head,
Gives a welcome to each guest.
Ye are welcome.
We are welcome

Saints declare;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Sounds through heav'n, earth, sea, and air.

All glory be to GOD on high,
Let every tongue proclaim,
Who, thus hath brought salvation nigh,
And glorified his name:

Soon every nation, every life
Shall hear the Gospel's joyful sound,
Fair Piety shall meekly smile,
And Peace shall through creation bound.

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And Peace shall through creation bound.

Sweet Religion
Through the earth,
With pious mirth

Shall exert her heavenly sway,
And angels to the utmost region
Joyful will the news convey:

Seraphim, and teraph bright,
Circling round the eternal throne,
With all the spotless sons of light,

Shall adore our GOD alone:
Shall adore,
Each heart rebounds,

Adore, adore, adore,
Thro' all eternity unceasing sounds.

X. W. T.

THE FOUR SEASONS,
A SIMILIE.

How lovely and blooming the season of Spring!
When nature is clad in her richest array;
When the gay plummy warblers with harmony sing,
And the mild fragrant breezes with gentleness play.

How beauteous and glewing does Summer appear!
When Sol o'zes with glory the radiant day;
When the fertile champagnes richest liveries wear;
And at harvest each heart is with merriment gay.

Alike in its beauty is Autumn array'd,
When the hills and the valleys with rich treasure
glow;

When the ripe yellow fruit to the view is display'd;
And the blessings of plenty impartially flow.

But sad is each prospect when grim Winter reigns,
When Soreas howls "midst the phylless storm;"

When the frost binds the rivers in hard icy chains;
And nature appears in her dreariest form;

So like the four seasons, life, changing, is pass'd:
Like the spring and the summer we flourish and
bloom;

Like the ending of Autumn we shrink at each blast,
And like gelid Winter, death leads to the tomb!

ORLANDO.

Versification of Select Passages of OSSIAN'S Poems.—Concluded.

APOSTROPHE TO THE SETTING SUN.

HAST thou left thy blue course in heaven, golden-
haired son of the sky? The west has opened its gates;
the bed of thy repose is there. The waves come to be-
hold thy beauty; they lift their trembling heads; they
see thee lovely in thy sleep; they shrink away with
fear. Rest in thy shadowy cave, O SUN! Let thy re-
turn be with joy!

VERSIFICATION.

HAST thou, in heaven, left thy azure way,
Thou golden-haired offspring of the sky?
The western skies their opening gates display;
There on thy bed, reposing thou dost lie.
The ocean's waves thy beauty to behold,
Approach, and lift aloft their trembling heads,
They see sleep's arms thy lovely form enfold,
And shrink with fear back to their wat'ry beds.
Rest, rest in peace, O SUN, within thy shadowy cave,
Return again with joy, bright from the eastern wave.

ADDRESS TO THE SPIRIT OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

How dreary is the night! the moon is darkened in
the sky! red are the paths of ghosts along its sullen
face! dull is the roaring of streams from the valley of
dim forms. I hear thee, spirit of my father, on the ed-
dying course of the wind. I hear thee, but thou bendest
not forward thy tall form from the skirts of the
night.

VERSIFICATION.

How dreary is the dark and misty night!
The moon is darkened in the gloomy sky!
Red are the paths where walks the shadowy sprite,
Seen on its dark and sullen face on high.
Dull roar the streams in yonder misty vale,
Where stalk of warriors' dead, the shadowy forms.
Ghosts of my sire! I hear thee when the gale,
Resounds with the hoarse murmurs of the storms;
I hear thee, but thou bendest not thine height,
Majestically from the skirts of night.

CARLOS.

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Saturday, November 27, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XIV.

Thought teaches one to feel a friend's lost worth:

When we have friends we trust them with our griefs;
 Our care lies lighten'd, and the mind sleeps calm.

SAYAGE.

TO return to our fugitives.—Wandering with Constantia on the banks of the river, Olivia gave way to a train of meditations, and was so far absorbed as to be regardless of the distance, till Constantia assured her that they had quitted the track. Turning to regain the right path, they heard voices among the trees, and presently were surrounded by a party of fiend-looking men, who, seizing, bound the trembling victims upon mules, and carried them off, notwithstanding they rent the air with their cries. The ruffians silenced them by savage menaces, and, compelled to obedience, they continued their journey.

At length, one of the men alighted at the entrance of a thick forest, and, after binding their eyes, Constantia found herself carried in the arms of a man, a considerable time, when, placed on the ground, the bandage was removed, and she vainly endeavoured to distinguish the surrounding objects.—All was dark and dreary.

Reduced to a sense of the horrors of her situation, she groped for the door, but soon found, by the coldness and moisture of the incased walls, that she was immured in a

noxious dungeon. Her watch, with several other valuable trinkets which she had about her, was gone, and her hair, which had been fastened up by pearl pins, now hung unconfined over her shoulders.

Alone and appalled, she threw herself upon the damp earth, and wasted her strength in unavailing sighs and tears. She called upon—her loved mother—her dear Olivia!—till a harsh, grating noise, and a clank as of a heavy chain falling round her, a man of ferocious aspect entered her prison, with a pitcher of water in one hand, a lamp and some bread in the other: he set them on the ground, and was retiring. Constantia caught his coat:—

“Stop—for Heaven's sake!” cried she, in a voice that might have subdued any breast endued with common humanity.—“Inform me, I conjure you, why I am detained here?—Where is my Olivia?—Restore me to my friends!”—He grinned maliciously.

“That,” rejoined the wretch “I cannot do: ‘it would be fine fun to waste so much time in catching you, to let you go again for nothing;—but, I can tell you, it is in your own power to be much better off. Our Captain is a noble fellow; but t’other Madam gives herself such airs, there’s no bearing it.”

“Oh, heavens!” cried Constantia, “she is safe!—Stop, stop, my dear friend;—I will give you all the money I have, if you will but let me have a sight of my Olivia!”—Then, feeling in her pocket, she cried—“Oh, God!—all my money is gone!”

“Do not cry, my pretty dear,” said he, with a sneer: “Don Roderique will give you more, if you will be but civil.”—Then locking the gate, without attending to her remonstrances, he again left her to herself.

All the horrors of her fate now darted upon her recollection with redoubled keen-

ness and she was almost overcome with the bitterness of anguish. A faint light now broke through the high grated window of her dungeon, which she soon, by its increasing strength, discovered to be the break of day. This cheering sight imparted a ray of comfort to her almost broken heart, and she swallowed, with some tranquillity, the portion of food allotted her.

Inspired with fresh vigour, she arose from her damp seat, and perceiving, at the further end of the cave, a narrow-vaulted passage, she determined to explore its recesses. Unversed in modern romance, she thought not of what she might encounter, and hoped that it would lead to some outlet, thro’ which she might escape: she proceeded in her venture with spirit, the hope of emancipation overcoming every other consideration. The passage was dark and perplexed, with many turnings, while the excessive swampiness of the ground caused her feet to sink into such a depth, that she with difficulty extricated them.

At length the cavern opened into a spacious area, which branched off in several passages; at the end of one of them she could just distinguish the spires of a gate. She advanced to it with intrepidity, and shook it with all her might, in hopes to make it yield. All her efforts, though exerted by despair, were ineffectual, and she was about to return, discouraged, to her dismal cave: when a deep groan, not many paces from her, arrested her trembling steps, and she stood motionless with affright, not daring to breathe, lest some one should seize her. She continued fixed, when again the groan was repeated.

Summoning all her courage, she raised her voice with emphasis, and said—“If any one is, like me, a wretched captive in this dismal place, in pity speak, and by participation lighten the horrors of captivity!”

Again she listened:—a loud shrill scream made the vaulted roofs resound, and in a moment appeared at the gate—Olivia!—What a meeting!—Constantia thrust her hands through the bars with eagerness to embrace her friend, rendered divinely dear by their mutual misfortunes.

"Ah!" cried she, "is there no means of communication with you!—Hated bars, that separate me from my friend!"

Constantia, my love," said Olivia, in a faint voice, "cease these transports. Too soon, I fear, we shall be discovered. Return to your dungeon: you will soon be visited by your detested goaler, from whom you will learn your fate; then return hither, and we will bewail our misfortunes."

Constantia kissed the hand extended thro' the grate, and, almost blinded by her tears, returned to her solitary cell. Scarcely had she thrown her limbs, which were, from the violent damps, already afflicted with excruciating pain, upon the earth, ere her dungeon was opened, and her goaler appeared, followed by a man of majestic figure and commanding aspect, in whom she traced prominent features, displaying pride, cruelty, and cunning. Smoothing the sternness of his brow, he advanced to Constantia, and seizing her hand, which, with a look of horror she attempted forcibly to withdraw, said,

"Can you, Madam, pardon the severity with which you have, unknown to me, been treated?—I much fear, that the rigour of your confinement has taught you to behold with aversion the unfortunate Roderique."

Constantia replied only with a look of ineffable disdain.

"Speak, charming girl," he continued in an impressive tone.—"What is your pleasure, and you shall instantly be obeyed?—All here are your devoted slaves."

Constantia looked round with an air of sullen dignity, as if to say—Who is the slave?—He resumed:—

"No longer shall this miserable spot conceal so much beauty. Suffer me to conduct you to an apartment more suitable to you."

She repulsed his proffered hand with a look of undissembled detestation. His features instantly wore a look of surprise and mortification, which was speedily changed into rage, when, sinking on her knees, she cried—"Sooner may the earth open and swallow me!"

"Tis well, Madam," replied he, smothering his anger: "a time may come when you will seek for my present despised offers of service with alacrity. When hunger and distress have subdued the pride of the haughty beauty, she will kneel and weep

to the disdained Roderique, who will then triumph over the vanquished fair.—Farewell, Madam," continued he, tauntingly: "be virtue and repentance your banquet."

As soon as she heard the heavy chain replaced, she flew to the prison of Olivia; as she approached the grating, she heard voices in loud altercation, and, fearful of discovery, paused ere she proceeded farther. She instantly recollected the accents of Roderique, who exclaimed, with much violence—

"By heaven, Madam, I will not be trifled with. I will not bear this scorn: either submit to my will, or both shall suffer under my glorious vengeance!"

The voice of her friend, in supplication, she next heard; and the sound of doors closing convinced her that all was safe. She ventured again to go forward, and, reaching the gate, she softly called—"Olivia." She instantly appeared, and Constantia related to her what had passed between herself and Roderique. "Ah! my dear girl," said Olivia, "I know it well.—What a fate are we reserved for! We are now in the hands of that barbarous murderer, who, for his depredations, is the terror of the whole country. Death and dishonour, perhaps both, await us, whichever way we turn!—My own fate I care little for: my life is already too miserable to desire a prolongation of it; and were I sure that, by a compliance with his detested wishes, I could ensure the safety of my Constantia, I should have but little care; but I too well know that we both are reserved for one horrid purpose."

"Sooner would I die," cried Constantia, "than submit to such an outrage! Ah! Olivia, had we but the means, you should see what I would dare to preserve myself from violation!"

"Nobly spoken," cried Olivia: "the resolution is worthy my dear friend; and, surely Heaven favours our intentions, and will, under such circumstances, pardon an act otherwise impious."

Saying this, she stooped to the ground, and picked up a dagger.

"See!" cried she, "Providence has sent us this for the defence of our virtue: let us not hesitate to put it to the use, doubtless, designed by our invisible guardians to preserve us from disgrace."

Constantia hid her face with her robe.—

"Dreadful means!" said she, her voice broken by extreme perturbation.

"Are you, then, afraid?" demanded Olivia with incoherent vehemence.—"Then Constantia refuses to share the fate of her friend!"

"Ah—no!" screamed the affrighted girl, grasping the hand upraised to give the fatal blow.—"Death has no terrors for me; but, surely my friend, to rush—unprepared—presumptuously!"

Olivia paused.—"True!" cried she, recollecting herself;—"I had forgot!" Then, putting her hand through the gate, said—"farewell, my friend!—may we meet in happier regions. Fear not to follow my example—I die an enviable death—Entail not upon your family a disgraceful stain, by a life of infamy!—Remember me!"

She was prevented from proceeding by a dreadful tumult. The earth seemed to tremble; loud out-cries and noises were heard above them; and a crash, as of the whole foundation giving way, resounded through the cavern.

"Oh, haste!" cried Olivia, with frantic terror—"Let us secure ourselves beyond the reach of the vengeance of the wretch's assistants: this is but some scheme to decoy us from our cells. Now, my beloved friend, a last farewell!"

Saying this, she raised her eyes to Heaven with a look of fortitude; and, heedless of the tremendous scream that Constantia uttered, plunged the weapon in her breast and fell, weltering in blood, upon the ground.

Agonized at this scene, Constantia struck her head against the bars which separated her from the lifeless body of Olivia; calling in vain on her name, and making the dungeon ring with her cries.

Meanwhile the noise continued with increasing violence: the alarm bell was furiously sounded from above, and all seemed in confusion. Unable to hold out any longer against the dread which seized her, Constantia sunk on her knees, imploring the Almighty for protection.—The beloved form of her parent darted across her fleeting senses—mists glided before her eyes—and her whole soul sickened with terror. Approaching footsteps assailed her ears, and the gates of the prison were forced open. Seeming conscious of the action, she raised the weapon, yet reeking with the blood of her friend, and was about to plunge it in her own breast, when a party of men entered, bearing lights. Their leader instantly darted forward, and, snatching the dagger from her, cried—

"Fear not, Madam:—we are your deliverers."

Constantia could only exclaim—"Heaven be praised!—Oh, save my Olivia!" pointing to where she lay, and fainted in his arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A curious and interesting Account of the Rafts or Timber Floats, on the Rhine.

From Mrs. RADCLIFF'S TOUR.

THESE consist of the fellings of almost every German forest, which, by streams, or short land carriages, can be brought to the Rhine. Having passed the rocks of Bingen and the rapids of St. Goar, in small detachments, the several rafts are compacted at some town not higher than Andernach, into one immense body, of which an idea may be formed from this list of dimensions.

The length is from 700 to a 1000 feet; the breadth from 50 to 90; the depth when manned with the whole crew, usually 7 feet. The trees in the principal rafts are not less than 70 feet long, of which to compose a raft.

On this sort of floating island, 500 labourers of different classes are employed, maintained and lodged, during the whole voyage; and a little street of deal huts is built upon it for their reception. The captain's dwelling and kitchen are distinguished from the other apartments, by being somewhat better built.

The first rafts, laid down in this structure are called the foundation, and are always either of oak, or fir-trees, bound together at their tops, and strengthened with irons, fastened upon them crossways by iron spikes. When this foundation has been carefully compacted, the other rafts are laid upon it, the trees of each being bound together in the same manner, and each *stratum* fastened to that beneath it. The surface is rendered even; storehouses and other apartments are raised; and the whole is again strengthened by large masts of oak.

Before the main proceed several thin and narrow rafts, composed only of one floor of timbers, which being held at a certain distance from the float by masts of oak, are used to give it direction and force, according to the efforts of the labourers upon them.

Behind it are a great number of small boats, of which fifteen or sixteen, guided by seven men each, are laden with anchors and cable; others contain articles of light rigging, and some are used for messages from this populous and important fleet to the towns, which it passes. There are twelve sorts of cordage, each having a name used by the float-masters; among the largest are cables of four hundred yards long, and eleven inches in diameter. Iron chains are also used in several parts of the structure.

The consumption of provisions on board such a fleet is estimated for each voyage at fifteen or twenty thousand pounds of fresh meat, between forty and fifty thousand pounds of bread, ten or fifteen thousand

pounds of cheese, one thousand or fifteen hundred pounds of butter, eight hundred or one thousand pounds of dried meat, and five or six hundred tons of beer.

The apartments on the deck are, first, that of the pilot, which is near one of the magazines, and, opposite to it, that of the persons called masters of the float; another class called masters of the valets, and then that of the sub-valets; and after this are the cabins of the tyrolois, or last class of persons employed in the float, of whom eighty or an hundred sleep upon straw in each, to the number of more than four hundred in all. There is lastly, one large eating-room, in which the greatest part of this crew dine at the same time.

The pilot, who conducts the fleet from Andernach to Dusseldorf, quits it there, and another is engaged at the same salary, that is, at 500 florins, or £42 sterling; each has his sub-pilot, at nearly the same price. About twenty tolls are paid in the course of the voyage, the amount of which varies with the size of the fleet, and the estimation of its value, in which latter respect, the proprietors are so much subject to the caprice of custom-house-officers, that the first signal of their intention to depart is to collect all these gentlemen from the neighbourhood, and to give them a grand dinner on board. After this, the float is sounded and measured, and their demands upon the owners settled.

On the morning of departure, every labourer takes his post, the rowers on their benches, the guides of the leading rafts on theirs, and each boat's crew in its own vessel. The eldest of the valet-masters then makes the tour of the whole float, examines the labourers, passes them in review, and dismisses those who are unfit. He afterwards addresses them in a short speech; recommends regularity and alertness, and repeats the terms of engagement, that each shall have five crowns and a half, besides provisions, for the ordinary voyage; that in case of delay by accident, they shall work three days gratis; but after that time, each shall be paid at the rate of twelve cruitzers, about four pence per day.

After this, the labourers have a repast, and then each being at his post, the pilot, who stands on high near the rudder, takes off his hat, and calls out, "Let us pray." In an instant, there is the happy spectacle of all these numbers on their knees, imploring a blessing on their undertaking.

The anchors, which were fastened on the shores, are now brought on board, the pilot gives a signal, and the rowers put the whole float in motion, while the crews of the several boats play round to facilitate the departure.

Dort, in Holland, is the destination of all these floats, the sale of one which occupies several months, and frequently produces

from 350 to 500,000 florins, or more than £40,000 sterling.

There are four floats that go every summer from Andernach to Holland.—The rapidity of the Rhine, and the bulk and unweildiness of the float, render the navigation dangerous. The passage, if good, is from six to seven days, but if the water be low, and the wind violent and adverse, it may be as many weeks. Several anchors are carried, and the float lies at anchor every night. In the evening, the anchors are taken into the boats and carried to the shore. The strong motion of the float drags them at first, but this motion slackens, and the float at last becomes stationary.

The pay of each man, as before observed is only five or six dollars. Having arrived at the place of destination, they form themselves into parties, of seven each, club their pay, and then shoot for the whole; and the losers are obliged to beg their way home.

THE BASHFUL STUDENT.

A Student at Law, who studied at Poitiers, had tolerably improved himself in cases of equity; not that he was overburthened with learning, but his chief deficiency was a want of assurance and confidence to display his knowledge. His father passing by Poitiers, recommended him to read aloud, and to render his memory more prompt by a continued exercise. To obey the injunctions of his father, he determined to read at the *Ministry*. In order to obtain a proper assurance, he went every day into a garden, which was a very secret spot, being at a distance from any house, and where there grew a great number of fine large cabbages. Thus for a long time, as he pursued his studies, he went to repeat his les on to these cabbages, addressing them by the title of *gentlemen*; and dealing out his sentences, as if they had composed an audience of scholars at a lecture. After having prepared himself thus for a fortnight or three weeks, he began to think it was high time to take the chair; imagining that he should be able to harangue the scholars, as he had before done his cabbages. He comes forward, he begins his oration—but, before he had said a dozen or words, he remained dumb, and became so confused, that he knew not where he was, so that all he could bring out, was—*Domini, Ego bene video quid non estis caules*; that is to say—for there are some who will have every thing in plain English—*Gentlemen, I now clearly see you are not cabbages*. In the garden he could conceive the cabbages to be scholars; but in the chair, he could not conceive the scholars to be cabbages.

Observation—*Those who are capable of deceit are the most dangerous; but those who practice it are the most vicious.*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO AMATOR VIRTUTIS.

SIR,

WHEN I read over your two elegant addresses to the Female Sex, I resolved immediately, so powerful was the operation of your *well-turned periods*, to dress myself to your taste; I therefore took up your numbers once more; but for my life, I could not tell what *would* please. I hope, sir, you will condescend in your next to inform us how we silly girls ought to dress. Shall we, to gain your approving smile, appear in the hood, the kerchief, and kissing-strings, worn by your great and venerable grand-mother,—the full dress and deep cuff in which lurked innumerable Cupids, in the days of good Queen Bess; or the extended hoop-petticoat, which graced the days of Queen Anne?—Leave us not in doubt.—I beseech you in the name of the “Female Sex,” to begin with the turban, and not to lag in your glorious race until you figure in the form of a shoe. But, good sir, be so condescending as to write so on this *important subject*, as an illiterate girl may understand you.—You will, I hope, pardon me for my freedom, when I inform you that I could not understand some of your sentences in the former friendly advices.—As for example, the following I cannot make sense of, turn it or twist it as I may: “The well known and undenied excellence of the characters of many of your *sex*, devoid of every attribute which belongs to you, would recommend you to notice, and entitle you to respect.”—Now, I think, but perhaps you will not allow a *silly girl* to think at all, that if you take away every attribute belonging to us you will leave nothing to deserve or merit a *character*. Your next sentence puzzles me as much as the former; “I must inform you, though dress would be considered a *foible* rather than a *crime*, were it not too often attached to the most vile and infamous of mankind.” Here, sir, be pleased to inform me how dress can be a *foible*, and next how dress can be a *crime*.—You seem to think that dress is a *crime* because it is *attached* to the vilest of mankind—how! reforming sir, would you wish these vilest of mankind to run naked?—I hope you are not an Adamite; for goodness sake explain yourself; deign also to instruct a girl who wishes to improve, what is the use of that pretty word “*though*,” in the sentence.

In the first sentence of your next paragraph, you tell us of a “*virtuous pursuit*.” I have often heard of a *virtuous man*, and sometimes of a *virtuous woman*, but a *vir-*

tuous pursuit is new—I’ll mark it for future imitation. You then say, “*such conduct*,” meaning our love to folly and fashion, “is the first cause of that unjust detraction, from your honour and humanity;” this is also to me unintelligible. Your first number I am as little able to understand, but what I have remarked, I hope will be sufficient to induce you to write so as you may be easily understood.

I shall but trouble you with another observation, and so bid you farewell. I know a few sparkish ladies who are about to form a society solely to answer your criticisms on dress, by a criticism on your grammar. I beseech you, therefore, dear adviser, be cautious.

BETSEY PRIM.

“KNOW THYSELF!”

—A NEGLECTED DUTY.—

SENECA has asserted that prosperity obstructs the knowledge of ourselves, and that we are imposed on by flatterers, and deceived by dependants. It is, he says, adversity alone which is the test of virtue, and holds out a just mirror to show us truly what we are:—he says, that he who never was acquainted with adversity has seen the world but on one side, and is ignorant of the half of the scenes of nature. How desperate and hapless, then, must be the situation of those, who drown the voice of reason, and the remonstrances of conscience, floating heedlessly down the delusive streams of pleasure, are sunk in the arms of luxury, and carried away by the giddy wheel of voluptuousness and dissipation? Such men have not time or sincerity to examine into themselves. If conscience at any time is enabled to offer a reflection, recourse is had immediately to stifle it in the fumes of inebriety—they run! to destruction with their eyes open, and at last wreck themselves on the quicksands of perdition. Such men are incapable of reviewing themselves—they are lost to all the motives of virtue, the voice of reason, and the calls of conscience. They are swallowed up in thoughtless infatuation, as the troubled water of a dreadful whirlpool, sucks, with irresistible force, every substance into its faithless abyss, that comes within the circle of its vortex.

Reflection.—*May the disappointment, tho’ not the fate, of Tarpeia, attend the perfidious: recollect that perfidy is a breach of confidence, not a rejection of slavish habits.*

Characters.

NO. IX.

A SPLENETIC MAN

Will fall out with his own shadow, rather than seem to want occasion of offence; and in his vapourish fit, he looks at every thing with an eye of prejudice, and a false mirror, in which the world, “and all which it inherit,” appears totally destitute, and divested of every natural and moral beauty; his petulance prevents him from enjoying any thing rational, and his pride makes him unwilling to confess that there is any object upon earth that deserves desire.

Thus peevish and mistaken, the hypochondriac withdraws from company to his closet, and resolves, in the first moments of phrenzy, to quit society for ever; and in the enthusiasm of hope, concludes that he shall leave all inquietude behind. He flies to solitude and to shades, as a natural resource, and there he fancies he shall find the roses of happiness growing, without thorns, and health blossoming upon every bough: he wishes to bury himself from human commerce, and is only solicitous to enjoy the negative satisfaction of the brutes around him. But alas! felicity is too fleet to be overtaken, and her visits must be voluntary, if we wish her smiles; for the enjoyments which are forced, (like those fruits which are ripened in the hot-bed without the influence of the sun) are always insipid and tasteless. He who has not found happiness in society, will seldom meet her in a forest; nor can the bubble of a brook, or the warble of a bird, the blush of the morning, or the perfumes of a flower, afford much comfort to the man who disavows any desire to impart either joy or consolation to the rest of his species, and is indeed disgusted with himself.

Such a being would carry into his retreat a mind industrious to deceive and distress him, and which would turn into substantial sorrow all the gaiety of his rural visions; till whatever the most luxuriant country could bestow, would soon be found insufficient to secure that tranquillity which a constant serenity and calm of soul only can afford. A man of a spleenful cast always carries a tormenting snake in his own bosom, and an endeavour to relieve his misery by changing his situation, is as ineffectual as the sick man’s attempts to mitigate his malady, by tossing in his bed, or varying his posture.

Observation.—*Though the end be good, yet the means of obtaining it, taken abstractedly, may be vicious.*

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Extracts,—by a Reader.

NUMBER I.

A PERSIAN LOVE TALE,

Translated from an Oriental Manuscript.

ARGENTINUS, a man of great figure and fortune in Sicily, having unluckily opposed the tyranny of Dionysius, was obliged to quit that country, and seek an asylum in Persia. He took with him two sons and one daughter, named Albemira, then on the approach of her thirteenth year, and in her full bloom of beauty.

Argentinus, on his arrival at the metropolis, was taken notice of, and entertained by Heliocentrus, Chief Priest of the Sun, who after enquiring into his rank, and hearing the story of his misfortunes, commanded him not only to make use of his house with the utmost freedom, but also of his interest and fortunes; and without giving him time to consider in what manner to ask his friendship, the Priest had taken care to recommend him to the Emperor Cyrus, who placed him in a post near his person, and suited to his dignity.

Albemira, in a course of conversation, had, by her native innocence, delicate wit, and sanctity of manners, gained so much on the affections of Heliocentrus, that he first gazed, then admired, then was charmed, and at length loved. The Priest had the advantage of a fine person, ready address, and a most surprising happy manner of insinuating himself into the esteem of all with whom he conversed; but was more particularly successful in his application to Albemira, in whose heart, honour, gratitude, and affection all met together, and acted as the advocates of Heliocentrus.

Argentinus soon found himself so happily seated by the favour of Heliocentrus, and his imperial majesty's esteem, as to be able to take from his friend the burthen of his family, and placed himself in a house as near as possible to Heliocentrus, and to the imperial court, that he might alternately perform his duty to the Emperor, and enjoy the social converse of the Priest.

When Heliocentrus found Argentinus so happily settled, however his generosity guarded him before, against seeming to make his wish a command, he now declared to Argentinus his affection for Albemira, which was received as became a man of honour, and one who was obliged for every thing to Heliocentrus; but perhaps owing to some delicacies peculiar to that country,

or that it was necessary Albemira should come gradually in to give her consent, or that the Emperor was first to be consulted, the marriage was for some time deferred.

In the mean time there came often to the house of Argentinus, a rich Armenian merchant, who was a kind of broker or agent to the court, and dealt in diamonds, and other jewels and valuable curiosities, by which he had free access to the ladies of the seraglio, carried on a commerce with the principal eunuchs, and was usually referred by the Emperor to Argentinus, to transact such business as lay in his way, and concerned the court.

By these frequent visits he came to learn that Argentinus had a beautiful daughter unmarried. The merchant had a son marriageable, and altho' the father was in his nature extremely penurious, and Argentinus not yet in a flow of wealth, yet the merchant considered the interest of Argentinus, and the way he was in of acquiring riches, as an ample consideration; he was therefore determined upon making the match for his son, and accordingly addressed Argentinus on the subject, who very freely opened himself to the merchant, and told him what engagements he was under, and what obligations he owed to the generous Heliocentrus. The merchant was not to be put by his pursuit with such kind of honorary reasons;—he pressed Argentinus closely, but finding him immovable, retired to consider by what means he might attain his ends. He consulted the chief eunuch, and after having engaged him thoroughly in his interest, by means that never fail at court, he now determined doing that by power which he could not attain by application.

Argentinus had some suspicion of what would happen, and communicated his thoughts to Heliocentrus, who esteeming his own interest at court as much superior to the merchant's, concluded that he durst not presume to proceed that way; and in this opinion, set himself down unconcerned. But Argentinus, who had all the Italian genius about him, reasoned very differently; and being clearly sensible what a rich, resolute man was capable of doing at an Asiatic court, he used his utmost arts to traverse the merchant's steps, but in vain; the old man had managed his time, and employed his presents too well to be disappointed.—Argentinus no sooner appeared in the presence-chamber, but the Emperor told him, with a smile of joy, that he had disposed of his daughter for him to great advantage; but observing Argentinus look sad, he demanded the cause; and upon being informed of the truth, only said in return, "Argentinus, I am sorry that you and Heliocentrus must be disappointed, my royal word is past, and you know that is an unchangeable decree."

Let any man upon this occasion but imagine,

when all the different passions are blended and working in the human breast, duty to a sovereign, affection to a child, gratitude to a friend, and a man's own previous prospects of happiness, which he supposed would be the result of the first intended match, now agitated and working into a flame, and as it were, pent in the bosom by respect and awe. I say, let any man but imagine what must be the natural consequences, and he will be under no difficulty to judge of the effect it had upon the unhappy Argentinus. In a word, he fainted in the Emperor's presence, and was carried off, (as they then thought) expiring. However, he recovered; and his spirits that were now broke and wasting, only supported him just long enough to hear, that his daughter was, by the emperor's command, hurried away to the temple, and that Heliocentrus had suddenly left his habitation, and was gone no one knew whither. This finished the tragedy of the father, and brings us next to enquire after the disposition of the rest of the parties.

Albemira was married; but the wedding-day, instead of producing the accustomed joy, was only on poor Albemira's part, a scene of misery, distraction and sorrow.—Her father dead with grief; her friend, protector and lover vanished, and for aught she knew, assassinated on her account; her two brothers employed in very distant parts of the empire, and herself in the arms of an enemy who had been the cause of all the mischief; and what, if possible, was worst of all, her husband a man of very mean and contemptible birth, and with a soul as poor as his education. He made no allowances for poor Albemira's situation, but jealous of her whole heart being set on Heliocentrus, and being informed that the Emperor, on enquiring into the truth, had discovered enough to refuse giving him the fortune usually presented with the ladies of the court; and that this, in effect, portended his utter ruin, he immediately packed up all his effects, and accompanied by his father, his wife, and a few servants, made the best of their way into a forest, that lies in the road between Babylon and Persepolis. Albemira all the while lost in a kind of stupid insensibility, was dragged on with the rest, when on a sudden, a voice at some little distance, seemed to awake her out of her trance, and throw her into an uncommon fit of transport. The voice that was very shrill and piercing, seemed intermingled or broke with tremulous agonies, as of a person on the point of expiring; it repeated Albemira thrice, and then added, in a fainter tone, "O! let me see that dear amiable angel once more, and my soul shall visit the bright regions of heaven." Albemira turned up her eyes towards heaven, as supposing her lover spoke to her from the clouds; but on the voice being repeated, she leapt off from her mule, and ran precipi-

pitately into the woods, and there to her amazement beheld a dead lion, and her lover expiring by its side! She, without reflecting on the consequence, threw herself down by his side. He had just life enough to bid her an eternal adieu, and expired on her bosom; and she just ready to follow him, when the enraged husband rode up, and only saying, "I see you prefer the priest to me," plunged his spear into her breast, which seemed to lay willingly open to him, and expired with a smile. The young merchant clapped spurs to his horse, and would have made his escape, but was seized by his own servants, and conducted to Babylon, where he met a punishment suitable to his demerits.

Cyrus commanded due honours to be paid to the remains of Argentinus, and the two illustrious lovers. And that the memory of so much honour, gratitude and affection, might be transmitted as an example to posterity, he further commanded Aristinus, the Greek Statuary, to relate the melancholy history in Bas-relief, on the eastern tower of Babylon, where it remained with the smiles of the rising sun upon it, at the time of Alexander's conquering that kingdom.

ANECDOTES.

EVERY little incident in the life of a great man is worthy of being recorded. The following Anecdote of Captain Cook, the circumnavigator, is well authenticated:—When a boy, he was apprenticed at Steers in Yorkshire, to what is termed a general shop-keeper. It happened one day, that a young woman purchased an article at this shop, and in payment offered a shining new shilling. The master of the shop, having seen the girl pay this new shilling, and not finding it among the cash in the till, accused young Cook of purloining his property. Our young hero, indignant at this charge upon his probity, said it was false—that the new shilling certainly was in his pocket; but that he had replaced it by another. Unable, however, to brook his master's accusation, he the next day ran away, went to sea, and from this simple circumstance the world is indebted to his great discoveries as a navigator.

SOME people recounting several wonderful feats of horsemanship, an old soldier, who was present, said he had seen an English light-horseman, on full speed, pick a copper off the ground with his *eye-lids*.

A Conversation taking place on the subject of extraordinary things done by dogs, one of the company said, *he had seen two mastiffs fight till nothing was left but their tails!*

"Profiles" of Eminent Men.

(From Sewall's Poems.)

(CONTINUED.)

SWIFT.

Satire's keen shafts blend with true humour's vein;
We smile, yet tremble at thy dreadful pen!
In prose, invention's utmost stretch is thine;
First in that walk, thy GULLIVER shall shine;
Thy verse is attic, but thy prose divine!

YOUNG.

YOUNG! 'twas sublime! ye bards, your homage pay!
O'er night's dark gloom, he darts a flashing ray,
Unveils her thickest shades, and pour's celestial day!
NATURE, and TIME, and DEATH await his nod,
Grace triumphs! trembles vice! and Atheists own a God.

G AY.

GAY like thy name, thy wit our fancy feasts,
And thy wise FABLES fraught with birds, men, beasts,
Yield more instruction than ten thousand priests.*

THOMPSON.

The bard of NATURE comes! and nicely true,
Holds up her portrait to the admiring view.
On ev'ry feature stamp'd, such lustre beams,
More lovely than th' ORIGINAL it seems.
Pleas'd with her image, deck'd in brighter rays,
She in the flatt'ring mirror loves to gaze.
One flame, at last, shall both united fire,
Nor till HER seasons cease, shall THINE expire!

WATTS.

With pious rapture, glow thy strains divine,
And warbling seraphs breathe in ev'ry line.
The CHURCH triumphant, militant, conspire
To chaunt thy numbers; and as they inspire,
Shout the REDEEMER'S praise to thine exalted lyre!

COLLINS.

Call'd by thy muse, the Passionous round thee throng,
Obey the high behest, and fire thy song.
Like ANTON'S son, when great TIMOTHÉE strove,
Lost and o'erpow'rd! HOPE, FEAR, GRIEF, JOY, WE PROVE,
Inflam'd with HATE, DESPAIR, REVENGE, & LOVE!
Now melt! now burn! as rolls the tide along.
Such PASSIONS madd'ning sway, and such the pow'r
of song!

CHURCHILL.

CHURCHILL, dire scourge of poets, players, peers,
His vast Herculean stature high uprears,
Unbought, unbrib'd, with savage fury warm,
Rough as a satyr! raging as a storm!
Collected in HIMSELF, he towers along,
Heroic champion of satiric song!
In height of blood, his fiery courser flies;
Like furious JEREM the smart lash he plies,
Leaps hedges, ditches, bars; and seizes on the prize!

* Pops in ones.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 27, 1802.

IMPROVEMENTS and INVENTIONS

Boquebert has communicated to the Philamathic Society of Paris, a very simple process for taking a copy of a recent manuscript. The process is the more interesting, as it requires neither machine nor preparation, and may be employed in any situation. It consists in putting a little sugar in common writing ink, and with this the writing is executed upon common paper, sized as usual. When a copy is required, unsized paper is taken, and lightly moistened with a sponge. The wet paper is then applied to the writing and a flat-iron, such as is used by laundresses (of a moderate heat), being lightly passed over the unsized paper, the copy is immediately produced.

Mr. VOIGHT, chief coiner in the mint of the United States, has invented an engine for turning screws of any given diameter, and of any number of threads, to an inch. This invention was first designed for cutting fuses for watches, so as uniformly to adjust them to the length of the main spring—a thing hitherto very difficult in practice, and without which it is impossible a watch can keep regular time. By the aid of this machine a person of common mechanical abilities, and without any knowledge of mathematics, may adjust the fusee to the greatest exactness, or turn metallic cylinders and cones of any length or diameter to a mathematical certainty.

We understand that Mr. Voight, from patriotic principles, has no intention of obtaining a patent, but to leave it open to his fellow citizens.

Useful to Seamen.

THE following receipt, which to navigators in warm climates promises to be useful, and which from the known antiseptic qualities of charcoal, is most likely to be successful, is given in one of the last French Journals:—"When the aliments from intense heat and long keeping, are likely to pass into a state of corruption," says the writer, "the simple but sure mode of keeping them sound and healthful, is by putting a few pieces of charcoal into your pot or sauce-pan, where the meat or fish are to be boiled. The effect of this is that your soup will be made good, and that the fish or flesh will be both sound and agreeable to the taste." This experiment has been tried and should not be forgotten.

[N. Y. pap.]

MR. GRANT, a well known breeder of rams, at Wyham, in Lincolnshire, in the last Stamford paper, says, that he last year clipped 4,300 sheep, which produced 3,300 tons of locks, and which he sold for 2,100*l*.

[Lanc. Pap.]

INTELLIGENCE.

A bill is before the legislature of New-Jersey, for incorporating a company for making a Turnpike Road from Powlas-Hook to Trenton.

Dr. JAMES S. STRINGHAM, is appointed Professor of Chemistry, in *Columbia College*, in the place of Dr. Mitchell.

LONDON, October 1.

FROM the late enumeration of the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, it appears that in England and Wales alone, not fewer than 1,843,354 persons competent of labour, are employed in trade and manufactures.

The public income of Great Britain, which may serve as a barometer to indicate the degree of the prosperity of our trade, was, including the loans and other extraordinary resources of the year, ending January 5, 1802, not less than 63,026,507l. 6s. 11d. sterling. Of this sum not less than 28,503,397l. 16s. 9d. arose out of the permanent taxes.

Extract of a Letter from Paris, Oct. 2.

FRENCH literature follows the same strain of sublimity with French politics. A publication has just appeared, demonstrating, that without fast-days there can be no navy in France. This is the sum of the author's reasoning—"Without fast-days there would be no fish eaten; if no fish were eaten there would be no fisheries; without fisheries there would be no seamen; without seamen there would be no navy;" therefore, without fast-days there would be no navy. Q. E. D.

From the Charleston Times, Nov. 4.

NOTICE.

DIED, at my house, on the Great Swamp, near Coorawatchie, on the 24th ult. a gentleman, who, it appears, from some instruments, &c. which he had with him, probably was a physician or surgeon—but was so far exhausted when first I took him in, I could gain but little information, more than that he had come from Philadelphia, had been at Charleston, and was on his way for Savannah, and that his name was William Wilks, and had a family in Philadelphia. He was on horseback, had passed my house about one hundred paces, or little more, when he fell from the horse; but supposing him intoxicated, did not go to his assistance for some time; when it growing dark, concluded to take him in until he could recover, but was astonished at finding him almost in an expiring condition, as I suppose, with the fever which prevailed in Charleston; and on the second day after, about 10 o'clock, he died—leaving a horse, saddle and bridle, with a pair of saddle-bags, but little in them; and seven dollars in cash.

JAMES LINDSEY.

LONGEVITY.

Within one mile of the meeting house, of the first parish of West Springfield, Massachusetts, there are now living eight persons, whose ages added together amount to 700 years, and three persons whose ages is 280 years!

THE following curious trees have been discovered within the last twenty years, viz. the *Bread Fruit Tree*, the *Butter Fruit Tree*, the *Tallow Fruit Tree*. A *Welsh Gentleman* observed, that if a *Cheese Fruit Tree* should be discovered, it would complete the whole class, and afford society at a cheap rate, the happy supply of *Bread, Butter and Cheese*.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. *John Vallance*, to Miss *Margaret Pratt*, both of this city.

A Young man of the name of *Neck*, was married last week in Devonshire, to a Miss *Heels*. They are now tied *Neck and Heels*.

Deaths.

Republished from *Poulson's Gazette*, by particular desire.

DIED, of the yellow fever, on the 10th inst. Dr. ISAAC PRAUL, of this city, at the house of his father, Mr. John Praul, of Bucks County, whither he had gone on a visit after having remained in the city during the prevalence of the late malignant fever. He was taken on the 1st inst. and died on the tenth day of his illness, in the 26th year of his age, universally lamented by all who knew him, and more particularly by those with whom he was closely connected. Dr. Praul, is ore to be added to the list of physicians who have so magnanimously lost their lives by administering medical relief to the sufferers in the yellow fever. He attended patients in that disease, until it had subsided in the city; and he lamented as the probable cause of his taking the disease, his having thrown off soon on leaving it, the restraint with respect to regimen, which he had observed while he remained in it. In his death society have to deplore the loss of one, whose amiable qualities had endeared him to all who knew him; and whose mind was a congenial soil of improvement in science, and in all social and useful virtues. The most genuine eulogy on his amiable virtues of a filial, fraternal, and conjugal nature, is the sincere and unceasing grief and lamentation of those who were related to him by these ties. With respect to the duties which he owed to his patients, they were discharged with a conscientious regard to their welfare, and the utmost punctuality of attendance, which had secured to him their attachment and esteem, and gave his practice the most flattering prospect of success. He employed his leisure hours in improving himself in the more difficult branches of his profession; and in the latter part of his time he was engaged in the pursuit of a course of experiments for explaining the nature of digestion—they were ingenious and happily contrived to elucidate the subject, and succeeded in a manner that must have given him satisfaction, and a reasonable hope of accomplishing his wishes in the investigation of the subject. If he had been spared, and succeeded agreeably to his expectation, it would have given him a conspicuous place among the benefactors of mankind; and all who can estimate the benefit that it would be to the science of medicine in general, to have this primary function of life cleared from the doubt and obscurity in

which it has been involved, must deplore his death as a loss to the medical world.

—, on the 28th ult. of the yellow fever, on his passage from St. Thomas, Mr. *John Stockton*, of this city, in the 22d year of his age.

—, On the 16th inst. after a long and tedious illness, *John Leacock*, esq. in the 73d year of his age. He was a native of this city, and Coroner for the city and county of Philadelphia for the space of 17 years, and has uniformly testified his gratitude by executing the duties of his office with the strictest fidelity.

—, On the 21st inst. Miss *Sally Margerum*, of this city.

—, On the 23d, after an indisposition of three weeks, Miss *Sarah Browne*, aged 18 years, daughter of the Widow Browne.

—, In Tadyfin Township, Chester county, on the 21st, *Asijab Stevens*, aged 70 years.

A Charleston paper announces the death of *John Ewing Culbourn*, esq. a member of the Senate of the United States, from the state of S. Carolina.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Autumn," by *Carlot*, will appear next week—The *Sonnets* shall not be neglected.

A Reader is requested to continue his "Extracts," and to enrich them as much as possible from rare and valuable sources.

It is a prominent part of our plan to encourage youthful essays.—With this view, and possessed with an idea that the writer might possibly improve his style, as he became warmed with the animated and animating part of his subject, and his imagination contemplated their beauties with a less prejudiced eye, the two first numbers of *Amator Virtutis* found admission: but we are sorry to say, that his third number is absolutely unintelligible. Should the writer however, request it, we will give it *verbatim et literatim*; as it would afford fine sport for *Miss Betty Prim*, and her (to-be-established) society of female critics.

If we mistake not P. Q.'s meaning, several of his remarks are personal, and must have arisen from circumstances with which the public cannot be supposed to be acquainted—this alone is a sufficient reason for excluding his address to *Amator Virtutis*.

Amicus came too late for this week—*Floric* in our next.

PROPOSALS,

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

A Collection of Sacred Music,

From the works of HANDEL, HAYDN, PLEYEL, Dr. BOYCE, Dr. BUSBY, &c. &c.

In 24 Numbers, each to contain 4 Folio pages, and printed on a fine paper. Price to subscribers 25 cents each number; to non-subscribers, 12½ cents each page. Those ladies and gentlemen who intend honouring this work with their names, are particularly requested to be as early as possible in subscribing, as the work is intended to be completed in March next.

Proposals may be seen, and subscriptions received by the Editor, R. SHAW, No. 13, South Fourth-street.

OCTOBER 30.

31.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE WANDERING MARINER.

.....'T WAS on the Sussex coast
All dark and fearful frown'd the midnight sky,
And hoarsely hollow o'er the vault of heav'n
Roll'd the loud thunder: while the rushing winds,
Fierce—unoppos'd swept o'er the dark'ned main:
Red gleam'd the quick sharp light thro' the gloom,
And by its cheerless lustre bade us mark
Our deep dug graves down in the vast abyss.
In vain the fainting seaman urg'd his toil—
Vain his despairing cries—fruitless his prayers;
Our noble ship, rul'd by the tyrant wave,
Now cap'd his monstrous brow in dreadful state,
And now, as roll'd the billowy surge away,
Down in the dark and awful void she sunk
Thro' the cleft waves a thousand fathoms deep!
Awa'n the high and fearful peak she gain'd,
While roar'd the wild winds 'mong her crackling
shrouds;
And ever as the chasm, disparting wide,
Engulf'd her deep into its yawning jaws,
High o'er our heads the foaming surge that broke
Swept some poor victim from the deck.

Then, fairy Fancy, what were thy behests?
Not such as when the bright'ning morn of life
Shone cloudless o'er my head!—when in each thought
Thou pictur'dst pleasures speeding to my hopes!
—Ah no!—

Dreadful they were, riving my very soul!—
They spoke a lov'd wife's anguish and despair,
An helpless orphan's unprotected state,
Reft of a husband—father.

Now fiercer yet rages the ruthless storm,
Dark and more dark the angry heavens howl,
And the harsh thunder pealing thro' the sky
Speaks loud our fate.—Fast to the jutting shore,
On whose dark rocks is sculptur'd instant death,
Resistance denies the gale.

Hark to that cry!—How fearful did it sound!
Again!—It seem'd a thousand drowning men
Shriek'd in the sound at once—Mercy! that shock!
We split! Oh God of light receive my soul!—

.....The morning dawn
Found me a wanderer on the lonely beach,
Friendless—unknown—'reft of my comrades all,
Who peaceful lie beneath the 'whelming wave;
My useless limbs cramp'd by the winter's frost,
And destined still to roam a stranger land,
Far from my native home and family.

Oh then
Who hears't my sad tale told in simple guise,
If ever heavenly pity warm'd thy breast,
And bade a sigh rise there to sooth the wretch,
Aid! give it to the WANDERING MARINER.

LINDOR.

THE WINTER OF 1798,

A SKETCH.

GRIM hoary Winter now triumphant reigns,
And casts a melancholy gloom around;
Sweet smiling verdure has forsook the plains,
Where joy and rural pleasure late was found.
Sad is each scene which meets the ranging eye;
Where'er I turn rough surly winter scowls,
All comfortless appears the gloomy sky,
And o'er the landscape Boreas fiercely howls.
No more you grove forms a refreshing shade,
The leaves lie wither'd, and the trees are bare;
No more the breezes whisper through the glade,
Nor flows with balmy fragrance fill the air.
No more the morning with gay beauty reigns,
When first the sun expands his orient rays,
No more are heard, throughout the groves and plains
The plumy warblers, chaunting forth their praise.
No more you river rolls its liquid tide,
To bear the vessel to the distant main;
Advent'rous skaters o'er its surface glide,
Unmindful of the cold blast's chilling pain....
Now, from the icy regions of the north,
Rush the bleak clouds, with wild disorder'd form;
Old restless Boreas loudly bellows forth,
And drives with swelling rage the boisterous storm.
The fleecy snow, around now swift descends,
Whirls thro' the vale, sweeps o'er the frozen ground;
Then rising, o'er the rugged cliff ascends,
And with wild rage, again it rushes down.

* * * * *

In frozen robes appears each vari'd scene,
Which glisten to the sun's meridian ray;
—And o'er the trackless surface of the plain
With jovial company swiftly glides the sleigh....
Ye rich, who revel in the splendid room,
Where smiling plenty spreads her ample store,
And dwell at ease beneath the gilded dome,—
At this bleak season think upon the poor.

Your's is the pow'r to stretch the friendly hand,
And to affliction yield a lenient balm;
For riches in profusion you command,
The cry of "cheerless poverty" to calm.
Lo! in you yet, which skirts the frozen way,
Despising misery seeks for your relief,
A wretched mother and an orphan lay,
Borne down by poverty, and keenest grief.

Bright were the joys which to her fancy glow'd,
When first she stepp'd in busy scenes of life;
Quick thro' her veins the vital current flow'd,
When happy Eo-waaro hail'd her as his wife.
But soon was chang'd each gay and smiling scene;—
Fell sickness seiz'd the partner of her life,
Vain was all art to scathe his burning pain,
Death triumph'd in the sad unequal strife.
With anguish keen her loss the widow mourn'd,
Depriv'd of ev'ry means to gain her bread!—
From her sad mansion by fell advice turn'd,
She sought "for shelter in an humbler shed!"
With keenest sorrow, helpless and distress'd;
To calm her soul her fortitude she tries,

NOTE.

* A literal fact.

Whilst her dear babe clings closely to her breast,
Piercing her heart with its afflictive cries.
But turn my muse, turn from this scene of woe,
T' where cheerfulness and gay contentment smile,
Where the gay rustles hearts with friendship glow,
And innocence and peace the hours beguile.
Health, peace, and plenty ever is their lot,
Thro' all the changing seasons of the year;
And now, when winter's blasts assail their cot,
With friendly hand, they mis'try's children cheer.
Soon as the sun sinks in the western sky,
And silent night each dreary scene conceals,
When stars with lustre glitter from on high,
And studd'ning forth the flowing streams congeals—
Then gay and cheerful 'round the glowing fire,
The rustics sit, (defying ev'ry care.)
In jovial converse with some neighboring sire,
And with him their delightful nectar share.
With ready tongue, each tells his fear-fraught tale,
What phantoms strange at midnight he had seen,
How hags and fairies rode on ev'ry gale,
And ghosts and goblins sauk'd along the green....
And now, to graver topics they attend,
Themes, which to latest times the breast shall fire,
Of FREEDOM'S firm and uncorrupted friend!
And with a sacred zeal the soul inspire.
They tell how victories were nobly won—
How PATRIOTS fir'd with FREEDOM'S sacred flame,
Led on by brave undaunted WASHINGTON,
Gain'd lasting glory in the rolls of fame!
They tell how WASHINGTON with placid meho,
Thro' fields of terror led to victory!
And sought his country's FREEDOM to obtain,
Resolv'd to conquer,—or confidingly die!
How MERCER, WARREN, and MONTGOMERY fell,
And all devoted for their country's weal!
Of on these themes they fondly love to dwell,
And feel their bosoms glow with patriot's zeal.
Th' enraptur'd youths list with attentive ear,
'Till the spent lamp a feeble light bestows,
And on the hearth the embers faint appear,—
Then bid good night,—and seek a calm repose.

LUCIUS.

EXTEMPORE LINES

ADDRESSED TO "X. W. T."

"Delightful bard!" whose pleasing strain divinely flows!
Whose bosom, with Religion's inspiration glows!
High, as the heav'nly throne ascends thy daring muse!
Revives the drooping heart, and all creation views!
Bless'd friend of Innocence! whose sole and virtuous
aim,
Is to repeat and praise thy great Creator's name!
Thy "Hymns" the Christian's soul exalts to realms on
high,
And paints the perfect bliss enjoy'd beyond the sky!
Go on sweet bard! thy all-inspiring strain prolong,
To length immeasurable swell the glowing song!
Thine be the task, still aided by Religion's fire,
To rouse the soul, and ev'ry breast with zeal inspire!

LUCIUS.



PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, December 4, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XV.

..... Jealousy is like
A polish'd glass held to the lips when life's in danger:
If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp, and shew it.
BRYDEN.

THE scene which presented itself to the wondering eyes of Constantia upon her recovery, was as transporting as her former misery had been excruciating. No longer confined within the dreary walls of a noisome dungeon, with a grateful heart she found herself in a splendid apartment. Upon a bed, at a small distance from the couch where she reclined, was extended the body of Olivia, pale, disordered, but still retaining faint symptoms of life.

Beside the bed stood a youthful warrior, bending over her bleeding body, with looks of mingled pity, horror, and solicitude depicted on his countenance.—Constantia seemed to have a faint recollection, and, after a little consideration, found that his appearance was extremely like that of Lady Barome, when in the dress of a peasant. By her own side stood a youth of no less pleasing appearance, who seemed to have been busily employed in restoring her to recollection, while his eyes wandered from his lovely charge to the bed where lay the expiring Olivia.

Casting a look of gratitude towards her deliverers, Constantia arose from her seat, and, falling on her knees beside the body

of her friend, sought to restore her to life by her endearing expressions. Olivia turned her eyes upon Constantia, and muttered, in a feeble voice—

“ Ah!—do I live once more to behold my dearest friend!—My Albert, too!—surely, I cannot support the transport of this sudden revolution!—I feel very faint!”

She then sunk exhausted on her pillow, and the scene became very affecting. Albert entreated Constantia to quit the chamber. He seated her in a chair, and, drawing another beside her, begged to be informed of what had passed since his parting with Olivia.

Constantia related, as succinctly as possible, all the particulars; and when she concluded with an account of their treatment in prison, Albert took up the thread of the discourse, and informed her, that he happened, most providentially, to be riding past with his friend, Lord Russel, at the time the ruffians were conveying them away; but having no other arms than their bare swords to oppose to ten well-armed braves, he knew resistance would be vain; he therefore followed them privately, and when he had discovered their retreat, which was an old priory in the forest, they returned without delay to ———, where he obtained a warrant for the apprehension of the offenders, who had long filled the country with dread by their increasing devastations.—Having gained the assistance of a party of soldiers, with the officers of justice who were appointed to attend him, he led them on, accompanied by Russel, to the priory, where they soon overcame all opposition, and gained possession, fortunately in time to preserve the lives of the fair unhappy sufferers. Roderique was secured in prison with the rest of his associates, who were to take their trials for their several offences.

Constantia felt her heart expand to the noble deliverer, and thanked him in the warmest accents of gratitude; and with fervent admiration assured him how proud she should be to present him to the owners of Warrenne Castle, who would be more able to acknowledge the immense obligation.—Her zealous unreserved behaviour made a forcible impression on his mind; and, as she concluded her address, his cheek was covered with a deep glow; then, changing the subject, he reverted to the situation of Olivia.

A slight hint that Constantia inadvertently let drop, of her friend's strong attachment to him, seemed to give him much concern; but as it was a subject he could not, without agitation, expatiate upon, he rose from his seat, and paced the room in evident uneasiness.

“ Amiable girl!” cried he, “ how can I act, consistent with honour?”

He then mused a while, and presently continued, in a low voice—

“ No—no—Raymond will never act so basely!”

“ Ah!—what say you?” cried Constantia, running to him. “ Do you know where he is?—Speak!—I implore you, make it no longer a secret. You know not how much happiness awaits him!”

Surprised at her strange perturbation, he made no reply, fearing the late scenes which she had been engaged in, had disturbed her intellects; but, leading her to her seat, endeavoured to calm her spirits; till, by her repeated eager enquiries he was convinced that she had some extraordinary reason, he acquainted her that his name was, indeed, Raymond: and added, with visible tokens of confusion, that he was that unfortunate who had been adopted by Sir Arthur De Warrenne, and who had been the

happy means of restoring to an injured lady her rightful inheritance.

To confirm her in her hopes, Constantia demanded—whether he recollected ever to have had a silver chain fastened round his neck?

—“Behold it here,” cried he, untying his collar.—“I have ever preserved it as a means of discovering my parents. But tell me,—do they live?”

“Happy—happy hour!” cried Constantia. “You are, indeed, our own Raymond Barone. Your parents live, and have not yet ceased to mourn your loss.—Now I can, indeed, recompence you your services.”

Constantia soon explained to him all the particulars as she had heard them from her mother. It was his turn to be astonished.

—“Is it possible,” he exclaimed, “that my dear nurse, Matilda, is your mother, and the heiress to the House of Warrenne?” —[Tears started to his eyes.]—“Next to my own parents,” he continued, “will I love the amiable protectress of my infant years. My excess of joy prevents my utterance; but I am well aware that the feeling heart of my fair cousin will do justice to my thoughts.”

Constantia put an end to the conference by requesting their return to Olivia. They found her much better: the surgeon, having examined and probed the wound, pronounced it dangerous, but not mortal; and promised if she were kept in a state of tranquillity, to effect a perfect cure in a short time. She herself received the news with much indifference, and seemed perfectly careless of her fate. During her confinement, Raymond and Russel were unremitting in their endeavours to please and gratify her wish, and she received their attentions with mild composure.

One day she called Constantia to her bedside—“Do you know, my dear,” said she, after a thoughtful pause, “that it is my intention to return home as soon as I can prudently be removed hence. Since my illness, the thoughts of my disobedience have weighed heavy upon my heart; and although, Heaven knows, I feel the deepest regret at parting from you, yet it must be; and if Lord Russel will have the goodness to escort me to my father’s, instead of the Castle De Warrenne, I shall be grateful for the obligation.”

At first, the surprise of Constantia was too great to permit her to reply. At length, upon some consideration, she said—

“Way, my Olivia, will you give way to such fearful flight, which both distress

yourself and friends! I understand your delicate scruples; but can you think so meanly of the generous Raymond, as to suspect him, for a moment, of relinquishing you for his new-found wealth?—Rather believe it to be the happy means of effecting the most desirable end. Neither, believe me, have you any thing to dread from Sir William or Lady Barone. I have, I believe,” continued she, deeply sighing, “sufficient influence with them to prevent the consequences which you apprehend.”

Olivia raised her head: her eyes were swimming with tears.

“Oh, no! my friend,” said she, mournfully; “far different were my apprehensions. Think not that I will ever unite my fate with that of Raymond. Never will I owe that to pity which I am not otherwise entitled to.—Besides, I know too well the state of his heart; and I think I shall not in our your displeasure, when I venture to affirm, that he has conceived a most ardent passion for yourself.”

—“For me!” echoed Constantia, retiring a few paces from the bed, her eyes sparkling with shame and pleasure.—“Impossible! Believe me, Olivia, you raise phantoms in your imagination, which exist no where else. But, however,” added she, recollecting herself, “let not that discompose you; for, was that to be the case, no consideration should tempt me to do such injustice. Never—by all that’s sacred—would I accept a hand that ought to be Olivia’s.”

“No! my sweet friend,” said Olivia enthusiastically:—“Olivia is not worthy of him. My imprudent conduct has entirely alienated what small share of esteem he might once have felt for me: besides, I have no claims upon his heart, excepting those which are made by compassion; and to such I scorn to owe any thing.”

“Peace!” cried Constantia, kneeling.—“Here do I swear,—never to marry Raymond while there is the most remote probability of your success.”

Then, rising, she hung over Olivia, and they mingled their tears together.

Notwithstanding Olivia’s affection for Constantia, she derived great consolation from the thought,—that there was no chance of an union between her and Raymond, as she was too well convinced of his sincerity to doubt, for a minute, the solemnity of her oath; and from that time her health daily increased.

When they were joined by Raymond, Olivia again repeated her desire to return home, which they all refused to listen to;

and she was at last, by their united persuasions, induced to relinquish her design. Lord Russel, however, prevailed upon her to permit him to return to the Baron St. Welham, her father, with a letter from her, entreating a reconciliation. Raymond made no comments upon her unexpected request, but divided his attention equally between her and Constantia. Frequent sighs and looks, however, betrayed his real sentiments, in spite of his efforts to conceal them.

Russel soon took leave of them, on his embassy, promising to return speedily with an answer favourable to her wishes; and, saluting her with respectful tenderness, departed. In a few days Olivia was sufficiently recovered to travel, and immediately the remaining party set off for De Warrenne Castle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RING.

Love and Hymen had united Eliza to the most inconstant of men; but Eliza idolized her husband, and his conduct had not lessened her affection for him. Grief consumed her, and its cause was known. A crowd of admirers attempted to alleviate her sorrows. Among those who sought to attract her attention was Dorset, a young man of a dangerous friendship for tottering virtue, and who appeared to obtain a preference, without, however, succeeding in engaging Eliza’s heart. Neither his vows nor his assiduity could lead to the gratification of his wishes. Eliza remained faithful to her inconstant husband. Dorset, without being discouraged, resolved to try every means: Interest often triumphs where sentiment is disregarded, and by interest he expected to gain a heart, till then invincible. One day, as he was alone with Eliza, and speaking to her of his ardent love, he presented to her view a very elegant diamond which he wore. Eliza took particular notice of it; her looks, rather agitated, met Dorset’s. She appeared affected, sighed, took his hand, as if to examine the ring: he imagined he felt her press it, and was at the height of joy: he took it softly from his finger, and presented it to her. Eliza seemed to feel a secret satisfaction.

“Accept this trinket,” said Dorset, with transport; “it gratifies me the more to offer it you, since it appears to please you; and gives me a fresh opportunity of proving my affection, in sacrificing to you an amiable woman from whom I received it!”

“If that be the case,” said Eliza, “I ac-

cept it with gratitude, and particularly without reluctance, for it is mine."

"How?"

"Yes, I have long thought it lost. I had mislaid it; but, from what you tell me, I see it has travelled, and I guess where it went."

"I assure you, Madam, that it is from —."

"Precisely, my husband paid some attention to that lady, who probably received it from him, as she gave it to you; but I must own, that I cannot accept it on the same terms."

Dorset, confounded, withdrew in silence. Eliza, as a prudent woman, received her husband in the evening more tenderly than ever; and, in the night, while he was asleep, she placed the ring on his finger: when he awoke, he felt his wrongs; and his eyes being opened to a true sense of his errors by the delicacy of his wife's conduct, he restored to her the regard he owed her; and Dorset, seeing that Love and Hymen agreed so well, to increase the domestic happiness of this couple, sought elsewhere women to console.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Quest. What is VIRTUE?

Ans. Love and Adoration, mingled with Fear of the OMNIPOTENT CREATOR of the Universe. . . . These, when united in the heart, never fail to produce a strict obedience to the commandments delivered in awful majesty from Sinai's cloud-capt summit, and an observance of the divine precept—"Do unto others, as you (in similar circumstances) would have them do unto you."

J. W.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Morality.

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.

EXODUS XX. 8.

WAS a youth, whose place but a few years since was not known upon the earth, to take up the pen to remonstrate with, and advise those whose heads are silvered over with the grey hairs of age, it would be pronounced (and justly too) an unwarrantable presumption; but when he addresses himself to the young and the volatile, when he presumes no farther than to drop a few hints, for the benefit of the rising generation, he trusts he will not be charged by the candid and the liberal with arrogance.

As for the opinion of those of a different stamp it matters not.

Having thus far premised, I would now draw the attention of the young and thoughtless to the words which I have above quoted.—I would tell them, that their author is the OMNIPOTENT CREATOR of the UNIVERSE—that they form one of the commandments which were delivered by the great JEHOVAH from Mount Sinai, in majesty awfully sublime. At its delivery "there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount; because the Lord descended upon it, and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly."

If, therefore, (as the Scriptures of truth inform us) GOD descended from his throne to deliver it for the government of the children of men,—if at its promulgation, mountains trembled to their base, how strictly should it be observed! and how dreadful must be the punishment of him who is guilty of a breach of it!

Notwithstanding these truths, how often do we see a worm of the dust, brave, as it were, the vengeance of the Omnipotent, and profane the Sabbath day.

It is not my intention, at this time, to enter into a detail of the many ways in which this command is broken. One or two observations must suffice—

Some young persons meet together, and pass the Sabbath evening in playing at Pawns, Questions and Answers, &c. How reprehensible is such conduct! If they would pause but for a moment, in their wild career, and reflect on their ways, how dreadful would be the review! But there are many who do not reflect on it at all.—I have seen some engage in a game of Questions and Answers on a Sabbath evening, who would have shuddered at the idea of taking up a pack of cards, and passing the evening at whist;—yet is not the one equally criminal with the other? Their consciences, if permitted to speak, would answer in the affirmative. But though they may for a time stifle the voice of conscience, and say, "it is innocent mirth;" let them take heed,—it is an outrage against the laws of the MOST HIGH, and they may rest assured, that for such conduct "the Lord will not hold them guiltless."

When engaged in such amusement on the Sabbath, they do not reflect, that they may, at "midnight's awful hour," hear the dread summons of "thou fool this night thy soul shall be required of thee!" and ere the morning sun be numbered with the dead.

Another flagrant breach of this law, is

levity and wanton behaviour in church during divine service. Not the most interesting subject, when treated with all the ardour of the most eloquent, is sufficient to arrest the attention of some. They would rather be employed in nodding or winking at their companions, or in laughing, and endeavouring, by grimaces, to make others laugh, who are more seriously disposed than themselves. Such indecorous behaviour, not only betrays a want of religion, but a want of sense. Those who are guilty of such improprieties, do not consider, that they are in the temple and immediate presence of the LORD of Lords, and that by such conduct they insult the Majesty of Heaven. They do not reflect that the all-powerful Jehovah,

"Who rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm,"
"Can bring them, "in the twinkling of an eye," before his awful bar, to answer for their conduct. They know not against whom they fight—let them beware.

J. S. W.

W I T.

A School-master, a great foe to idleness, thinking that the well-known expression, "Idleness covereth a man with rags," might be amended, wrote, as a copy for one of his pupils—"Idleness covereth a man with nakedness."

A Home-spun astronomer, not long since, fancied, and reported to his neighbours, that the moon was inhabited, for he had discovered an *he-goat* in it. A by-stander observed, he thought it was more probable the moon had been transformed into a *mirror*.

THE celebrated Lawrence Sterne happened to be sitting in a public coffee-house, when a conceited young buck attempted to divert himself and the company at Sterne's expence, by repeating a number of common place witticisms upon the clergy. Sterne, for a while, remained silent: at length, he called his dog to him; and, while caressing and stroking Jowler, he enumerated his good qualities; but without observed, that the cur had one ugly trick, which was, that, though he was as fawning as a spaniel to other people, the sight of a clergyman never failed to set him growling and barking. One of the company hereupon asked how long the dog had been in that habit. "Ever since he was a puppy," replied Sterne."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

NO part of your useful Repository gives me a greater pleasure than that which contains your juvenile essays. Their authors ought always to be treated with the greatest delicacy, and receive pointed encouragement, not only from you as editor, but by all who wish for the improvement of the rising generation.

Improvement is the great object in view, but slowly will the young essayist proceed, tedious will be the journey, if some helping arm is not extended towards him, by which he may be able with more ease to surmount the difficulties which he may meet in his way.

Juvenis, in your last number,* therefore, claims my attention: his short essay on that passion, which, it is probable, he now begins to feel, has on the whole something in it to me very pleasing. The ease with which it is written, presents to my imagination, a gentle stream which imperceptibly glides along. He undoubtedly possesses genius; but I hope he will not be offended, when I inform him, that the most valuable diamond once lay deep in the mine, and to the hand of the skilful artist it owes much of its present brilliancy. He must write with more care and examine with more accuracy, if he wish to do ample justice to himself. To point out the necessity of this advice, the following observations are at his service:—"Of all the passions which affect the human breast, and so differently agitate the same, none probably work a greater change on the sentiments, than that of love." The construction of this sentence is too loose; good writers never use *same* in this manner. "None probably work;" *Juvenis* should have considered that *none* is a compounded word for *no one*, consequently the verb *work* should have been *works*. The whole would have been better thus: "Of all the passions which affect, and so differently agitate the human breast, none works a greater change in our sentiments than love." In the next sentence we have the same error repeated, "none help" for *none helps*; and in the third sentence the verbs *prompts* and *metamorphoses* ought to have been in the plural number. A few sentences from this is the following—"An all-wise Providence has communicated the same to all animated creation, according to their natures." Although some writers do put Providence for the Deity, and attribute to the former what they ought only to attribute to the latter, yet we never

* Number 47.

ought to imitate them in such sentences. God as found in his providence, and in all his works, is alone all-wise. But should we even admit this, yet the article *an* can never be permitted to stand before it. To shew the impropriety of the article in this place, let us put *God* in the sentence, thus, "A God all-wise has communicated," &c. One God all-wise, and one Providence all-wise, you well know cannot be admitted in our composition. It is true, Ovid could say, when speaking of God in his providence, *Quisquis fuit illi deorum*—"Whosoever of the gods he was;" but to us, as there is but one, we cannot place the article before his venerable name.—"Has communicated the same to all animated creation, according to their natures"—to have rendered this clause grammatical, it ought to have been, *according to its nature*. The sentence would have pleased me better thus:—"Our beneficent Creator, who in all his works of Providence, evidenceth the most consummate wisdom, hath communicated this passion to every intelligent being, according to its nature." By these few observations our friend *Juvenis* will see how necessary it is to be careful; but let him rest assured, that they are written with the best intention. A few trials will enable him to surmount the difficulties which every beginner must encounter; a greater attention to grammar will shew him its utility, and by reading carefully some of our classical English authors, he will be enabled to use words with propriety.

Your friend *Obscurus* also is deserving of notice. The lesson he teaches is a good one, and he gives it in language tolerably correct: he would do well, however, to pay some more attention to grammar rules; the profit will abundantly compensate for the toil. I said the lesson is a good one, and for it he deserves our thanks; yet, in my opinion, he carries it a little too far. He says, "we ought to pay due deference to the opinions of others, however opposed they may be to our own, contradictory to fact, or at variance with nature and with reason." When any person maintains opinions contrary to fact, at variance with nature and reason, certainly, for those opinions we ought never to entertain a deference. For instance, in Malabar, an opinion is held, that it is highly meritorious to burn the blooming widow on the pile with the body of her deceased husband:—this opinion is at variance with nature and reason:—does it demand our respect? Nay, we can only view it with abhorrence. When any opinion is so evidently false,

and in its tendency so evil, we ought to pity its possessor, and as long as it remained *only an opinion*, deprive him of no civil right; yet for the principle we never ought to shew the smallest respect, as that deference might have a tendency to fix him more immoveably in error.

AMICUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN my last publication,* among the rest of the queries; was the following, "Whether the substances used in dying silk stockings black, did not give them, (they being naturally electric) a conducting quality?" *Sciotes*, in his answer, says, No electrical phenomena would have appeared, had not the stockings been, one pair white or grey, and the other black, or both either white or black. He admits electric appearances will follow the separation of white and black stockings, or flannels, after having been excited by friction. Does it not appear from this, that one pair of the stockings was in some measure a conductor? If this was not the case, how came they to be charged at all? for I do not know that the electric fire can be produced by any other artificial means, than the friction of two bodies, one possessing an electric, the other a conducting quality. *Sciotes*, or some other correspondent, would oblige many by answering satisfactorily the following queries:—

- 1st. Can the electric fire be produced by the friction of two electrics?
- 2d. Are, or are not, silk stockings and flannels, when dyed black, in any degree conductors?
- 3d. If not, why will not the phenomena take place on separating two of the above-mentioned substances, though of one colour?
- 4th. Would the vapours, as they, by condensation, descended to the floor, carry off the fluid gradually, without producing any discharge?

ENQUIRER.

* See Repository, page 333.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

THE avidity with which our citizens subscribe for the republication of works which have appeared in Europe, and the neglect which they shew with respect to our own productions, are worthy of serious attention. To what can it be attributed? Is it that Europeans possess so much more

penetration? Are their works so much more valuable? And is this readiness to give them publicity, always the result of a knowledge of an author's merit, or the book's real value? I doubt we will, on examination, too often find, that no such reasons can be produced, and that not seldom, the greatest list of subscribers may be found prefixed to books from which little benefit can be derived. But granting that all the productions we receive and adopt, were highly advantageous to promote our improvement in science, morality, and religion; yet, would that render us excusable for suffering men of genius in our own country to pass unheeded through life, and consign their works to oblivion? Assuredly no!—It has been said by many, deeply read in the history of man, that despotic governments have been more favourable to science and arts than republics; that where there were great men, the poet, historian, and artist, generally found a patron, whose extensive influence gave publicity to their works; but in republics, each member of society was so nearly equal, that a patron was seldom found, and consequently, little encouragement given to the proficient in the liberal arts.

Is it not in our power to prove the contrary, and shew to the world, that the people united, are the best patrons? This no person can for a moment doubt. Let us then exert ourselves in the glorious undertaking, assured that we cannot begin a moment too soon. Let us give always the greatest encouragement to our own artists and our own authors, and we will assuredly reap the advantage.

But it may be objected, that our own artists are not the best, and our own authors sink in the comparison, when others are produced—and therefore it would be wrong to give them the preference.

Admitting the objection in its full force, I do not think the conclusion will follow. We ought to give them the preference, to induce them to contend for excellence—we ought to encourage them, to stimulate to an exertion of all their powers—we should place the prize full in their view, and we would soon find the list filled with competitors. But when the young author, or modern artist tremblingly issues his proposals for a new work, if treated with neglect, his spirit in a great measure dies, and it is probable, he never dares to make another attempt. To such are truly applicable the following beautiful lines—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

To what is it owing that London teems with authors, in every science, of distinguished merit, but to the patronage that young essayist generally receive. It is true, by thus generously encouraging young authors, many worthless productions are brought to light; but let it be remembered, that it is better to be thus deceived ninety-nine times, than to suffer the hundredth, if a work of genius, to sink into oblivion, thro' a want of patronage.

I have, Mr. Editor, been induced to offer these few observations to the public, through the medium of your useful *Repository*, from the following cause:—

Having a considerable time ago, seen proposals for publishing by subscription, a work, entitled the *JUVENILE OLIO*, by a young man of this city, who, from several of his productions, appears by no means destitute of literary merit. I waited on a noted Bookseller, and enquired for the work—I received for answer, that it was not published, merely through the want of a few subscribers to defray the expense!!! I was astonished, and for a moment forgot I was in the capital of America. I rather appeared from this conduct, as if I were in some obscure village, in the back woods—I left the shop, and thoughtfully returned to my lodging. How many hundred dollars, said I, as I threw myself carelessly into my chair, are the giddy and the gay squandering every day in pursuits, which in the end are found to be neither pleasing nor profitable? How many are spent by the voluptuary in satisfying a vitiated taste by costly dishes, in which lurk the seeds of tormenting disease; or in often draining the capacious goblet, the enemy of temperance and godlike reason!! And yet the culture of the mind is neglected!!—It is well, ye bucks and bloods,—it is well, ye giddy and ye gay,—it is well, vain voluptuary; ye act consistently, in not subscribing to the *Juvenile Olio*; for, although I never saw a page of the work, and scarcely know the author, yet from the specimen of his composition which I have seen in the *Repository*, satire might reach you, pointed and keen, were his work given to the public!—I say again, ye act consistently—it is just in this generation as it was formerly, “the children of this world are wiser than the children of light.”

But ye supporters of order, ye patrons of virtue, ye lovers of American literature, why stand ye aloof? I wish much encouragement to be given to young authors. ENCOURAGE THEM: it will stimulate your sons to pursue the goddess *Fame*—it will urge them to pay more attention to

study—and if once an honest fame is attached generally to success in literary pursuits, ye may rest assured that Genius will once more be seen hovering over our schools, academies and colleges—But suffer our young authors to pass by unheeded, deny the *POOR TRIFLE* that is necessary to make us profit from their works, and Genius will take her flight, and seek a spot filled with more generous souls.

A Friend to Young Authors.

N. B. Lest some very conceitedly wise men should take it into their heads, that the author of the *Juvenile Olio* knows something of the above, I inform them, that he is so far from knowing any thing thereof, that we are not even on terms of intimacy, nor is the above so much on his account, as the embracing of a general principle, which the author thinks of the first importance.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Extracts,—by a Reader.

NUMBER II.

STORY OF TRANQUILLA;

OR AN

OLD MAID'S APOLOGY.

IT is not very difficult to bear that condition to which we are not condemned by necessity, but induced by observation and choice; and therefore I, perhaps, have never felt all the malignity, with which a reproach, edged with the appellation of *Old Maid*, swells in some of those hearts, in which it is infused. I was not condemned in my youth to solitude, either by necessity or want, nor passed the earlier part of life without the flattery of courtship, and the joys of triumph. I have danced the round of gaiety amidst the murmurs of envy, and the gratulations of applause; been attended from pleasure by the great, the sprightly, and the vain, and seen my regard secreted by the obsequiousness of gallantry, the gaiety of wit, and the timidity of love. If, therefore, I am yet a stranger to nuptial happiness, I suffer only the consequences of my own resolves, and can look back upon the succession of lovers, whose address I have rejected, without grief, and without malice.

When my name first began to be inscribed upon glass, I was honoured with the amorous professions of the gay *Venustulas*, a gentleman, who, being the only son of a wealthy family, had been educated in all the wantonness of expense, and softness of

effimacy. He was beautiful in his person, and easy in his address, and therefore soon gained upon my eye, at an age when it is very little over-ruled by the understanding. He had not any power in himself of pleasing or amusing, but supplied his want of conversation by treats and diversions; and his chief act of courtship was to fill the mind of his mistress with parties, rimbles, music, and shows. We were often engaged in short excursions to gardens and seats, and I was for a while pleased with the care Venustus discovered in securing me from any appearance of danger, or possibility of mischief. He never failed to recommend caution to his coachman, or to promise the waterman a reward if he landed us safe, and his great care was always to return by day-light for fear of robbers. This extraordinary solicitude was represented for a time as the effect of his tenderness for me; but fear is too strong for continued hypocrisy. I soon discovered that Venustus had the cowardice as well as the elegance of a female. His imagination was perpetually clouded with terrors, and he could scarcely refrain from screams and outcries at any accidental surprise. He durst not enter a room where a rat was heard behind the wainscot, nor cross a field where the cattle were frisking in the sun-shine; the least breeze that wafted upon the river was a storm, and every clamour in the street was a cry of fire. I have seen him lose his colour when my squirrel had broke his chain, and was forced to throw water in his face on a sudden entrance of a black cat. I was once obliged to drive away with my fan, a beetle that kept him in distress, and chide off a dog that yelped at his heels, to whom he would gladly have given me up to facilitate his own escape. Women naturally expect defence and protection from a lover or a husband, and therefore you will not think me culpable in refusing a wretch, who would have burthened life with unnecessary fears, and flown to me for that succour which it was his duty to have given.

My next lover was Fungoso, the son of a stock-jobber, whose visits my friends, by the importunity of persuasion, prevailed upon me to allow. Fungoso was indeed no very suitable companion; for having been bred in a counting-house, he spoke a language unintelligible in any other place. He had no desire of any reputation but that of an acute prognosticator of the changes in the funds; nor had any means of raising meritment but by telling how somebody was over-reached in a bargain with his father. He was, however, a youth of great

sobriety and prudence, and frequently informed us how he would improve my fortune. I was not in haste to conclude the match, but was so much awed by my parents, that I durst not dismiss him, and might, perhaps, have been doomed for ever to the grossness of ignorance, and the jargon of usury, had not a fraud been discovered in the settlement, which set me free from the persecution of grovelling pride and pecuniary impudence.

I was afterwards six months without any particular notice, but at last became the idol of glittering Fosculus, who prescribed the mode of embroidery to all the fops of his time, and varied at pleasure the cock of every hat, and the sleeve of every coat that appeared in fashionable assemblies. Fosculus made some impression upon my heart by a compliment which few ladies can hear without emotion; he commended my skill in dress, my judgment in uniting colours, and my art in disposing ornaments. But Fosculus was too much engaged by his elegance to be sufficiently attentive to the duties of a lover. He expected to be repaid part of his tribute, and staid away three days because I neglected to take notice of a new coat. I soon discovered that Fosculus was rather a rival than an admirer, and that we should probably live in a perpetual struggle of emulous finery, and spend our lives in stratagems to be first in the fashion.

I had soon after the honour, at a feast, of attracting the eyes of Dentatus, one of those human beings whose only happiness is to dine. Dentatus regaled me with foreign varieties, told me of the measures that he had laid for procuring the best cook in France; and entertained me with bills of fare, the arrangements of dishes, and two sauces invented by himself; at length, such is the uncertainty of human happiness, I declared my opinion too hastily upon a pie, made under his own direction; after this he grew so cold and negligent, that he was easily dismissed.

Many other lovers, or pretended lovers, I have had the honour to lead a while in triumph. But two of them I drove from me by a discovery that they had no taste or knowledge in music; three I dismissed because they were drunkards; two because they paid their addresses at the same time to other ladies; and six, because they attempted to influence my choice by bribing my maid. Two more I discarded at the second visit, for obscene allusions; and five for drollery on religion. In the latter part of my reign, I sentenced two to paternal exile, for offering me settlements by

which the children of a former marriage would have been injured; four for misrepresenting the value of their estates; three for concealing their debts; and one, for raising the rent of a decrepid tenant, making in the whole thirty-four lovers, or pretend-ers, viz.

Venustus, Fungoso, Fosculus, and Dentatus,	4
Two, who had no taste or knowledge in music,	2
Three because they were drunkards,	3
Two who paid their addresses at the same time to other ladies,	2
Six, who attempted to influence my choice,	6
Two for obscene allusions,	2
Five for drollery on religion,	5
Two for offering me settlements by which the children of a former marriage would have been injured,	2
Four for misrepresenting the value of their estates,	4
Three for concealing their debts,	3
One for raising the rent of a decrepid tenant,	1
TOTAL,	34

After all that I have said, the reproach ought not to be extended beyond the crime, nor either sex to be condemned, because some men or women are indelicate or dishonest.

TRANQUILLA.

"Profiles" of Eminent Men.

(From *Swall's Poems*.)

(CONTINUED.)

GRAY.

GRAY courts the shade, yet towers on eagles' wings;
Replenish'd from Castalia's purest springs,
Art's proudest monuments in ruins lie,
Yet *his* immortal work shall never die.

SHENSTONE.

Sweet flow thy rural strains! the past'ral muse
Her bard be-sprinkles with Arcadian dews!
Enamour'd swains, and love-sick nymphs, agree
No bard the *TENDER PASSION* paints like thee.
SPENSER's soft reed, and HAMMOND's lute are
thine,
TIBULLUS' sweetness, SAPPHO's glowing line,
OPUS' gay harp, and MARO's warmth divine!
No passion of the soul, but thou can'st move,
Each rules by turns, yet centre all in LOVE!

CERVANTES.

Could my faint voice augment thy challeng'd praise,
Each muse should tune, thy spirit fire, my lays.

Romance, in thee, points satire's keenest dart,
Vers'd in each winding of the human heart.
Against mad *chivalry* thy shafts were drawn,
Nor fail'd to wound each vot'ry thro' thy Down.
The table, moral, humour, with nice art,
Expung'd *Knight errant* from Reason's chart,
Struck at the root, and stabb'd it to the heart.

FIELDING.

Fird by CERVANTES, his rich genius shines
In thee! pure gold from his exhaustless mine s,
Each rival able to thee must yield the bays,
Lost in th' effulgence of thy brighter rays.
Drawn from the life, each character's portrayal'd,
In contrast, JONES and BLISS stand display'd.
Nature, and art, and grace, in SOPHIA join,
Great ALLWORTHY's thine own, pure, perfect, and
divine!

LE SAGE.

LE SAGE from nature drew: in ev'ry line,
Exultant wit, and boundless fancy shine.
Spain, and its manners, customs, habits, all
Are here—but BLASS is an original.
Genius and humour beam in ev'ry page,
Enchanting novelist! instructive SAGE!
(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 4, 1802.

A Lecture, introductory to a course of Experimental Philosophy, to be given by Mr. JOHN CRAIG, was delivered in the Friends' Academy of this city, on Tuesday evening last—At the earnest request of a number of the gentlemen who were present, this Introductory Discourse will be published in our next week's Repository.

INTELLIGENCE.

We understand that a most horrid murder was committed in the north east part of Stonington, a few days past. A man by the name of Worden, rose in the morning, and began to make a fire. While thus engaged, three of his children came round him, disputing about an apple, which one of them had in possession—Worden turned round, and with a stick of wood stunned one of them, which immediately crawled away to its mother. With another blow, he broke the arm of the second; and shocking to relate, he killed the third instantaneously. He then made off, but has since returned; though we cannot learn that he is yet secured in prison. [Norwich pap.]

We hear that the Rev. Mr. Thomas Hall, chaplain of the British Factory, at Leyhorn, (a native of Pennsylvania) has lately sent to the Historical Society of Boston, a present of two Stone Coffins, supposed to be at least 3,000 years old, of a most curious structure. One of them has various figures on it in the true Grecian style in bassorelief, representing some interesting events, as yet undiscovered by the antiquarians. [N. Y. pap.]

The gold medal, voted by Congress, in 1800, to Commodore TRUXTON, on account of his engagement in the Constellation, of 38 guns, with La Vendee, a French 54 gun-ship, has lately been presented to him by the President of the United States in a very handsome manner.

A silver urn has been presented to Com. TRUXTON, by the Underwriters of Lloyd's Coffee house, London, thro' our minister, Mr. R. King. The protection afforded to the commerce between the two countries, published this mark of approbation. The workmanship was by the best artists, and in the most fashionable style of execution; and the cost estimated at 600 guineas.

There is now at Liverpool a vessel 130 years old; she was formerly a ship; now a brigantine of 56 tons: She is named the "Three Sisters," and was employed with success at the siege of Londonderry, in 1669, to victual the garrison of that place: on account of her age she is exempted from port duties.

BERNE, August 1.

A Person, named Philip Boersinger, formerly a monk of Einsiedeln, and now curate of St. Gerold, in the Val-alberg, has formed a new sect under the title of "Adherers of the heart of Jesus."—He persuades the people that the Devil is at present very busy with mankind; that a great number are possessed by him; and that, to escape from the power of Satan, it is necessary to be baptized, and aspersed with holy water, which he distributes. A number of the inhabitants of Seotthis have become converts to this doctrine, and have undertaken a pilgrimage to St. Gerold. The Bishop of Constance has thought it necessary to appoint a commissioner to examine these sectaries; and the Helvetic government have given orders to the prelate to endeavour to check this fanaticism, and to prohibit all their nocturnal meetings, because they believe that it is chiefly in the night that the Devil plays his tricks. It is said, that on hearing of the measures which were about to be taken against him, he did not think proper to await the result, but fled the country.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Alexander J. Miller, merchant, to Miss Anna Maria Bass, daughter of the late Dr. Bass, of this city.

—, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Usick, Mr. Henry Farmer, to Miss Jane Ellison, both of Concord, Delaware.

—, on the 27th ult. by Bishop White, Mr. John Harrison, druggist, to Miss Lydia Leib, both of this city.

—, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Milledoler, Dr. Zachariah Hoffman, of Ulster county, stated of New-York, to Miss Mary Johns, of Southwark.

—, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Greer, Mr. Andrew Lindqv. esq. to Miss Christiana Vanlee, both of Delaware County.

—, on the 2d inst. Mr. Reue Lewis, merchant, to Miss Rachel Thomas, both of this city.

Deaths.

DIED, in London, M de Verdon, well known for wearing a little bag wig, and a large cocked hat. This

singular character it appears, was a female, though she always wore a masculine habit. From certain papers found, she was a natural daughter of a former king of Prussia. It is remarkable, that though she was in the habit of sacrificing copiously to Bacchus, she never revealed the secret of her sex.

—, on board the United States Frigate, Adams, under the command of capt. Campbell, in the Mediterranean, on the 21st of Sept. last, after a tedious and lingering illness, William Adams, of Maryland, a midshipman, in the 18th year of his age, but cregeted by all the officers on board.

—, at Natick, on the 21st Sept. after a short illness, Hugh Stevenson, lieutenant in the 20 regiment of militia, of the Mississippi territory.

—, on the 23d ult. after a short illness, Mrs. Mary Morrison, about 83 years of age.

—, on the 24th ult. Mr. Richard Babe, cooper, of this city.

—, on the 25th ult. of a lingering consumption, Mr. Michael Immel, aged 67 years.

—, on the 30th ult. in the 30 year of his age, after a painful and lingering illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude, Frederick Glen, a native of Russia.

—, On the 1st inst. in the 37th year of his age, Thomas Parr Wharton.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot perceive the least trace of civil humor or sense in "Party Spirit's" jargon. "Peter Prim's" good intentions are not doubted; but it will be necessary for him to furnish better evidence of taste in selecting his *Scraps* than his first attempt exhibits, previous to their publication being commenced.

"Amicus Medicis" is not correct in some of his sentiments respecting medical characters; by attempting to prove too much, he has proved nothing—If's communication, however, shall have a place in our next. If *Baty Primas* has been incorrect or personal, in any of her remarks, the way is open for *Amicus Viritatis* to reply.

—The respect which that writer professes to bear towards the editor, and the desire he expresses to promote the design of the Repository, is deserving of thanks, and the goodness of his heart and purity of his intentions are not doubted—but necessity, at times, compels the editor to be severe, that he never wishes to wound the feelings of any. It cannot, however, escape observation, that, if the editor at any time errs, it is in too easily giving publicity to the crude and undigested productions of young authors.

A Correspondent complains of the editor's *Indelicacy* in publishing the extract from Dr. Wall's "Domestic Encyclopedia," in the Repository, page 37. It is very squamish gentleman is requested to point out a single sentence, or even word, in the extract, which is calculated to convey an indelicate idea. It is much to be feared, that many of our over-delicate gentry, of both sexes, often "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

ERATO—In the piece signed Amicus Viritatis, p. 377, 3d l. of the 2d paragraph, but the words "every" and "an honest" line rather; so as to read, "every virtuous attribute." On the omission of this word we presume one of *Peter Prim's* watchmen, which justice requires to be placed to the account of the printer.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Ode to Cynthia.

ADDRESSED TO J—— E——, ESQ.

THE SUBJECT PROPOSED BY A FRIEND.

FAIREST of orbs! Night's stately queen!
Majestic throu'd on high;
With silver locks and air serene—
Sweet regent of the sky:
Now while young evening's dusky shades
Draw closely o'er the woodland glades,
Do thou thy wond'rous beams display;
(Lo Autumn's trumpet proclaims her near:)
Pour forth thy light, 'twill serve to cheer
The traveller on his way.

The glassy lake, now silver'd o'er
With thy delightful rays,
Reverberates from shore to shore
The peasants rustic lays.
But O! where S—— H——'s blissful groves,
The seat of virtue and the loves,
Invite the passenger to stray:
There, there, the brightness of thy face,
Add ten-fold beauty to the place,
And charms the hours away.

Cynthia! in thy diurnal round,
Say, didst thou ever view
So fair a spot; so richly crown'd
With beauties, ever new?
The pleasant mead, the bubbling rill,
The whispering grove, the chequer'd hill,
The dark brown forest mantling high;
There, when Spring holds her jovious reign,
Discerning Taste trips o'er the plain,
Sweet nymph, with curious eye.

O thou, kind master of the dome,
Whose wide doors ope the way,
Where those who feel distress may come,
And go heart-eas'd away!
Meek friend of man! accept the song;
To thee my grateful strains belong:
For thou wert generous and good,
When late thy roseate bow'rs among,
I trod, far from the busy throng,
In melancholy mood.

And thou, my tender, early friend!
Companion of my youth;
Whose ardent wishes ever lead
To the bright path of truth:
Ingenious girl! sweet Stella! know
You taught my throbbing breast to glow
With friendship's pure and bright'ning flame;
Taught my young wishes how to soar,
Taught my young heart to own the pow'r,
The rapture of a name.

Ah! where, as in life's vale along
We slowly take our way,
Shall meek Contentment trill her song
And cheer the gloomy day?
And where shall Happiness be found
To strew her blessings all around,
And Love his kindly smiles impart?....
Where, but where Virtue, blissful queen,
Loves to display her look serene,
And humanize the heart.

Say, should my lyre the theme refuse,
So worthy of a song;
Fit subject for the happiest muse
Of all the tuneful throng?
Ah! no; when friendship claims the lay,
Be mine the task, with speed I obey
And strive the descendant wild to raise:
For sure, if He but deign to smile,
The poet's crown'd for all his toil—
The best and noblest praise.

FLORIO.

AUTUMN.

FAREWELL to summer's gentle breezes,
His flow'ry meads and verdant plains;
For now his glories all are ended,
And o'er all nature autumn reigns.
No more the soft and tuneful voices
Of feather'd songsters, greet the ear;
No more the snoring lark rejoices,
To see the smiling morn appear.
No more we see the sun, refulgent,
Drink from sweet flow'rs the early dew,
But now the russet plains give warning,
That winter will his reign renew.
Fast from the trees the leaves are falling,
And overwhelm the cheerless plains;
From the stripp'd groves the birds are hast'ning,
To southern climes, where summer reigns.

No more we hear the rolling thunder,
Nor thro' the skies see lightnings gleam;
But now the frequent storms of autumn,
Swell the wild waters of the stream.
The careful peasant hastes to gather
The latest produce of the fields,
Prepares to meet the storms and tempests,
The frosts and snows which winter yields.

Farewell, oh Summer! much I love thee,
Yet Autumn thou art welcome too:
Though dreary Winter will succeed thee,
Yet Spring will nature's charms renew.

CARLOS.

H Y M N S.

HYMN XII.

My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.

PSAL. III. 5.

WITH op'ning day my soul shall rise
On meditation's scaring wing;
Pierce thro' the eye-opposing skies,
And low before my God and KING

In grateful accents praise,
His name who dwells on high,
Who fills with good life's circling days,
And cheers pale sorrow's eye.

Hail beauteous sun! thy red beam's glow
Bids bounteous Nature wear a smile,
Eids night depart, and zephyrs blow,
And calls the labourer to his toil:
With speed they all obey,
Exulting, at thy word;
And marking thy ascending way,
Adore their SOVEREIGN LORD.
Now, ev'ry link in being's chain
High raises the expecting eye,
God views his works, earth, air and main,
And all their wants find full supply:
Then through creation sounds
The ever-grateful song,
And heav'n's high arch His praise rebounds
Who blesses being's throog.

O! think my soul how large that grace,
Which thus doth ev'ry good bestow,
Heals all our wounds, cheers ev'ry face,
And gives a taste of heav'n below;
But still more rich, more kind,
Behold Him in his word,
Where grace, truth, mercy, all combin'd,
Declare a LOVING LORD.

There faith with eagle-eye can soar
Beyond the sun's meridian glow,
To him whose goodness knows no shore,
Whose matchless mercies ever flow;
There she unclouded views
The resurrection's joy—
Death comes—the theme she still pursues
And sees salvation nigh.

Rejoice my soul, the clouds of night
Can't dim the intellectual ray,
It lives by His unbounded might
Who out of darkness call'd the day:
It lives!—transporting sound!
Let heav'n and earth proclaim
His praise, repeating without bound
All glory to his name,

X. W. T.

SELECTED.

LORD COWPER'S

Name and Pedigree, clearly deduced from King PEPIN, of France.

FROM KEWALL'S POEMS.

COWPER is COWAPER mis-spelt,
Which we from DIAPER deduce,
From NAPIKIN, DIAPER arose,
Invented by alternate use.

From NIKPIN, NAPIKIN is deriv'd,
How errors gradually advance!
NIKPIN from PEPIN takes its name,
And that from PEPIN, king of France,

Thus, with precision, from a throne
Lord COWPER's pedigree we bring,
And clearly prove this British peer,
Great, great, great grandson to 2 King.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

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Saturday, December 11, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XVI.

Man's bliss, like his knowledge, but surmiz'd;
One,—ignorance: the other,—pain disguis'd;
Thou wert, had all thy wishes been possess'd,
Supremely curst, from being greatly blest!

SAVAGE.

WHEN the happy travellers arrived at the Castle, they were welcomed at the gates by De Lacy; a messenger having been beforehand dispatched to give them advice of their intended return. He embraced the fugitives with transport, and led them exultingly to Matilda, whose joy was so excessive, that she could scarcely believe the reality of what she saw, while once more clasping in her arms her beloved long lost daughter. The first effusions of maternal tenderness subsided, she affectionately embraced Olivia, and soon recognized Albert; but when Constantia presented him as their vainly-sought Raymond, and her defender, her surprise was only equalled by her transport; and she bestowed upon him an almost equal share of caresses with her child.

A Courier was instantly forwarded to the Chateau De Barome, requesting the presence of her excellent friends at the Castle, to participate her happiness in the recovery of her child, without mentioning the strange discovery which succeeded it. Raymond would have flown with the wings of filial duty, but she pointed out to him,

in forcible terms, the impropriety of such a sudden proceeding. The remainder of the day was passed in the recapitulation of former events, in which they took a mutual interest.

Early in the following morning a carriage drove furiously up to the Castle, and presently Sir William and Lady Barome alighted. Raymond, as they entered the apartment where they were all waiting, could scarcely conceal his emotion. Matilda took her friend's hand: after the first tumult of congratulations—

"My dear aunt," said she, watching her countenance with attention, "an extraordinary event has occurred; which has, more particularly than my own affairs, occasioned me to send for you in such haste: but, I fear the fatigue of your rapid journey has rendered you incapable of bearing a great surprise."

"Ah! my dear Matilda," said Lady Barome with a faint smile and profound sigh, "why this preparation? One (only) event, on this side the grave, could now affect me, and of that, alas! I have long since ceased to hope. Speak freely then, my dear friend, nor fear to excite in me any distress."

"What, if that only event you allude to," said Matilda, "should be the real cause of my message?"

"Speak!—oh! speak, my dear friend!" said Sir William, interrupting her with eagerness:—"have pity on the feelings of a father!—Say—have you heard any tidings of my dear boy?"

"This youth," returned Matilda, presenting Raymond, "has been his constant companion and bosom friend:—from him learn his fate."

Raymond bent his knee to the ground, his eyes filled with tears.

"—Your son, Lady," said he, addressing Lady Barome, in a tremulous voice,

"lives:—his present state is, comparatively with what it has lately been, happy.—There still remains your acknowledgment of him to complete his felicity."

He raised his eyes with a look of expectation not to be misunderstood, Lady Barome clasped her hands together, fell on his neck, and sobbed—

"You are—you are my son!" whilst Sir William hung over them, with his arms extended, to receive the next embrace. Alternately they pressed him to their bosoms with unalloyed delight.

Raymond then repeated to them what had befallen him since his departure from Warrenne Castle; which, excepting the adventure of Baron St. Welham, contained little that was interesting to an unconcerned person, being merely a recapitulation of the chances of war. The gentle Olivia, alone, seemed not to partake of the general hilarity: a pensive melancholy overspread her features, and she seemed to spend all her solitary moments in secret repining. Constantia, well acquainted with the cause, related it to her mother, and requested her to mediate with Lady Barome for the welfare of her friend.

"Alas! my friend," said Lady Barome to Matilda, "fortune seems still to cross our wishes. I have, since the return of my Raymond, flattered myself with the pleasing hope of uniting our children, and cherished my enthusiasm so far, as to imagine that I perceived a mutual affection to subsist between them. However, I submit to the unerring judgment of Providence, and shall certainly not controul his choice: nay, I shall conceive it an act of justice to make him fulfil the expectations which he has raised in the mind of the sweet girl."

She then sent for her son, and, after informing him that she was acquainted with the secret of his love, added her orders that

he should openly declare himself to be the lover of Olivia.

Raymond started: a deadly paleness overspread his countenance; and he retreated a few steps in visible consternation.

"Ah! my mother," cried he, in sorrowful accents, "what do I hear! Your goodness does but serve to render me doubly wretched!—I cannot love Olivia."

"Raymond!" said Lady Barome, with an angry glance, "do I find you inconstant?—Can you dishonestly fly from your former professions?—Go!—go!—you are no longer my son!"

"Yet, hear me, Madam!" cried he, with increasing distraction—"do not too hastily condemn your suffering son;—hear but my vindication, and I trust you will not find me altogether so culpable as your nice sense of rectitude leads you so prematurely to suspect."

Olivia was the first female with whom it was my fate to associate. Young, sanguine, and susceptible, I could not behold her extreme beauty unmoved; and her tender attentions to me led me to mistake gratitude for love. The indelicate rudeness of her sister, Victoria, disgusted me; and I acknowledged, that I preferred Olivia.

"My unsettled fortunes at that time prevented my making her any honourable proposals, and others I did not presume to insult her with. The anger and resentment of her father and her ungente sister, happily, occasioned me to quit their house so precipitately, as to preclude the possibility of making her acquainted with the sentiments which I imagined she had inspired.

"In the discharge of my duty I soon lost every idea of Olivia, and had ceased to delude my fancy with romantic expectations, when the scene took place in the field noticed by Lady Matilda. Shall I own to you my dear mother, that the impropriety of her conduct in assuming that disguise, so repugnant to the becoming modesty of her sex, first opened my eyes; and if she inspired any sentiment, it was that of disgust, softened by compassion for the errors of her head; and I quitted her with a remonstrance which I have since thought too pointed and severe. In proportion as her affection increased, mine decreased; and when I first beheld the attractive Constantia, my heart instantaneously decided in her favour."

"Cease, Raymond," cried Lady Barome, in a voice at once expressive of grief and indignation, "nor add cruelty to ingratitude! Are then, all sparks of humanity extinguished in your bosom? I acknowledge full well the beauty and merits of Constantia; and, had not you been bound by duty otherwise, I

would with pride have forwarded your choice. But oh! my son, reflect—that for you Olivia braved the horrors of a dangerous campaign—abjured her home—the privileges of her sex!—and for this, too fickle youth, you despise her!—And yet, my Raymond," added she, in a softer voice, "to speak impartially, I must applaud your nice feelings, and confess that they exalt you in my opinion. When a woman steps beyond the prescribed bounds of delicacy to which her sex are limited, she deservedly incurs the contempt of mankind, nor can excess of love plead a fair excuse: yet, do not think that I would in aught prove an advocate for those men, who make nice principles an excuse for their own constitutional infidelity, and inhumanly raise hopes solely to exult over the credulity of their victim!—Such a wretch I hope will never be found in my Raymond. Sincerely do I pity your case. All that I can say is, that as you are in honour and gratitude bound to Olivia, I would have you, on pain of my displeasure, seriously endeavour to renew your affection for her: Think, Raymond, she would have died for you!—Remember, I do not command—I only entreat—you to give up all thoughts of Constantia, (to whom I can never encourage you to pay your addresses,) and transfer all your love to the unhappy Olivia."

Penetrated by the most poignant grief, Raymond retired from the presence of his mother. His own heart dictated to him the justice of her remonstrances, and tho' painful to himself, he nevertheless resolved to act agreeably to her wishes: he therefore shunned the presence of Constantia with sedulous care; whilst she, knowing all the transactions, endured equal pain with himself. Sincerely attached to Olivia, she would have esteemed it the greatest act of criminality to receive the vows of a man to whom she knew her to be so strongly inclined; knowing, from the feelings of her own breast, how strongly rooted such affections are: she, therefore, on her part, conducted herself with the greatest reserve to the distressed Raymond, who attributed her coldness toward him to dislike. Their mutual deception continued for some time: notwithstanding, their attachment, in spite of their endeavours to restrain it, daily increased, accompanied also by an increase of uneasiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAXIMS.

All who laugh are not mirthful.
To win much the stake must be large.
Intense pleasures cannot come frequently.

FROM THE BALANCE.

As many people, of friendly benevolent dispositions, as well as some others of an opposite cast, plunge themselves into poverty and wretchedness, by a thoughtless profusion, or thro' a want of prudent economy, the following excellent maxims of economy, extracted from the ingenious and valuable writings of the Rev. Dr. Lathrop, are recommended to general perusal.—They may be particularly useful to young men and young women, who are just setting out in the world.

Edw. Bal.

"SPEND not your money before you have earned it; nor promise it, before you are sure of it. Promises, made on other men's credit, or on mere contingencies, are liable to fail. If you disappoint your neighbour often, you lose your credit and his confidence; and perhaps provoke a suit, which breaks friendship, disturbs your peace, and augments your expence.

"Estimate your probable incomes, making some allowance for disappointments; and let your expences fall so much short, that something may be left at the year's end. He that daily consumes the fruits of his daily labour, is unprepared for the day of misfortune. Most men, if they will live within the bounds of nature, may, by moderate industry, provide for themselves and families. It is always reputable to live moderately, when we have not the means of living splendidly. The example of others is not the standard by which we are to judge of extravagance; but our own circumstances and abilities.—That may be extravagance in one, which would be parsimony in another.

"Enter not into too close connections with those of superior fortunes, if they are disposed to live faster than you can follow. Never make a vain ostentation of wealth which you do not possess; nor live at other men's expence, when you can live at your own. Waste not, in indulgence, that time, which you owe to the duties of life, the culture of your mind and education of your family. Consume not in luxury, that money which you owe to your creditor, or to the public, or by which you might relieve your family from distress. When you see another grow rich, seem to grow rich, in any calling, conclude not that you could do the same; nor quit your own profession, for one, which you do not understand, and have not the means of pursuing. Many have fallen by reaching at things too high for them. Lay out for yourself business to fill up your time, but not more than you can manage well. Be not in too great haste to be rich. The moderate profits of your own proper business are the surest; and the honest gains of industry and frugality are the most sweet, reputable and durable."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

"*Hominem ad Deos nulla res propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando.*"

THIS sentiment of an author renowned for eloquence and great embellishments of mind, has strengthened me in my opinion, that medical gentlemen are inferior, in no respect, to the most enlightened of mankind; that they possess not only that snavity of disposition which makes men beloved by their acquaintance, but are also endued in an eminent degree with that knowledge which many wise and renowned men have never attained,—the knowledge of oneself. Many of my acquaintance, who profess themselves to be my friends, have urged as an argument against the excellence of the medical character, that difference of opinion that ever has existed with respect to the origin and treatment of diseases, (and which I am bold to say forever must exist, to distinguish those of superior merit from those of inferior talents.) This so far from being an argument against them, tends to prove the validity of the opinion which I have advanced.

As the mind, ever towering and grasping knowledge, must sometimes be impeded in its progress, that it may acquire new vigour, and shine more and more luminous: so that difference which prevails among men of medical science, altho' it, at first, may beget animosity, will tend to produce a more general diffusion of the knowledge of facts, which men, ever ambitious of fame, have carefully collected, and will finally draw forth that respect from our fellow-citizens, which is doubtless due to men whose whole lives have been dedicated to the doing good; by which, in the explicit language of a great scholar, they have approached nearer to their Maker than all other men.

AMICUS MEDICIS.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD *DUN*.

SOME have derived this word from the French word *donnez*, signifying *give me*, implying a demand of something due, and others, amongst whom is the celebrated Dr. Johnson, from the Saxon word *dunen* to *claim*. Both are wrong. The origin of the word, as related in a periodical work, published in London nearly a century ago, is simply this. In the reign of Henry the VII., a famous bailiff, named *Joe Dun*, lived in the town of Lincoln. This man was so extremely dexterous in his rough business, that it was usual, when a person refused to pay his debts, to say, *why don't you DUN him?* That is, why don't you send *Dun* to arrest him? And hence the custom, of calling a person, who presses another for the payment of money, a *Dun*.

A FRAGMENT.

WHILE one part of mankind are busy in various occupations—while another hurries down the stream of pleasure—while the husbandman toils—while the libertine is busy seeking for those pleasures which his heart is fond of—I, not knowing why, sit here in musing meditation, indulging pensive feelings. I have no substantial evil—I am not a wretch of poverty, of shame, or disgrace—yet I feel heart-felt pains. My fancy ranges through various scenes—I see the tenderest bonds of nature broken—I see bright prospects terminate in pain—I see an increase of cares and infirmities—I see youth sink into an untimely grave, while love betrays her heaving sighs. All this makes my feelings alive, and causes me to sympathize in the sorrows of others. This is no virtue: I cannot but indulge it—it is of real use to myself. It teaches me to know the imbecility of my own nature—it raises my heart to the Author of nature, from whom cometh every thing good. Some condemn this warmth of feeling; others praise it. Some seem never to have a moment's gloom, while the countenance of others is sad and sorrowful. Pensive-ness seems to afford the most agreeable sensations. The soul feels no chilling fears, nor yet does the bosom ache. The mind assumes an agreeable cast, and is filled with sadly pleasing thoughts—it loves the dark shade and faint light of the solemn scene. The heart expands for all mankind—and Virtue, even in ruins, pleases most—she receives the dignity of woe. The mind is enamoured of solitude, and assumes a melancholy mood.

The tongue of folly condemns this dejection of spirits, while indifference is silent, and the mark of a tear is never seen on her cheek. Such a state of mind has been called affectation: it has been derided by many—yet, derided and acute as thou often art, O Sensibility! may I ever be thy child! May my ear never be deaf to thy voice! May my tongue ever utter thy language! Thee I invoke, sweet friendly Sensibility! Thou keepest the soul alive to the most heavenly exertions—Thou fillest the bosom with those dearest sensations, which none but virtuous minds can feel.—Hearts under thy impression vibrate in unison.—Let me ever seek thee, and never seek thee in vain.

WARNING TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

In the town of Manchester, in England, not long since, a number of young people

combined, without intending any evil, to frighten one of their companions, a girl about 18 years of age. For this purpose they procured a skeleton of a man, from a neighbouring doctor, and laid it in the bed in which the young woman usually slept; they then placed themselves in an adjoining room, to wait the event. At the common hour, Nancy (this was her name) retired to her chamber—in a few minutes, her waiting friends were alarmed by a noise which issued from her room; they rushed in, already laughing at the fears their plan had excited, when, horrid to relate, they beheld the lovely female in the most agonizing convulsions, pressing the grim skeleton to her naked bosom, and lavishing upon it a thousand kisses!

As soon as the astonishment of the spectators would permit, she was removed from the chamber, and every art exerted to soothe her to reason, but without effect. She soon expired, an unfortunate victim to the folly of her inconsiderate friends.

DEPRAVED APPETITE.

A French Paper gives the following extraordinary account:—

"A young man of the neighbourhood of Lyons, of the name of Tarare, and who in early life was a waterman, took delight in swallowing pebbles; great pieces of raw meat, however filthy; whole baskets full of fruit; knives, and even living creatures; nothing could induce him to abjure that pernicious habit, which soon became natural to him.—At the beginning of the revolutionary war, he enlisted in a battalion of the army serving on the Rhine; and he always resorted to the outside of a military infirmary, for the food which suited his palate!—He would quarrel with the pigs for their disgusting meat; he was always running after cats, dogs, and serpents, which he devoured alive!—It became necessary to drive him away by force from the rooms where the dead bodies were deposited, and from the place where the blood, drawn from the sick, was laid by for the inspection of the surgeons.—One day, however, a child of 16 months old was missing, and Tarare ran away as soon as it was discovered; but in the 6th year of the Republic, he was admitted into the hospital of Versailles, in the last stage of a decline, which he said proceeded from his having once swallowed a silver fork! There did he surrender his monstrous existence.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AN INTRODUCTORY LECTURE
TO A COURSE OF*Experimental Philosophy,*Delivered in the Friends' Academy, on the
Evening of the 30th ult.

By JOHN CRAIG;

And published at the request of a number of the
audience.

NATURAL Philosophy is that science which investigates the properties of natural bodies, and the laws by which they are governed.

Experimental Philosophy is that which has its foundation in experience; where, in nothing is assumed as a truth, but what is founded upon ocular demonstration, or the evidence of sense. In its present state it admits of two general divisions; into Mechanical and Chemical. Mechanical Philosophy treats of such motions and forces as take place among bodies of sensible magnitude. Chemical, is concerned with the mutations of the invisible particles whereof bodies are composed: to the former of these we mean to confine our speculations at present.

Experimental Philosophy was very little, or rather not at all cultivated by the ancients; and the moderns are not sparing in their abuse of them, for their neglect thereof. Had the ancients attended more to experiments, and less to speculation, it would, no doubt, have been better for themselves; but I am inclined to think it would have been worse for us. Had they devoted their time and their talents to the study of nature, they of course must have neglected the mathematical sciences, which they brought to such a degree of perfection, that some of their works, to this day, remain unrivalled. Now there is little doubt, that the labours of those sages of antiquity, on whom the moderns are so severe in their censures, were in no small degree conducive to the great discoveries made in natural philosophy during the seventeenth century: had the works of Euclid, Archimedes, Apollonius, and others, not been handed down to us, it is more than probable we never would have heard of the discoveries of Bacon, of Boyle, or of Newton.

However, it is certain that the method of investigating the laws of nature by analyses, was not attended to before the middle of the thirteenth century, when Roger Bacon, an English Friar, set about making experiments, and spent a considerable fortune in prosecuting them. His labours,

however, as well as those of others who succeeded him, were attended with little success, in consequence of the untrodden paths in which they travelled.

About the year 1580, Francis Bacon, afterwards Chancellor of England, a man of uncommon learning and genius, having maturely considered the state of philosophy at that time, undertook its reformation. He exposed the errors into which philosophers had fallen; demonstrated the absurdity of the methods they took to explain the operations of nature, by means of their hypothesis and fictions, which had no foundation in the nature of things. He then proceeded to shew what real advances had been made in this science; what parts of it remained unexplored; and lastly, pointed out the method by which they were to be discovered, namely, by experiments and observations, generalized by mathematical reasoning.

There is no species of emancipation more difficult, than that from deep-rooted prejudice. For in spite of all Sir Francis Bacon had done for the advancement of true philosophy, the greater part remained wedded to that senseless scholastic jargon, that had been in vogue, or rather, had been corrupting from the days of Plato and Aristotle. At length, however, some began to follow a more rational course; among those Sir Robert Boyle bore the most distinguished rank, on account of his unremitting labour and liberality in exciting others to pursue the same laudable undertaking.

The invention of the Telescope, Microscope and air-pump had now opened a wide field for experiments, and many surprising properties of bodies began to be discovered, but little was done towards investigating the general laws of nature: Philosophers still remaining wedded to some system or other, endeavoured to make all their experiments agree therewith; hence they were blind to the very laws and properties, which nature, in their experiments, exhibited before their eyes. But prejudice was not the only obstacle that stood in their way to true philosophy. They were ignorant of the mathematical sciences in general, and of geometry in particular; nor could any thing less than Sir Isaac Newton laying open the great laws of the universe, by their means, convince them of the utility of these sciences.

To Sir Isaac Newton then we are arrived, that ornament of human nature; to whose unparalleled genius and industry we are indebted for almost all we know of true philosophy. He, following the footsteps of Bacon, penetrated the secrets of

nature; discovered the general laws by which she governs the universe; and cast light even on light itself. In short, he advanced mechanical philosophy to a degree of perfection, which I fear human nature will never far surpass; for all that has been done since his time, amounts to no more than the discovery of some particular cases comprised in his general rules.

I know it has become fashionable of late to speak in colder strains of this great man. Numberless cavels have been started against his philosophy; and some have endeavoured to ridicule the whole as a fiction, no better than the chimerical hypothesis of the antients. These men, I am afraid, are ignorant of that clue by which Newton unravelled the universe: and there is nothing more common than to despise, or pretend to despise, what we cannot comprehend. Besides, the electric shocks that some have received within the last thirty years, has made such formidable impression on their imaginations, as well as their nerves, that they are disposed to think, that nothing but electricity can account for any thing; and consequently, the Newtonian Philosophy, not being built thereon, must be wrong.

I hope, however, they will not overturn the whole system, before they supply us with one equally good. Let them give us a system by which we can calculate the places of the sun, the moon, and the planets, to the same surprising degree of exactness, that Newton has taught us; let them give us new principles, whereby we can determine our longitude at sea, so connectedly as is now done, by the Newtonian theory; let them give us a new doctrine of light and colours, that will explain the phenomena on the same rational footing which his has done; let them do these things, and every lover of truth will give them that credit which such discoveries deserve.

A late writer, who in other respects has great merit, has attempted to strike at the very foundation of the Newtonian philosophy, by denying that the form of the earth is that of an oblate spheroid; and thinks he has proven it to be prolate, or lengthened out towards the poles. But this author, like the rest of the objectors, appears ignorant of the first principles of geometry, and has formed a wrong notion of what is meant, by the true latitude of a place, upon the earth's surface. When we come to treat of the earth, we shall explain the cause of his mistake; and also make some remarks on his theory of tides, which he

supposes to be entirely produced, by the periodical effusions of the polar ices.

But the most general objection is, that the Newtonian philosophy is purely mechanical; and that the author, for want of a knowledge of electricity, was obliged to have recourse to occult forces, which could not explain the operations of nature.

We grant the Newtonian Philosophy is purely mechanical; and will venture to assert, that its being so is its highest recommendation. To reduce the seemingly complicated laws of nature to the simple and universal laws of mechanics, was a task to which Newton alone was equal: and the universal agreement of these laws with what we every day behold, is sufficient proof of their existence. It is true, Newton, neither knew nor pretended to know, what was the essential cause of the laws he discovered; this he again and again acknowledges: for example, when he investigates the law by which bodies tend, or fall towards the earth, observing that all bodies had such a propensity, he justly concludes that they are all acted on by some power, or force, which he calls gravity. But whether that force be an inherent property of all matter, or an infused quality; whether it be caused by the action of a subtle fluid; or by the agency of some intellectual being, appointed to superintend the universe; or lastly, whether it be by the immediate presence of the great Creator of all things, he does not pretend to determine.

Electricity in Newton's time was little understood; later discoveries have made us better acquainted with it; and proved it to be a real substance, identically the same with fire, and the sun's light. But these discoveries do not explain the primary causes of Nature's operations; altho' several have attempted, by their means, to do it.

Philosophers in general, have always been prone to look for an explication of the operations of nature, in some subtle fluid; even before it was known that any such fluid did really exist. And now, tho' the existence of that fluid is proven beyond all exceptions, they seem as far from their point as when they first set out.

To me it appears the height of vanity and presumption, to attempt an investigation of the primary causes of things. When we consider, that no body can put itself in motion, any more than it can create itself, it undoubtedly follows, that there must be some agent employed in the material world, that is not material. Now, as we cannot conceive, how an immaterial being does

act upon a material substance, or in other words, how a spirit acts upon matter, it follows, that we never can in our present situation, comprehend the nature of the causes by which the universe is governed.

What then, it may be asked, is the object of Natural Philosophy. I answer, to discover the laws of nature, the properties of bodies, and the effects resulting from their various combinations; in order to apply them to our numerous wants and necessities in life; to expand our minds; to give us just and comprehensive views of the nature and fitness of things; and thence be enabled to form, in some measure, adequate conceptions of that Being, by whose Omnipotence the universe was created, and by whose constant care it is preserved in that order, and regularity, which we every where behold.

Now all things can be done as effectually, as if we were acquainted with the very essence of things: for instance, we can demonstrate that the planets in their orbits describe areas, proportionable to the times of revolution about the sun, and thence compute their places for any instant of time, as well as if we saw with our eyes, the Hand behind the scene, that keeps these globes in motion. I would not, however, be understood, as paying obedience to the authority of Newton, or following him as the leader of a sect or party. The true Electric Philosophy, knows of no such distinctions. Newton was a man, subject to errors and imperfections, like other men; and therefore, his authority, or that of any other, ought to have no weight whatever, unless supported by reason and experience. What I contend for, is, that the Newtonian Philosophy has the sanction of reason and experience on its side; that it is the philosophy of nature; and of course, must remain so long as the laws of nature continue to be what they are. To talk of any other system of Philosophy, in contradiction to that of Newton, is therefore absurd, until the laws of nature be inverted, and a new order of things established.

Nor is it an objection to say, that the force of gravitations is an occult quality. The thing admits of no dispute, it is a matter of fact, which every moment's experience confirms: and to call matters of fact occult, or hidden, is, in plain English, to talk nonsense. I have been led involuntarily, into this justification of the Newtonian Philosophy, in consequence of the attacks made against it in some of those publications, which are now too much in circulation among us. Publications which

pretend to enlighten the mind by teaching true philosophy, but are, in fact, only calculated to lead the universe into the dreary and inhospitable regions of Impiety, Infidelity, and universal Scepticism?

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

AS the *Enquirer* seems not satisfied concerning the electric phenomenon formerly mentioned in the Repository, and as I believe his queries proceed from a real desire of information, I will endeavour to gratify him.

His first query is, "Can the electric fire be produced by the friction of two electrics?" I answer, It can, by any two yet known, without exception.

Query 2nd. "Are, or are not, silk stockings and flannels, when dyed black, in any degree conductors?" Answer, Not only silk or flannel, when dyed black; but even glass, the most perfect electric yet known, is in some degree a conductor.

Query 3d. "If not, why will not the phenomena take place on separating two of the above-mentioned substances, though of one colour?" Answer, Because both will be charged with the same species of electricity, and consequently no discharge can take place between them.

Query 4th. "Would the vapours, as they, by condensation, descended to the floor, carry off the fluid gradually, without producing any discharge?" Answer, The idea of a body approaching another; and at the same time carrying away something from it, is so new, that I cannot give my opinion upon it.

As the *Enquirer* appears unacquainted with the modern discoveries in electricity, I would warmly recommend to his perusal, the article "Electricity," in *Dubson's Supplement to the Encyclopedia*; where he may find sufficient information to remove all his doubts and scruples. SCIOLUS.

Extracts,—by a Reader.

NUMBER III.

"To please the Friends of Virtue I try"

AN ESSAY ON LOVE.

Solid Love, whose root is Virtue, can no more die than Virtue itself.

ERASMUS.

SINCE Love is a passion deeply implanted in the nature of human kind, and productive of as much misery as happiness;

since emperors, kings, and princes are obliged to submit to its power: and we may every day observe more pine away with secret anguish, for the unkindness of those upon whom they have fixed their affections, than for any other calamity in life. It cannot be foreign to our design to point out those soils, in which this plant is most likely to grow and prosper. But that we may not be thought too rigid in principle, or to advance any new hypothesis, repugnant to the known laws of nature and religion, let us first lay before you the sentiments of a gay and great genius, as well read in this science as any of his predecessors were, or any of his successors ought to be.

Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
The softest refuge Innocence can find;
The safe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wishes and secured by truth:
The cordial drop Heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauseous draught of life go down,
On which one only blessing God might raise,
In lands of atheists, subsidies of praise;
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and bless'd his power in Love.

Thus far we agree with him; for the wise author of our motto informs us, that if we would keep Love from withering, and preserve its verdure, we should plant it in truth and virtue, prune off all the luxuriant branches which weaken the stock, and deprecate the fruit. How careful, therefore, should we be in the choice of the soil; for, should we mistake in this, we are sure to entail sorrow and anxiety upon ourselves and posterity.

To anticipate success in this important affair, be careful not to make too much haste to be happy, any more than to be rich; to avoid strangers, and to let your reason and understanding keep pace with your eyes and inclination. Laugh at the old miser who covets you for a nurse, and despise the vain young butterfly, who bristles with gaudy plumes, squanders away his wealth and patrimony, and tosses about his empty noddle to no other purpose than to get possession of a mistress, and render her altogether as trifling and vicious as himself. Then turn your eyes upon the gay world, and behold it made up for the most part of a set of conceited, fluttering, enaciated animals, worn out in hunting after their own pleasures. Wretches, who confess, condemn and lament, but continue to pursue their own infelicity! These are scenes of sorrow, and objects of misery! Vultures, that prey upon the vitals of the imprudent, and hope to repair their shattered fortunes from the spoils of innocence and credulity!

There is another fatal error to which virtuous love is exposed, and which calls aloud for redress. In the course of my life I have more than once been present at the barter and sale of children and orphans of both

sexes, to the highest bidder: Nay, not long ago I was an eye witness to a transaction of this kind—A young gentleman, of no inconsiderable fortune was sent for from the country, to town, and in less than three hours after his arrival, obliged to marry a young lady he had never before set his eyes on, or perhaps heard of. What love, harmony, constancy or friendship, (the hands of conjugal happiness!) can possibly be expected from such precipitancy? If indeed a large premium given to the principal marriage-broker, or the laying together large estates could purchase felicity, as it does husbands and wives, the contract might be deemed laudable; but when we daily observe controversies, animosities, elopements, and divorces, the consequences of such junctions, it is an evident act of inhumanity and barbarity.

It has often amazed me to observe how nice and anxious gentlemen are in keeping of their irrational stocks, whether horses, sheep, poultry, &c. and how careless and indolent in that of their own progeny. Oh shocking custom! the height of cruelty, the scandal of christianity!

It is well known there are gentlemen and ladies enough in this country of affluence, &c. with personal endowments suitable to any degree of life; why then should we chuse to couple them so unequally? Old age with youth; disease with health; debauchery with modesty; and all vices with the contrary virtues?

Let the prudent lady chuse for a partner, a gentleman fraught with religion, virtue, and good manners, of a free, open, generous disposition; of a soul sincere and susceptible; one who can see and feel for the misfortunes of others, and who is ready to lend his friendly advice and timely assistance to those who are in distress. He who is not possessed of a warm, generous heart, will make but a cold, friendless companion; you are therefore to find the way to that, and not precipitately take a man who wears a smile on his countenance, and will disguise and cloak a thousand rogueries, and vile intentions. You must learn to distinguish between reality and appearance, which is not to be done without being intimately acquainted with the object. And from hence arises the necessity of a formal courtship; for in the course of time, however artful the person may be, some unguarded sallies will be made, sufficient to give you a clue to the whole character, provided passion does not eclipse the sun-beams of reason, and prevent your laying hold of the opportunity.

But that our * ladies may be the better enabled to engage gentlemen with these endowments, it will be necessary for them to imitate the following character of Antiope:

* It may, perhaps, be remarked that Reader has here omitted a word, which he also has in several other places.

"Antiope is gentle, plain-hearted, prudent; her hands despise not labour; she foresees things at a great distance; she provides against contingencies; she knows how to be silent; she acts regularly without a hurry; she is for ever employed, but never embarrassed, because she does every thing in due season, the good order of her father's house is her glory; it adds greater lustre to her than her very beauty. Though the care of all lies upon her, and she is charged with the burden of reproving, refusing, sparing, (things that make all other women hated,) she has acquired the love of all the household; and this, because they find not in her either passion, conceitedness, levity, nor humour, as in other women. With the single glance of her eye they know her meaning, and are afraid to displease her. The orders she gives are plain, she commands nothing but what may be performed; she improves with kindness, and even amidst her reprehensions she finds room to give encouragement to do better. Her father's heart reposes itself upon her, as a traveller, fainting under the sun's sultry rays, reposes himself on the tender grass, beneath a shady tree.

"Antiope, O Telemachus! is a treasure worthy to be sought for, even in the most remote regions. Her mind is never trimmed any more than her body, with vain gaudy ornaments; her fancy, though full of life, is restrained by her discretion; she never speaks but when there is an absolute occasion; and when she opens her mouth, soft persuasion, and genuine graces flow from her lips. The moment she begins every body is silent, which throws a bashful confusion into her face: she could find in her heart to suppress what she was about to say, when she finds she is so attentively listened to.

"You may remember, O Telemachus! when her father one day made her come in, how she appeared with eyes cast down, covered with a large veil, and spoke no more, than just enough to moderate the anger of Idomeneus, who was just going to inflict a rigorous punishment on one of his slaves. At first she took part with him in his troubles, then she calmed him; at last, she intimated to him what might be alleged in excuse of the poor wretch, and without letting the king know that he was transported beyond due bounds, she inspired into him sentiments of justice and compassion. Thetis, when the sooths old Nereus, does not appease with more sweetness the raging billows.

"Thus, Antiope, without assuming any authority, and without taking any advantage of her charms, will one day manage the heart of a husband, as she now touches the lute when she would draw from it the most melting sounds. Once again, I tell you, Telemachus, your love for her is well-grounded; the gods design her for you,

you love her with rational affection, but you must wait till Ulysses grants her to you. I commend you for not having discovered your sentiments to her; but know, that if you had taken any by-methods to let her know your designs, she would have rejected them, and ceased to have a value for you; she never will promise herself to any one, but will leave herself to be disposed of by her father. She will never take for her spouse a man that does not fear the gods, and who does not quit himself of all the duties that are incumbent upon him."

A Friend to mutual Virtuous Love.

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 11, 1802.

INTELLIGENCE.

STRANGE PROGENY.

A London Paper, of Sept. 23, 1800, says, "A cat has brought forth a kitten and two rabbits, in Piccadilly, and has attracted much notice of several naturalists. The kitten is black and white, and in every particular perfectly of the cat species. The rabbits are of the common grey colour, the same of the wild species, and are extremely playful; and when they venture too far from the mother, she brings them back in her mouth with maternal tenderness."

Noah Miles and William King were lately convicted before the Supreme Court of Vermont, held at Bennington, of the crime of swindling, and sentenced to pay, the former 500, and the latter 400 dollars fine to the state, with costs of prosecution, and stand committed until sentence is complied with. These villains had concerted a scheme to cheat poor credulous and weak persons; and as strange as it may appear, had actually received 100 dollars from one Jephia Beebe, 72 from Abiel Hopkins, and 55 from John Marble, for a bond conditioned to supply all their wants, and grant them every favour they should ask for seven years, at the end of which time they should be his, body and soul, unless they could contrive to cheat the devil, as King said he had done several times, once by desiring him to carry him to heaven, which he could not do, and once by desiring him to empty the ocean with a goose-quill. King said he could raise Satan, the prince of the powers of the air; and if any person would join in what he termed a Concord with the Devil, he should have what he requested in money, but he must first pay 100 dollars, which would entitle him to a bank dividend in Satan's treasury.—The scheme was found out by some understanding men joining them, in whose presence the pretended devil was raised. The process was this, the party wishing to bargain with the devil, made a circle round them, and King uttered his incantation in the following words:—"I, William King, by power vested "in me, command you Satan, Satan, Satan, in the name "of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, three, two, in "one, I command you to appear before us, to mock "me and mildness, not sideways, not behind us, but

"before us."—On this the evidences related, that the pretended devil generally appeared, sometimes like a large, sometimes a smaller man, so that all the devils, it appears, are not yet caught. Once the devil did not appear, because, as King said, he supposed he was mad, for he had whipped him once or twice—and once because he had gone to Connecticut River. The money designed for the devil, as sanctioning the contract, was left in the circle by the persons contracting, from which, after they retired, it was taken by the devil, and the sum they wanted was to be deposited by him in the circle—but once he left a note in these words—

"Don't think to cheat me, your money is bad."

"BE—BEEB."

At another time, he said in his note, that there were six of them he had agreed with, and he should not pay any thing until they all appeared. These were the principal facts appearing, the jury found them guilty on the indictment, and it is to be hoped the villains will smart severely under the sentence incurred by their villainy and profanity.

Frankfort, (K.) Nov. 10.

Departed this life, July 27th, 1801, Margaret M'Hutton, aged 96, and Aug. 29th following, William M'Hutton, husband of said Margaret, aged 108; they left behind them about 90 children, grand-children, and great grand-children. They were born and married in Argyleshire, Scotland—shortly after they married they migrated to Pennsylvania, America; from thence to Scott country, (K.) where they both died. They lived together in a married state, 76 years, and never experienced any sickness of consequence. Such of their children as were able, took an active part in the American contest for freedom.

Richmond, (Vir.) Nov. 9.

Some weeks ago, a gentleman in this city was bitten above the knee by a Spider. This was about day-break, when he was in bed. He felt a slight puncture like that of a pin; but did not pay attention to it. In a few minutes, he observed a pain shooting upwards from the spot, which presently reached his spine, and gradually approached his heart. On turning up the bed-cloaths, he perceived the Spider. Fortunately, he sent for a friend, who was acquainted with a cure for the poison. This was *plaintain leaf*. As an additional piece of good fortune, his friend knew where a quantity of it was growing. Some leaves were immediately got, and the juice bruised out of them. This was swallowed in mouthfuls. The progress of the poison was stopped; and finally a cure was effected. The gentleman said, that but for this remedy, he thought he could not have survived an hour longer. Some oil was also poured down his throat, but *plaintain leaf* had the entire credit of his recovery. He was dreadfully weakened; and it seems almost inconceivable how much the whole mass of his blood had been corrupted by the bite of so small an insect. We had these particulars from the gentleman himself, who called at this office, on some business, a few days afterwards. Some years ago, a gentleman in this neighbourhood was also bitten above the knee, by one of those venomous creatures, and was almost in danger of losing his leg. It ought to be a general rule to kill all such vermin, whenever they come within reach.

[Richmond Recorder.]

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Roger Davidson, at the Bonny Black Farm, Mr. John P. Thompson, printer, of Fredericktown, to Miss Peggy Holmes, daughter of Mr. Andrew Holmes.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, *Doctor Shaw*, of Germantown, to Miss Anne Sayre, of this city.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. John Blown, painter, of this city, to Miss Hannah Barker.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Helfensine, Mr. Rudolph Niff, to Miss Margaret Rygan, both of this city.

On the 5th inst. at Rose Hill, near Trenton, by the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, Mr. Manuel Eyre, jun. of this city, to Miss Juliet Phillips, daughter of Mr. Ralph Phillips, of that place.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Glen, Capt. Jonas Warren, to Mrs. Marilla Smith, of this city.

Same day, by the Rev. Philip Milledoler, Mr. Thomas Peacan, merchant, to the amiable Miss Susannah Sailer, both of this city.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Patrick Carson, to the amiable Miss Elizabeth Murray, both of this city.

Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. David Brown, of Lancaster, to the amiable Miss Mary Beck, of the Northern Liberties.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 2d inst. William Jones, esq. aged 80.

At St. Vincennes, on the 11th ult. the Hon. William Clarke, first Judge of the Indiana Territory.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The writer who furnished memoirs of *Catharine Alex-
evona*, is informed, that the article has been frequently republished, and generally read—Further extracts, however, at a leisure hour, will be acceptable.

The question from a *Young Friend* shall be given next month.

"*Studious Legis*"—"Amator Virtutis"—and "*Obscurus*," in our next.

The mathematical question proposed by Mr. M. Major, in page 303, remains unanswered, and claims the attention of our correspondents, before the conclusion of the present volume.

"*Philopedelete*," wit is sufficiently keen—but when and where did *Amator Virtutis* attempt the "bard?"—either "tuneful" or discordant.

If after "twenty years poring over the Classics," I. C. can produce nothing better than a few *margined* anecdotes, it is proof sufficient that the *progress of dullness* has been uncommonly slow.

WINTER APPLES.

150 Barrels of Winter Apples

FOR SALE.

Apply at the Corner of Brown and Second Streets, Northern Liberties.

DECEMBER 11, 1802.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

FAIR LAURA.

SAD and slow to you willow that droops o'er the brook,
Fair Laura: one ev'ning had stray'd;
Her gab was neglected, and wild was her look,
For she lov'd—and with shame was repaid.

Not a tear dim'd her eye—not a 'plaint told her care,
Nor a sigh did her lovely lips part;
Her bosom no guest held but savage despair,
And broke—ah! quite broke was her heart.

Oh! streamlet," she cried, "from man, faithless and base,
"To thy sheltering bosom I fly,
"From the taunts of the virtuous unsall'd by disgrace,
"Unpitied—unnoticed to die.

"And ah! when forgot, I no more am condemn'd,
"When silent I sleep 'neath the wave;
"Sweet willow thy branches still lower thou'lt bend,
"And weeping will kiss my given grave."

He'er again spoke Fair Laura—her sorrows were past,
To Heaven she turn'd her sorrow blue eyes,
Then sought in the streamlet's cold bed of rest,
And it roll'd its waves o'er its fair prize.

LINDOR.

H Y M N S.

HYMN XIII.

*My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;
and my mouth shall praise Thee with joyful lips, when
I remember Thee upon my bed and meditate on Thee
in the night watches.* PSAL. CXIII. 5, 6.

YE notions of the earth draw near
To God, who rules with sov'reign sway;
Praise Him in reverential fear
With the last light of parting day:
See night in clouds array'd
Spreads darkness o'er the plain,
Pale nature mourns, while shade on shade
Adds terror to its reign.

The mercies of the day review,
Call ev'ry act, thought, word, to mind:
O think what might have been your due
And humbly bend, grateful, resign'd
To His almighty will,
Whose love no thought can trace,
Extending boundless, flowing still
To all the human race.

Dark, frowning clouds may close the day,
And not one glimmering star give light;
Loud thundering storms spread dire dismay,
And add new terrors to the night;

But still from changes free
Remains the God of Love,
Should hills be cast amid the sea
And heav'n and earth remove.

When peaceful slumbers close our eyes
And worldly cares are hush'd and still,
Our ever faithful Friend shall rise
And safe protect from ev'ry ill:
And in the morn his light
He'll send to gild our day,
Pat anxious-boding fear to flight,
And cheer us on our way.

Rejoice ye righteous in the Lord,
Nor let tormenting thoughts prevail,
Believe, relying on his word,
His mercies sure, can never fail:
The night of death will come,
But slayish fear despise,
His mighty voice shall burst the tomb,
And we'll triumphant rise. X.W.T.

SONNET.

SUMMER'S MORNING.

OH glorious sight! to view the morn's first ray,
When first it breaks the solemn shades of night,
And o'er all nature sheds refulgent light;
And sol appears, bright regent of the day:

When floating clouds, which morning skies adorn,
Reflect the glories of his earliest beams,
And rosy light o'er heav'n's clear azure streams,
And sweet and balmy is the breath of morn;
I love to rise, and taste the morning breeze,
While yet the flow'rs are humid with the dew,
And o'er the fields my early walk pursue;
Or meditate beneath the rustling trees.

For lovely is the blushing morn to view,
And fresh and healthful is the balmy dew.

CARLOS.

JUNE, 1802.

SONNET.

SUMMER'S EVENING.

THE sun now glimmers faintly in the west,
And sheds upon the world his setting rays,
The feather'd warblers sing their evening lays,
In notes melodious, and retire to rest.

Along the plains the gentle zephyrs play,
And sweetest fragrances fill the ambient breeze;
Which murmurs gently through the leafy trees,
While clouds reflect the parting beams of day.

The shades of evening gather slowly 'round,
And nought disturbs the pleasing sylvan scene;
While all is placid, peaceful and serene:
Deep silence reigns, unbroken by a sound.

Thus calm and tranquil, free from care and strife,
Oh! may I travel thro' the vale of life.

CARLOS.

JULY, 1802.

SELECTIONS BY PETER PRIM.

SCRAP I.

THE PIOUS SAILOR.

A SACRED ODE.

THE man whose heart from vice is clear,
Whose deeds are honest, true, sincere,
Whom God and Virtue guide;
With cautious circumspection wise
The dangerous wrecks of life defies,
And stems the mighty tide.

He hears the storms of fortune rise,
In adverse combat 'midst the skies,
But hears without dismay;
His pilot, God, the vessel guides,
And o'er the steady helm presides,
And points the distant way.

In vain the Syren's tune her song,
With treacherous music's luring tongue,
He still maintains his road;
In vain they glance their beckoning guiles,
Destructive charms, and wanton wiles,
His soul is fix'd on—God.

At length he kens the promisd land,
And hail'd aloud the wish'd-for strand,
With heav'nly joy possess'd;
And 'midst the plenty of his store
(His labour past, his toil no more)
Enjoys the port of rest.

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PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, December 13, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XVII.

..... Love's a gen'rous passion,
Which seeks the happiness of those we love
Beyond th' enjoyment of our own desires:
Nor kings, nor parents, here have ought to do:
Let them stand neuter.

LEE.

DE LACY experienced the greatest happiness in the felicitous contemplation of his family; Matilda carefully concealing from him as much as possible, every thing that might tend to make him uneasy; nor was Raymond regarded by him with indifference; the virtues of that youth enumerated by Matilda, and the friendship he felt for the father was extended with the warmest cordiality to the son. Neither was he without his secret wishes to effect a marriage between him and Constantia, though pity withheld him from expressing such sentiments.

Determined at once to learn the decision of his fate, Raymond exerted his utmost resolution, and made formal proposals to Olivia, who hesitated not to accept them, deferring only her positive consent till the arrival of Lord Russel with her father's answer. Raymond, who had formed great expectations of her rejecting him, returned more than ever prejudiced against her, and his heart reproached her with narrowness and self gratification.

"Surely," thought he, "this selfish girl, had she a spark of generosity, would

have refused a hand which she must have seen to be reluctantly tendered."

In spite of his efforts to appear contented, he gave himself up to melancholy; frequent sighs burst from his agonized bosom; he lost his appetite, and the bloom of health gradually disappeared. Lady Barome, who saw the painful conflict which he endured, with sorrow hastened their return to their own chateau, thinking that absence from Constantia would lead him to banish her from his memory. He took a kind and respectful leave of his bride-elect, and slightly saluting Constantia, hastened into the carriage which waited to convey him with his parents from the hospitable Castle.

This departure cast a heavy gloom over all its inhabitants. De Lacy and Matilda saw the sufferings of their child with heart-felt commiseration; and Olivia had never appeared in a less amiable light than she now did, whilst apparently enjoying her own prospects of happiness, which she knew could not but be founded upon the misery of her friend and benefactress. Her presence threw a restraint upon them all, and almost made them encourage pleasure at the thought of her departure.

A short time produced the looked-for event: Lord Russel arrived, with a tender letter from her father, in which he lamented his own inhumanity, that had drawn her into dangers he must ever deplore; and informed her, that the generous bearer had, thro' his interest with their young Sovereign, caused a restitution to be made to him of all his attainted lands; that he was reinstated in all his splendid possessions; and also, that he had been fully convinced of the unworthiness of Victoria, who was since married against his approbation; and of his injustice to Olivia,

whom he waited impatiently to behold and bless; and that her brother was returned, and longed to embrace her.

Lord Russel was thanked in the warmest terms of gratitude by Olivia, for his kind interference, but he declined receiving any praise; declaring, that he had not been altogether so disinterested as she might imagine. He then, in the most passionate and delicate manner, professed the strongest attachment for her, and made her an offer of his heart and fortune.

Olivia was much embarrassed:—she tremblingly informed him, that he must ever be entitled to her friendship; but the present situation of affairs rendered it impossible to give him any further encouragement; politely she declined his offers; and concluded with assuring him, how much she was impressed with a sense of his goodness.

Chagrined, and unhappy, Russel was about to withdraw; when, after a considerable pause, Olivia called him back.

"—Stay, my Lord—I have too much reliance upon your honour to believe that my late candid avowal will lessen me in your esteem. It is still in your power to do me a piece of service, and I doubt not of your readiness to oblige me. My father's residence is not much out of the way—if you will be the bearer of another petition to him, I shall be thankful to you for it."

Pre-sentiment told him, that it was to prefer the suit of a favoured rival: he, however, suppressed his mortification, and assured her of his readiness to do whatever she desired.

Constantia, too, guessed the purport of the intended commission—Nature could not endure the conflict, and she fell senseless on the floor. Olivia started from her

seat, and, grasping the cold hand of her friend, cried—

“Oh! Heaven!—what has my rashness done!”

“Cruel girl!” exclaimed Matilda, raising her child in her arms—“Could not you for a short time restrain your insidious triumph!—You have intentionally destroyed my Constantia!”

“Oh! do not reproach me!” cried Olivia. “Indeed, dear madam, I meant not to distress her.”

“Olivia,” said De Lacy, with a serious aspect, “I believe you do not design it; but, be more prudent—be cautious how you act, and have some consideration for our poor, ill-fated child!”

Tears streamed down the cheeks of Olivia. “Heaven is my witness,” she replied, “that I would die to preserve the life of my friend!”

Matilda, no longer able to bear the scene, quitted the room with Constantia, when De Lacy resumed—

“How can you say so!—You know that the letter with which you designed to trouble Lord Russel was concerning your intended nuptials?”

“It was, indeed!” replied Olivia, with a deep sigh—while, as if in contradiction, a faint smile stole across her features.

Russel rose in agitation, and quitted the room.

“Unhappy, ill-fated nuptials!” exclaimed De Lacy.

He was proceeding to utter some bitter invective, when, catching his hand with an air of desperation, she cried—

“Oh!—do not drive me mad with your bitter wishes—Believe me, I am not so unhappy as you think. Could you but surmise the cause of my acting thus, you would not so opprobriously condemn me. I have now advanced too far to recede, were other circumstances to admit of it.—Unhappily they do not—Time alone can soften the rigour of our fate; till when you must submit to abide in ignorance of the mystery which involves my conduct.”

Saying this, she quitted the room with an air of insulted dignity which astonished De Lacy, who sought his lady, and imparted to her the conversation he had just then with Olivia.

“Poor girl!” said Matilda pathetically—“she may not, perhaps, be so culpable as we suppose; and she may, as she protests, be swayed by motives of which we are ignorant. She must, I know, be unhappy, let her pursue what course she will.”

Russel had, meanwhile, impatiently waited an opportunity of speaking to Olivia; he therefore stopped her as she ascended the stairs, and said, with all the impetuosity of a mortified lover—

“Was it for this, Olivia, that you intreated my aid, to humble my aspiring hopes by this total defeat?—But trust me, Madam,” said he, more haughtily, “I shall no longer meanly cringe for that favour which is so lightly bestowed, where neither feeling nor justice can render it excusable; nor shall you triumph in my crest-fallen appearance.—This night I quit the castle never to return!”

“My lord,” said Olivia, laying her hand upon his arm with earnestness, “hear what I have to say: judge me not rashly I conjure you. I never wished nor attempted to deceive you with fallacious hopes. The unfortunate state of my heart is but too well known to all here. My warmest esteem and sincerest friendship shall ever be yours—more, at present, I cannot bestow. Yet, if you have still any regard for me, fulfil the promise you made me this morning. You know not how much depends upon it: nay, further, I entreat you to return yourself with the answer—it is essentially requisite, for the happiness of my friends, and particularly that of Raymond.”

Her voice failed as she pronounced his name.

“Very well, Madam,” replied Russel, almost choking with anger—“I understand you perfectly—If your father should refuse his consent to confirm your choice, you may in commiseration for my sufferings, confer that hand upon Russel!—But—no, Madam! upon such terms, even that despised outcast would not accept it!”

“Nor ever shall!” replied Olivia, her eyes sparkling with resentment. “Lord Russel, you may, perhaps, repent this. Notwithstanding, I shall to-morrow claim your promise. You are then at liberty—Adieu—You can at now retract.”

She then sprung from him towards her own apartment, and, entering the door, left him to descend the stairs with the contending passions of grief, love, and revenge.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Anecdote.—A regular physician being sent for by a maker of universal specifics, grand fatuities, &c. expressed his purpose at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. “Not so trifling neither,” replied the quack, “for to tell you the truth, I have by a mistake taken some of my own pills.”

FROM THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

BARE ELBOWS.

AND what of bare elbows? Nothing, except that they are very convenient for a jog, and very cool and airy for winter! As to their looks—why it is not more disgusting to expose an elbow, than a knee—and who to be in the fashion, would not expose a bare knee? O, it is charming to see a huge, bare elbow, as rough and scaly as the tale of an alligator, presenting a sharp angle to every corner of the house!—Hush, hush man, why the English and French ladies go with naked elbows! and who in America has the effrontery to call their taste in question—or the courage not to follow them? Why if it was the fashion to go with bare feet, it would be monstrous to wear shoes and stockings—And bare necks too—how charming! Aye, the nape—what a beautiful object *that is*—especially when presented to view on a huge pair of brawny shoulders! Nature, indeed, made the hair to cover the recess of the neck, to hide the nape and a long spindle, and give the upper part of the body an air of symmetry; but nature, it seems, mistook her business—her works are to be amended by fashion.—Besides, why may not a lady lay bare her neck, shoulders and elbows, as well as a gentleman convert his hair into a crow’s nest.—Formerly, tangled hair was the mark of a savage, or a clown—but now, what so genteel and ornamental as a head of hair, frizzled and tangled till it looks like a frightened owl. Lord, Sir, must not one be in the fashion? O, aye, to be sure; yes, yes, be in the fashion, tho’ it may make you as ugly as the devil. Though it may be somewhat inconvenient—as the fashions of England and France cannot arrive and be adopted in a week—and though it may be perfectly genteel in Europe to go *naked in summer*, yet it is very inconvenient and somewhat dangerous in America, to be quite so genteel in *winter*; witness the long register of consumptions in the weekly bills of mortality.

But Americans—poor devils—What business have the Americans to any opinions, or customs, or language, or science, or arts, or manufactures, which are not regulated by Europeans. What business have we to conduct our own public prints, regulate political opinions, manage our revenues, make books, create a navy. Nay, what right have we to adopt our modes of dress to our climate!—We are children—mere babes in leading-strings! It is our business to think and act as we are bid....

The concluding part is crafted, the remarks being of a political nature.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

AS the state of slavery in which many of the Africans are still held in Pennsylvania, has been, and still is a circumstance of regret, and has claimed the attention of all benevolent and liberal minded persons, many of whom have made great exertions to extricate them, I beg leave, through the medium of your paper, to offer a few observations on that subject.

I have ever considered it as an indelible stigma upon the character of our citizens, that notwithstanding the great outcry that we have made about liberty, and the pains we have taken to secure it to ourselves, yet these poor Africans are still retained in slavery by us; and for no other reason that I can perceive, than that they are of a different colour. Impressed with these sentiments, and astonished that the genuine friends of rational liberty have not extended that freedom to others, which they have obtained for themselves, I have taken some pains to examine into the legality of their being thus held in slavery. The result of my inquiry is, that I am convinced, and shall endeavour to make it appear, that there is no law now existing in Pennsylvania, by which negroes can be thus held after the age of 21 years. It is an undeniable fact, that laws have been made at several different periods, by the legislature, for the regulation of slavery in this state, the last of which (except an explanatory supplement thereto) was passed in the year 1780, by which act it is declared, that all negroes and mulattoes, born before the passing of that act, shall, if registered according to the directions therein given, be held in slavery for life; and all that should be born after the passing of that act should be held till the age of 28 years.

Before I proceed further, it may be necessary to mention, that it is a general and universally acknowledged maxim in law, that an old statute always gives place to a new one; and that not only where the latter is couched in negative terms, but also, where the matter is so clearly repugnant, that it necessarily implies a negative. (*Blackstone Com. p. 89.*) If therefore, there has been another statute made since the above mentioned act, which is directly repugnant to it, that act is of course repealed, and is now void. The constitution is universally allowed to be paramount to all law, and in the 1st Section of the 9th Article of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, (which was made since the year 1780) it is declared, that all men are born equally free and independent, and have certain inherent and inalienable rights, among which are those of enjoying life and liberty, and acquiring, possessing, and protecting property and re-

putation, and of pursuing their own happiness.

This section of the Constitution is so directly repugnant to the Act of Assembly, by which negroes are now held in slavery, that it will admit of no other construction, unless we contend, that a negro is not a man: for surely no person will say, that a negro who is a slave for life can enjoy the rights and privileges mentioned in this section of the Constitution; and even if he is a slave only until the age of 28 years, he is deprived of the privilege of acquiring property for 7 years, in the prime of his life, from the age of 21 till 28; during which period, if he were placed upon an equality with white men, (as he is declared to be by the Constitution) he might be acquiring property, and providing for old age. In the last section of the same article, it is declared, that every thing in that article is excepted out of the general powers of government, and shall for ever remain inviolate; so that the above-mentioned act is not only thereby repealed, but the legislature are deprived of the power to make a law to that effect; because it would be a violation of the first section, which is declared inviolate.

In the Schedule to the Constitution, it is declared, that all laws in force at the time of making the said Constitution, and not inconsistent therewith; and all rights, claims, &c. shall continue. But as it plainly appears, that the above-mentioned act is directly inconsistent with the Constitution, and as no man can have any right or claim to the service of another after the age of 21 years; it cannot be presumed that the law by which negroes continue to be held in slavery contrary to the principles of reciprocal justice, was thereby intended to be revived and continued.

Considering all these circumstances, I conceive that the law of 1780 is, as it ought to be, absolutely void. If I am wrong, I request that some one who is better acquainted with the subject, will set me right.

STUDIOSUS LEGIS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO AMICUS.

Respected Sir,

YOUR good intentions entitle you to my respect. You have declared, that my essay "is deserving of notice;" for the expressing of your sentiment, you have my thanks. In return, permit me, to tell you, that in my opinion, your criticism* is a good one, though I do not deem it correct.

I said, "I was obliged to pay due deference to the opinions of others, however opposed they may be to our own, contradictory to fact, or at variance with nature and with

reason."—I have no desire to revoke the expressions.—I think that it is impossible for a person possessed of so amiable a disposition as your piece induces me to believe you are, should deny to others, that right, of which you yourself are certainly tenacious.

You, my friend, have misinterpreted the words which I used. You must know that a difference exists between an act and a thought. You have discriminated between them; but your writing induced some to believe, that I had declared a deference for the actions of men, when I only professed a respect for their opinions.

Suffer me to declare, that I do not think that the opinion of the people of Malabar, is reprehensible. Whenever they commit an act, so inhuman, as the one you have mentioned, it is our duty, as Christians, to pity their weakness, and to endeavour to shew them the folly of such conduct. Good Sir, be not angry with me, when I declare, that I believe, that you are the first person who ever thought of viewing an opinion.

Your criticism on the essay of my friend "Juvenis" is likewise incorrect. I expect that he will reply to your animadversions.

Yours, &c.

OBSCURUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO MISS BETSY PRIM.

Respected Madam,

PERMIT me to address you in the manner best suited to my inclination. You must submit, tho' it may not please you so to do. You have pressed yourself upon the public, the champion of your sex, unask'd, uncall'd. I addressed a series of numbers to your sex: in so doing I was influenced by the purest motives. I presume that you have to learn, that it is improper and scandalous to attack those who have no desire to offend, but whose constant wish, is steadily to pursue the path that leads to honour.

I had been induced from the great improvements which have been made in writing, to inquire for the cause of that elegance of style, for which many have been celebrated. I was led to believe, that literary men were considerably indebted to the critics, for the correctness of their style.

The frequency of caustic's objections to the best as well as worst of writings, has been urged, with so much energy, against the propriety of my sentiment, by men who have some title to literary fame, that I have been induced somewhat to alter the opinion I had formed.

Your frivolous reasoning, (if I may be permitted to use the expression) which appeared in the Repository of the 27th ult. to prove the second number of my address to the Female Sex, incorrect in language,

* See Repository, page 388.

illustrates in the best point of view, the notoriety of a fact, the very existence of which I was inclined to question.

In your silly production, you have indulged in personality, and evinced the most consummate vanity, and I have, (permit me to inform you) heard those who are competent to judge, say, that you have shewn yourself ill qualified for the dignified office of criticism.—I almost disdain to answer your piece, for, it is scarce worthy of criticism.—I have been wont latterly to shew myself (regardless of my "glorious race") dressed in all the majesty of boots; it is possible, that I may continue to wear them, until the ensuing spring; my greatness will not permit me, to address any thing to your *sex* until I shall have, once more "figured in the form of a shoe;" and then, perhaps, your "to-be-established society of female critics" may be duly organized—of whose organization, I hope that you will give immediate information. Meanwhile, lest you should complain of inattention, I will proceed to examine your criticism.—I acknowledge the correctness of its first part—the inadvertence of the editor afforded you an opportunity for *once to think* correctly.—It would be unjust to charge his inattention to me—justice does not require that I should be accountable for the error exhibited. Here, permit me to inform you, that, unless you have some *talent* which can be displayed to more advantage than your critical one, you scarcely "deserve or merit a character." But to return, you wish that I would inform you, first, "how dress can be a foible, afterwards how it can be a crime." I would willingly comply with your request, but the obscurity of the language, in which the information would have to be given, deters me, as it ought every virtuous person, from giving you the explanation required. You may assure yourself, that I was much surprised to find an objection to the word *though*. A great grammarian uses it in the same manner that I have, and I believe that *custom* has confirmed its use.

Most eloquent and (I am almost tempted to say) absurd Miss, contrary to your wish, you have informed an admiring world, that a "virtuous pursuit" is new, and that you'll mark it for future imitation. Now, *fersooth*, I think that you mean to mark the words without endeavouring to attain one virtuous principle.

Deign, most learned Miss, to inform me, whether you have heard of a vain pursuit, or, it is a duty which I owe to myself, to inform you, that "virtuous" when applied to "pursuit," is opposed to *vain*.

I think, that, what you have had the vanity to declare unintelligible, is sufficiently plain for a person of even moderate discernment to comprehend. When you shall have had sufficient time to think on the preceding, you will in all probability hear again from

AMATOR VIRTUTIS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AN INTRODUCTORY LECTURE TO A COURSE OF

Experimental Philosophy,

Delivered in the Friends' Academy, on the Evening of the 30th ult.

By JOHN CRAIG;

And published at the request of a number of the audience.

(CONCLUDED.)

HAVING taken this short review of the rise and progress of the Newtonian Philosophy, and given our opinion thereof; we shall next take a view of the extent of this science, according to its modern improved state. But first, we must define those general properties of bodies, which are the bases, whereon the whole superstructure of Experimental and Mechanical Philosophy are founded.

In Experimental Philosophy all the material substances of which the universe is composed, are denominated Natural Bodies; and what is perceived to be uniform and invariable in these substances are called their properties. These properties are of two kinds, proper and common. Common properties, are those that agree to all bodies, as extension. Proper properties, are those that agree with particular bodies; as fluidity, hardness, elasticity, &c.

When we begin to examine the properties of bodies, the first that presents itself to the mind, is that of extension; for we can form no idea of a body that has not length, breadth, and thickness.

From the idea of a body being extended, we easily perceive that it may be divided into parts; and that those parts being extended, may again be divided, and so on, without end. Hence we see, that divisibility is a property of all bodies.

To the divisibility of matter, or the indefinitely small parts into which it may be divided, is owing another property of bodies, namely figure; for accordingly, as the position of the particles that form the extremities of bodies are varied, their figures will vary also. Now, as we have

observed, that the particles are indefinitely small, and it is evident, they may be arranged in an infinite variety of different positions; it follows, that there cannot be two bodies exactly alike in figure. This may appear strange to superficial observers; but they that will examine the most similar productions of nature, or art, by means of the microscope, will soon be convinced of the fact.

Another property common to all bodies, is that of solidity, by some called impenetrability; by which it excludes all other bodies from the space it occupies.

The distance of the small parts of bodies is termed their porosity. These pores were formerly supposed to be perfect vacuums; but it is become more than probable, that they are full of the subtle fluid of Electricity, which easily escapes on the approach of any other substance. Density is the proportion between the extension and solidity of bodies; one body is therefore more dense when under the same extension, it contains more solid matter. This property implies, that bodies are capable of condensation and compression. Elasticity is that effort by which certain bodies, when compressed, endeavour to restore themselves to their former figure, or state. These properties of bodies are of great use in explaining the laws of nature, and in applying them to all the mechanic arts: and Experimental Philosophy proves their existence by numberless examples.

Philosophy having considered these more obvious properties of matter, proceeds to those of attraction, which tho' their causes are beyond our reach, do as certainly exist as those we have mentioned: They are denominated the Attractions of Cohesion, Magnetism, Electricity, and Gravitation.

Cohesion is that power or force, by which the small particles of bodies unite and cohere together; on this property depends the firm union of all solid bodies. Magnetic attraction is that power by which the loadstone attracts certain bodies, and by which it endeavours to attain a certain position with regard to the poles of the world.

Electrical attraction, is that power which the electric fluid possesses, of attracting bodies. This branch of natural philosophy in consequence of the late discoveries therein, affords a wide field for instructive and surprising experiments. Attraction of gravitation, whereby distant bodies tend towards each other, is a power in nature, with which all bodies whatever are endowed; for its influence extends thro' the universe:

on our knowledge of its laws depends the whole science of Astronomy.

Having established the existence of these forces, and investigated the laws they observe, by actual experiment, on bodies that come under the cognizance of our senses; philosophy extends its views, and, by parity of reason, applies the same to the great bodies of the universe. Here it investigates the laws of Centripetal and Centrifugal forces, as they are called, by which the planets are kept in their orbits.

It then descends to the composition and resolution of these forces; and their application to the mechanic powers; the invention of machines; with their powers and effects, in the different arts, to which they are or may be applied.

Hydrostatics, or the properties of water and watery fluids, next present themselves to consideration. Water may be considered in a three-fold point of view; namely, as a fluid, as vapour, or ice. As a fluid, it comes within the province of Mechanical Philosophy; but the vapour and the ice belong to the Chemist. Hydrostatics considers the weight, pressure, resistance, and equilibrium of water; estimates the specific gravity of bodies immersed therein; determines its motion through orifices and pipes; and thence proceeds to hydraulics, or the consideration of such machines as are put in motion by the force of water.

From water, we are naturally led to the properties of air, which forms that part of philosophy, called Pneumatics.

Air is a fluid without which animal or vegetable life could not exist; it surrounds the whole globe of our earth to a considerable height; and it is the medium by which sound is propagated. The investigation of its properties by means of the air-pump, affords a number of pleasing, and instructive experiments.

From the transparent fluid of air, we pass to the subtle fluid of light; forming that division of the science called optics. The properties of light and colours, are no less surprising than their existence are indisputable; nor is their any part of natural philosophy, wherein there remains fewer difficulties to be explained. To Newton we are indebted for all we know of light; nor is it necessary for us to know more.

Of all the substances that come under our inspection, that of light is the most subtle and refined. Its motion is demonstrated to be in right lines, and its amazing velocity such, as to carry it over twelve million of miles in the space of one minute. When it strikes the surface of any object, it is reflected in all directions; hence it is,

that those rays entering in, and passing through, the coats and humours of the eye, form on the retina an image of the object, the sensation of which, is conveyed to the brain by the optic nerves, and there excites the idea of vision. Experimental philosophy determines the laws of reflected and refracted light, and thence informs us how to construct various kinds of single and compound glasses, for assisting our sight; and also, how to form varieties of mirrors for reflecting images, for burning glasses, and other purposes.

This part of our subject likewise informs us, that all the colours we behold, originate in the sun's light; and that different substances only appear of this or that colour, accordingly as they reflect more copiously, those rays that excite the idea of that colour.

Thus, we have briefly enumerated the outlines of this science; to illustrate which is the design of the present undertaking. But after all, some may say: Where is the use of all this? have not numbers accumulated wealth, arisen to the summit of honour, and enjoyed all the pleasures of life, without submitting to the painful task of acquiring a knowledge of these things? why should we spend our time in turning over the ponderous volumes of ancient and modern philosophers, in order to gain a knowledge of things, of so little utility in the affairs of life?

In answer to this, I acknowledge, that a man may acquire a great fortune, without knowing how to find the specific gravity of gold; or distinguish pure silver from that which is alloyed. I acknowledge, that a man, ignorant of the laws by which the universe is governed, may have his ambition gratified by receiving the applause of a giddy multitude, whom he governs; and, also, that the sensualist may please his palate, without knowing anything of the nature of acids, or alkalis; may inhale odours and perfumes, without being acquainted with the causes of effluvia; that he may be enraptured by the power of music, tho' ignorant of the doctrine of sounds; and that his eyes may be captivated with beautiful objects, altho' he be ignorant of the properties of light and colours. Indeed, if the design of our existence be to accomplish no higher objects than acquiring wealth, receiving honours, and gratifying our sensual desires, Philosophy, as well as many other things, may well be dispensed with. But if, on the other hand, we be rational beings, capable of higher enjoyments than either riches, honours, or sense can afford; if we be probationary beings, whose destination

in this world is appointed, in order to qualify us for a more exalted rank in the scale of existence hereafter; then surely it is our interest, as well as our duty, to make ourselves, as much as possible, acquainted with the nature and constitution of the universe; to investigate the laws by which it is governed; and to contemplate and admire that order and regularity which reigns throughout the whole material world. By these means we will be enabled to form juster conceptions of that Being, by whose power the universe was brought into existence, and of that relation, which we, as creatures, stand in to Him.

But a very little reflection must convince us, that the advantages in real life, derived from the study of Philosophy, are by no means inconsiderable.

Is it not to the science of Mechanics we are indebted for the plough that tills the ground; the mill that provides us with flour, and even the houses wherein we are sheltered from the inclemency of the weather. To the knowledge of Hydrostatics, we are indebted for many invaluable machines, by which water is raised and fire extinguished. To the same branch of knowledge we are indebted for the means of estimating the intrinsic value of metals, and determining the qualities of liquors. The science of Optics demands our grateful acknowledgments, were it for no other reason than its friendly aid to our declining sight; but when we contemplate the amazing prospects laid open to our view in the celestial regions, by means of the telescope, we are lost in wonder and astonishment.

Astronomy, of all the sciences, is the most sublime and magnificent; whether we consider it with regard to the number of its objects, their magnitude, their motions or their laws; and the advantages we derive from the study of this science, are beyond calculation. It is by our knowledge of the celestial bodies, that we know the regular returns of the seasons of the year; a knowledge for the want of which, the early ages of mankind, suffered severely. The historian is highly indebted to this science; it is by the light it affords, that he is able to record the transactions of men, according to their regular succession; and estimate the interval of time between any remarkable events; for we may observe, that the history of mankind prior to the cultivation of Astronomy, is more fable and romance, owing in a great measure, to their want of a regular chronology. To the same department of knowledge, the human race are highly obliged, for dispelling those thick clouds of superstition, in which they

were so long involved. Who can read without pity, the story of a great warrior, intimidated from meeting the enemy, in consequence of an eclipse of the sun; by which delay, his whole army fell victims to superstition; or, of an admiral, refusing to put to sea from similar reasons; whereby his whole fleet became a prey to the enemy.

Had those people been acquainted with the natural causes of these appearances, they would not only have been freed from such national calamities; but also, from the impositions of judicial astrology, in whose chains the human mind was so fast bound for ages, that even to this day, strong traces of its influence are to be found. It is true, the heavens declare the glory of God, but they preside not over the fate of mortals. The stars shed their benign influence upon us, but it is such as should kindle devotion in us, not to them, but to their great Creator.

To enumerate all the advantages that mankind derive from the study of nature, would be an endless task. Whole volumes might be written without exhausting the subject. It would be in vain, therefore, to attempt doing it justice in the close of an address, which has, perhaps, already appeared too long.

With regard to our intended course of lectures, the different subjects shall be treated of, in the same order, wherein they have already been mentioned; and as the principal design is to introduce young persons to the study of this delightful and important science; so, we shall avoid as far as possible, all abstracted reasoning, and intricate investigations; confirming every thing advanced, by plain and convincing experiments;

After the experimental part is finished, we shall take a popular view of the solar system; explain the principles of geography, and conclude with the nature and use of the globes. The whole shall be comprised in 26 Lectures, and delivered twice a week until finished.

The reader is requested to correct the following errors, which escaped the press in the last No. viz. page 396, *Introductory Lecture*, &c. 2d par. 9th l. for *forces* read *force*, and for *durable* read *tenable*;—2d col. 23d l. for *has* read *have*. Page 397, 2d col. 21st l. from top, for *things* read *this*;—and 34th l. for *electric* read *electricity*;—3d col. 3d l. for *universe* read *unvarying*.

THE EFFECT OF NOVELTY.

The widow of a grandee of Spain wished to marry one of the officers of her household, a gentleman possessed of pleasing per-

son and manners.—The young man with a delicacy which is very rare, for a long time strongly represented to her, that such an unequal alliance would subject him to constant opprobrium. The widow, in answer to this objection, had the tail and mane of two beautiful coach-horses cut off; the beasts had been before universally remarked for their handsome appearance; she still however, continued to use them, when she paid all her visits. So strange and novel a whim was, at first, the continual topic of conversation among her friends; in a week the astonishment somewhat abated, and in a month it was entirely forgot. "This is exactly what will happen to us," said the lady to the gentleman; "when the novelty is over, the astonishment ceases." This reasoning finished the difficulty, and entirely satisfied the young man's scruples.

"Profiles" of Eminent Men.

(From Sewall's Poems.)

(CONCLUDED.)

RICHARDSON.

Replete with Genius, shine thy works confess!
In GRANDISON it soars, the last and best.
CLARISSA's sufferings harrow up the soul,
Humble PAMELA's vain, whimpering fool.
Above proud BYRON, CLEMENTINA IOW'S,
Resistless wit, gay CHARLOTTE ceaseless pouts.
Divine SIR CHARLES, from ev'ry foible free,
Soars above nature—and humanity.
One blemish more—thou'rt tedious, honest friend!
Nor seems th' eternal tale as if 't would ever end!

OSSIAN.

O bard divine! to thee each grace was giv'n,
Self-taught, or like great HOMER, taught by heav'n,
Sublimely low'ring, soars thy lofty song,
Impassion'd, tender, nervous, bold and strong,
Applauding bards shall deify thy lays,
Nor fail to crown thee with eternal praise.

FINGAL.

Fraught with celestial splendors beams thy star,
In peace thy country's sun, her shield in war.
No ancient hero may with thee compare,
Greece, Carthage, Rome, to rival thee despair,
AMERICA! this honor's kept for thee!
Like FINGAL one is thine, and WASHINGTON is HE!

HANDEL.

Ha! ha! heav'nly minstrel! nature stamp thy worth,
And songs of angels usher'd in thy birth!
No strains like thine, e'er ravish'd mortal ears,
Delightful as the music of the spheres.
Enraptur'd seraphs, hymning in full choir,
Lay by their golden harps to listen to thy lyre!

FROM THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

14th of December.

THE SWEET REMEMBRANCE OF THE JUST.

LOW mourning accents meet the list'ning ear,—
The mournful cypress starts the briny tear;
The crystal stream flows fast from every eye,
And hark! unstrung can scarcely vent a sigh.
In narrow cell Columbia's HERO sleeps,
While sprightly grace in saddest anguish weeps;
The fondest tribute decks the fancied bier,
And slow procession loves the ling'ring tear,
Warm genius labours to describe his fame,
The due memorial of so great a name,—
And claps, in sad delight, the silent urn,—
—There's no relief, alas! he'll ne'er return!
Dire cause of woe Columbia's sons have found,
Their Freedom weeps, she dreads the bleeding wound;
Her HERO's gone, of matchless skill possessor,
Who rais'd no common flame in every breast;
Who pluck'd allegiance from the rebel heart,
And link'd ambition with the Patriot's part;
Whose martial skill inflam'd his little band,
To crown with Freedom fair Columbia's land.
'Twas his to build on Virtue's noblest plan,
And teach the world what means the rights of man.
Sad Pity pours afresh her plenteous store,—
Alas! our WASHINGTON is now no more!
Thou hero, once so great, so good, so just,
In death's cold womb now sleeps in silent dust!
For him all nations feel a common grief;
They weave the wreath in honor to our chief,
In Memory's fame his noble deeds shall live,
His smiling victory still will pleasure give,
While yonder sun imparts his vital ray,
And earth's swift axis wheels the orient day. PHILO.

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 18, 1802.

“Corydon's dejected Knell,” an ancient ditty, with *Music*, will appear next week, as a concluding Song to the 2d Volume of the Philadelphia Repository.

The amateurs of Music are informed, that the publication of the 4th volume of Mr. Carr's Musical Journal, commenced with the 1st No. on Monday the 13th inst. This number contains a favorite ballad, entitled, “*The Thorn*,” sung with great applause, by Mr. Ingleton, at the Covent-Garden Theatre, in London, music by Shield, the poetry by Burns; and also, “*The Beggar Girl*,” a favorite song, by H. Piercy. Twenty-four numbers form a volume of this interesting work. The numbers are arranged so as one to contain 6 pages of Vocal, and the succeeding 2 pages of Instrumental Music, alternately. The pages are large, the paper good, and the engraving neatly executed. The work is delivered to subscribers at the moderate price of 25 Cents each number.

INTELLIGENCE.

EXPEDITIOUS JUSTICE.

On the 4th inst. George Thompson and James Dougherty, were detected in stealing 4 barrels of Beef, and 2 barrels of Pork. They were brought before the Justice of Police for examination, who referred them to the Grand Jury of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, at that instant commencing the prosecution of criminal business. A bill of indictment was found; as the principal witnesses resided at Hudson, and were on the eve of departing home, the culprits were brought to instant trial, were proved guilty, and his honour Judge Livingston adjudged their sentence for seven years hard labour in the public Penitentiary; where, by 2 o'clock of the same day, they were safely lodged by the officers of the Sheriff of the city and county of New-York.—Thus this crime was committed, detected, convicted, and judgment passed and executed, all within the short space of about SEVEN HOURS. [N. Y. Daily Adver.

BENNINGTON, (VER.) NOV. 29.
SINGULAR CASE.

On the morning of the 17th inst. departed this life, in this town, Daniel Stratton, son of Joel Stratton, in the 20th year of his age. This youth was seized with what the physicians term the Sciarica, in July 1791, in a dreadful manner, and at different periods endured a dislocation of most of the joints of the body. For eight years past, last October, he never stepped on his feet; his back was drawn out of joint before he was confined to his bed, and soon afterwards all his joints one after another, even to his fingers, were dislocated and rendered useless, except the right elbow, which enabled him to move his right hand about an inch or two up or down on his breast. For six years last past, he was not turned in his bed, or moved in any way, but by removing his bedstead, and all together. For three years, ending in March last, his jaws were set, and all sustenance administered, sliced so thin, as to be thrust into the orifice, about the eighth of an inch wide; and the disorder affecting his eyes deprived him of sight for three years. He was afterwards by the inveteracy of the disorder, rendered entirely deaf of one ear, and received no liquid but what he sucked thro' a straw, for two years before his death. What is remarkable in his case is, that he retained his senses thro' the whole term, and his power of utterance never failed him. He knew people by the tone of their voice, or their footsteps, as quick as any one in the house, while his hearing remained. In his last moments he called the household together, and bade them farewell in an affecting manner, and died calm and composed, a dreadful instance of the mighty power, and solemn dealing of God in the dispensations of his providence, and a sacred proof of the operations of his hand, exceeding the power of intellectual nature to account for.

According to the Register of Births and Deaths in the Prussian States, for the year 1807, the number of births were 401,650, (including 12,649 soldiers' children) which exceeded the number of deaths by 103,228. The number of marriages in the same year was 89,309.

A Mr. Woodward, an American Philosopher, has lately proposed a "Theory of the Sun," in which he affirms, that luminary to be a sphere of electrical fluid.

[Boston Weekly Mag.

Upwards of 150,000 persons are said to be at present employed in Great-Britain, in the lead, iron, copper, tin, and coal mines. One hundred thousand more, are employed in managing the products of these mines. 16.

VALUABLE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Receipt for Curing the CANCER; found among the papers of a gentleman lately deceased, and which is known to have proved effectual in several very desperate cases.

Infuse an ounce and an half of the root of the sharp pointed dock, cut into very small slices, in a pint and a half of spring water; let it stand for two hours, strain it off, and take half a gill every hour through the day.

Wash and pound 4 ounces of the fresh root of the dock, until it is quite soft, then add two table-spoonfuls of rain, or other very soft water, enclose the pulp in a strong linen rag, and wring out the juice, and keep it in a phial close stopped, and apply it to the part affected, with soft lint, over which put a sticking plaister to exclude the air, and keep on the dressing—which should be changed three or four times every day. If there are sinouses, the juice should be injected, and retained from one dressing to another.

N. B. When the weather is cold, the root is infused in hot water; and when very hot, and the root fresh, cold infusion is preferred.

FOR THE HOOPING COUGH.

The following is stated to be an infallible cure for the hooping cough:—dissolve a scruple of salt of tartar in a gill of water; and ten grains of chochineal, finely powdered; sweeten this with fine sugar; give to an infant the 4th part of a table-spoonful four times a day; to a child of two or three years old, half a spoonful; and from four years and upwards, a spoonful may be taken. The relief is immediate, and the cure in general, within five or six days.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository, are respectfully informed, that their 26th payment of 25 Cents, will be collected on Saturday next, by the Carriers.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Daniel Jennifer Adams, of Wilmington, state of Delaware, to Miss Prudence Moore, of this city, daughter of Major James Moore, deceased.

On the 13th, by the Rev. Thomas Ustick, Mr. John Hertz, to Miss Ruth Browne, both of this city.

On the 14th, by the Rev. Matthew Carr, Captain Dougherty, to Miss Maria Huntley, both of this city. As the gentlemen is a very worthy sensible person, and the young lady very amiable and accomplished, it is presumed they will be a very happy couple.

In England, Mr. P. T. Hart, aged 10, to Mrs. Sarah Harris, aged 42, who had buried three husbands, the second of whom was his uncle: His wife was his sponsor at the baptismal font, and suckled him, so that it may be said he has married his nurse, his aunt and his (foster) mother!

Deaths.

DIED, at his seat near Halifax, on the 27th ult. Col. John B. Ashe, late governor of North Carolina, aged 55.

On the 4th inst. aged 66, Mr. Samuel Clarke, of this city, a respectable member of the Society of Friends.

Very suddenly, on the 7th, in Caernarvon township, Berks County, Mrs. Mary Clymer, wife of Daniel Clymer, Esq. Attorney at Law.

At his house near Dover, in the state of Delaware, John Clayton, Esq. associate justice of the Supreme Court.

On the 10th, Mr. John Dunwoody. The death of this gentleman was occasioned by a fall from a first story window.

In England, Miss Mary Breeze, aged 78. She never lived out of the parish in which she was born; was a remarkable sportswoman, regularly took out her shooting-lisence, kept as good grey-hounds, and was as sure a shot as any in the country. At her desire, her dogs and favourite mare were killed at her death, and buried in one grave.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Peter Paul Morality" shall have a conspicuous place in our next.

As *Amator Virtutis* has come forward in his own defence, it is unnecessary to publish the observations of S. N. L.

Previous engagements prevented the insertion this week of the 4th No. of "Extracts,—by a Reader." As our next Repository contains the present volume, and the subject *Reader* treats of is not concluded, its publication will therefore be deferred till the first No. of the third volume.

The communication from *Philopeltator*, received this week, shall occupy a square corner at some convenient opportunity.

Notwithstanding the boasted travels of R. M.'s friend "in the Oriental Quarter," we cannot discover any traits of originality in his account of the Orange Outing; besides the composition is too incorrect even for a school boy.—R. M.'s *Questions*, received last week, stand precisely in the same predicament.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE GIFT.

Written on seeing a Young Lady sewing.

AS pensive late, at close of day,
I loiter'd in the beechen shade,
Where soft the breeze of blushing May,
All rustling 'mong the green leaves play'd:

A wailing note assail'd my ear,
And plaintive echo'd thro' the grove;
When ceasing sly, the place more near,
I mark'd the little god of love:

And Venus fair was by his side,
And strove to soothe the weeping chief:
But all in vain her art she try'd,
For still his breast was full of grief.

If I confess well pleas'd I was,
To see the urchin humbled so;
For long beneath his tyrant laws,
I'd felt the pang of deepest woe.

And now while fast his cheeks adown
The glistening tear-drop rolling came,
And piteous sobs his accents drown,
He thus address'd the Cyprian dame:

"Oh queen! oh mother! could you guess
What heavy ills I now deplore,
You'd wonder if my griefs were less,
Or wonder that they were not more.

"I mourn my kingdom overthrown,
Nor boast I more of piercing hearts;
For late! ah me! they're turn'd to stone,
And quickly blunt my sharpest darts.

"In vain I roam the flow'ry green,
To find a gentle, yielding breast;
In vain I know my arrow's keen—
By none my empire is confess'd.

"Ah! wherefore, from this happy shore,
Has all my power so sudden flown?
Is it that beauty is no more?
Or has each breast to marble grown?"

Thus Cupid—When the merry Queen,
Jocund, desir'd her son give o'er,
With such a witching smile, I ween,
As first made Mars her paramour:

"Fond child, she cry'd, no more complain,
But dry thy tears, and still thy woe;
For soon shall every traitor-swain,
Thy potent little vengeance know."

Then forth she from its silken case,
A trimly taper'd NEEDLE drew;
And this (said she) but barb with grace—
'Twill mure than all thy darts subdue.

I mark'd, well pleas'd, he took the steel,
While mischief sparkled in his eyes;

And toll'd with unremitting zeal,
To forge for lovers, fruitless sighs.

At length—" 'Tis done!"—smith Cupid cries,
"It only wants a feather now;
And that, without much sacrifice,
Your doves will furnish, Ma, you know."

"No, not *their feathers*, boy, I say,
"But *Clara's hand* shall plume the dart—
"Her hand, as soft and white as they,
"Will guide it sure to ev'ry heart.

"Then speed thee to my favorite fair,
"And say, I, *Venus*, send it her"....
She said,—and Cupid rose in air,
Light as the filmy gossamer:

Amaz'd, adread, I fled the bow'r,
To warn each swain where danger was,
That Venus' gift, and Cupid's pow'r,
And heav'nly beauty Clara has.

Then, ah! if o'er the *robinet's lawn*,
You mark her *NEEDLE's* mystic flight;
Delay not, swains, but haste! begone!
Nor trust the pleasing—dang'rous sight.

For though unseen by mortal eye,
The barb is hid with cautious art;
Poor simple shepherd! come but nigh—
You'll feel it rattle in your heart!

LINDOR.

H Y M N S.

H Y M N XIV.

*What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world,
and lose his own soul? or, what shall a man give in
exchange for his soul?* MAT. XVI. 26.

SPIRIT divine! sole source of light!
Break through the dusky clouds of night,
Which yet obscure the visual ray;
Illumine my mind, then shall I rise,
From unsubstantial fleeting joys,
To bask in Heaven's effulgent day.

Why should the world's gay trifles move,
My soul to wish, desire, and love,
And run in folly's fatal road?
Can wealth give peace and smiling joy?
Will vain delights create no sigh?
Can earth afford a firm abode?

Vain thought!—with wealth comes pining care;
In folly lurks the hidden snare,
Pungent regret, disease, and pain—
Earth from her orbit shall be hurl'd,
Consum'd in fire this wondrous world—
Of all its works none shall remain.

O True, whose sovereign word gave birth,
To all in heaven and all on earth,
Inspiring endless joy and peace;
To THEE I turn, O teach my soul,
To govern self, and sense control,
And seek those joys which still increase.

X.W.T.

*"When men will not be reasoned out of a vanity, they
must be ridiculed out of it."*

TO MISS ———.

A FLY, one sultry summer's day,
(The theme is worthy to be sung)
To take the air wing'd swift his way,
I'll on a coach-wheel fast he clang;
Lord! cries the creature in amaze,
What clouds of choking dust I raise!

SELECTED.

EPIGRAM.

A cock, within a stable pent,
Was strutting o'er a heap of dung,
And still as round and round he went,
The mettled courters stamp and flung.
Bravo! quoth he, a deceit noise,
We make a tolerable potter;
But let's take care, my merry boys,
We tread not upon one another.

SELECTIONS BY PETER PRIM.

SCRAP II.

Translation of a Greek Epigram on a Grecian Beauty.

THY eyes declare th' imperial wife of Jove,
Thy breasts disclose the Cyprian queen of Love;
Minerva's fingers th' fair hand displays,
And Thetis' limbs each graceful step betrays.
Blest man! whose eye on thy bright form has hung;
Thrice blest! who hears the music of thy tongue.
As monarchs happy! who thy lips has prest;
But who embraces, as the gods is blest.

THE GRUMBLER.

COREUS unmarried, grumbled for a wife:
Married, he grumbles still, and lives in strife!
A child is wanted; Heaven the blessing sent;
Yet still he grumbles, still is discontent.
Why what's the matter, Coreus? worse and worse!
The seeming blessing's turn'd into a curse:
The nurse and midwife drain my pockets dry;
I've nought to keep the boy with by and by.
A purse he finds; yet now, as heretofore,
He grumbles on, "Had it been so much more,
I might have left off labour, liv'd in peace;
But so it happens, all my swans are geese."
He sickens; now he grumbles without doubt;
"When will my health return? my money's out."
Death came and struck him; at one fatal blow,
He sent him grumbling to the shades below.

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PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, December 25, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

(CONCLUDED.)

CHAP. XVIII.

Thus Virtue can itself advance,
To what the fav'rite sons of Chance,
By Fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
And from itself shake off the weight,
Upon th' unworthy mind.

PARNET.

DURING the absence of Lord Russel, who failed not to fulfil her request, Olivia seemed thoughtful and uneasy; but the presence of Constantia had always the power to dispel her melancholy, and she behaved to her with more tenderness than ever. She had received several letters from Raymond, written in a style of platonic affection. She always gave them to Matilda to read; and, when they were returned to her, sighed deeply, placed them in her pocket-book, and surveyed Constantia, if present, with scrutinizing attention.

The return of Lord Russel decided at once their hopes and fears. He delivered the Baron's letter to Olivia with a trembling hand and looks of hauteur which ill-agreed. She received it with agitation, and eagerly broke the seal. As she read, her lips quivered; her cheeks assumed a pallid hue; and she could scarcely support herself from falling. Russel held his arm round her with tender concern; when, clasping her hands together, tears came to her relief, and she exclaimed—

"All is well!"

Constantia felt very faint, and instantly, attended by Russel, quitted the room. Olivia, turning to Matilda, said—

"I entreat you, my dear benefactress, be not distressed—My father has, I own, complied with my request:—The sooner, therefore, we conclude this disagreeable and distressing affair, the better for all parties. Oblige me, therefore, by acquainting Raymond with the event. Propriety will, of course, induce him to hasten hither. I would wish the intermediate time to pass as privately as possible, if you will dispense with my meeting at the accustomed times with your family. You will also oblige me much by detaining Lord Russel, to whom I have something of importance to communicate in a day or two."

She then held her handkerchief to her face, and pressing the hand of Matilda in silence, withdrew.

Constantia re-entered, and throwing her arms round her mother's neck, wept in her bosom.

"Suppress your sorrows, my dear child," said Matilda, with forced composure: "bear your disappointment with patience. It is my pleasure that you be present at the marriage ceremony; therefore exert yourself. Consider how much you, by this appearance of grief, distress the already afflicted Raymond! Exert yourself, therefore, my dear girl, and conquer this unhappy weakness."

"I will, my best of mothers," said Constantia—"I will conquer this stubborn heart; and you shall see me all your fondest wishes can desire."

The entrance of Lord Russel now put an end to the conversation, when he promised obedience to Olivia's desire.—The conversation then became general, though not

lively; and they separated at an early hour.

The following morning the expected party arrived at the Castle. Sir William and his Lady entered, followed by Raymond. All eyes were instantly struck with his altered person, which was now worn by internal anxiety to a mere object. He flew to the arms of Matilda, called her his mother, and could no longer restrain his sobs, which burst forth on her maternal bosom. He embraced Russel, but turned from Constantia with a look which declared how incapable he was of supporting the interview. He then, in an almost inarticulate voice, enquired for Olivia, and a servant was accordingly sent to desire her presence. She entered with a stately but composed air. At the first glimpse of Raymond's emaciated figure she started; but, recovering herself, paid her respects to them in an easy, careless manner; and, taking a letter from her pocket, blushed deeply.

"This letter," said she, turning to Raymond, who fixed his eyes on the ground, "so nearly concerns us, that I thought it proper we should all be present at the reading of it. To you, Lord Russel, I assign the task: once more oblige me by perusing it. You, I believe, are the most indifferent of the party."

She held it out to him—he took it from her, surprize and disdain painted in his eyes.

"Olivia!—what mean you? Do you design to turn me into ridicule?"

She smiled.

"Well, well, my Lord, I perceive you are incorrigible. However, I can punish you—Since you will not read it, I must."

Then turning to the party, who stood astonished at her trilling, she continued—

"In this letter my father gives his consent to my marrying—provided he chooses to accept me——Lord Russel."

Every one uttered an exclamation of surprise; and Lord Russel catching the letter which fell from her hands, kissed it with transport; and, perceiving the trick she had played him, prostrated himself at her feet with the most rapturous acknowledgments.

—"Stay, stay, my Lord," said she, raising him—"I have yet much to say—restrain these transports, and attend."

Then, turning to Constantia, she resumed—"You well know, my dear friend, that I was always acquainted with the most secret sentiments of your soul—Could you, then, suppose me, for an instant, capable of doing you a premeditated injury?—or, could you think I would meanly accept the hand of a man, whose heart was, I know, devoted to you, and was to me but the offspring of compassion?—Ah, no!—you yet know not Olivia.—For my friend I would resign much—and for the happiness of those I love I would relinquish my own. I, however, determined to punish you for your suspicions, by concealing from you, for some time, my real intentions; knowing that the pleasure of a general understanding, would fully compensate for the misery of past suspense. I now entreat pardon for the pain I have caused to you all."

Then taking the willing hands of Raymond and Constantia, she joined them. Tears of rapture started from her eyes.

"Now, my dear friends," said she, "may you be as happy as you deserve."

"Generous friend!" cried Constantia, embracing her—"this is too much!—You sacrifice your own happiness for mine!"

"Hush!" cried Olivia, putting her hand on her mouth—"you pay me a very ill compliment, by supposing I am not happy in witnessing your felicity." Then, addressing Russel, she resumed—"Now, my lord, a few words with you. I have of late received convincing proofs of your worth, and regard for me, though unmerited; if, therefore, after what you have witnessed, as well as heard me declare, you are willing to accept my hand, it is yours. And I think," added she, smiling, "that, in a little time, respect and esteem will ensure you a reclaimed heart, not altogether unworthy your acceptance."

"Fully sensible of the value of the gift, I receive it with joy," cried the astonished and delighted Russel. "This last proof of your worth endears you more than ever to that heart, of which you have long been the dearest object; and I shall restore you to your fond father, as a daughter worthy of listen-

derest love; and shall receive you from his hands as the dearest gift he could bestow."

De Lacy and Matilda were not less delighted than Sir William and Lady Barome; by turns they embraced the noble-minded Olivia, and bestowed the most lavish encomiums on her conduct; fervently praying that she might be as happy with Russel as she had rendered her friend.—Olivia, proud of their approbation, seemed wholly to have overcome her former prepossession, and behaved to Raymond as to an esteemed brother;—and hinted a wish that their marriages might take place together. This was accordingly agreed upon, and preparations were made for their celebration, which was to take place after she had an interview with the Baron, whose presence was requested at the Castle, to witness the happy nuptials of Raymond and Constantia.

All being finally adjusted, Olivia took leave of her friends, assuring them of a speedy return; and, attended by her beloved Russel, returned to the Baron St. Welham. Her reception was such as her most sanguine wishes could expect. All past offences were buried in oblivion, and nothing thought of but happiness. Agreeably to the proposed plan, they all returned to Warrene Castle, and the marriage ceremony was conducted with the utmost magnificence. After a fortnight spent in rejoicing, Lord and Lady Russel took a tender leave of their friends, and returned with the Baron to St. Welham Abbey.

De Lacy and Matilda, happy in each other, and in the fair prospect of their children, repaired to their estate in Cornwall; a spot ever dear to her, from the circumstance of her first interview with Valtimond.

Sir William and Lady Barome retired to their own chateau, leaving the Castle De Warrene to their son and newly-made daughter, who, conscious of the virtues of their respective parents, looked up to them for the regulation of all their actions. The friends, though thus perversely divided, kept up a constant intercourse by letter.

De Lacy, with some exertions, obtained the reversion of the title of Earl of Surry for Raymond, with the addition of its considerable revenues; in whom the augmentation of wealth and title could work no essential change; he was already possessed of merit of the most exalted nature; filial piety and conjugal affection no less distinguishing his mind, than nature had endowed his person with attraction; and the reward he obtained he gained by VIRTUE.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO AMATOR VIRTUTIS.

SIR,

I HAVE attentively considered your very agreeable epistle, what a treat! it recalled to my memory a lively description I somewhere read of chaos—

"A heap confus'd, unfinish'd and unform'd,

"Of jiring seeds was justly chaos nam'd."

But lest some of those gentlemen of literary fame, with whom you appear to be intimate, should blame me, I shall pay a little more attention to your production than it deserves.

You say, "I have pressed myself on the public, the champion of my sex, unasked, uncalled." Sweet Sir, who told you I wrote unasked, uncalled? be pleased to remember, that whenever an attack is made on any person, or party, that person or party is called upon to answer;—but you indeed *pressed* yourself on the public *unasked, uncalled*, and so *heavily* too, that at last, the public, like an unruly horse, kicked and threw its rider. It was a pity, indeed it was a pity, that a youth "whose desire is steadily to *pursue the path* that leads to honor," should thus be soused, like *Dr. Slop*, in the mud, and beaten by a girl with her distaff. No wonder indeed it is, that thy honorable heart beat high,—nothing strange, that thou didst draw thy dagger of lath, and give the little vixen such a drubbing—"I presume that you have to learn, that it is improper and scandalous to attack those who have no desire to offend." Indeed I have, for that you wrote with a good intention I doubt not. You intended to write sense, and you unfortunately wrote *nonsense*; and could your *good intention* make sense of it? Remember, my dear fellow, that good intentions can never make a bad action a good one—You wrote against dress, a simple girl requests you to write plainer, to write correctly, to tell her what sort of dress would please your taste, and what not, and you modestly assert, that this was *improper and scandalous*—When next, sweet youth, you enlighten the public with your sage observations, tell us what constitutes an improper, and what a scandalous action; and endeavour, whilst you teach, to LEARN—"In your silly production you have indulged in personality, and evinced the most consummate vanity."—Very good—I am very sorry that you are as little able to understand the writings of another, as to write intelligibly yourself. I give you my word your wearing *boots or shoes* never once entered into my mind: and with your ancestors I had no-

thing to do. How such a construction of the following sentence could have entered into your head, is to me incomprehensible: "I beseech you, in the name of the female sex, to begin with the turban, and not to lag in your glorious race until you figure on the form of a shoe." The word *in*, by a typographical error was put for *on*; but this could not warrant your construction—the real meaning then would have been, until you were changed into the shape of a shoe, than which nothing could be more absurd, or farther from my intention. The sentence was too plain to be mistaken—it was only this, describe every part of our apparel.

"I would willingly inform you how dress can be a foible and a crime, but the obscenity of the language in which the information would have to be given, deters me." Good la! what a pa thing this dress is!—it is a foible, but modesty forbids to tell how; it is a crime, but virtuous persons cannot describe this crime!! dear O dear! how shall a silly girl like me avoid it? Bless my heart! ladies beware! what makers of crimes are the mantua-makers, milliners, and taylor's!! No wonder *Water-street* is wicked, when so many crimes in the shape of spencers, pantaloon and short jackets hang at the windows!! Dear reforming Sir, fee a lawyer, prosecute these crime-makers, send them to Botany-bay, or some other bay, that so virtue may flourish, and we all live without dress,—for dress is a foible and a crime!!!

"I was much surprised at your objection to the word *though*. A great grammarian uses it in the same manner that I have, and I believe that custom hath confirmed its use." In one word, my dear boy, I deny it; no grammarian ever used it as you have done; *though* (if a girl must inform you) requires yet after it, thus "though many read, yet few understand;" *though* Amator Virtutis has spent some time in studying grammar, yet he does not understand it.

Now comes your sentence—"I must inform you, though dress would be considered as a foible rather than a crime, were it not attached to the vilest of mankind;"—is the sentence finished? on what does this *though* depend? Leave it out, the meaning of your sentence is, dress would be a foible rather than a crime, if the vilest of mankind went *undressed*. And a pretty one it is, make your best of it for Betty.

Your *virtuous pursuit*, and your *pursuing the path that leads to honour*, are elegant figures truly; but I would advise you rather to walk in the path that leads to honour, than run after

it; nor is a vain pursuit, admitting the figure to be just, its opposite—let a girl once more inform you, a *vicious* pursuit would be the opposite of a virtuous pursuit. It is true, these figures may do for you, but they will not do for me.

I now think I see you "in all the majesty of boots," (pardon me for using an expression of yours which I do not understand,) strutting about, pronouncing me "a scandalous, vain, conceited, impertinent girl, devoid of every virtuous principle," because I dare to blame your composition. My dear Sir, be patient, smoothe your anger-potting brow, I believe you to be yet little acquainted with the world, and a stranger in many respects to yourself; as you walk thro' life, if you be ready to throw a stone at every one who may happen to censure you, depend on it, you will be like Ishmael, your hand against every man, and every man's hand against you. But to be schooled by a girl! ay, there's the rub! and why not?—My heart beats with joy, when I consider, that no longer is woman bound in the chains of ignorance and slavery; we are blessed with the advantages which flow from education. In this city, I am happy to say, our teachers are as able as yours; and, excuse me, generous Sir, I believe our abilities and application are at least equal.

Now, my dear Sir, before I take a final leave of you, for I do not intend to carry this silly controversy into the next year's Repositories, take in good part the following advice:—When next you intend to address the public, consider well the subject, strengthen your mind by reading some good author who has treated of it, be sure that all your definitions be just; keep your dictionary always before you, that so you may use no word in a vague sense; and lastly, remember to keep your signature a secret, that should it again happen, for which I hope there will be no occasion, that some *saucy girl* should give you a flip or two, no person shall have it in his power to mark you as you pass.

BETSEY PRIM.

ANECDOTES.

THE late Mr. Cambridge was one of the chief literary props of a periodical paper, entitled "The World." Mr. Moore, the conductor of that paper, in any extremity, constantly applied to his friend Cambridge, upon whose fertile genius, and friendly promptitude, he could always rely. It happened, that an application of this kind was made to Mr. Cambridge on a Sunday, and during the

service at Church, he appeared so much wrapt in thought, that when it was over, he was gently rebuked by a lady for suffering his mind to wander from the solemn purpose of the place. "I assure you, Madam, (said he) you are mistaken, for my thoughts were really employed upon the *next World*."

Lon. Pap.

ALEXANDER I.

It is related of the present emperor of Russia, that on the Chamberlain Wittoeff waiting upon him to make a report, respecting a new institution for the benefit of the poor, his majesty being very busy, wished to postpone it, but asked what the business was?—"It relates to the poor," replied the chamberlain. "The affairs of the unfortunate," said the emperor, "ought to be considered before all others, I will attend to it immediately."

THE DEAR PORTRAIT.

THE celebrated Marchioness de Chatilieu considered it as an augmentation of her fame to have Voltaire among the number of her transient admirers. She soon, however, perceived, that the poet only played the lover from a species of pride, and therefore threw herself into the arms of the muscular Abbe Macarty. He was an Irishman; and a few years afterwards went to Constantinople, and turned Musselman. In the mean time, Voltaire continued in appearance her favourite admirer, till she, at length, wholly abandoned him, to make room for M. de St. Lambert, who would not admit of a rival. Soon after this, she died, and a sale of her furniture, jewels, &c. was advertised. The moment Voltaire heard this, he recollected that he had presented the Marchioness with a snuff-box, in which, under a private cover, his portrait was artfully concealed. Fearing that this box, if it got into strange hands, would subject him to ridicule, he commissioned some of his friends to buy it for him, at any price. By mistake, the one friend bid against the other, till, at length, the box was knocked off for a considerable sum. Voltaire scarcely got it into his hands, before he sprung open the cover to behold his portrait; when lo! instead of his own, he found that of M. de St. Lambert, his favoured rival!

HENRY IV. of France, asked a lady, which was the way to her bed-chamber? To which the sensibly and modestly replied, "The only way to my bed-chamber, Sir, is through the Church."

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

[The following Dialogue is well calculated to expose the wonderful exhibitions and raree shows, by which the citizens of Philadelphia are mocked in the winter season. The subject is interesting, and the folly of burning and restoring bank-notes, making pancakes in a hat, imitating squeaking pigs, &c. is placed in a very striking point of view.]

Ed.

MR. HOGAN,

A few evenings ago, as I sat in one of the boxes in Mr. ***'s tavern, I overheard the following dialogue between a smart, well-dressed citizen, and a very plain country farmer.—I think the subject of importance, and therefore request you to give it a place in your Repository.

Citizen. Will you go to-morrow evening and see? If you do, I am convinced you will be much pleased.

Farmer. I doubt it much; but what must be paid for admission?

Cit. Only half-a-dollar—'tis but a trifle.

Far. True, 'tis but fifty cents; how many, think you, will be there?

Cit. I cannot say, perhaps 200.

Far. Two hundred! that would be one hundred dollars! pretty well! and pray what will they learn for all that money?

Cit. Learn! learn! why they'll learn nothing; it will be all seeing.

Far. So, so; well, and what have they to shew that will *profit* the citizens a 100 dollars?

Cit. Why, first they will see one of the performers burn a 60 dollar bank note.

Far. Amazing! sure the d—! is in the man! burn a 60 dollar bank note!

Cit. O Sir, you are in too great haste—he will restore it again in a second of time.

Far. Will he, indeed? Why, that is really valuable,—it is a great, a noble discovery,—burn it first! and then restore it again!—The man's a fool to go on at this rate; he should get a patent for the discovery! Let me see, why his fortune's made! happy man!! I hope at least he'll tell the poor people of the city, they'll bless him for it all the winter. Yes, yes, I'll certainly go and give him a dollar, yes, yes!

Cit. What do you mean? I protest I do not understand you; the poor bless him!—I cannot tell what you mean!

Far. Mean! why it is very plain; a poor man borrows or begs an armful of wood, makes a rousing fire, burns it, and then by the secret restores it to wood again; thus one armful of wood will last the whole winter.

Cit. Ha! ha! ha! sure you are not serious?

Far. Yes, but I am though; for if he can burn a *bank note*, and restore it again to its former shape and value, he can burn a cord of wood and restore it again; the one is as easy as the other.

Cit. Oh, you do not understand man; he will not burn the note, but will make you believe that he burns it.

Far. Is that all! I'll not go,—he'll never get a half-penny of my money at that rate; I'll pay no man for cheating me if I can help it. But is this all?

Cit. No; he will cause all the money, notes, memorandums, &c. escape out of a pocket-book, and go into another gentleman's pocket.

Far. And can he do this?

Cit. Yes he can.

Far. And the citizens go to see him, and pay for his performance? well, it is strange, he must be a rare hand at picking pockets: what encouragement to the young to learn such tricks! I'll not go,—I fear it is a bad school to learn morals at. But what more?

Cit. Why here is the bill, read for yourself.

The farmer took the bill, put on his spectacles, and read the whole, sometimes laughing, at others groaning; and then went on:

Far. Well, I protest things are come to a fine pass indeed, when such things are permitted. Let me see, "he will make pancakes with a dozen of eggs,"—my black *Sill* can do that as well as he, I'll wager any money; but not in a *hat*, he can beat *Sill* there. "Change a card into a cat!"—the devil can't do that; but that's like the bank-note, a deception. Then a fellow balances a coach-wheel, and an iron axletree—great performance!!! and then a little boy, on a table; and then dancing; the black-a-moor, the dusty millar, the highlandman, and the American sailor!—excellent company! well arranged! and the best foremost! And to close the whole he will grunt like a pig, mew like a cat, neigh like a horse, croak like a frog, coo like a dove, mourn like a screech-owl, and bark like a fox; for I suppose these are the beasts and birds. And for all this receive only a *poor* 100 dollars!!! Hark ye, friend, what will you learn from all this?

Cit. Nothing.

Far. Come out with me, man, I will let you hear a dozen hogs grunting to-morrow morning round the swill-trough, for *nothing*; you shall hear my dog bark for *nothing*; you shall hear ducks, and hens, and geese, for *nothing*; and if you have half a dollar to spare, you can give it to a poor widow in the neighbourhood, whose husband died in the fever, and left her without a sixpence

to struggle through the world with six small children.

Cit. I dare say the money would be better laid out, but then you know we must have some amusement.

Far. Yes, to be sure; but in the name of common sense, what amusement can you derive from hearing a man grunting like a pig, or seeing him balancing a coach-wheel, or frying pancakes, or exhibiting a cat instead of a card? If this be amusement, I know not what amusement means. Besides, I would ask, has it any good tendency? are those who pay their half dollar, and see the show, any wiser, or any better? What moral sentiment can be deduced from a miserable imitation of a grunting hog? or what benefit can the mechanic derive from a man's balancing a coach-wheel on his nose or his chin. If the police of the city were of my mind, no such imposers should be permitted to draw from the labouring poor by deception, tricks, and nonsense, money which they so hardy earn, and which goes to support men, who, if they were not thus supported, would turn their talents to some use by which society might receive some advantage. But I see it grows late; I tell you, my friend, I would not be seen encouraging these idle fellows, by going to see their giguaree tricks, and raree shows, for—for the best horse I ever rode.

So saying, they rose and left the tavern. I also paid for my pint of beer, and trudged home; fully determined not to give a penny for things that can be of no advantage.

PETER PAUL MORALITY.

ZOOLOGY.

It is a curious fact, in the history of animals, that the nastiest are the most long-lived. A swine, which is among the dirtiest of all creatures, will live twenty-five years; whereas a sheep, which is a very neat animal, will live only ten years.

Those species of fowls, which are most noted for longevity, are such as feed on carrion. The raven and the eagle will live to the age of one hundred years; but a pigeon, which is a bird remarkable for its cleanliness and delicacy, will live only eight years. It is a remarkable arrangement in the system of nature, that some kinds of animals should feed deliciously on, and receive substantial nourishment from substances, which are both loathsome and poisonous to others. Carrion is not only delicious to the palates of eagles and ravens, but is to them a most wholesome food; otherwise it would not sustain and prolong their lives to the extreme age of an hundred years.

[Balance.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A PERUSAL of the *Introductory Letter* of Mr. Craig, afforded me very singular pleasure. In my opinion, it is a performance of uncommon merit, and highly deserving of approbation. It bespeaks throughout an acute, penetrating, and scientific mind. The arrangement is lucid, the sentences generally well constructed, the ideas clear and nervous.

I cannot but felicitate the young men of Philadelphia, on the opportunity afforded them of genuine instruction in sublime, interesting, and most useful truths. I am informed that the lectures are to be delivered in the evening, which will be peculiarly advantageous to those who are engaged in business during the day.

I sincerely hope and trust that a respectable number will be induced to suspend the movements of pleasure, of folly and vice, for the sake of the mind. I am well persuaded, from authentic sources of information, that Mr. Craig is eminently qualified for discharging the duties of the task which he has been induced to undertake. I therefore hope, for his sake, as well as for the interest of science, and that of the rising generation, that Mr. Craig will meet with a patronage in some degree commensurate with his talents. SENEX.

(From the *Lady's Monthly Museum*.)

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT AGAINST A GOOD WIFE.

To the Editor.

SIR,

I AM one of those persons, who have the misfortune to have what is generally termed, a good wife. She is, I confess, sober and industrious; and she is fully of opinion that sobriety and industry are the essential qualifications of a wife. My linen, my hose, &c. are kept in excellent repair; my breakfast, dinner, and supper provided at regular hours; my house, under her directions, is always remarkably clean; and she strictly performs the duty of a mother towards her children. Pluming herself upon these perfections, she is in every other respect the most disagreeable woman living. If the maid by accident happens to break a tea-cup or a saucer, the house is in a commotion for three or four days; and neither I nor any of the children dare open our mouths to this immaculate woman, for fear of sharing some of the abuse which she so lavishly bestows upon her maid. She generally has a baker's dozen

of servants in the course of a year; and they chiefly turn out so very bad in her opinion, that she refuses to give them a character to enable them to engage in the service of another. The last maid we had she turned away because she was so careless that she fell down stairs and hurt herself; this she deemed an unpardonable crime. Not long ago she discharged another for wearing white stockings, imagining, I suppose, they were too alluring for me to look at; another, because she turned her toes inward, and she was afraid the children would copy her manner of walking; she sent away a very fine girl because she wore a wire cap; but most of them turn themselves away, because, they say, she is such an intolerable vixen, that they would rather live with the d—l than with her. My misfortune is, that it is not in my power to turn myself away, or, believe me, Sir, I would not give a moment's warning; for she uses me, if possible, worse than her maids; and, when I expostulate with her upon her conduct, she tells me I am the happiest man in the world.

"You are blessed with a wife," says she, "that does not spend her time and money in going to balls and plays;—a sober, frugal woman;—a woman of more economy than any in the parish—ininitely too good for you."

She then, perhaps, abuses me half an hour without intermission; and I am obliged to suffer in silence; for, should I presume to reply, the contest would last the whole day. I wish, Sir, you would inform me what are the necessary steps to be taken with such a woman: for I should be much happier with one who is *idle, and a drunkard*, than with such a *sober, virtuous, industrious* woman as my wife.

Your humble servant,

SOLOMON SUGARLOAF.

The near approach of a New Year, renders the following Reflections, copied from a late Irish publication, peculiarly pertinent, and deserving the serious attention of every reader.

REFLECTIONS ON HUMAN LIFE, AND THE PROPER EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

THESE trees, whose branches are yielding to the impetuosity of the boisterous blast, whose leaves are now scattering by the winds of Autumn, were a few days back the ornament of the country, and

the delight of its inhabitants: their branches were covered with verdure, their trunks were nearly overcome by the weight of the fruit suspended from their boughs. Those rivers rolling down the distant hills and valleys with such an accelerating motion, formed, not long since, a part of the huge sounding deep—whence they came, thither they return. Yon glorious orb, the Sun, rising in the East, ascends with a motion inconceivably swift, until he arrives at his Southern or greatest altitude, cherishing the earth with his vivifying rays; he then with the same rapid motion descends and sets in the West—the hills begin to disappear, and in a little time are enveloped in the sable curtains of night. The forked lightning darts with a velocity so swift that our visual organs are often deceived in its direction.

What striking similitudes of the sublunary creation! There is not any thing which is the subject of our senses, but what is continually undergoing changes. The mountains, the everlasting hills, the sun himself shall fade away. Changeableness seems to be a law inscribed on every thing which exists.

There is nothing, however, in the cabinet of wonders, in the museum of curiosities, of which this vast world is the theatre, that has been made in vain. Every species of beings is formed with reason or instinct, desire or aversion, suitable to that sphere in which they are to act; and these are developed in proportion to their exigencies, and called into exercise as circumstances require. Man, endowed with superior intellect, is lord of the creation, from the equator to the poles; from the frozen regions of Lapland, and the bleak and inhospitable climate of New Holland, to the burning deserts of Arabia. But as man is the superior in this world, so greater and more important duties are required at his hand. Yet, on a comparison of the duties and industry of man and other creatures, it is a lamentable truth that he falls short in almost every particular. The length of man's life is perfectly suited to the nature of his existence. Was the poor old man to protract his life to a longer period, would he not be a burthen to others, and a trouble to himself?

Some men come into this world under the most favourable auspices; no frost nips the tender leaves of hope, no barrier obstructs their prospects, no cloud bedims their horizon. Ere long comes a killing frost, obstacles insurmountable oppose them, the black clouds of adversity prevent them from arriving to that meridian to

which they tend. Others again, advance into the world without an eye to observe their footsteps, without a sycophant to paint the inherent hereditary virtue of crowns and mitres, stars and garters, who in a few years scale the summit of adversity, and demolish the bulwarks of an obscure birth. In this disposition of affairs how evidently does the wisdom of Providence appear! Was life one continued scene of good fortune, man, intoxicated, would forget his God, his brethren of mankind, and himself—was man still encountering the bitter blasts of woe, he would repine at fate, and like Job, curse the day of his birth: whereas, from a proper mixture of good and evil, man is preserved from running to the extreme, which either, singly, would drive him to.

I hold that pleasure and pain, happiness and misery are only relative terms. True pleasure and lasting happiness originate in and are only supported by exercising those faculties and powers of mind, comprehended under the term of reason, by which the man and the brute are distinguished from each other.

To the calm observer, and diligent enquirer after holy truth, this position can neither appear preposterous, nor standing in need of any demonstration. If this be true, how incumbent is it on man to be diligent in his avocations, and employing his time in pursuits worthy his character! Physical reasons might be given why man should be diligent, and as a moral agent, he is bound to employ his time in pursuits pleasing to his Creator, beneficial to mankind, and consequently agreeable to himself.

The person who employs his time diligently, in that particular line of life in which he has engaged, never has occasion to complain that the day hangs heavy on him. Want of occupation alone renders life disagreeable, fosters opinions destructive of the existence, and in direct opposition to the happiness of society. Slothfulness is the parent of disease, the murderer of contentment, and the fore-runner of poverty. To no purpose is a hale constitution, a sound judgment, and a retentive memory, given by the Author of existence, to the careless and idle. Youth is the time that nature dictates, it is the season in which reason says, a useful and entertaining stock should be acquired. On this the mind at a future period, when disengaged from business, can ruminate with joy, and reason with satisfaction.

The years now rolling over our heads will declare to posterity how we employed

our time. If dedicated to the happiness of mankind, our remains will be blessed, our connections shall be respected;—if to the disadvantage of mankind, our names will be cursed, at best they will be buried in the tomb of oblivion. From the uncertainty of time, we are called on to let no moment pass in which we are not employed in enlarging the mind by proper pursuits. Indolence is the source of numberless misfortunes; it stops our progress in learning, knowledge and wisdom of every kind, and in the end renders us disesteemed by the virtuous, and shunned by the good. The lessons of wisdom are not to be attained by inactivity; they must be sought for with care, and can only be attained by the most diligent application. He who mispends his time in the pursuit of sensual gratifications, can never expect to have his name rewarded by the esteem of posterity, nor his fame once remembered by men of future years.

By employing our time in a course of religion and virtue, we in the end always obtain a sufficient reward. With whatever eagerness we pursue ambition, or court grandeur, however high we advance in the scale of fickle dignity and honour, we are still liable to be overcome by disgrace, and indeed the more so the higher we advance. A consciousness of the rectitude of intention, and of having performed our duty, is a field of delight to the victim of tyranny, chained in the lowest cell of the gloomy dungeon.

To search after wisdom is certainly among the first ends of our being; "for wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Man actuated by the principle of benevolence, becomes a sociable being; in subordination to its dictates, he should frequently be asking himself, *What have I been doing?* Besides, how agreeable the reflection,

"When life's gay hours are past,"

looking back with the testimony of a good conscience, to say, we have to the utmost of our power been endeavouring to perform our duty to our Creator, to mankind, and to ourselves.

—Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.
MOR. CAR. XI.

Answers to the Riddles, &c. by a Correspondent
of Annapolis, in page 352.

11. A FEATHERED MUFF.

12. A WIDOW.

Solution to the Question proposed by Mr.
N. MAJOR, in page 303.

First by transposing y^2x , in the first equation, and dividing by x , we have $z^2 = \frac{b-y^2x}{x}$, and by transposing x^2y , in the second equation, and dividing by y , we have $z^2 = \frac{c-x^2y}{y}$, hence $\frac{b-y^2x}{x} = \frac{c-x^2y}{y}$, which

cleared of fractions we have $x^3y + by - xy^3 = cx$, which divided by x , gives $x^2y + \frac{by}{x} - y^3 = c$, again from the third equation

we find $z = \frac{d}{x^2 + y^2}$, which squared gives $z^2 = \frac{d^2}{x^4 + 2x^2y^2 + y^4}$, which substituted for

z^2 , in the equation $z^2 = \frac{c-x^2y}{y}$, we have

$\frac{d^2}{x^4 + 2x^2y^2 + y^4} = \frac{c-x^2y}{y}$, which cleared of

fractions gives $cx^4 + 2cx^2y^2 + cy^4 - x^6y - 2x^4y^3 - x^2y^5 = d^2y$, again let the equation $x^3y + by - xy^3 = cx$ be multiplied by x^3 , then we have $cx^4 = x^6y + bx^3y - x^4y^3$, which substituted for cx^4 , in the above equation we have $2cx^2y^2 + bx^3y + cy^4 - 3x^4y^3 - x^2y^5 = d^2y$, which divided by y , gives $2cx^2y + bx^3 + cy^3 - 3x^4y^2 - x^2y^4 = d^2$, hence the two equations, each containing two unknown

quantities are $x^2y + \frac{by}{x} - y^3 = c$, and $2cx^2y$

$+ bx^3 + cy^3 - 3x^4y^2 - x^2y^4 = d^2$: to solve these equations, suppose $x=10$, then $346, 6y - y^3 = 2142$, by the first equation, from which $y=7,30449$, the value of x and y , raised to their proper index, and wrote in the second equation, gives $4544707,2925$, which should have been 3802500 , therefore $4544707,2925 - 3802500 = 742207,2925$, the error, which shews that 10 , the supposed number is too great; again suppose $x=8$, then $372,25y - y^3 = 2142$, from which $y=6,48779$, the value of x and y , raised to their proper index, and wrote in the second equation, gives $2995718,92848$, which should have been 3802500 , therefore $3802500 - 2995718,92848 = 806781,07152$, the error, which shews that 8 , the supposed number is too

little, hence $\frac{10 - 8 \times 742207,2925}{742207,2925 + 806781,07152}$,

$= 0,95831$, the correction, and $x=10 - 0,95831 = 9,04169$, nearly which being taken for x , we have $y=7,01728$, both which values are too great, therefore put $e=9,04169$, and $e-x=x$, and put $s=7,01728$, and $s-r=y$, these values being wrote for

x and y , in the foregoing equations, we have by rejecting all their powers above the first, $e^2s - 3e^2sz - e^3r^2 + 3e^2rz + bs - br - s^2e + 3e^2r + s^2z - 3s^2rz + e^2ce$, and $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 2ce^2s - 4ce^2sz - 2ce^2r + 4cerz + be^3 - 12e^3s^2z - 24e^3sz^2 + 6e^3r^2z - s^4e^2z + 3be^2z + e^3z - 3e^3r - 3e^3s^2z \\ 4s^4e^2r + 2s^4e^2z - 8s^2e^2z \end{array} \right\} = d^2$, these equations reduced and in numbers, we have by the first,

$1869,4792r - 0,00546$
 $z = 97,52928r + 766,51319$, and by the second, $z = 32556,92587 - 272263,6366r$
 $667792,10644 + 72013,77219r$, these two values of z being put equal to each other, cleared of fractions and reduced, we have $r^2 + 9,02049r = 0,15484$, a quadratic, which solved gives $r = 0,01713$ nearly, from which we find $z = 0,04168$, hence $x = 9,00001$, and $y = 7,00015$, and by repeating the operation, we find $z = 9$, and $y = 7$, from which $z = 15$, the number required.

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 23, 1802.

☞ This day's Repository completes the second Volume.—The first number of the Third Volume will appear on Saturday, the 1st day of January, 1803. The work will be continued upon the same plan, and edited upon the same principles as heretofore; which, the editor is happy to say, appear to have given pretty general satisfaction.

A *Title Page and Index* to the present volume will be delivered to subscribers in a few weeks.

LINES,

Occasioned by reading the *Account of Miss Mary Breeze's death*, mentioned in the last No. of the Repository.

SO good a shot was Mary Breeze,
 That Death was 'fraid his right to seize;
 Near fourscore years he kept his distance,
 For well he knew sh'd make resistance:
 At length he caught her in her bed,
 And knock'd poor Molly on the head.

No more sh'ld moaning down sh'ull rise,
 To plague the air with thund'ring noise;
 Or start the Jemmy from its den;
 Or rouse, from moor or brake, the hen;
 No more her livid lightnings fly,
 Where falling coveys pant and die;
 Where duck, goose, pheasant, teal and widgeon,
 Woodcock and mallard, snipe and pidgeon,

Do one promiscuous carriage form,
 The dread effect of Polly's storm.
 Hail happy remnant, who survive
 The gen'ral wreck;—ye now may thrive;
 For Molly's gone, with mate and dogs,
 To seek for game in other bogs.

S.

MEMOIR OF AVARICE.

DIED, lately at Kentish Town, in England, aged 48, *John Little*. Some days previous to his death, his physicians persuaded him to take a little wine, as indispensably necessary to recruit his decayed strength, occasioned by his miserable and parsimonious living. Mr. Little, fearful of trusting his servants with the key of the wine cellar, insisted upon their carrying him down stairs to get a single bottle; when the sudden transition from a warm bed to a damp cellar, brought on such a fit of apoplexy, as occasioned his death. On examination it appeared that he possessed upwards of 25,000*l.* in the different fortunes; 11,000*l.* in the 4 per cents; besides 2000*l.* per ann. of landed property; which now devolves to a brother, to whom he never afforded the least assistance, on account of his being married, matrimony being a state in which he himself never entered, and for which he always entertained the greatest detestation. He resided upwards of 40 years in the same house, one room of which had not been occupied for the space of 14 years: but which on his death had been found to contain 173 pair of breeches, with a large proportion of other articles of wearing apparel, all which were in such a wretched state of decay, that they were sold to a Jew for a single half-guinea. In the coach-house were discovered, secreted in different parts of the building, 18 wigs, which had been bequeathed to him by different relatives, and on which he set great store.

The following ludicrous bill was posted at Baddesley, Hampshire, by a husband whose wife had ran away from him.

"On Tuesday, Oct. 5, eloped from Bull hill, a dark brown woman, pitted with the small pox, a thick heel, and a shoulder of mutton on the heel of her hand. Whoever will bring her to Bull hill, shall have one bushel of turf ashes for their trouble.—God save the king."

[*Lon. Pap.*]

Process for preventing and destroying Contagion; recommended by Dr. James C. Smyth, and for which he has been rewarded by the English Government.

"PUT half an ounce of Vitriolic Acid into a crucible or into a glass or china cup, or deep saucer—warm this over a lamp, or in heated sand, or over a chafing dish of coals, adding to it from time to time some powdered Salt-petre."

The effect the vapour arising from this mixture has had in such rooms in purifying the air, and destroying the contagion in bed-clothes and wearing apparel, ought strongly to recommend its use in those houses which have been infected with the late prevalent fever. It is to be observed, that during the fumigation, the doors and windows should be shut, and so much vitriol and salt-petre used as will fill the room with the vapour, and not be thrown open for the admission of fresh air until the vapour has subsided.

To recover decayed Writing upon Parchment.

Dip the Parchment, obliterated by time, into a vessel of cold water, fresh drawn from the well: in about a minute take it out, and press it between two papers, to prevent its crumpling up, in drying. As soon as it is moderately dry, if it be not legible, repeat the operation two or three times. The skin will then resume its pristine colour, and appear all alike.

The number of bankruptcies in England, from the year 1748 to the year 1797, amounted to 21,644, of which 1,302 took place in the year 1793, the first year of the last war.

Marriages.

MARRIED, on the 9th inst. by Michael Hillegar, esq. Mr. Ezra Hains, to Miss Ann Johns, both of Chester County.

—, on the 16th inst. at the Friends' Meeting House, in Birmingham Township, Abraham Sharpless, to Catherine Wistar, daughter of Casper Wistar, of Pennsbury, Chester County.

—, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. Peter Kuhn, jun. of Gibraltar, son of Peter Kuhn, esq. of this city, to Miss Ann Storm, daughter of Thomas Storm, esq. of New York.

—, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. John C. Otto, to Miss Eliza Tod, both of this City.

Deaths.

DIED, on the 17th inst. Mr. Ralph Shaffbottom, brother of Mr. William Shaffbottom, China merchant of this city.

—, on the 19th inst. at his residence in Upper Providence, Del. County, Mr. Liza Taylor, in the 81st year of his age, a native of that place, and a member of the society of Friends.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Reflection may convince *A Friend* that the subject he treats of is not of sufficient importance to occupy another column.

The Question relative to the debt of Great Britain, requires no other aid for its solution than the first ruler of arithmetic; and though it might fatigue by its length, yet would fall so interest.

Pælle and Mortar's address to Amator Virtutis is intended no doubt to *pervert* him; but it is considered by the editor as *too pælle*.

We consider the "*Dialogue upon Chance*, between *Judas and Cleopatra*," as a valuable piece of antiquity; but have to regret that *B. B.'s* translation is so defective and unintelligible in point of style as to prevent its publication.

Upon a perusal of the *rebel* of a *Reader's* last Extract, the editor is led to decline publishing it. It appears to have been taken from an author not the most moderate sentimentalist in some places very philosophical, and in the language not sufficiently plain and concise. It is hoped his next No. will be more acceptable.

John Kainigbollenfelden's Scraps by Peter Prim, &c. shall receive due attention.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Ode on Christmas.

Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, The Prince of Peace,
ISAIAH'S PROPHECY, IX. 6.

For God so loved the world, that He gave His ONLY-BEGOTTEN SON, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.
JOHN'S GOSPEL, III. 16.

BEHOLD! once more the gladsome day appears,
Fairest of days in all the circling years,
Of Time's still-moving, still-progressive train—
The joyful day!—on whose auspicious morn
The glorious SAVIOUR of the World was born,
And Heav'n re-open'd to desponding Man.

Shall mortals sing a fellow-mortal's praise,
His grand exploits, his merits and his name?
His natal day shall lutes and organs raise
In eulogy, and consecrate to Fame?
And shall the Christian in supineness lie,
Nor celebrate the great REDEEMER'S birth,
Who left the everlasting words on high,
With peace and righteousness to bless the earth?

O! for that breathing energy divine,
Which mov'd the lips of Israel's tuneless king;
That I might wake to life each silent spring
Of the heart-thrilling, hollow'd Lyre,—and join,
In joyful anthems, with the hosts above,
And acclamations, for REDEEMING LOVE!

But, Spirit of Eternal Truth! O! where
Shall thy rapt soul begin the cheering strain?
Or, shall a frail and feeble creature dare
Attempt to sing—what angels try in vain?
Then, should the inexperienced Muse essay
To pour the grateful, tributary lay,

O! point to her, and aid the worthiest theme,
Mid all the blessings of the GREAT SUPREMACY.

When Contemplation, soaring, leaves behind
This globe, and, traversing the boundless sky,
Beholds th' ETERNAL AND ALL-PERFECT MIND,
Author of countless worlds that roll on high,
She, in astonishment and wonder less,
Exclaims:—'What could induce th' ALMIGHTY
POWER.

Who made and rules Heav'n's bright, stupendous host,
'Man to create, the Being of an hour?

Soom, uncorrupted Reason, makes reply—

"What but Divine benevolence could call

"From nothing this fair animated ball,

"To join the other beauties of the sky!

"That the CREATOR'S goodness might be known,

"And to the Universe his glory shewn;

"That Man might view that goodness and that power,

"And, viewing, learn to praise, and to adore."

Thus, great the work of Earth's creation shone,

Thus Heav'n's first gift, the gift of life, was great;
Till Innocence from Paradise had flown,

When Sin mark'd Eden and Man's blissful state:
Instant, the brighten'd Heav'n's began to lour;
Earth, groaning, to her deep foundations shook;
And straight, an awful voice, in thunder, spoke—
'Without redemption, Man is lost for evermore!

Here, let the Witting smile, the Fool be gay,
And whirl their little round of life away,

And drown reflection in their sport, or bowl;
Here, let the Infidel, owl-like, despise

The GOSPEL-LIGHT, too radiant for his eyes,
And hug himself to think he has no soul:
Yet, certain as they live, their masks shall fly,
When seiz'd by Death's cold grasp, and judgment strike
their eye.

How drear, alas! the Unbeliever's state,
Whose prospects all are circumscrib'd by Time,
Who cannot look thro' death, to worlds sublime,
But, in annihilation views his fate!

Oh! dreadful, horrible, distracting thought!
When, to the breaking brink of being brought,
The conscious, shiv'ring, shrinking wretch must go
Down to the everlasting shades below!

Now, change the scene,—and louder strike the lyre
Let gratitude and joy the strings inspire;

Our LORD is GOD of MERCY and of LOVE!
He in compassion to His work, benign,
And Man to raise to life and bliss divine,
To earth descended from his courts above:
Then put our nature on, assum'd our cause,
And shielded us from Justice' violated laws.

And, now, behold th' all-glorious, bright reverse
See Man absolv'd from his primordial curse,
By the incarnate, blessed DEITY:

See, Sin, Death, Hell, in vain their rage combine
To frustrate gracious Heav'n's love-plann'd design—
His favour'd workmanship shall never die;
Since CHRIST his sacred blood and being gave,
For all the Human Race, from sky to sky;
And, to the victims of the gloomy grave,
Brought light and life and immortality.

Thus, if creation do our wonder raise,
And call for strains of gratitude and praise,—
How much more great! how much more wondrous is
That unexampled, blest REDEEMING LOVE,
Which raises Man to brighter worlds above,
Eternal life, and pure, eternal bliss!
And how much more should ev'ry bosom feel
The kindling raptures of transporting zeal,
And grateful hymns our souls incessant pour,
To glorify the SAVIOUR, and adore!

My soul on Fancy's rapid pinions borne

Back to the first, glad, memorable morn,

When Heav'n's bright herald-host all hail'd His birth,
Methinks their swelling anthem fills the skies,
And thus the choral symphonies arise—

"Glorio to GOD,—good will and peace to earth."

O let me listen to th' empyreal throng,

And catch the spirit of their sacred flame,

To tune th' harmonious, all-inspiring song,

That I may sing my dear REDEEMER'S name.

Oft as the golden sun, in annual round,
The glad return of this blest day shall bring,
O! may my overflowing soul be found
Wafting her praises on Devotion's wing!

Christians on earth shall join the sacred joy,
And in the strain their tuneless notes employ;
While Saints respond, in unison above;
Angels intent shall listen, and rejoice—

Hallow the increase of a mortal's voice—
And smiling Heav'n's the Hymn of Gratitude approve.
ALEXIS.

H Y M N S.

HYMN XV.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder.
ISAIAH IX. 6.

COME ATR thro' all thy wide domain,
With speed the joyful news convey;
Till every creature catch the strain,
And hail the Saviour's natal day.
This blushing morn recalls to mind,
When Jesus came from Heav'n to save:
To save from death, illumine the blind,
And pluck its honors from the grave.

He came; sweet Peace prepar'd the way,
Mercy array'd in smiles drew near,
Truth brought from Heav'n her radiant ray
To banish pale despairing Fear.
Night's bashful queen, in light array'd,
Thro' dusky clouds in splendor shone,
And stars unnumber'd lent their aid,
To make the joyful tidings known:

When lo! to tell each circling world
And send the gospel's glory far,
God from his mighty right hand hurl'd
Into wide space a brilliant star:
Its shining orb the Magi saw,
And trac'd it thro' the azure heav'n,
Then loud announc'd with sacred awe,
A MIGHTY PRINCE to Jewry giv'n.

A PRINCE OF PEACE bright angels sung
To day is born, let Heaven rejoice,
And ev'ry nation, ev'ry tongue
Sing praises with a cheerful voice.
Thus, in the east the Saviour rose
To bless the world with peace and joy,
To banish far our deadly foes,
And all the power of sin destroy.

The wisest now see his glorious light,
His cheering influence display,
Dispelling errors, murky night,
And joyous hails his natal day.

X. W. T.

* * Subscriptions for this Paper, are received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6½ cents each Number, payable every four weeks; or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.

CITIZEN SOLDIERS.

A NEW PATRIOTIC SONG.

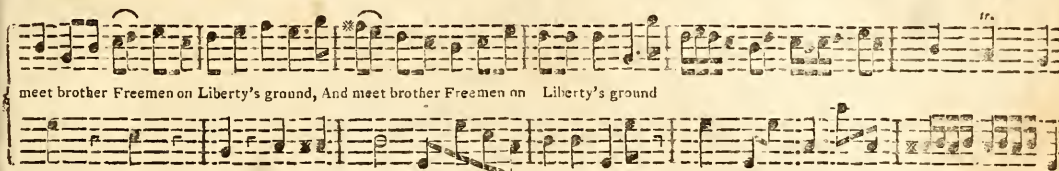
Words by AMYNTOR—Music by Mr. R. TAYLOR.

Ad libitum.

Pomposo.

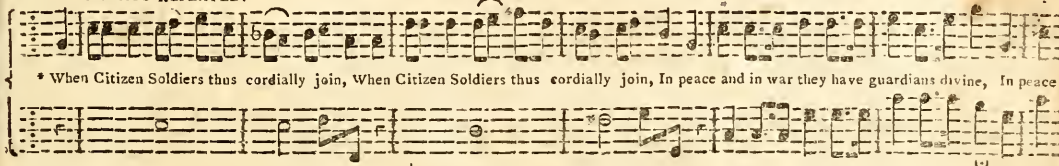


hark! my brave comrades, the sound of the drum, Now calls to parade our companions around; Come rouse from the softer enjoyments of home, And

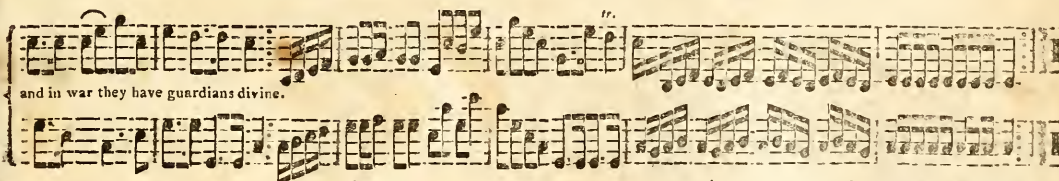


meet brother Freemen on Liberty's ground, And meet brother Freemen on Liberty's ground

CHORUS REPEATED.



* When Citizen Soldiers thus cordially join, When Citizen Soldiers thus cordially join, In peace and in war they have guardians divine, In peace



and in war they have guardians divine.

(2)

Let hirelings, for wages, their masters obey,
Upheld by a smile, and destroy'd by a frown;
Our YOUNG VOLUNTEERS have more valour than they,
For principle prompts, and fair Freedom's their own—
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

(3)

We arm not to sound our ambition afar,
Invade other states, or our empire extend;
For object more grateful and dear, we learn war,—
The RIGHTS OF OUR NATURE to hold and defend:—
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

(4)

Our parents and sisters, our sweethearts and wives,—
These are our best treasures, our hopes, and our all: (lives)
For these we'll live Freemen, or forfeit our
When love, duty, honour, to action shall call:—
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

(5)

Our lov'd Constitution, so happy and free,
And blest Independence shall malice defy: (shall be)
For "measures, not men," still our motto
And he who attempts usurpation shall die:
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

(6)

We'll look to our LEADER, the GREAT and the GOOD,
"First in battle, in peace, in his countrymen's love;"

And follow his footsteps thro' carnage, and blood,
To join him in armies and counsels above:
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

(7)

Like him, our example, we'll guard our rich prize, (world)
The envy of nations, the pride of the
And should fell oppression & Tyranny rise,
They shall to destructive confusion be hurld:—
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

(8)

And if, in the struggle for glory and fame,
Our lives we should lose, and our heritage save,—
The PATRIOT's affection shall cherish our name;
The sweet tears of Virtue shall hallow our grave:
When CITIZEN-SOLDIERS, &c.

* These two lines are to be added to every succeeding verse, and repeated in the same manner they are here, as the chorus throughout.



V A R I E T Y.

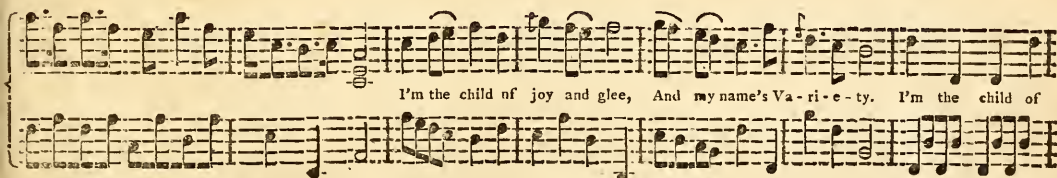
A VAUXHALL SONG.

COMPOSED BY MR. HOOKE.

Vivace.



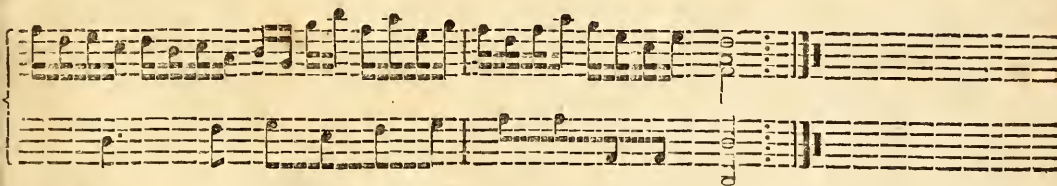
Ask you, who is singing here? Who so blythe can thus appear? Who so blythe can thus ap-pear?



I'm the child of joy and glee, And my name's Va-ri-e-ty. I'm the child of



joy and glee, And my name's Va-ri-e-ty, Va-ri-e-ty, Va-ri-e-ty, And my name's Va-ri-e-ty.



(1)

Ask you, who is singing here?
Who so blithe can thus appear?
I'm the child of joy and glee,
And my name's VARIETY.

(2)

Ne'er have I a clouded face,
Swift I change from place to place,
Ever wand'ring, ever free—
Such am I, VARIETY.

(3)

Like a bird that skims the air,
Here and there and every where,

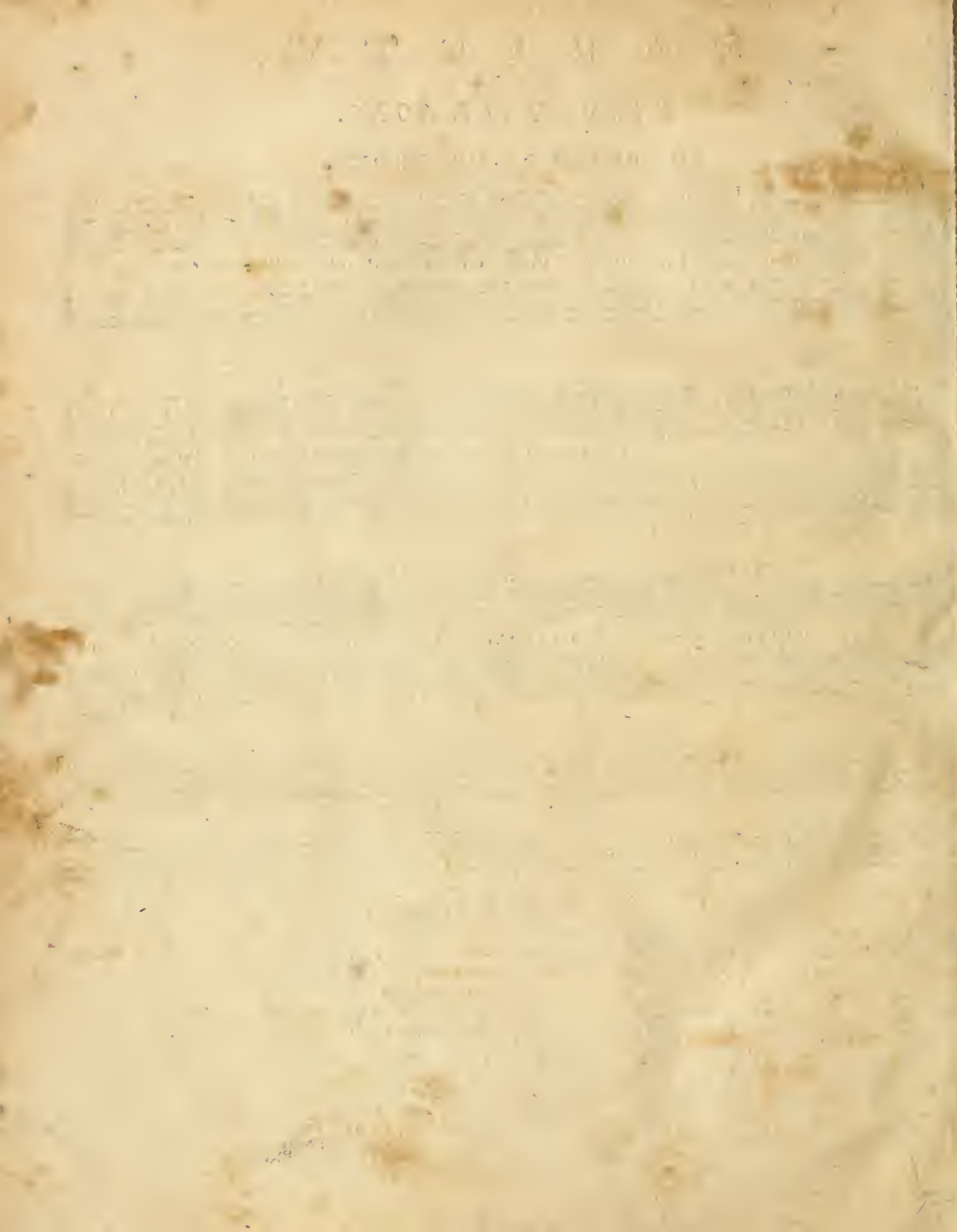
Sip my pleasures like a bee,
Nothing like VARIETY.

(4)

Love's sweet passion warms my breast;
Roving love but breaks the rest;
One good heart's enough for me,
Though my name's VARIETY.

(5)

Crouded scenes and lonely grove,
All by turns I can approve,—
Follow, follow, follow me,
Friend of life, VARIETY.



ROSY HANNAH.

WRITTEN BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD, AUTHOR OF THE *FARMER'S BOY*.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. BENJAMIN CARR.

Andante.

A spring o'erspread with many a flow'r, The grey sand dancing in its
bed, Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bow'r, Sent forth its waters near my lead, A rosy lass approach'd my view, I caught her
blue eyes' modest beam, The stranger nodded, How d'ye do? And leap'd across the infant stream.

(1)

A spring o'erhung with many a flower,
The grey sand dancing in its bed,
Embank'd beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head.
A rosy lass approach'd my view;
I caught her blue eye's modest beam;
The stranger nodded—"How d'ye do,"
And leap'd across the infant stream.

(2)

The water heedless pass'd away;
With me her glowing image stay'd;
I strove from that auspicious day
To meet and bless the lovely maid:
I met her, where, beneath our feet,
Thro' downy moss the wild thyme grew;
Nor moss elastic, flowers, tho' sweet,
Match'd HANNAH's cheek of rosy hue.

(3)

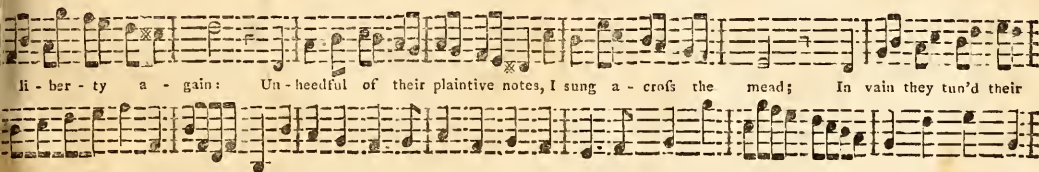
I met her, where the dark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
And when the pale moon, rising, gave
New glories to her clouded train.
From her sweet cot upon the moor,
Our plighted vows to heav'n are flown,
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy HANNAH is my own.



THE LINNETS.

Composed by the late Mr. JONATHAN SNOW.

Moderato.



[1]
bringing home, the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again:
Un-heedful of their plaintive notes,
I sung across the mead;
In vain they tun'd their
downy throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

[2]
As passing through the tufted grove,
Near which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
When Clora's charms I view'd:
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay,
To hear my tender tale;
But all in vain, she fled away,
Nor cou'd my sighs prevail.

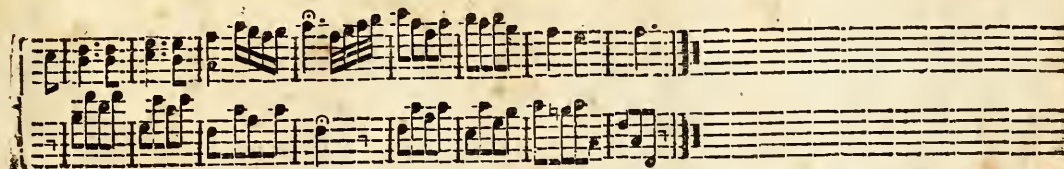
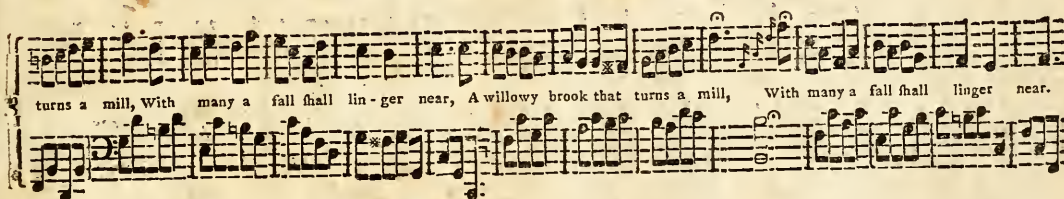
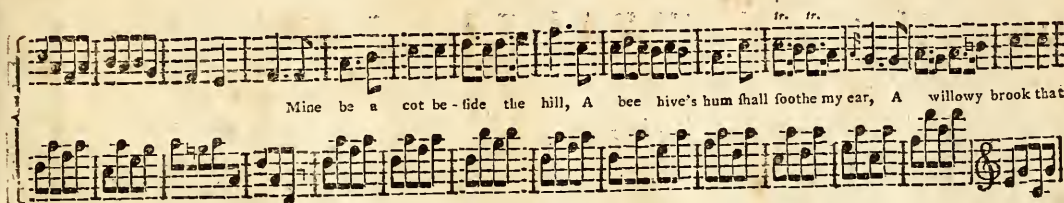
[3]
Soon thro' the wound which love had made,
Came pity to my breast,
And thus I, as compassion bade,
The feather'd pair address'd:—
Ye little warblers cheerful be,
Remember not ye flew:
For I, who thought myself so free,
Am far more caught than you.



A W I S H.

Music by Mr. JOHN I. HAWKINS of Philadelphia.

Moderato.

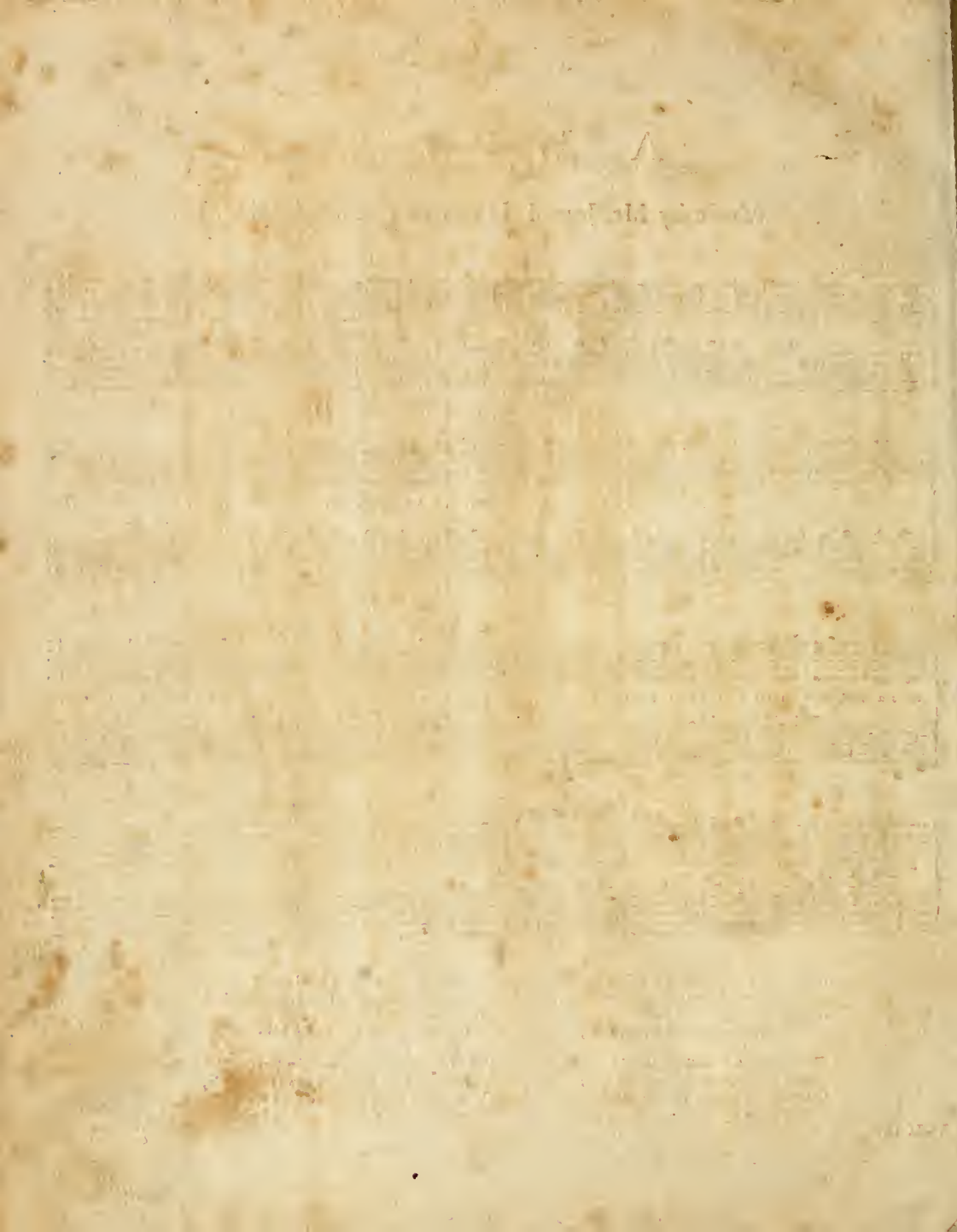


MINE be a cot beside the hill,
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear,
A willow brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near,

The swallow oft beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

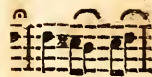
Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew,
And Nancy at her wheel shall sing
In russet gown, and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

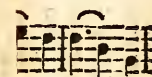
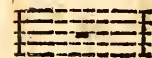


THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

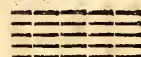
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION



As - sist me



h of An - na.



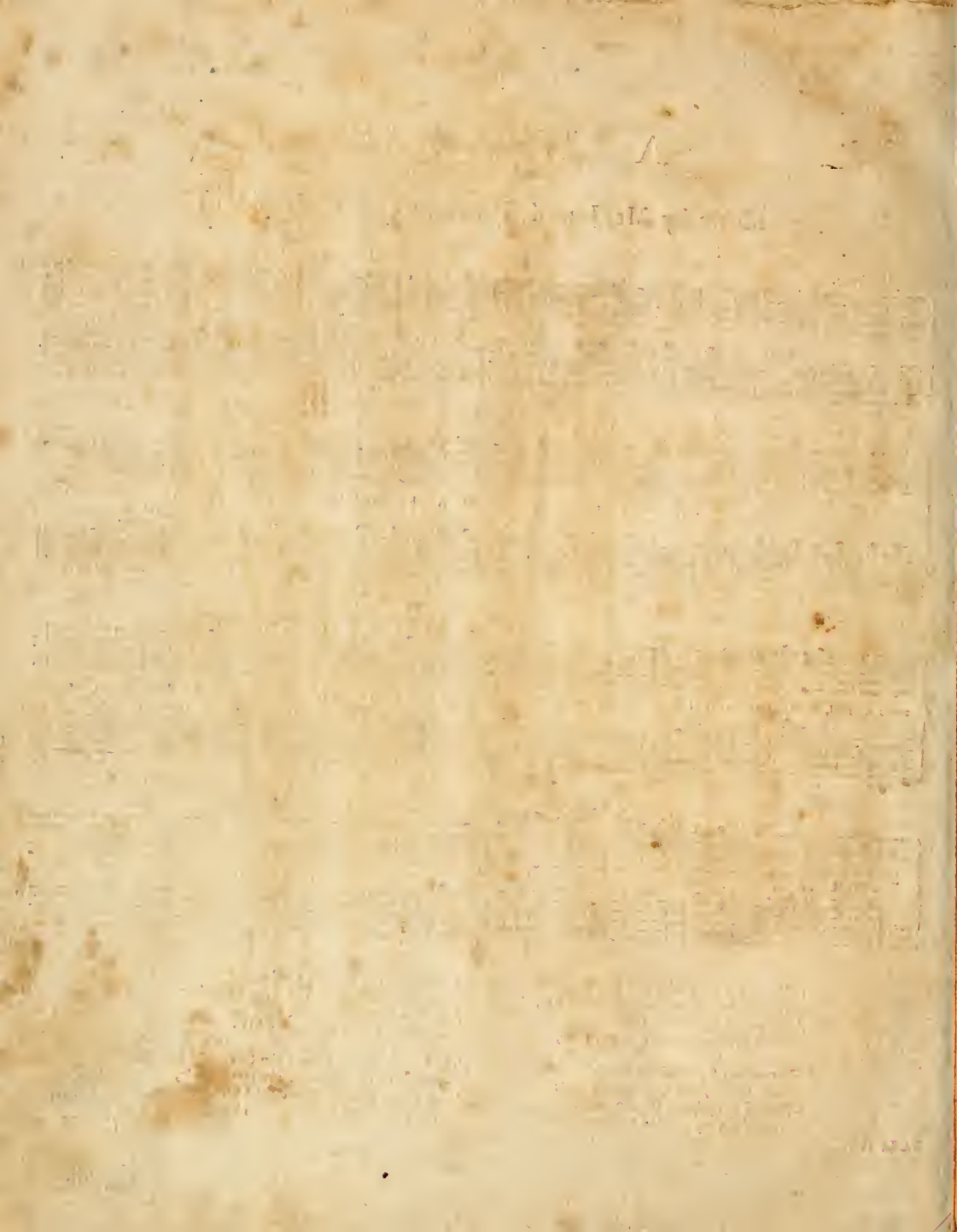
na

na,

na.

na?

ye,



TOM'S FAREWEL TO SAL

Composed by R: TAYLOR of Philadelphia

Printed by G. Willig

Allegretto

The Anchor's

up the fails are spread my dearest Sal a - diu;
To ev'ry

pleasure now I'm dead and only think on you and

only think on you.

2

Oh hard the fate, I'm bound to part,
And leave my love behind;
Think on the pangs that rend my heart,
Left you shoud' prove unkind.

3

Away with doubt and haggard care,
My Sal will constant prove,
When Tom returns, his charming fair
Will blefs him with her love.

Engraved for the Philadelphia Repository.

N^o 6

Handwritten title or note, possibly "The Song of the Lark"

Let me hear you sing, O bird!

Thou art the bird of song, O bird!

And I have my love to sing,

On high the love I sing to you!

Will you sing with me, O bird?

When you cannot see, O bird!

My love will comfort you,

And I will sing to you, O bird!

8

9

The image shows three staves of musical notation. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The notation is in a historical style, likely from the 18th or 19th century. The paper is aged and yellowed.

CHARMING ANNA.

An Original Song—The Music composed by an Amateur.

Andante.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The melody is written on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the melody. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system contains the first line of the song, the second system contains the second line, and the third system contains the third line. The lyrics are: 'Ye Muses nine in - - spire my lays, In hon - our of my charming An - na; As - sist me while I try to praise, The blush, the lip, the teeth of Anna, The blush, the lip, the teeth of An - na.' The music ends with a double bar line.

Ye Muses nine in - - spire my lays, In hon - our of my charming An - na; As - sist me

while I try to praise, The blush, the lip, the teeth of Anna, The blush, the lip, the teeth of An - na.

YE muses nine inspire my lays,
In honour of my charming Anna,—
Assist me while I try to praise
The blush, the lip, the teeth of Anna.

Nature intent to deck the form
Of heart-ensnaring lovely Anna,
First stole its freshness from the morn,
To grace the face of blooming Anna.

Next blushes, pilfered from the rose,
Adorn'd the oval cheeks of Anna :
The ivory's whiteness then, she shews,
Mark'd on the teeth of smiling Anna.

She gave her lips the ruby's dye,—
O who can speak the sweets of Anna?
The blush, the lip, the cheek, the eye,
The teeth of soul-ensnaring Anna,

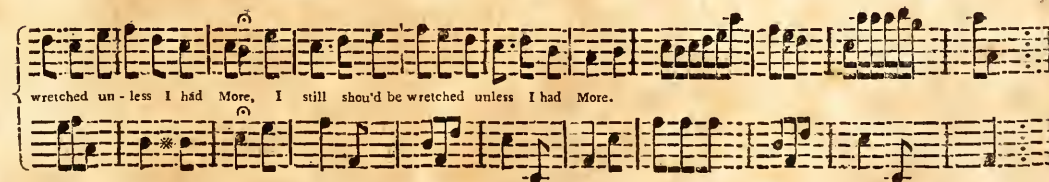
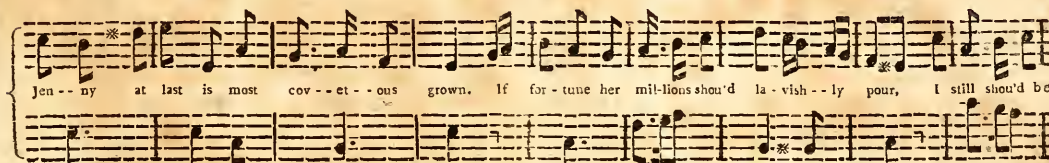
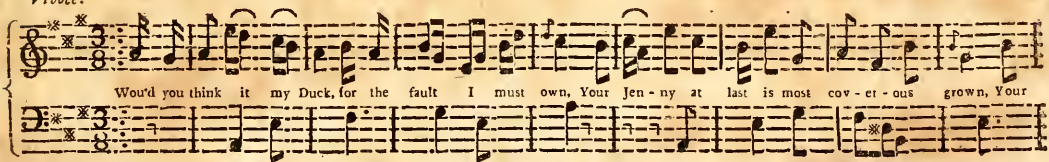


From Miss Hamilton to Miss Duck,

OCCASIONED BY HER LOVE FOR MR. MORE,

Set to Music by Mr. Langdon, formerly Organist at the Cathedral, Exeter, in England.

Vivace.



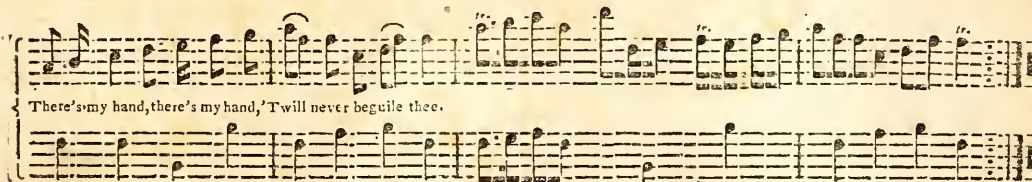
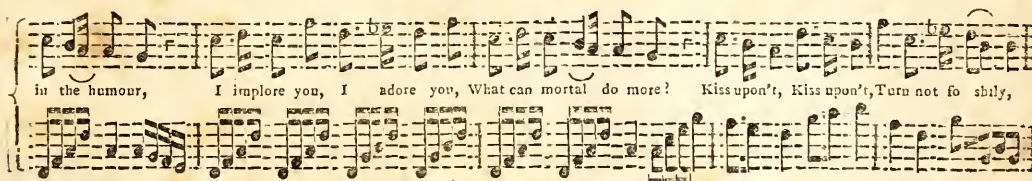
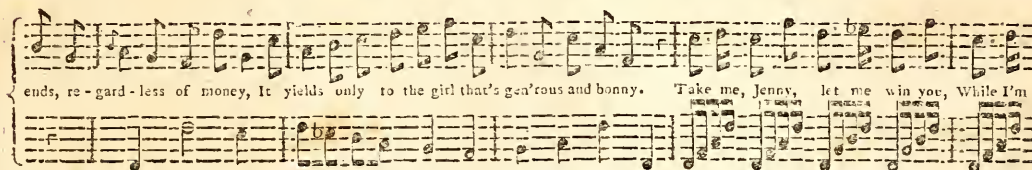
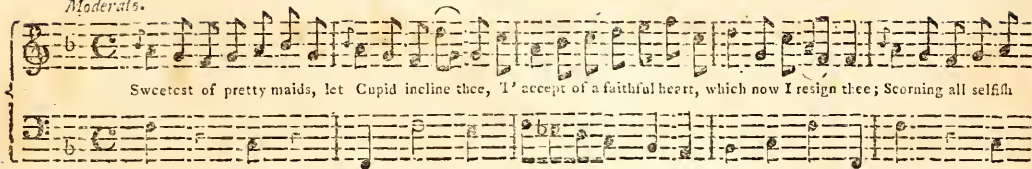
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1.) Wou'd you think it my Duck, (for the fault I must own)
Your Jenny at last is most covetous grown ;
If fortune her millions shou'd lavishly pour,
I still shou'd be wretched unless I had <i>More</i>.</p> <p>2.) As gay as I am, cou'd I spend all my days
In op'ras, in dances, ridottos and plays;
Her fate, your poor Jenny, with tears wou'd deplore,
For, alas! my dear girl, what are these without <i>More</i>.</p> <p>3.) The Giant, poor devil, has just now been here,
And offers to settle eight hundred a year;
But I answer'd the wretch, as I've answer'd a score,
You know it won't do, Sir, for I must have <i>More</i>.</p> | <p>4.) Mamma, she cries Jenny, why all this ado?
You may have a husband, you know child, or'two:
But I whimper'd and fretted, and pouted and swore,
That I wou'd not have any unless I had <i>More</i>.</p> <p>5.) In spite of this craving, I vow and protest,
That avarice ne'er had a place in my breast:
For I'm sure I'd not envy the miser his store,
If I had but enough for myself and <i>one More</i>.</p> <p>6.) You'll wonder, my love, who this dear one can be,
Whose merit can boast such a conquest as me;
You shan't know his name, tho' I told you before,
It begins with an M, but I dare not say <i>More</i>.</p> |
|---|--|



TAKE ME JENNY.

Composed by Dr. ARNE.

Moderats.



(1)

Sweetest of pretty maids, let Cupid incline thee,
'T' accept a faithful heart, which now I resign thee;
Scorning all selfish ends, regardless of money,
It yields only to the girl that's gen'rous and bonny.

Take me Jenny, let me win you,
While I'm in the humour;
I implore you, I adore you,
What can mortal do more?
Kiss upon't, kiss upon't,
Turn not so shily;
There's my hand, there's my hand,
'Twill never beguile thee.

(2)

Bright are thy lovely eyes, thy sweet lips delighting,
Well polish'd thy iv'ry neck, thy round arms inviting;
Oft, at the milk-white churn, with rapture I've seen them—
But oh how I've sigh'd, and wish'd my own arms between them.

Take me Jenny, &c. &c.

(3)

I've store of sheep, my love, and goats on the mountain,
And water to brew good ale, from yon crystal fountain;
I've too a pretty cot, with garden and land to't—
But all will be doubly sweet when you put a hand to't.

Take me Jenny, &c. &c.

Tho' Foster'd in the Humble Cot.

Sung by Miss ARNOLD in the *Red Cross Knights*.

COMPOSED BY MR. BENJAMIN CARR.

Andante.

The musical score is written for a single voice and piano accompaniment. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The melody is simple and plaintive, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words like 'A' and 'I' appearing below the piano part. The score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line and a piano line. The lyrics are: 'Tho' foster'd in the humble cot, My friends of low degree, A high-er state I en-vied not, While blest, while blest with Li-ber-ty, A higher state I envied not, I envied not, While blest, while blest with Liberty.'

Tho' foster'd in the humble cot, My friends of low degree,
A high-er state I en-vied not, While blest, while blest with Li-ber-ty, A higher state I
envied not, I envied not, While blest, while blest with Liberty.

[1]

Tho' foster'd in the humble cot,
My friends of low degree,
A higher state I envied not,
While blest with liberty.

[2]

Then sweetly danc'd the hours away,
What sorrow could I prove,
With all to make the bosom gay,
Sweet liberty and love.

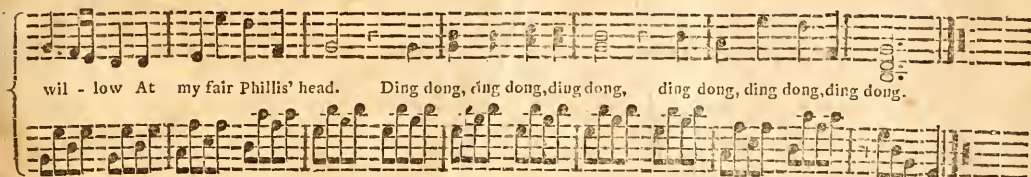
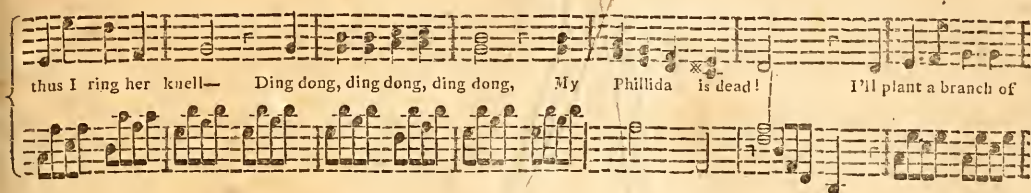
[3]

But now my heart is full of woe,
Ah! well-a-day! poor me,
The worst of misery to know,
The loss of liberty.

[4]

Yet still be calm, my anxious breast,
Hope comfort from above,
Kind heav'n again can make me blest
With liberty and love.

Corydon's doleful Knell.



MY Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewell!
Ah me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell—

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong!
My Phillida is dead!
I'll plant a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bidal bed was made:
But 'stead of silks so gay
She in her shroud is laid.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maids in fair array,
Till 'th' obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay.

In sable will I mourn;
Black shall be all my weed:
Ah me! I am forlorn,
Now Phillada is dead.

Her hearse it shall be carried
By youths that do excell;
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell—

I'll deck her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen;
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keep them ever green.

Ding, &c.

Ding, &c.

Ding, &c.

Ding, &c.

Ding, &c.





